

# USS BRISTOL DD857

## Veterans Association

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#### PRESIDENT’S MESSAGE – FALL 2016

Shipmates:

Our 18<sup>th</sup> Reunion was held in Wilmington, NC and a great time was had by all.

The Courtyard Marriott Hotel bent over backwards for us and accommodated us in every way possible. “Thumbs Up”.

We had an extra day added to our reunion this year and it gave us extra time to be together to enjoy our tours and to gather in our fully stocked Hospitality Room. As usual, many hours were passed catching up with each other and enjoying the friendships that have developed over the many years of getting together. I feel like we have become very close.

Our tours consisted of a very informative Cape Fear River cruise and Fort Fisher exploration. We had a carriage ride through the old downtown historic area and our guide made a lot of jokes along the way. Laughing is always good. Our visit to the aquarium was just great. The diver in the shark tank spoke to us and the audience through special equipment in his facemask. The USS Bristol was honored with

special mention of two shipmates. Plank Owner, Wallace Dann and Shipmate Dave Nixon.

The business meeting was held on Thursday morning and the election of officers was held. It was voted on by the membership to reelect the current Board as follows:

President – Paul Ratcliffe  
First Vice President – Paul Kallfelz  
Second Vice President – Duane H a u g e n  
Treasurer – Tony Molnar  
Secretary – Marty Walsh

Don Tanner was reappointed as Master at Arms, Ed Lynch is Newsletter Editor and Walter Marczak is Chaplain.

The membership also voted to continue our reunions at five days instead of four days. The selection process for future reunions was changed. It was decided to vote for a state for the next reunion destination and not the city. This will enable The Reunion Brat to research sites in a particular state and find an area that is convenient to travel, has affordable lodging and enjoyable activities. After presenting proposals to the Board, they will decide which location is best. As always, I, along with the Board, will do our best to insure that the reunion is successful and we will keep the membership informed as the information comes in.



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The next two reunions will be as follows:

2017 - Virginia  
2018 - Georgia

Once again, thanks to our Treasurer, Tony Molnar and his wife Maureen for doing an outstanding job in planning the Wilmington reunion, especially the dinner and entertainment at the Sea Spray Landing Clubhouse.

Please check out the Bristol website for news and photos ([www.ussbristoldd857.org](http://www.ussbristoldd857.org)).

Paul Ratcliffe, President

### Operation Ivy BellsA U.S.

Navy and NSA plot to bug Soviet underwater communications cables in the Sea of Okhotsk. Submarines periodically serviced the device and recovered tapes from it, providing U.S. Intelligence with tons of valuable data. One intelligence officer noted that they were engaging in the world's "second-oldest profession," one with "even fewer morals than the first."

### Targeting Communications

Underwater cables play a dominant role in international telecommunications since they offer a much larger capacity than the limited bandwidth available for space systems. Soviet defense officials insisted on constant reports from the field, but to transmit that information safely over the air would require a painstaking and intensive

encryption effort. Submarine cables also appear to be intrinsically secure because of the nature of the ocean environment. Or, so the Soviets thought.

Captain James F. Bradley knew this, and thus surmised that there would be a communications cable system running from the Soviet Union's missile submarine base at Petropavlovsk (located on the Kamchatka Peninsula, northeast of Japan) under the Sea of Okhotsk to join land cables going to Pacific Fleet headquarters near Vladivostok (north of Japan) and then on to Moscow.

In late 1970, sitting in his Pentagon office at 3 a.m., Bradley could just imagine the intelligence windfall that would occur if one of his subs was able to find the underwater communications cable and tap it. It would provide a window to the heart and soul of Soviet leaders, including technical analysis free from propaganda, reports on the abilities and problems with Soviet submarines, tactical patrol plans, and maybe even assessments of ICBM test flights that were known to occur in the area (and which the U.S. knew frustratingly little about).

There were a few tiny little problems with Bradley's grand plan, of course. To start, Bradley had no proof that this cable even existed at all, and even if he did there was no way to really tell where it lay beneath the 611,000-square-mile expanse of the Okhotsk. He couldn't very comfortably justify the risk of sending a U.S. submarine into Soviet waters (if the sub got caught, the Soviets would probably see the intrusion as an act of piracy, and try to sink or destroy her, forcing a

dangerous international incident) on a hunch that a cable, which couldn't be more than 5 inches wide, might be somewhere in the general area.

Sitting in his office at 3 a.m., Bradley cleared his mind of the stress and obligations of the business of Naval intelligence, thought back to his childhood, and came up with a solution so simple and strange that it might just be true. He remembered the riverboat rides along the Mississippi that his mother used to take him on in the 1930s. He grew up on riverboats, passing the time with the steamer captains in the pilothouse. From there he had a clear view of the river, and he could see a series of signs placed discreetly along the shore. Most of these signs marked mileage and location, but there were a few that were different. These signs, he remembered now, said something like "Cable Crossing. Do Not Anchor." They were meant to keep idiot boaters from snaring and severing a phone or utility cable in the shallows. Bradley snapped back to reality, and wondered to himself: Could what was true of the Mississippi also be true of the Okhotsk? This was how his sub would find the cable!

#### Funding and Politics

The idea of tapping Soviet underwater communications was nothing new. Bradley and his team had been dreaming up these types of operations for years, but the technology to do so was only just becoming available (this included not only deep sea diving, but also the physical ability to tap the lines without being detected). If he wanted this to succeed, he would need to secure funding and political

support. Bradley had earned the respect and trust of most of the field personnel, so it wouldn't be hard to field a crew for the daring mission (indeed, the daring of the cable-tapping mission would make it easier to sell). Garnering Washington's support would be a little trickier. The very idea of the cable-tapping mission was still a shaky one, so it wasn't easy. In the end, Bradley was able to meet with Henry Kissinger and his top deputy, General Alexander Haig, and won approval for the mission.

#### USS Halibut and the First Mission

The mission wasn't explicitly planned to find a submarine cable, but rather, to find and recover pieces of a new and deadly Soviet ship-to-ship missile, known to be tested in the Okhotsk. The ship chosen to carry out the mission was the USS Halibut, a truly goofy looking sub that was converted to a "special projects" boat. It had a huge hump (referred to as the "Bat Cave") that housed all sorts of advanced equipment, including mobile underwater camera devices (called Fish) and a huge Univac computer (a rarity at the time).

Halibut and its Fish had enjoyed a moderate degree of success (and its share of frustrations), which allowed Bradley to again refit it for the cable-tapping operation. This new refit added yet another ugly hump to the boat, a secret and crucial piece of equipment that was so well hidden that the Navy proudly advertised its presence. In fact, the media even praised the Navy for relaxing the secrets surrounding Halibut. The extra hump was a deep-submergence rescue vehicle (DSRV) - at least, that's what it

looked like. In reality, the hump wasn't a DSRV at all, but a divers' decompression and lockout chamber that was welded to the hull.

In the fall of 1971, Halibut set out on its new mission. It took nearly a month to even reach the Okhotsk, and several hours to get inside the sea. The way in was shallow and narrow, but Halibut's crew managed. They were in. Still, they took elaborate precautions to make sure they weren't being followed, and they were careful not to expose themselves on the surface for too long.

After about a week of searching, they found it. The Russian equivalent to Bradley's "Cable Here. Do Not Anchor." signs. So they sent some Fish swimming out of the Bat Cave... they watched the video feed from the Fish as they navigated the murky waters. Several hours later, they found what looked like a bump in the sand. After closer examination, they were convinced they had found the cable.

A diving crew was readied in the fake DSRV, and sent out with the tapping device. The device was about 3 feet long, and it contained a recorder filled with big rolls of tape. It worked through induction, so there was no need to cut into the cable (risking an electrical short from the seeping seawater). They remained there for some time, collecting an adequate sample of Soviet voice and data transmissions. Eventually the diving crew returned and the Halibut set off for a Soviet test range to look for those ship-to-ship missiles.

Though it sounds tedious and difficult, the mission went unbelievably smoothly. The Halibut

had enjoyed some moderate success in the past, but it was also rife with frustrations and failures. The Fish that had worked so well in finding the cable, were much more painful on previous missions, their towing lines constantly getting snagged or cut, and their picture was infamously poor. In fact, the mission went so well that Halibut was able to go to a Soviet test range to look for pieces of the new missile (which made use of a new kind of infrared guidance system that the U.S. wasn't able to counter). Other spy subs were able to locate where the tests occurred, but only the Halibut could send divers out to retrieve the pieces, which they did.

Upon their return, the tapes from the cable tap were immediately transported to the National Security Agency complex at Fort Meade. This is where some of the nation's top mathematicians and scientists worked to break Soviet codes. There were also thousands of Russian linguists and analysts looking over decoded communications. They immediately got to work on the tapes from the cable tap.

Meanwhile, the missile fragments that were recovered from the Soviet test range were also being analyzed. They never did manage to find the new infrared guidance system (it was assumed that the devices must not have survived impact), but they did find other crucial parts of the Soviet missile, giving U.S. engineers some help in building a countermeasure.

Eventually, word came from the NSA that Bradley's guess had been correct. The recordings were pure military gold: conversations between the submarine base and

high level Soviet Navy officials, some of them unencrypted or coded only in simplistic ways. Nothing like this existed in U.S. intelligence. For the first time ever, the U.S. was getting a look at the Soviet Navy's fears and frustrations, its assessments of its own successes and failures, and its intentions. Not only that, but the potential for the tap had yet to be fully realized. The first tap was merely a test, conducted over only a few days worth of communications.

#### Next Steps

The next step was clear. Bradley wanted to tap as many of the lines as possible, and he wanted a device that could record for several months at a time. Halibut would place the tap one year, then retrieve the tap the next year. Bell Laboratories developed a new recorder for Bradley's mission. Nearly 20 feet long and more than 3 feet wide, it weighed about 6 tons and utilized a form of nuclear power. Leaving the device behind was risky, so Bradley's group wrote up some highly classified papers that argued that the use of an induction device was legal.

At this point, Bradley was able to secure a more formal declaration of political support from Washington, and the Halibut was off again. Halibut was again successful, though she was beginning to show signs of her age.

The intelligence gained from the recordings was invaluable. No human agent or standard spy boat could have collected the wealth of information that Halibut brought home. Eventually, some close calls prompted her retirement, but Bradley would plan more of these

missions, and other submarines would be refitted to follow in Halibut's footsteps. The NSA bestowed a code-name on what was now an ongoing operation: "Ivy Bells."

Indeed, the Okhotsk operations were so successful that the Navy later took the opportunity to tap underwater communications cables in the Barents sea, gaining even more crucial insight into the Soviet Navy. Such a tap was not possible with the Halibut, she was too old and too noisy, and though her special modifications got the job done, they were far from ideal. The Barents wasn't as desolate as Okhotsk, and it was difficult water to navigate. The USS Parche was just the boat for the job. She was quieter, faster, and much newer than anything that had ever been used for "special projects" like cable tapping ops before. In the late 1970s, her crew successfully placed a tap on an underwater communications cable in the Barents.

#### Crisis!

All throughout the 1970s, the cable tapping operations in the Okhotsk continued. The Halibut's replacement, the USS Seawolf, handled the job until the early 1980s, when she was actually detected limping back home after sustaining some damage in an accident caused by bad weather and some equipment failures. The boat had actually fallen onto the sea's floor, landing right on top of the communications wire. She was able to make it back home, but satellites uncovered evidence that the Soviets had found the cable tap in Okhotsk. Nobody knew how, of course. The operation may have been

compromised by Seawolf's drop onto the cable or by a mole within the crew, or, as unthinkable as it might be, among the few intelligence officers who knew about the taps in the first place.

