



Remarks by Admiral Bob Inman
In Memoriam James L. Holloway, III
18 December 2019

A little over a decade ago I was deeply honored when Admiral Holloway asked me to do his eulogy when his life had ended. He had long been my boss, my mentor, and ultimately my friend.

I was serving as Executive Assistant for the Vice Chief of Naval Operations when Admiral Holloway arrived from commanding the U.S. Seventh Fleet and had been asked to stay on for his first three months to aid the transition. Each Vice Chief brought new approaches to the job. Admiral Cousins would rush through the inevitable paperwork and find the mistakes we had missed so he could go play squash at the Pentagon Athletes Club. Admiral Wiesner wanted meetings the entire day, and would turn to paperwork at dinner time. Admiral Holloway brought something new – he wanted time most days to write – my introduction to his attraction to words, to language, and his desire to capture history.

As we unpacked the boxes of materials he brought with him, along with much about his naval career, there were folders on Saint James School. When I asked about them he reported that he had attended Saint James before matriculating to the Naval Academy in 1939, and retained a deep affection for the role it had played in his development to adulthood.

Two months after I left his office for duty in Hawaii, I was shocked to find I had been selected for a First star. That July, Admiral Holloway assumed duties as Chief of Naval Operations, and that September he brought me back to be Director of Naval Intelligence where our relationship broadened and deepened. I had a ring-side seat to

observe his steady but determined effort to refocus the Navy on its warfighting mission and capabilities, and the necessary good order and discipline.

Admiral Holloway was a warrior, having fought in World War II and the Korean War, and commanded the Seventh Fleet in its commitments in the late stages of the Vietnam War. But he was also capable of abundant love. He loved his family, his country, the U.S. Navy, Naval Aviation, aircraft carriers and particularly the USS Enterprise and its nuclear enabling propulsion. He took particular pride that his book on aircraft carriers has been translated into other languages.

He was especially focused on ensuring that history captured the crucial role that the U.S. Navy played in ultimately winning the Cold War. Jim loved camaraderie, whether it was in the squadron ready room or relaxing on the Hillside deck or in the Dining Circle when he was a guest at the Bohemian Grove.

His love for Saint James School deepened after he retired as CNO. He chaired its Board of Trustees, introduced wrestling to its athletic programs, reflecting his own success on the wrestling team at the Naval Academy. He brought me to the Saint James Board after our son Bill had completed his four years there, and we served together for many years. Among our accomplishments was hiring Father Stuart Dunnan to be Headmaster.

But above all Jim loved Dabney. She was the role model Navy wife through thick and thin. That included making sure his ego remained carefully caged. We remember a wonderful occasion at the Argentine Embassy when Admiral Holloway was receiving a big award which included draping him with a wide sash. His acceptance speech was pretty flowery. When he finished Dabney called Nancy and me over and brought the four of us into a huddle and said “Doesn’t Jim look wonderful – just like a plush elephant.” He laughed out loud, and his feet were firmly back on the ground.

And she held his hand to the very end.