As time passed, and all the available intelligence was gathered and analyzed, it became clear that the Seawolf's misadventures didn't line up with other intelligence reports. At the time, it had been easy to blame Seawolf and her crew for compromising the operation - after all, she had slammed several tons of steel down on the Soviet cable. But the facts didn't line up. The Soviet survey team that found the cable taps was well on its way even before Seawolf fell on the cable. Some U.S. investigators thought that the search for the cable taps looked deliberate. Too deliberate. The Soviets must have been tipped off by a spy in U.S. intelligence. Rich Haver, a civilian Naval intelligence department head, wrote a report dated January 30, 1982 which suggested this, but the report, which was only seen by a few, was readily dismissed and his warnings were given little thought. Haver didn't have much traction when it came to possible intelligence leaks, as he had already tried to convince admirals to investigate a possible communications leak in the late 1970s.

At the time, there was a great deal of political wrangling between the Soviets and the U.S. The Soviets were deploying their nuclear subs to the Arctic, a brilliant move that could give them a slight edge in the nuclear balance. During this time (and indeed, all throughout the cable tapping operations) the recordings brought back from the Barents

helped in convincing U.S. officials that the Soviet move to the Arctic and other Naval moves were not signs of aggression.

Betrayal!

By March of 1985, when Konstantin Chernenko died and the more tolerant Mikhail Gorbachev was appointed, tensions were no longer quite so high. Gorbachev seemed more willing to negotiate and consider major changes. Despite the progress being made on these fronts, U.S. authorities made some startling discoveries that underscored that the days of the old-style cold warriors and spies were not over.

In May of 1985, John A. Walker Jr. was arrested. Walker was a retired Navy submariner and communications specialist, and he had given all sorts of Naval communications secrets to the Soviets. He continued his espionage even after he retired, recruiting his brother and son, among others. He was only caught because his ex-wife turned him in when he tried to recruit their daughter.

In July, a high-ranking KGB officer defected, and confessed that the Walker ring was the "most important espionage victory in KGB history." And it didn't end there. Vitaly Yurchenko, the defecting KGB agent offered up evidence of the Navy's second spy. The evidence was sparse, but it was enough. Ronald W. Pelton, a former NSA employee, was arrested on November 25, 1985. Among the intelligence he had offered the Soviets was information regarding a certain top-secret cable tapping operation in the Sea of Okhotsk.

Pelton had sold out the Okhotsk taps for \$35,0003.

Recent Activity

Cable tapping operations continued throughout the 1980s. After the unsettling news of the two spies in 1985, there were a lot of questions being asked by Congress and the media. The Navy managed to keep the focus away from the USS Parche and the the tapping operations in the Barents and other places.

As you might be able to figure out, the Navy has not exactly been forthcoming when it comes to its precious cable tapping operations. Much of what is known has come out only after the Soviet Union fell, and its not exactly clear just how much surveillance went on during the 1990s, though it is suspected that President Clinton agreed to continue the special projects submarine spy program, albeit with less of a focus on Russia. Parche came back from extensive overhauls in the mid 90s and is suspected to have continued its cable tapping operations. It is scheduled to be retired sometime in 2003, when it will be replaced by the USS Jimmy Carter, which has been undergoing a refitting of its own so that she can carry Parche's unique gear. 1 - These locations are just rough approximations that I derived from looking at a map, just to give you an idea of where it was that I was talking about.

2 - I can't decide whether or not to be comforted or creeped out by the fact that there are people that are so dedicated to this country that they spend their twilight hours in the Pentagon dreaming up new and wierd ways to spy on our enemies. But that's another discussion for another node.

3 - Pelton was attempting to mask his bankruptcy and sold one of our nation's most important secrets for \$35,000. U.S. cable tapping operations took years of research, millions of dollars in investments in technology, and risked our submariners' lives. Of course, Soviets had a somewhat more restrictive society, so a simple human spy might not have been as easy for us to find as it was for them (not to mention the fact that Aldrich Ames would later sell out all of our Soviet spies), but its worth noting that this is an example of the U.S. reliance on technology. Its an amazing feat and the research and technology were not exclusive to the cable tapping operations, to be sure, but the simple Soviet spy rings provide an interesting contrast. Sources:

90% of the above information was gleaned from the book *Blind Man's Bluff: The Untold Story of American Submarine Espionage*, edited by Sherry Sontag and Christopher Drew. Its an excellent book, with much more than just cable-tapping information (though there is also a lot more on cable tapping there as well). I found out about the book from some History Channel program that featured the Ivy Bells story...

The following are some online sources:

<http://www.specialoperations.com/Operations/ivybells.html>

[http://www.military.com/Content/MoreContent1/?file=cw\\_f\\_ivybells](http://www.military.com/Content/MoreContent1/?file=cw_f_ivybells)

<http://www.randomhouse.com/features/spybook/spy/961219.html>

<http://www.cnn.com/SPECIALS/2001/nsa/stories/traitor/>

<http://www.fas.org/irp/eprint/ic2000/ic2000.htm>

Special thanks to Professor Pi and Caknuck of the Typo Death Squad for pointing out my many typos.

**I WAS ON TEAM ONE ON THE HALIBUT 1970 TO 1972 !**  
*From Charlie Weaver*  
.....

**The Cab Ride** *Contributed by Doug Lipert*

I arrived at the address and honked the horn. after waiting a few minutes I walked to the door and knocked.. 'Just a minute', answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor.

After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 90's stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940's movie.

By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

'Would you carry my bag out to the car?' she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb.

She kept thanking me for my kindness. 'It's nothing', I told her. 'I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother to be treated.'

'Oh, you're such a good boy, she said. When we got in the cab, she gave me an address and then asked, 'Could you drive through downtown?' 'It's not the shortest way,' I answered quickly.

'Oh, I don't mind,' she said. 'I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice.

I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. 'I don't have any family left,' she continued in a soft voice. 'The doctor says I don't have very long.' I quietly reached over and shut off the meter.

'What route would you like me to take?' I asked. For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator.

We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, 'I'm tired. Let's go now'.

We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico.

Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her. I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

'How much do I owe you?' She asked, reaching into her purse.

'Nothing,' I said.

'You have to make a living,' she answered.

'There are other passengers,' I responded.

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly.

'You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,' she said. 'Thank you.'

I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life..

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life.

We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware - beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.

PEOPLE MAY NOT REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID, OR WHAT YOU SAID ~BUT~ THEY WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW YOU MADE THEM FEEL.

.....

**Andy Rooney Musings**  
*Contributed by Joe Kelsey*

I've learned...  
That the best classroom in the world is at the feet of an elderly person.

I've learned...  
That when you're in love, it shows.

I've learned ...  
That just one person saying to me, 'You've made my day!' makes my day.

I've learned...  
That having a child fall asleep in your arms is one of the most peaceful feelings in the world.

I've learned...  
That being kind is more important than being right.

I've learned...  
That you should never say no to a gift from a child.

I've learned...  
That I can always pray for someone when I don't have the strength to help him in any other way.

I've learned...  
That no matter how serious your life requires you to be, everyone needs a friend to act goofy with.

I've learned...  
That sometimes all a person needs is a hand to hold and a heart to understand.

I've learned...  
That simple walks with my father around the block on summer nights when I was a child did wonders for me as an adult.

I've learned...  
That life is like a roll of toilet paper. The closer it gets to the end, the faster it goes.

I've learned...  
That money doesn't buy class.

I've learned...  
That it's those small daily happenings that make life so spectacular.

I've learned...  
That under everyone's hard shell is someone who wants to be appreciated and loved.

I've learned...  
That to ignore the facts does not change the facts.

I've learned...  
That when you plan to get even with someone, you are only letting that person continue to hurt you.

I've learned...  
That love, not time, heals all wounds.

I've learned...  
That the easiest way for me to grow as a person is to surround myself with people smarter than I am.

I've learned...  
That everyone you meet deserves to be greeted with a smile.

I've learned...  
That no one is perfect until you fall in love with them.

I've learned...  
That life is tough, but I'm tougher.

I've learned...  
That opportunities are never lost; someone will take the ones you miss.

I've learned...  
That when you harbor bitterness, happiness will dock elsewhere.

I've learned...  
That I wish I could have told my Mom that I love her one more time before she passed away.

I've learned...  
That one should keep his words both soft and tender, because tomorrow he may have to eat them.

I've learned...  
That a smile is an inexpensive way to improve your looks.

I've learned...  
That when your newly born grandchild holds your little finger in his little fist, you're hooked for life.

I've learned...  
That everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it.

I've learned...  
That the less time I have to work with, the more things I get done.  
.....

**Most of our generation of 60+ were HOME SCHOOLED in many ways** .Contributed by Joe Kelsey

1. **My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.**

"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."

2. **My mother taught me RELIGION.**

"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."

3. **My father taught me about TIME TRAVEL.**

"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"

4. **My father taught me LOGIC.**

" Because I said so, that's why ."

5. **My mother taught me MORE LOGIC .**

"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."

6. **My mother taught me FORESIGHT.**

"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."

7. **My father taught me IRONY.**

"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."

8. **My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.**

"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."

9. **My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.**

"Just you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"

10. **My mother taught me about STAMINA.**

"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."

11. **My mother taught me about WEATHER.**

"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."

12. **My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.**

"If I told you once, I've told you a million times, don't exaggerate!"

13. **My father taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.**

"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out..."

14. **My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION .**

"Stop acting like your father!"

15. **My mother taught me about ENVY.**

"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."

16. **My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.**

"Just wait until we get home."

17. **My mother taught me about RECEIVING.**

"You are going to get it from your father when you get home!"

18 . **My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.**

"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to get stuck that way."

19. **My mother taught me ESP.**

"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"

20. **My father taught me HUMOR.**

"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."

21. **My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.**

"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."

22. **My mother taught me GENETICS.**

"You're just like your father."

23. **My mother taught me about my ROOTS.**

"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"

24. **My mother taught me WISDOM.**

"When you get to be my age, you'll understand.

25. **My father taught me about JUSTICE .**

"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!"

.....



File: Yos Sudarso Bay from Skyline.jpg

**Humboldt Bay, Dutch New Guinea, (1944), now called Yos Sudarso Bay**

*Ed.. This might be useful in the "old days" section of a newsletter Lee, the author, is a fraternity brother from Tufts. and was a senior when I was a freshman. As you can see he is over 90yrs now, and continues to share and author many anecdotes from his lifetime If you Google him, you will get the full picture I don't know if I accept a "honorary tin can sailor" but so be it Dave... Guns,, Lincoln*

**1944 Convoy to The Philippines**



The 39-ship convoy for Tacloban, Leyte Island, in the Philippines formed in Humboldt Bay, Dutch New Guinea. The large town of Hollandia bordered the bay. Our Engineer Company Advance Echelon would load our equipment aboard a Liberty Class ship and be part of that convoy. We were told the name of the ship was the S.S. Antoine Saugrain. After a prolonged wait in the bay, we finally were under weigh. The delay had been caused by the weather hampering the Infantry advances toward the west of Leyte Island; muddy roads and foul weather.

December 5, 1944, About Noon.

It had been a pretty easy trip so far in our 39-ship convoy. We were to be put ashore at Tacloban on the Philippine island of Leyte the next day. We were pretty close to the southernmost second largest island of the Philippines, Mindanao, today. This island was by-passed because the center of the 7,000 island group was determined to be less well defended and a better location for the first landings.

Most of us did not think much of it but what we did not realize is that the enemy airfields on Mindanao were still operational. That morning, the ship to our starboard had been attacked by a bomber but the bomb missed the target. So?

What's one plane and one bomb run?

Our General Alarm sounded! We went to battle stations and it was over in no time. A few hours later, around noontime, the General Alarm sounded again. And again we went to battle stations. This time though before I waited my turn to go down the ladder into Hold No.5, I turned and looked to port. A large black dot was just passing over another ship in the convoy. But this one looked as though it was heading right for us. Our escort vessels, Coast Guard Frigates, began, no, already were firing at the plane. The puffs of black smoke showed us that.



This is a Sister Ship of the Antoine Saugrain

All was quiet, until we heard the five-inch gun on the fantail begin firing. There were not many volleys fired at all. We did not know it at the time but the big gun had mis-fired and was useless in any further action. A few seconds later the roar of a plane engine pulling out of a dive was heard. We waited for the bomb drop. Then quiet. Until a huge explosion erupted just behind us. I found myself in mid air wondering how I got there.

A fraction of a second later I was a crumpled mass on the steel deck, trying to get a grip as to where I was. A voice boomed down from the main deck ordering us to abandon the hold. On the main deck I asked a sailor what had happened. He told me we had been attacked by a Japanese torpedo bomber and that the torpedo sheared off the rudder and propeller. That was only 30 feet from where we were below decks. A few feet less on that hit and the powder magazine for the 5-inch gun would have been hit. We would not have known anything about that.

It was only about ten minutes later that the General Alarm sounded again. This time I hurried to our Hatch Cover No. 4, my, "locker room." I put on a pair of long khaki trousers having been only in cut offs. I also kicked off my ankle high shoes so as not to have my legs hampered by extra weight during swimming. After all, we were now alone, the rest of the convoy kept going, but we were sitting ducks. This is not quite true because it appeared two of the Coast Guard Frigates were lagging back.

Our Frigate escorts looked like destroyers. They did not have quite the firepower that destroyers have. The names of the Frigates; Glendale, Ogden, Belfast, San Pedro and Coronado.



Japanese B5N Torpedo Bomber

The Coronado and San Pedro were the two lagging back with us. Then I heard and saw the Frigates firing at a little black dot. Puffs of smoke appeared near the little black dot. The men had already taken cover but I wanted to see what was going on. I stood in the middle of the hatch cover and watched the plane approach. Five hundred yards from our ship our Navy gun crews armed with 20mm cannons opened fire. The plane's pilot weaved back and forth but there were no hits. About 300yards from our ship I saw something big and black drop from the plane. I yelled as loudly as I could, "He dropped it! He dropped it!" Then I fell down to the hatch cover and spread-eagled my body to get ready for what I knew was coming.

It was a body-jarring blow. I was flipped to my left side and saw smoke and flames coming



Torpedo strikes the Antoine Saugrain, amidships. from the ship's smoke stack. Just seconds later there was a mad tooting of the ship's whistle. The Abandon Ship Order!

I jumped into the ocean from the port side even though it was ten feet higher to the water. I admit I was tempted to jump from starboard since it was much closer to the water. But no! My assigned abandon ship position was on the port side. I tried to remember if I had seen any shark fins the day before or that same morning.

About twelve of us were holding on to a life raft. These life rafts were not intended for boarding. They were

intended for hanging on to while overboard in the water. We were too close to the ship if it started to sink.

If the Antoine Saugrain started to go down, we would be sucked under with it, descending into the maelstrom. I started to count, "One, two, three, tow!. One, two, three tow!" The raft barely budged, and when we saw this we abandoned the raft and started swimming away toward the rescue vessels.

I was on my way, swimming hard away from the danger. Then I heard a pleading voice," Klanky, Klanky," I'm getting tired.

I paused, treading water. Henry Curry, kept afloat by his life jacket was about ten yards from the ship. This was survival of the fittest wasn't it? This was every man for himself wasn't it? We were told we should save ourselves first of all.

My first writing of this event, done two days later narrated, "I felt that this would be the most courageous act of my life, if I went back for Henry. Seconds later the decision was made. I swam over to Henry and when my face was next to his I said, "I want you to shut up or I am going to knock you out." He obeyed. Towing him by the life jacket, I swam with him to the Coronado and stayed with him until they could pull him aboard.

Jimmy Dillman was beside me in the water and we swam out to help some others who were having a tough time.

More enemy planes came back but this time at least one was shot down by our rescue Frigates.

For more, consult author.

#### AFTERMATH

For many months after the event, Henry Curry never said a word to me. Nor did he ever look me in the eye. Can a concussion do that to a man?



The author posing with a Type 91 Japanese Aerial Torpedo at the U.S. Naval Academy.

While touring the grounds of the United States Naval Academy in the 1990's, I noticed something that although far away, looked familiar. I had to see what it was that caught my interest. My curiosity was more than satisfied. Mounted on two concrete posts, was a Type 91, Japanese Aerial Torpedo. This type weapon was used extensively during World War II, most notably at Pearl Harbor on 7 December 1941. It was this type torpedo that I saw drop from the belly of an attacking aircraft on 5 December 1944. The diameter is 16 inches and the length is 16 feet. It took three of them to sink the Liberty Ship Antoine Saugrain.

The S.S. Antoine Saugrain  
(A Doomed Ship in December 1944)



Living quarters on the open Deck  
Hatch Cover No. 4.

My bones belong at the bottom,  
The bottom of the Pacific deep,  
Where once in wartime fierce,  
My generation had a destiny to keep.

Off the coast of island Mindanao,  
Two torpedoes my ship deadly struck,  
I—should have been among,  
Casualties the explosion took.



Liferafts move away from the torpedoed ship.

But no!—The incident I survived,  
To tell all who intently listened,  
With unbelieving eyes and lips apart,  
As tears from their pale cheeks glistened,

She wasn't at all that pretty,  
She shuddered with each high wave,  
But she was then—my ship,  
Deserving not that early grave.

Often my mind can picture her,  
As she lays embedded in sand,  
In the deepest part of the ocean,  
Sixteen months after life began.

So often now I think of her,  
When old memories softly glow,  
The massive hole beneath the waterline,  
That doomed her those years ago.

State College, PA. 28 May 2008



Survivors on lifeboat rescued by Army Tugboat LT-454.



Radio Message from the American Destroyer U.S.S. Halford  
“BABY ELEPHANT WENT DOWN.”



This is the Coast Guard Frigate U.S.S. Burlington, the

Sister Ship of the five convoy frigates.

### S. S. Antoine Saugrain—an Epilogue

It is now 2016 and I defy any of you to deny me what I have been holding back all these years. Why?

I met the lady who christened the ship when it was launched.

I did not know how it would so affect me, but it did, and I write with tearful eyes to bring all this to recall. Sorry folks, can't do it now. Will get back to you.

I'm back three weeks later.

After five years with Westinghouse Atomic Power Division, courses in Nuclear Physics and Nuclear Engineering from professors of Columbia University, and appointment as a Project Engineer for two Submarine Fleet Reactor class nuclear submarines, I left to join a small company that represented manufacturers of mechanical and electrical equipment.

One of the company's owners, Ted Hughes, got talking to me about my military service. The conversations eventually got around to my experience of the sinking of the Antoine Saugrain. The Historical Department of the Navy had provided me with information about the ship and mentioned the name of the woman who had been asked to christen the ship, Mrs. Janice Rockwell Bygate.

Ted's eyes brightened and he asked me to repeat the name. He said he had a good neighbor with that name and wondered if it could be the same person. He said that she was the daughter of Colonel Willard Rockwell, the founder of the corporation with that name. It would have been an appropriate choice for her to be selected to christen a ship.

Several days later Ted reported to me that he had talked to Janice Rockwell Bygate, and that, indeed, she had christened a ship during World War II. Ted said she was anxious to meet me if it could be arranged.

The meeting day arrived and I proceeded alone to her home in Edgewood, a Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania suburb. She was gracious, attractive, and wanted me to tell her my experience while aboard the ship she had christened, the Antoine Saugrain. Before I began the story, however, she invited me into her living room. On the wall, above the fireplace was mounted a two-foot diameter bronze plate. It was the memento given to her for christening the ship.

She appeared to be very interested in the story I told her, and was so happy to be able to know what had happened.

I saw Janice Bygate socially a few times after that, and it was always a cordial event. Her husband managed a distribution company of the corporation and a good friend of mine, in my neighborhood, worked for him.

Small World!

**The Seabag** *Contributed by Don Tanner*

There was a time when everything you owned had to fit into your seabag. Remember those nasty rascals? Fully packed, one of the suckers weighed more than the poor devil hauling it.

The damn things weighed a ton and some idiot with an off-center sense of humor sewed a carry handle on it to help you haul it. Hell, you could bolt a handle on a Greyhound bus but it wouldn't make the damn thing portable.

The Army, Marines and Air Force got footlockers and we got a big ole' canvas bag.

After you warped your spine jackassing the goofy thing through a bus or train station, sat on it waiting for connecting transportation and made folks mad because it was too damn big to fit in any overhead rack on any bus, train and airplane ever made, the contents looked like hell. All your gear appeared to have come from bums who slept on park benches.

Traveling with a seabag was something left over from the "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" sailing ship days. Sailors used to sleep in hammocks. So you stowed your issue in a big canvas bag and lashed your hammock to it, hoisted it on your shoulder and in effect moved your entire home and complete inventory of earthly possessions from ship to ship. I wouldn't say you traveled light because with one strap it was a one-shoulder load that could torque your skeletal frame and bust your ankles. It was like hauling a dead linebacker.

They wasted a lot of time in boot camp telling you how to pack one of the suckers. There was an officially sanctioned method of organization that you forgot after ten minutes on the other side of the gate at Great Lakes or San Diego. You got rid of a

lot of issue gear when you went to the SHIP. Did you ever know a tincan sailor who had a raincoat? A flat hat? One of those nut hugger knit swimsuits? How 'bout those shops that rolled your own neckerchiefs... The ones the girls in a good Naval tailor shop would cut down and sew into a 'greasy snake' for two bucks?

Within six months, every fleet sailor was down to one set of dress blues, port and starboard undress blues and whites, a couple of white hats, boots, shoes, assorted skivvies, a peacoat, and three sets of bleached out dungarees. The rest of your original issue was either in the peacoat locker, lucky bag, or had been reduced to wipe down rags in the engine room. Underway ships were not ships that allowed vast accumulation of private gear.

Hobos who lived in discarded refrigerator crates could amass greater loads of pack rat crap than fleet sailors. The confines of a canvas back rack, side locker and a couple of bunk bags did not allow one to live a Donald Trump existence. Space and the going pay scale combined to make us envy the lifestyle of a mud hut Ethiopian. We were the global equivalents of nomadic Mongols without ponies to haul our stuff.

And after the rigid routine of boot camp we learned the skill of random compression packing...known by mother's world-wide as 'cramming'. It is amazing what you can jam into a space no bigger than a breadbox if you pull a watch cap over a boot and push it in with your foot. Of course it looks kinda weird when you pull it out but they never hold fashion shows at sea and wrinkles added character to a salty appearance. There was a four-hundred mile gap between the images on recruiting posters and the actual appearance of sailors at sea. It was not without justifiable reason that we were called the tincan Navy.

We operated on the premise that if 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness',

we must be next to the other end of that spectrum... We looked like our clothing had been pressed with a waffle iron and packed by a bulldozer.

But what in the hell did they expect from a bunch of jerks who lived in the crews hole of a 2100 Fletcher Class can. After a while you got used to it... You got used to everything you owned picking up and retaining that distinctive aroma...

You got used to old ladies on busses taking a couple of wrinkled nose sniffs of your peacoat then getting up and finding another seat...

Do they still issue seabags? Can you still make five bucks sitting up half the night drawing a ships picture on the side of one of the damn things with black and white marking pens that drive old master-at-arms into a 'rig for heart attack' frenzy? Make their faces red... The veins on their neck bulge out... And yell," Jeezus H. Christ! What in god's name is that all over your seabag?" "Artwork, Chief... It's like the work of Michelangelo...My ship... Great huh?" "Looks like some damn comic book..."

Here was a man with cobras tattooed on his arms... A skull with a dagger through one eye and a ribbon reading 'DEATH BEFORE SHORE DUTY' on his shoulder...Crossed anchors with 'Subic Bay 1945' on the other shoulder... An eagle on his chest and a full blown Chinese dragon peeking out between the cheeks of his butt.

If anyone was an authority on stuff that looked like a comic book, it had to be this E-7 sucker.

Sometimes I look at all the crap stacked in my garage, close my eyes and smile, remembering a time when everything I owned could be crammed into a canvas bag. Maturity is hell.

.....

### God's Rosebud

A new minister was walking with an older,

more seasoned minister in the garden one day.

Feeling a bit insecure about what God had for him to do,  
he was asking the older preacher for some advice.

The older preacher walked up to a rosebush and handed the young preacher  
a rosebud and told him to open it without tearing off any petals.

The young preacher looked in disbelief at the older preacher and was trying to figure out what a rosebud  
could possibly have to do with his wanting to know the will of God for his life and ministry.

But, because of his great respect for the older preacher,  
he proceeded to try to unfold the rose,  
while keeping every petal intact.

It wasn't long before he realized how impossible this was to do.

Noticing the younger preacher's inability to unfold  
the rosebud without tearing it,

the older preacher began to recite the following poem...

"It is only a tiny rosebud,  
A flower of God's design;  
But, I cannot unfold the petals  
With these clumsy hands of mine."

"The secret of unfolding flowers  
Is not known to such as I,  
GOD opens this flower so easily,  
But, in my hands they die."

"If I cannot unfold a rosebud,  
This flower of God's design,

Then, how can I have the wisdom  
To unfold this life of mine?"

"So, I'll trust in God for leading  
Each moment of my day.  
I will look to God for guidance  
In each step along the way."

"The path that lies before me,  
Only my Lord and Savior knows.  
I'll trust God to unfold the moments,  
Just as He unfolds the rose."

*Contributed by Joe Kelsey*

### **Subject: ARMY AVIATOR TAKES A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE & RECOGNIZED MARTHA RAYE in PLEIKU**

*Contributed by cpmig*

It was well recognized that Martha Raye endured less comfort more



than any other Vietnam entertainer. I did not know this, I bet you didn't either. Don't let the sun go down without reading this about Martha Raye. The most unforgivable oversight of TV is that her shows were not taped. I was unaware of her credentials or where she is buried. Somehow I just can't see Brittany Spears, Paris Hilton, or Jessica Simpson doing what this woman and the other USO women, including Ann Margaret & Joey Heatherton did for our troops in past wars. Most of the old time entertainers were made of a lot sterner stuff than today's crop of activist bland whiners. The following is from an Army Aviator who takes a trip down memory lane: "It was just

before Thanksgiving '67 and we were ferrying dead and wounded from a large GRF west of Pleiku. We had run out of body bags by noon, so the Hook (CH-47 CHINOOK) was pretty rough in the back.

All of a sudden, we heard a 'take-charge' woman's voice in the rear. There was the singer and actress, Martha Raye, with a Special Forces beret and jungle fatigues, with subdued markings, helping the wounded into the Chinook, and carrying the dead aboard. Maggie had been visiting her Special Forces (SF) 'heroes' out 'west'. We took off, short of fuel, and headed to the USAF hospital pad at Pleiku.

As we all started unloading our sad pax's, a USAF Captain said to Martha.... "Ms Raye, with all these dead and wounded to process, there would not be time for your show!"

To all of our surprise, she pulled on her right collar and said "Captain, see this eagle? I am a full 'Bird' in the US Army Reserve, and on this is a 'Caduceus' which means I am a Nurse, with a surgical specialty... now, take me to your wounded!" He said, "Yes ma'am... follow me." Several times at the Army Field Hospital in Pleiku, she would 'cover' a surgical shift, giving a nurse a well-deserved break.

Martha is the only woman buried in the SF (Special Forces) cemetery at Ft Bragg.

Hand Salute! A great lady. I did not know this about Martha Raye....thought you might like to read it..

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### Last Hospital Corpsman Class Graduates aboard Naval Station Great Lakes

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By Electronics Technician 3rd Class Trisha Teran, Navy Medicine Support Command Public Affairs

GREAT LAKES, Ill. (NNS) -- More than 100 Sailors - comprising the last class to complete studies at the largest U.S. Navy 'A' School - graduated during a July 28 ceremony at Naval Station Great Lakes, the last class to complete initial requirements to become U.S. Navy corpsmen.

Naval Hospital Corps School (NHCS) classes 11125A and 11125B recited the Hospital Corpsman Pledge at the NHCS schoolhouse during the hour-long ceremony, marking the end of courses at the facility that has operated in a training capacity for nearly 100 years.

After nearly a century of providing initial training to the U.S. Navy's enlisted medical professionals, the Hospital Corps' premier training facility closed its doors during a disestablishment ceremony following the commencement proceedings, something NHCS Great Lakes Commanding Officer Capt. Theresa Gee (NC) said represents a shift in the manner enlisted medical professionals are trained.

"It's bittersweet because we have the long history here on the base but we do need to embrace our future," said Gee. "And that future is training with our fellow services. But this was bittersweet - seeing this Naval Hospital Corps School that's been here so long go away, and I know that the corpsmen who graduated this morning feel that this is historic and that they are now part of that history."

Force Master Chief Laura Martinez, Hospital Corps director, said the history of the institution, as well as the excitement of seeing new corpsmen enter the Fleet, is something toward which she feels a sense of pride.

"Any time we have a class that's graduating, it's a thrilling event," she said. "I graduated from this same schoolhouse over 30 years ago, and every time I come back, I'm thrilled at the caliber of young Sailors who are going to the fleet."

Martinez also said that corpsmen choosing to become instructors at the largest 'A' school are a select group, epitomizing the Navy core values.

"I'm proud of the staff because they're committed to training the very best Sailors and corpsmen to meet the Navy's and Navy Medicine's mission - wherever and whenever around the world."

Naval Hospital Corps School graduating class valedictorian Hospital Corpsman 3rd Class Benjamin Burke echoed her sentiments, saying he was eager to apply the skills he learned at the Navy's premier enlisted initial training site.

"I waited a year and a half on my ship to be able to come here and do this, and now I'm really looking forward to going out to the fleet," he said. "The classmates I have - we're very close. From the first day we did all of this together."

As the final commanding officer of the Navy's largest 'A' School, Gee said the accomplishments these newly rated corpsmen will experience are directly reflective of her experiences while supervising, instructing and working with the Navy's most decorated rating.

"I love the Hospital Corpsman rate," she said. "There is nothing to equate to a corpsman on the outside [in the civilian world]. They're trained by

nurses and doctors to do their jobs where nurses and doctors cannot go. They do whatever needs to be done, and they do it extremely well. I'm glad I came full circle and ended up as the final commanding officer of this school because they hold a special place in my heart."

Naval Hospital Corps School initially opened in January 1917, one month before the onset of World War I, and bears the distinction of being one of the first two schools established at Naval Training Center Great Lakes. The school was closed in 1921 after WWI but subsequently reopened two decades later to facilitate corpsman training for U.S. involvement in World War II, remaining active since.

In 1997, the Navy's remaining Hospital Corpsman 'A' Schools were consolidated, and NHCS Great Lakes became the Navy's only training facility for basic enlisted hospital corpsman training.

Navy Hospital Corpsmen receive their training at Ft Sam Houston, San Antonio, TX.

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Almost every Marine who spent time in Vietnam has heard the cry, "**Corpsman Up !!!!**" The circumstances varied widely, but the result was a constant. A U.S. Navy Corpsman, wearing the same dirty, torn, and smelly green utilities worn by his Marine brothers and "armed" with his B-1 medical kit, went to the aid of wounded Marines. Usually under enemy fire, these "angels in green" performed lifesaving miracles with complete disregard for their own safety.

These FMF (Fleet Marine Force) Corpsmen were something special to us Marines. Although they took their fair share of kidding and good-natured harassment, they were in every sense of the word a fellow Marine. They took the same chances, lived in the same mud-filled hole, ate the same cold C-rations as Marine grunts. Many of

them share the same space on The Wall as the men they tried to save.

Like their brave Army medic counterparts, the Corpsman was a special breed and developed skills that made them invaluable to field operations large and small. Many of our corpsmen became full-fledged members of our grunt squads and reconnaissance teams, filling in for their Marine buddies whenever and wherever needed.

A great many of us made it home because of a Corpsman. We will never forget them.

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### **A Day in the life of a Corpsman!**

It was a day for all kinds of weather. This morning when we moved out it was damp and foggy, later on in the morning the sun come out and cleared out the fog and evaporated the miserable dew on the vegetation. God, it was hard to stay warm when you were wet all the time. The afternoon sun started leaving us in favor of clouds again. We had just started getting the word from the front of the column to get ready to move out. We all kind of let out one of those bore ass of moans as we saddled up to go. I think I could have napped there all afternoon.

It was the first time I was warm all over for a couple days. The guys really have a lot of foot problems and jungle rot. I hoped I had enough antibiotics and bandages to last till we got in. The word was, to make your c-rats, and gear last cause we would be going in before we would get re-supplied again. We looked like an old rag-tag string of packhorses coming off the mountain from back to back elk hunts. Our clothes had almost rotted off long ago or been used for toilet paper, and now my marines feet and hands were rotting away too. We had been out way to long this time. No contact with "Charlie" the whole time, just a losing war with us against the elements. Just surviving "Charlie's" environment was a full

time job. I was suddenly snapped out of my thoughts by the ever-familiar hand signal to move out, and to keep a good interval. I knew in an operation of this size I still had a little time before I would actually be taking any steps, so I tried unsuccessfully one last time to try to make my piece of shit pack feel comfortable. If I had to wear this kind of shit hunting, I would never go! What the Hell was somebody thinking when they put us in the bush dressed in this kind of shit, what was left of it anyway!

Finally, we were moving out! It was getting into early afternoon and shit was going slow as usual. Word was going around we might set in for the night soon. I didn't know what was going on but heard through the grapevine later, that somebody up front was having navigation problems. (We weren't where we thought we were!!) Soon we were moving again. The forward part of what I could see of our column was disappearing into jungle. I was surprised when I got to the jungle, because it opened up into a series of very clear areas, separated by brushy hedgerows. I remember palm trees or banana trees here and there in the hedgerows. It must have been an old plantation of some sort.

At that moment I heard AK-47's and 30 cal. Carbines going off. I knew somebody up front had just walked into a lot more than sniper fire. Soon there were rounds buzzing through the air everywhere it seemed. I was standing in the middle of one of those lovely clearings, and there wasn't enough cover for a dung beetle to hide behind. I went hard and fast for the hedgerow about 30 meters in front of me. The gooks must have been flanking us to our right, or they let us get this far on purpose because now we were taking heavy small arms where we were. Sticks and brush were being cut off above our heads and the rounds that were hitting the ground were throwing sand and dirt in our faces. I tried to look up a couple

times, but went right back down. The rounds were just to damn close.

Then I heard the "Gun"! That was our own L/Cpl. Jack Hartzel, and he was making that gun sing. One only had to hear Jack and that gun make music once or twice, and you never forgot what it sounded like. Jack had his own "Rock Band" in that "belt of ammo"! Even when all the other guns were firing too, I knew where Jack's position was in the progression of things. He dove into the hedgerow just to my right. Our column had been cut in half at the plantation. Jack, Smitty, and I must have been the cut-off point.

The rest of the CP was behind us in the last hedge-row we had gone through. Our radioman, Adolph Novello, and a couple Sgts were part of that group. Novello was a good man to be around. It seemed like all he had to do was get on that radio and somewhere, somehow, he could open the sky with Angels of anything you happened to need at the time. No one was in need of my services as a Corpsman at the present, so I tried to unload as many M-16 clips as I could wherever I thought the little ass-holes might be. Besides, it would be less shit to carry out, when this was all over. Jack started hollering like hell. I could tell he wasn't hit but still didn't know what was going on until I looked to his position. My hot brass had been going down the collar of his flack jacket and was burning his neck.

Our eyes had barely made contact and I heard it! "Doc Up, Doc Up, Corpsman Up!!" I knew "my other half" (Other Corpsman) should be up about where the shit started to begin with, and I knew he had plenty to do. The call was coming from behind me. I think it was natural instinct for me to take one last look around at things and people before taking off to find that Marine. This time Jack working out on his gun and those fence like hedgerows were my last images, as I moved out in the direction of the "call". I had to

get "tuned-in" to where I was going. As I was running back I saw someone stand-up above the hedgerow waving to me. I figured that was where my next objective was, and worked my way there. Actually, I got up and ran like hell!!!! It was usually a blurred adrenaline reaction, at least with me. While at the same time part of my brain was very busy homing in on sounds and guiding me to my Marine. This time it went well. I was to my man in mere seconds. It was the young SSGT who had just joined us in the "bush" earlier this month. He was conscious and his flak jacket was pulled open. He had a classic textbook "sucking chest wound". An AK-47 round had penetrated and exited his chest, in his upper right quadrant. The blood was bright red and foamy and I could smell the wound as I watched the steam escape from his chest with every breath. I got his flak jacket off so I could see the exit wound. Carbon copy of the front, not so much foam though. I immediately sealed the exit wound with cellophane from my smokes and taped it. The suction from the entry wound in the front sealed this nicely. I then concentrated on the front wound. It was getting messy and Sarge was starting to look like he was going into shock.

I started an IV right away and someone held it while I put cellophane and tape over the entry wound. It wouldn't seal real well, but the exit wound was still doing fine. I knew some how I had to get pressure on the entrance wound so that the cellophane would stay in place, to make sure he would last till the medevac arrived. All I had left were large battle dressings. I knew one alone wouldn't do it or put enough pressure on the wound. So I took one and folded it in half and put it over the cellophane. I then placed an open dressing over this and cinched it up as tight as it took. I got him positioned on his bad side with his legs up and he started to get his color back again. The IV was still looking good. I gave some

Marines instructions on how to transport him to the LZ and asked Novello what he had going on, and how long? He said they were clearing an LZ and medevacs were on the way. I filled the Sarge in on what was going on and wished him luck in the "World". I left him with his Bros. who got him to the LZ and out of there. Then I headed back up front to see what Jack and Co. was doing.

Doc Dave Steinkuelher  
Echo-2/9 67-68

I had been in Viet Nam about three months and the rain from the early monsoon season was pounding us. Echo 2/9 was patrolling the Lac Son area straight east of Con Thien. We had been in the bush a long time. We were all hoping we were going to the rear for a few days after this one was over. We had been humping all day in this shit, and it was only getting worse. I swear, if you tried to look up at the sky, you would drown! As we topped out over the hill, I could see the forward part of the column below, starting to go through the valley below us. It was about 100 meters wide and ran down to our right as far as I could see. Where the jungle stopped and valley began was all rice paddies, dikes, and trails running up and down both sides of the paddies. As our part of the column started into the paddies, we had people strung out clear across it. They were already coming out and evaporating into the jungle on the other side.

I was about half way across the paddy when I saw people passing a message back. Then they started sliding off the backside of the dike into the rice paddy. All of us followed suit and before the message even got back to us, I could see what was going on. Down in the valley, and on the opposite side we entered from, were two lone figures appearing out of the foggy mist and heavy rain and coming straight at us! The heavy rains must have gotten to them too! They were coming straight up the trail along

side the paddies. They were in the open with their heads down and their poncho hoods up! They weren't looking at anything but the trail in front of their boots. By this time everyone in the column could see them, they were like a bunch of starving hounds on chains being teased with a bone. Word was going up and down the column "Can we shoot?" "What the hell is going on?" Our Lieutenant was on the radio trying to find out if there were any "friendlies" in the area. You just don't see this kind of shit, in broad daylight, even if it was a "free-fire zone"! Now I know how they must feel, while they watch us walk into their ambushes. This was the first time even after numerous firefights we had been in before, that most of us had seen a live "Gook". That in it's self had a mesmerizing effect of a dream or a hallucination. Finally, someone couldn't take it anymore, and opened up. The whole column across the rice paddy let loose. They were getting the full force of everything we had, M-60 machine guns, M-79's, and rifle fire for what seemed like 5 minutes or more.

Slowly the firing diminished in the rice paddy. The misty fog was joined by the heavy smoke of our gunfire to make visibility even worse. The smell of gunpowder filled your nostrils with every breath. The rain was still coming down, but even it seemed to let up after it was all over. As the air started to clear we were already on line to make a sweep through to that side. We silently waited for what seemed an eternity for the smoke to clear, enough so that we could confirm by vision that we had two "confirmed kills". As visibility increased, it was very obvious that there were no bodies lying on the trail where the Gooks had last been seen. We immediately swept the hillside where they had been when we opened up. Nobody could have gotten out of that alive, let alone seriously wounded gooks! The hillside of jungle was literally shredded where the Gooks had last been seen. It was now raining as

hard as before. The rain had washed any blood trails away. The footprints on the trail from which they came were even washed away. They were gone as silently and quickly as they had appeared, leaving no trace they had even been there. It was an eerie feeling. We tightened up and swept the hillside two more times, and still couldn't even turn up a piece of torn clothing, sandal, anything. Were they really there?

Doc Dave Steinkuelher

Echo 2/9 67-68

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**Do Well, I didn't know that!**  
*Contributed by Ron Conran*

There is an old Hotel/Pub in Marble Arch, London, which used to have a gallows adjacent to it. Prisoners were taken to the gallows (after a fair trial of course) to be hanged. The horse-drawn dray, carting the prisoner, was accompanied by an armed guard, who would stop the dray outside the pub and ask the prisoner if he would

Like "ONE LAST DRINK". If he said YES, it was referred to as ONE FOR THE ROAD. If he declined, that Prisoner was ON THE WAGON.

So there you go ... More history. They used to use urine to tan animal skins, so families used to all pee in a pot and then once a day it was taken and sold to the tannery. If you had to do this to survive you were "piss poor", but worse than that were the really poor folk, who couldn't even afford to buy a pot, they "Didn't have a pot to piss in" and were the lowest of the low.

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water Temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be.

Here are some facts about the 1500s: Most people got married in June, because they took their yearly bath in May and they still smelled pretty good by June.

However, since they were starting to smell, brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water!"

Houses had thatched roofs, thick straw piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom, where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence. The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying, "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance. Hence: a thresh hold.

Getting quite an education, are you not?)

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight, then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence The rhyme: "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot, nine days old".

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over they would hang up their bacon, to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could, "Bring home the bacon. "They would cut off a little to Share with guests and would all sit around talking and "chew the fat".

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content Caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, The family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "The Upper Crust".

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of "Holding a Wake".

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of place to bury people, so they would

dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, thread it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift) to listen for the bell; thus someone could be, "Saved by the Bell "or was considered a "Dead Ringer" And that's the truth.

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### **LCVP Coxswain Don Beach Remembers Omaha Beach Landing and Life Aboard LST 494**

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor I was Fifteen years old and in High school. The country was just coming out of a long depression and our family like so many others had little or nothing.

I guess maybe that helped us to vent our anger on the japs. How dare anyone to scar our country??? From that time until I was sixteen, school meant little or nothing to me and others. I changed my birth certificate and attempted to enlist in the US Navy. Unfortunately I got caught and was told to come back when I was seventeen. That was a long year; my dad made me promise that if he signed for me I would complete my high school education once I got back home after the war. Of course I made that promise.

After enlistment I was sent to Sampson, NY boot camp. In seven weeks they made men of us and sent us on to our next assignment. Mine, like others, was to Little Creek, VA Amphibious training base. There we were taught about LCVPs (Landing Craft Vehicle Personal Assault boats). I made Coxswain and our

crew was formed and united till the end.

After extensive training there we were sent to Fort Pierce FL for advance training. This was a brand new base with few good things to offer, not even a mess hall. We had to eat out doors standing up to make shift tables and not allowed to take our meals from that area.

Once we completed our training the crews were sent in many directions. My crew and five others to Panama City, Florida. We were assigned to the LST 494 that was on its shake down cruise. The ship was built in Indiana and its primary goal was to invade France.

After the ship had proven itself we stopped at many ports to load with war material including an LCT on our top side to deliver to England. Our ship was designated a hospital ship so we had many Navy corpsmen aboard known as foxy 29 group. As we unloaded troops at the beach we were to bring wounded back to the ship.

Once we reached England some thirty days from the time we picked up our convoy in Halifax Nova Scotia, we were ready for some shore time. Then came more preparation for the invasion. We had no idea when it would be but we felt we were ready, a lot of young blooded Americans who had no fear of what lay ahead for us.

The invasion known as Operation Overlord was to have been on the fifth of June but was cancelled because of bad weather until the sixth of June. One thing we did not need was rough seas but we had them. Our job was to reinforce the first wave. When we arrived we found out most had been pinned on the beach and it was not known at the time if we would have to remove them. Words can not describe the death and destruction on Omaha beach.

When we got the go ahead to take in troops only two of our boats were able to go in, my crew and one other. When we reached the beach we had no place to land. Amphibious craft were blown up almost two deep at our spot; there was only one small opening to get in and we had to wait our turn. I decided that we had better not stand still as the German 88s were picking us off like flies. The tide was high enough to just cover the underwater obstacles that the Germans had planted on the beach. These were strung with mines. As luck would have it our fellow boat crew hit one + the last we saw of them they exploded. The hardest decision that I ever had to make in my young life was did we try to help. My better judgment told me not to jeopardize the 35 soldiers we had aboard, so we went into unload and when we came off the beach nothing alive was in the area.

We took a load of wounded back to the ship and found out upon arriving that our crew survived. It is not believed that many of the army did.

The next few days were very hectic, the LST were not able to go in so we spent our time unloading men from any ships that requested us to do so + we kept returning with the wounded.

Once the LST was able to go in + empty out a decision was made to leave two boat crews to help unload ships that needed it. We joined the other LCVPs. Our first and foremost problem was what do we do now to survive? There was a row of old ships that were sunk purposely to form a break water which was supposed to give us some aid in landing. We found that the main decks were above the water line so we made our quarters there.

All was well until the big storm hit and did about as much damage as D-Day. We lost everything. Next thing we knew we were on shore sharing a half of pup tent per two men. That is after us Navy people learned how to

dig a fox hole under our tent to protect us from the nightly air raids and flack.

After a couple of weeks of that it was decided to send us back to England to rest camp, word had it that we would be sent home!!! Good old Navy scuttlebutt. It was only a few days of rest then the call came for us to get ready to go back to our ship. We were trucked to the location and once aboard it was like old home days.

Our bubble was soon to burst...the skipper informed us that we would be leaving in a couple of days to invade Southern France. After many port stops we were loaded and found that we would be in the first wave. We had visions of another Omaha beach but much to our surprise it was a piece of cake. The ship made about fifty shuttle trips carrying supplies to the troops.

We were ordered back to the States given 30 days leave and then headed for the Pacific to invade Okinawa. New experience!!! We could not believe that any human being would dive his plane into ships for the glory of it.

After that invasion was over we would now be getting prepared to invade Japan. Thank GOD for the two Atom bombs that ended the war.

By this time I had not reached twenty-one yet. I am now Seventy five years old and this year my promise to my Dad was fulfilled, I now have my high school diploma.

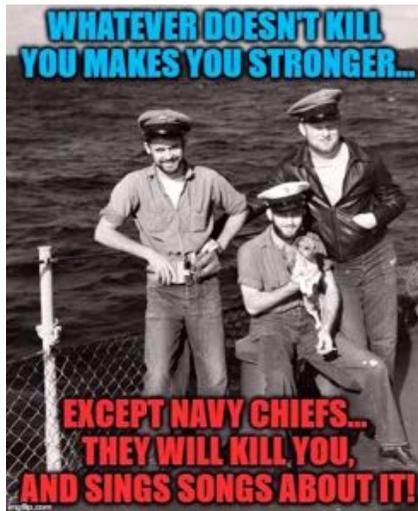
For sure war is hell and I can only thank the good LORD for looking after me. Let's hope our country never has to go through it again!!!!  
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**Do you know this sailor?**

Here's a hint: It's 1967 and the place in Subic Bay, Republic of the Philippines.



**It is our own Earl "Charlie" Weaver**



**Celebrating the end of WWII**  
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**“A Civil War Veteran coming across county like this just doesn’t happen.”**

Pvt. Jewett Williams, a Civil War soldier who fought with the 20th Maine Volunteer Infantry regiment, will never be forgotten again.

Williams’ remains were claimed after 94 years then transported across the country from Oregon to Maine by the Patriot Guard Riders, a volunteer motorcycle group with members from across the nation whose mission is to honor U.S. military Veterans both living and dead.

The Patriot Guard began its journey with Williams’s remains on Aug. 1 in Portland, Oregon. Members of the guard have traveled by motorcycle with Williams’ remains roughly 3,500 miles, across 19 states with transfers at each state line.

The escort made a stop at the Appomattox Court House National Historical Park in Virginia, where a ceremony was held in Williams’ honor August 18. As part of the 20th Maine Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Williams was at Appomattox Court House for the end of the Civil War, as Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to Gen. Ulysses Grant in a ceremony on April 12, 1865.

Over 100 motorcyclists participated in the segments of Williams’ journey through Virginia alone. Riders from states that were not a part of the route, such as Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, traveled north to participate at Appomattox.

“That’s who we are. We are the patriots, we are the guard of our Veterans and we want to make sure to get them back home to their resting places,” said Virginia Patriot Guard rider James Tennant, who carried Williams’ remains during the ceremony at Appomattox.

Tennant, a Navy Veteran and a ten-year member of the Patriot Guard Rider, described the ride as the highlight of his life. He said the Patriot Guard Riders have participated in numerous escorts. However, he acknowledged the history that was made during this particular mission.

When discussing the receipt of Williams' remains for the leg of the mission that led to Appomattox, Tenant said, "that's a body, it's a person, a Veteran, a soldier... that touches my heart. To be able to put him on my motorcycle with my wife and ride here, it's an experience I can't describe. It's unbelievable." Jewett Williams

Jewett Williams was born in 1843 in the small farming community of Hodgdon in northern Maine. He was drafted into the U.S. Army at Bangor, Maine, on Oct. 12, 1864. Williams served his last six months with the 20th Maine Infantry regiment fighting during the siege of Petersburg, Virginia, the Stony Creek (or "Applejack") Raid and other battles, such as Peebles Farm, Hatcher's Run, White Oak Road, Quaker Road, Five Forks and Appomattox.

After the war, Williams returned home to Maine before living in several different states. Upon moving to Michigan, he and his wife had their first child, who died at 19 months. They then moved to Minnesota where they had five more children before settling in Washington and then Oregon in the 1890s.

Up until about 1919, Williams frequently spoke to local school groups during Memorial Day events. His wife died in 1920.

Williams died in 1922, at the age of 78, after a three-month stay in the Oregon State Hospital for the Insane in Salem, Oregon. There, he was diagnosed with senility. His ashes were discovered in a copper can in 2004, shelved in a shed on the

hospital's property alongside the remains of more than 3,600 other people. No one claimed Williams' remains until Maine historian Tom Desjardin, who was researching members of the 20th Maine stumbled across an online archive that housed Williams' record.

The effort to transport Williams to his final resting place in Maine was a joint effort coordinated by volunteers, including the historian who found him, the Patriot Guard Riders, the Maine Living History Association, with support from the Togus National Cemetery, the adjutant general of the Maine National Guard and the Oregon and Maine state departments of Veterans affairs.

Editor's Note: The 20th Maine Infantry Regiment is famous for its valorous defense of Little Round Top during the American Civil War.

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**You're a 19 year old kid.** You are critically wounded and dying in the jungle somewhere in the Central Highlands of Viet Nam .It's November 11, 1967. LZ (landing zone) X-ray. Your unit is outnumbered 8-1 and the enemy fire is so intense from 100 yards away, that your CO (commanding officer) has ordered the Med Evac helicopters to stop coming in. You're lying there, listening to the enemy machine guns and you know you're not getting out. Your family is half way around the world, 12,000 miles away, and you'll never see them again.

As the world starts to fade in and out, you know this is the day. Then over the machine gun noise - you faintly hear that sound of a helicopter. You look up to see a Huey coming in. But.. It doesn't seem real because no MedEvac markings are on it. Captain Ed Freeman is coming in for you. He's not Med Evac so it's not his job, but he heard the radio call and decided

he's flying his Huey down into the machine gun fire anyway.

Even after the Med Evacs were ordered not to come. He's coming anyway. And he drops it in and sits there in the machine gun fire, as they load 3 of you at a time on board.

Then he flies you up and out through the gunfire to the doctors and nurses and safety. And, he kept coming back!! 13 more times!! Until all the wounded were out. No one knew until the mission was over that the Captain had been hit 4 times in the legs and left arm. He took 29 of you and your buddies out that day. Some would not have made it without the Captain and his Huey. Medal of Honor Recipient, Captain Ed Freeman, United States Army died 20 August 2008, at the age of 80, in Boise, Idaho. May God Bless and Rest His Soul. Medal of Honor recipient Captain Ed Freeman.

**Medal of Honor**

Freeman's commanding officer nominated him for the Medal of Honor for his actions at Ia Drang, but not in time to meet a two-year deadline then in place.[4] He was instead awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.[2] The Medal of Honor nomination was disregarded until 1995, when the two-year deadline was removed. He was formally presented with the medal on July 16, 2001, in the East Room of the White House by President George W. Bush.[4]

Freeman's official Medal of Honor citation reads:

Captain Ed W. Freeman, United States Army, distinguished himself by numerous acts of conspicuous gallantry and extraordinary intrepidity on 14 November 1965 while serving with Company A, 229th Assault Helicopter Battalion, 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). As a flight leader and second in command of a 16-helicopter lift

unit, he supported a heavily engaged American infantry battalion at Landing Zone X-Ray in the Ia Drang Valley, Republic of Vietnam. The unit was almost out of ammunition after taking some of the heaviest casualties of the war, fighting off a relentless attack from a highly motivated, heavily armed enemy force. When the infantry commander closed the helicopter landing zone due to intense direct enemy fire, Captain Freeman risked his own life by flying his unarmed helicopter through a gauntlet of enemy fire time after time, delivering critically needed ammunition, water and medical supplies to the besieged battalion. His flights had a direct impact on the battle's outcome by providing the engaged units with timely supplies of ammunition critical to their survival, without which they would almost surely have gone down, with much greater loss of life. After medical evacuation helicopters refused to fly into the area due to intense enemy fire, Captain Freeman flew 14 separate rescue missions, providing life-saving evacuation of an estimated 30 seriously wounded soldiers -- some of whom would not have survived had he not acted. All flights were made into a small emergency landing zone within 100 to 200 meters of the defensive perimeter where heavily committed units were perilously holding off the attacking elements. Captain Freeman's selfless acts of great valor, extraordinary perseverance and intrepidity were far above and beyond the call of duty or mission and set a superb example of leadership and courage for all of his peers. Captain Freeman's extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty are in keeping with the highest traditions of military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit and the United States Army.

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**Navy Corpsman Earns Combat "V" for Heroism**

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 By Bill W. Love, Naval Health Clinic Corpus Christi Public Affairs

CORPUS CHRISTI, Texas (NNS) -- A hospital corpsman from Naval Health Clinic Corpus Christi was presented the Navy and Marine Corps Achievement Medal (with Combat Distinguishing Device) March 1, for his service in Afghanistan.

Hospital Corpsman 3rd Class (FMF) Steven P. Brown received the award from Capt. Gina M. Jaeger, Naval Health Clinic Corpus Christi commanding officer.

"I am honored and humbled to present this noteworthy award," said Jaeger about Brown's heroic achievement.

"HM3 Brown found himself in an extreme situation and he performed above and beyond. He responded in a way that is expected of one placed in that position, and I am very proud of him."

While taking part in combat operations with Embedded Transition Team, 3d Battalion, 7th Marines, Regimental Combat Team 2, 1st Marine Division Forward, May 21, 2010, in southern Musa Qala, Helmand Province, Afghanistan, Brown responded to an improvised explosive device strike on a civilian family.

With the threat of secondary devices and small arms fire, Brown initiated care for two women and three children, all critically or mortally wounded. He single-handedly lifted the still-burning vehicle hulk to allow a fellow team member to pull a trapped child out from beneath.

Over the course of the next two hours, Brown gave his entire water supply to his patients despite his own dehydration, and he sustained

three of the five patients with rudimentary medical supplies until he personally delivered them to higher medical care.

According to the citation that accompanied Brown's award, "His unflinching resolve in the face of grave personal danger demonstrated his supreme devotion."

For more information, visit [www.navy.mil](http://www.navy.mil), [www.facebook.com/usnavy](http://www.facebook.com/usnavy), or [www.twitter.com/usnavy](http://www.twitter.com/usnavy).

For more news from Naval Health Clinic Corpus Christi, visit [www.navy.mil/local/nhcc/](http://www.navy.mil/local/nhcc/).

**A Corpsman Comes To Terms With PTSD**

For Navy corpsman Aaron Ramirez and his wife, the lake outing was supposed to be a relaxing getaway. But an experience on the drive there thrust Ramirez back to one of the worst days of his deployment to Iraq.

"There was a lot of construction on the road, and it was hot and dusty and noisy," he says. "Big rigs were everywhere and when I had to pull up next to one, I just snapped, no kidding, it was a real anxiety attack. I had a feeling of not being in control."

In the three years Ramirez had been back from deployment, he had recognized signs that he was experiencing stress injuries; but like so many, he tried to ignore the uneasiness and an overall disconnect with his emotions.

Ramirez had joined the Navy Reserves in 2004 at age 30. After completing the non-prior service accession program two years ahead of schedule, he struck for the hospital corpsman rating and 8404 NEC, subsequently joining 1st Battalion 14th Marine Regiment that was deploying to Iraq.

Once in country, the police transition training team he was

assigned to began recruiting 700 Iraqi police officers and setting up five police stations in the volatile Al Anbar Province. Ramirez trained and operated as a warfighter with his Marines, participating in more than 150 missions.

The incident on the road to the lake took the corpsman back to July 6, 2006, when his convoy struck an improvised anti-tank mine in the town of Hit. Ramirez and Army medics were treating two critically injured Marines from his unit when a Bradley Fighting Vehicle also struck an improvised mine just yards away. They quickly assessed the Bradley crew, while darting back and forth across a sewage-flooded street to monitor the Marine patients. The injured were successfully evacuated, and Ramirez's actions earned him a Combat Meritorious Advancement to petty officer second class. The 1/14th named him Regimental Bluejacket Sailor of the Year and Navy Region Southwest named him Bluejacket Sailor of the Year.

When he returned from Iraq, Ramirez started a job with an ambulance company. Most everything seemed to annoy him. "All the little things people complain about, so much whining, it really made me mad the way things are taken for granted."

Ramirez was reactivated in 2007 to the full-time support program, and he was selected as a student in 2012 to the Surface Warfare Medical Institute (SWMI) at Naval Medical Center San Diego (NMCS D).

Other, outside stressors had piled up — four back-to-back family deaths, a drawn-out legal matter and stressors on family life as a result of the changes. "It finally was so overwhelming that I knew I had to get help," Ramirez says.

He went to the deployment health center at NMCS D, where he eventually was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder. He quickly

chose to go into treatment. "It wasn't the easiest choice but I knew it was the best choice. I had been taught to lead by example by the chiefs ahead of me and that's what I wanted to do — be a good example for the juniors I would be charged with leading, shaping and molding. How good am I going to be as a provider, mentor and leader if I can't take care of myself?"

NMCS D put Ramirez, now a chief, on limited duty and he immersed himself in proven therapies to relieve PTSD — treatments such as cognitive behavioral therapy, cognitive processing therapy and trauma processing group therapy.

"I'm very open about my treatment," Ramirez says. "I tell every class that comes into SWMI that we sometimes have to lean on one another in order to succeed. If we need help and don't get it, we can't get our job done.

"And I tell them that getting treatment for stress doesn't ruin your career — being mad at the world and getting into a drunk fight ruins your career. There is no shame in seeking help with PTSD."

In July 2013, HMC (FMF) Ramirez was assigned to the Navy Operational Support Center at Naval Air Station Lemoore. He plans to eventually reapply to the Independent Duty Corpsman program at SWMI.

Editor's Note:  
I wanted to put in an article or two about our "Docs". These guys maintained a low profile but were great never the less. Doc Jim Clark took care of me when I first reported aboard because I was "green" with sea sickness. I even got sea sick in the Med and the sea was like a sheet of glass.

John Aulls, another great guy, served with the Marines in Vietnam. Just want to say thanks to both of these fine gentlemen.

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## IDIOT SIGHTING IN FOOD SERVICE.

*Contributed by Charlie Weaver*

My daughter went to a Mexican fast food and ordered a taco. She asked the person behind the counter for 'minimal lettuce.' He said he was sorry, but they only had iceberg lettuce.

I was at the airport, checking in at the gate when an airport employee asked, 'Has anyone put anything in your baggage without your knowledge?' To which I replied, 'If it was without my knowledge, how would I know?' He smiled knowingly and nodded, 'That's why we ask.'

The pedestrian light on the corner beeps when it's safe to cross the street. I was crossing with an 'intellectually challenged' co-worker of mine. She asked if I knew what the beeper was for. I explained that it signals blind people when the light is red. Appalled, she responded, 'what on earth are blind people doing driving?!' She is a government employee.....

When my husband and I arrived at a car dealership to pick up our car after a service, we were told the keys had been locked in it. We went to the service department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's side door. As I watched from the passenger side, I instinctively tried the door handle and discovered that it was unlocked. 'Hey,' I announced to the technician, 'its open!' His reply, 'I know. I already did that side.'

STAY ALERT!

They walk among us.

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**The Haircut** *Contributed by Joe Kelsey*

A teenage boy had just passed his driving test and inquired of his father as to when they could discuss his use of the car. His father said he'd make a deal with his son: 'You bring your grades up from a C to a B average, study your Bible, and get your hair cut. Then we'll talk about the car. The boy thought about that for a moment, decided he'd settle for the offer, and they agreed on it. After about six weeks his father said, 'Son, you've brought your grades up and I've observed that you have been studying your Bible, but I'm disappointed you haven't had your hair cut. The boy said, 'You know, Dad, I've been thinking about that, and I've noticed in my studies of the Bible that Samson had long hair, John the Baptist had long hair, Moses had long hair ~ and there's even strong evidence that Jesus had long hair. 'You're going to love the Dad's reply: 'Did you also notice that they all walked everywhere they went?'

**Aer Lingus**

Shortly after I took off on an Aer Lingus flight from Dublin to Boston a few weeks ago, air hostess nervously announced that the catering department made a terrible mistake. A big mixup she said. Although 226 passengers on board they received only 80 dinners. She apologised but said that anybody who is kind enough to give up their meal to somebody who is hungry would receive free unlimited drinks for the remainder of the flight. The next announcement came 2 hours later when she said, ' If anybody is hungry we still have 80 dinners available.

**Drones | Bomb Carrying**



**Pentagon Concerns**

They're cheap, they're light, and they can carry a small bomb: The commercial drone is essentially a new terror gadget for organizations such as Hezbollah, Islamic State, or anyone else looking to wreak havoc on a budget. "That's the same quad copter you can get on Groupon or go down to Sam's Club and buy for \$400," U.S. Marine Corps Commandant General Robert Neller said last week at a Washington forum on future warfare. The elusive nature of small drones is one reason the federal government has designated the District of Columbia a "national defense airspace" and prohibited drone flights there. A recent spate of drone related incidents, including one last year in which a drone crashed on the White House lawn, probably didn't help, either. But the problem is no longer about enthusiasts with a bad sense of direction. Weaponized to various degrees of sophistication, such unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) are now being used in the Syrian civil war and along parts of Lebanese and Syrian borders with Israel, where Hezbollah holds sway. "There has been an increasing concern in the military and a wider acceptance of how pernicious this problem is going to be, moving forward," says Andrew Metrick, an intelligence security analyst at the Center for Strategic & International Studies. "From a U.S. and allies perspective, we haven't had to think about how to fight where we don't have total aerial supremacy." The U.S. military has begun studying small drones and how best to respond. Earlier this month, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) issued a request for ideas on how to protect troops from the new threat; it is planning a workshop next month. "We're looking for scalable, modular, and affordable approaches that could be fielded within the next three to four years and could rapidly evolve with threat and tactical advancements,"

a DARPA program manager, Jean Charles Ledé, said in a statement. Closer to the battlefield, the Marine Corps has begun integrating small drones into training exercises at the Air Ground Combat Center in Twentynine Palms, Calif., Neller said. A Marine or soldier who spots a drone overhead would typically shoot it down, but smaller drones can operate surreptitiously and elude radar since they are barely larger than a bird. Their small motors make acoustic detection enormously hard, and while wide area camera sensors deployed on the ground might detect a drone, they usually require large computational resources in the field. One solution is an electronic signal jammer to prevent a drone's operator from flying within a certain vicinity, an approach that U.S. forces have studied. Unlike an improvised explosive device (IED), an enemy using a small drone "can't blow up a tank, but you can more easily attack individual war fighters, you can collect intelligence, and you can tie down a lot of resources by forcing U.S. personnel to respond to the danger," said Loren Thompson, a defense analyst with the Lexington Institute. "If you think there's a drone nearby that might be watching you or might be a threat, then you have to be more careful—and that means you're distracted from your primary mission." It's worth noting that the U.S. also deploys small drones, typically for reconnaissance and surveillance. One of these, called Switchblade (PDF), is a model from California-based Aerovironment Inc. that's been used by the U.S. Army and Marine Corps. The 5.5 pound drone can carry a lethal charge and has been flown in Syria, Metrick said. When it comes to large drones, the U.S. has shown itself—somewhat controversially—to have no current peer. Remotely piloted Reaper and Predator drones have been used in thousands of attacks, including "targeted killings"

for more than a decade. And the U.S. has major ocean-going drones: The autonomous Echo Voyager from Boeing Co., for example, can patrol underwater for months. Those drones are all highly advanced platforms, with technology and price tags that put them far out of reach of almost all but the most advanced militaries. For the guerrilla masses, the numerous cheaper, lightweight models are far more accessible. Their easiest use would be simply to monitor U.S. activities. But it's their potential for modified, deadlier use that worries U.S. military tacticians. "When was the last time an American military force worried about being bombed by enemy air? World War II?" Neller said. "So what capabilities do we have to defend ourselves from enemy air or enemy unmanned air?" Such drones also represent only one facet of a future battlefield on which the U.S. military will no longer enjoy complete dominance, the general said. Technology has given potential adversaries new advantages, especially as the U.S. has "developed a system of war fighting that is very dependent upon the internet, the network, and space." All three are vulnerable because they establish an electronic signature as they operate. Mobile phones, for example, put soldiers in harm's way in the new digital conflict zone, because a drone might home in on them and explode. "We just got to change," Neller said, describing a future battlefield in which fighters must become virtually invisible, a return to a time when electronic detection was impossible because there were no satellite radios, Google Earth maps, or GPS-enabled mobile phones. In many ways, the new era Neller envisions would replicate the operating environment a soldier in 1916 might have known: "You're living out of your pack, you're going to stop at night, you're going to dig a hole, you're going to camouflage, and you're going to turn off all your stuff. And you're

going to sit there and try to sleep. And you're going to be careful to not make any noise and you're going to try to have absolutely no signature. Because if you can be seen, you will be attacked. That's the difference. And that's what we got to get." [Source: The Washington Post | Justin Bachman| August 24, 2016+]

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**Navy to Christen Destroyer Michael Monsoor**

Story Number: NNS160617-07 Release Date: 6/17/2016 11:06:00 AM  
 A A A Email this story to a friend  
 Print this story  
 From Department of Defense

WASHINGTON (NNS) -- The Navy will christen the newest destroyer, USS Michael Monsoor (DDG 1001), Saturday, June 18, during a 10 a.m. EDT ceremony at the General Dynamics-Bath Iron Works shipyard in Bath, Maine.

The second ship in the Zumwalt-class of destroyers, DDG 1001 is named in honor of Medal of Honor recipient Navy Petty Officer 2nd Class (SEAL) Michael A. Monsoor. Sally Monsoor, petty officer Monsoor's mother, will serve as the ship's sponsor.

Retired Navy Vice Adm. Joseph Maguire will serve as the principal speaker. Highlighting the event will be Mrs. Monsoor breaking a bottle of sparkling wine across the bow to formally christen the ship—a time-honored Navy tradition.

"I'm tremendously honored to be a part of this christening, the next step in getting DDG 1001 to the fleet in order to conduct prompt and sustained maritime operations," said the Honorable Janine Davidson, under secretary of the Navy. "DDG 1001 is an extremely capable and versatile ship with an incredible namesake. I have every confidence that the ship and crew will both live

up to and honor Petty Officer Monsoor's legacy as the ship's motto implies—You Never Quit."

On Sept. 29, 2006 in Ar Ramadi, Iraq, Monsoor was part of a sniper overwatch security position with two other SEALs and several Iraqi Army soldiers when an insurgent closed in and threw a fragmentation grenade into the position. The grenade hit Monsoor in the chest before falling to the ground. Positioned next to the single exit, Monsoor was the only one who could have escaped harm. Instead he dropped onto the grenade, smothering it to protect his teammates. The grenade detonated as he came down on top of it, inflicting a mortal wound. Monsoor's actions that day saved the lives of his two teammates and the accompanying Iraqi soldiers. His Medal of Honor citation reads, "By his undaunted courage, fighting spirit and unwavering devotion to duty in the face of certain death, Petty Officer Monsoor gallantly gave his life for his country, thereby reflecting great credit upon himself and upholding the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

The future USS Michael Monsoor includes new technologies and will serve as a multi-mission platform capable of operating as an integral part of naval, joint or combined maritime forces. The ship features two advanced gun systems firing long-range, land-attack projectiles that reach up to 63 nautical miles. These guns will provide precision, high volume and persistent fire support to forces ashore with an approximate five-fold improvement in naval surface fire range. In addition, DDG 1001 will be the second Navy surface combatant to employ an innovative and highly flexible Integrated Power System, providing potentially significant energy savings that are well-suited to enable future high energy weapons and sensors.

Construction on the future USS Michael Monsoor commenced in

March 2010, with the keel laying ceremony held in May 2013. The Michael Monsoor is 610 feet long, with a displacement of approximately 15,000 tons when fully loaded.

Ships. "This impressive ship incorporates a new design alongside the integration of sophisticated new technologies that will lead the Navy into the next generation of capabilities."

Submarine Rockets (ASROC) (VLA).

The ship will employ active and passive sensors and a Multi-Function Radar (MFR) capable of conducting area air surveillance, including over-land, throughout the extremely difficult and cluttered sea-land interface.

**US Navy Accepts Delivery of Future USS Zumwalt (DDG 1000)**

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From Team Ships Public Affairs

The 610-foot, wave-piercing tumblehome ship design provides a wide array of advancements. The shape of the superstructure and the arrangement of its antennas significantly reduce radar cross section, making the ship less visible to enemy radar at sea.

Zumwalt is the first U.S. Navy surface combatant to employ an

Following delivery and a crew certification period at General Dynamics-Bath Iron Works, the ship will be commissioned in Baltimore Oct. 15. Zumwalt will then transit to her homeport in San Diego where Mission Systems Activation will continue in parallel with a Post Delivery Availability.

BATH, Maine (NNS) -- The Navy accepted delivery of future USS Zumwalt (DDG 1000), the lead ship of the Navy's next-generation of multimission surface combatants, May 20.



"Zumwalt's crew has diligently trained for months in preparation of this day and they are ready and excited to take charge of this ship on behalf of the U.S. Navy," said Capt. James Kirk, commanding officer of future Zumwalt. "These are 143 of our nation's finest men and women who continue to honor Adm. Zumwalt's namesake with their

DDG 1000 is tailored for sustained operations in the littorals and land attack, and will provide independent forward presence and deterrence, support special operations forces, and operate as an integral part of joint and combined expeditionary forces.

innovative and highly survivable Integrated Power System (IPS) distributing 1000 volts of direct current across the ship. The IPS' unique architectural capabilities include the ability to allocate all 78 megawatts of installed power to propulsion, ship's service, and combat system loads from the same gas turbine prime movers based on operational requirements. Each ship in the class features a battery of two Advanced Gun Systems, capable of firing Long-Range Land Attack Projectiles (LRLAP) that reach up to 63 nautical miles, providing three-fold range improvement in naval surface fires coverage. Each ship is equipped with eighty Advanced Vertical Launch System cells for Tomahawk missiles, Evolved Sea Sparrow Missiles, Standard Missiles, and Vertical Launch Anti-

dedication to bringing this ship to life."

BIW is also constructing follow-on ships, the future Michael Monsoor (DDG 1001) and Lyndon B. Johnson (DDG 1002).

Ship delivery follows extensive tests, trials and demonstrations of the ship's hull, mechanical, and electrical systems including the ship's boat handling, anchor and mooring systems as well as major demonstrations of the damage control, ballasting, navigation and communications systems.

As one of the Defense Department's largest acquisition organizations, PEO Ships is responsible for executing the development and procurement of all destroyers, amphibious ships, special mission and support ships, and special warfare craft.

"Today represents a significant achievement for not only the DDG 1000 program and shipbuilding team but for the entire U.S. Navy," said Rear Adm. (select) Jim Downey, DDG 1000 program manager, Program Executive Office

For more information, visit <http://www.navy.mil/>, <http://www.facebook.com/usnavy/>, or <http://www.twitter.com/usnavy/>.

**Senior Inspirations!** *Another Charlie Weaver Snippet*

1. My goal for 2016 was to lose just 10 pounds ... only 15 to go ...

2. Ate salad for dinner. Mostly croutons and tomatoes ... Really just one big, round crouton covered with tomato sauce .. And cheese... FINE, it was a pizza... I ate a pizza!

3. How to prepare Tofu:

- 1. Throw it in the trash.
- 2. Grill some Meat.

4. I just did a week's worth of cardio after walking into a spider web ...

5. I don't mean to brag but... I finished my 14-day supply of diet food in 3 hours and 20 minutes ...

6. A recent study has found women who carry a little extra weight live longer than men who mention it ...

7. Kids today don't know how easy they have it... when I was young, I had to walk 9 feet through shag carpet to change the TV channel...

8. Senility has been a smooth transition for me...

9. Remember back when we were kids and every time it was below zero out they closed school? Me neither.

10. I may not be that funny or athletic or good looking or smart or talented ... I'm sorry, I forgot where I was going with this ...

11. I love being over 70 ... I learn something new every day ... and forget 5 others ...

12. A thief broke into my house last night ... He started searching for money ... so I woke up and searched with him...

13. My dentist told me I need a Crown ... I said, "You bet, pour mine over rocks" ...

14. I think I'll just put an "Out of Order" sticker on my forehead and call it a day ..

"Just remember, once you're over the hill, you begin to pick up speed..."

.....

John and Shirley Koltes in Minnesota before they were married in 1966. John was DK during the



mid 60s.

.....

This is a photo of bravery.....



.....



**Below are the six \$50.00 winners for the 50/50 Raffle**

- Terry Hillstead
- Roger Meek
- Fred Steinke
- Paul Kalfelz
- Ed Lynch
- Marty Walsh

**Raffle Donations**

Floyd VanWie Dinosaur  
BBQ PKG bottles NY  
State Wine

Paul Rattcliffe Naval  
Book  
Navy Mug

Tony Molnar Liquor, Bristol  
License Plates

Bob Burns Books &  
Magazines

Marty Walsh Scotch

CVA-43 Brass Plaque  
Destroyer History Print Out  
6 Navy "T" shirts

Don Marcus 2 U.S. Flags

Roger Meek Picture of Dogs

Paul-Joyce Kallfelz 2 U.S. Flags,  
2 Battery Candles

Walt-Cindy Marczak Red Lobster  
Gift certificate

Doug-Linda Hardesty 3-stuffed  
Navy Dogs, 2 Navy Ball Caps,  
Book - Amazing Grace, Book -  
Crimson Warning, Book -  
Westward Christmas Brides, 4  
Chinese Purses, 2 knitted  
scarves, 1 Red Cross Cooler  
Bag, 1 Faith Stone paperweight,  
Set of 3 tote bags, "Grandkids"  
picture frame, 3 packs-  
Pampered Chef Cutting Mats, 3  
bags of Sachets

Pete-Rose Zingarella, 7 Books, 3  
Powerball Lottery Tickets, 4  
Mega Money Lottery Tickets

Ed-Anne Lynch, \$25.00 Gift  
Certificate to Olive Garden  
3 Pc (sets) Pen & Pencils,  
Mans Billfold, Cross Pen &  
Pencil Set, Books

Fred Steinke Custom made  
Antler knife & sheathe, Custom  
made wood walking stick  
Herb-Edie Ross Gift Card Red  
Lobster

Gloria Edlin Candle, Christmas  
Spray, Christmas Pot Holders,  
Butterfly Pen, 2 piece pajama set

John Edlin Lavender Soap,  
6 Books, 5 DVD's

Len Hodgins Fall Tablecloth,  
Placemats & Napkins

Don Tanner 2 Cracker Barrel Gift  
Certificates

Wallace Dann 2- 1 year gift  
subscriptions to U.S. Navy  
Institute.....

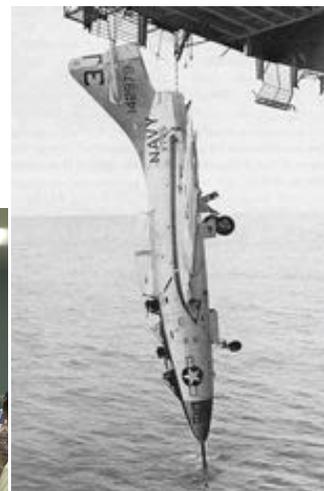
Our photog, Duane Haugan,  
never gets in the pictures. Well



here he is.  
Dinner show at Tony & Maureen  
Molnar's community clubhouse



Here's Duane again. This guy  
never stops. Speaking about  
never stopping. Our officers  
really turned to moving Bristol  
stuff from meeting room to  
meeting room. Judy and Don  
Marcus bring a bunch of stuff  
from home that they hang to  
welcome our shipmates. I saw  
them loading their car with that  
stuff.....



Air Force pilots have  
always wondered why  
Navy planes need tail  
hooks. Well, here's  
the answer. After a  
tough day of flying on  
an aircraft carrier,  
the planes are always  
washed, and they use  
the hooks to hang the  
planes over the side  
to dry.

Now you know...

# Tony Weber's Navy Pictorial

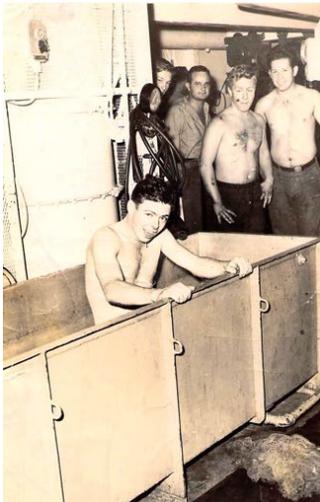


Home from Boot Camp  
Sept 1952



U. S. NAVAL TRAINING CENTER  
RECRUIT TRAINING COMMAND  
PAUNBRIDGE, MD.  
2nd REGIMENT COMPANY 420

Tony Weber and the gang in sub school.



Tony's retirement ceremony.

Retirement April 1 1984  
NAS Moffett Field, California



**Editor's Note:** In our next newsletter, Winter 2016-17, which I plan to publish in the February timeframe, there will be **Heroes Among Us**. Here's an example; He was the first chaplain of any faith to have died in World War II.

Died on December 7, 1941 at Pearl Harbor. They finally identified his remains and a service was held last weekend in Dubuque, IA. By chance, I was asked if I would be a pallbearer. One of six, quite the honor. We carried his casket into the chapel for his final resting place. Died almost 75 years ago.

We gave him a Patriot Guard motorcycle procession. Led the hearse to the chapel. Gary Johnson sending photos of this historic event. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aloysius\\_Schmitt](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Aloysius_Schmitt)