

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION

ussbristoldd857.org

Editor: edwardclynch1@verizon.net

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USS LUCE DD 522

Editor's Note: I get my high and tight haircuts at Joint Base McGuire-Dix-Lakehurst barber shop and had the fortune to meet a former crew member of USS Luce DD 522. I gave this gentleman my Bristol business card and asked him to relate anything that he encountered while serving in LUCE. So far, I have not heard from him. So, I am honoring him and his shipmates with this entry.

PHILIPPINE SEA (Nov. 29, 2013) Air-Traffic Controller 2nd Class Dustin Wiser, from Kansas City, Mo., raises the national ensign during a flag raising

ceremony on the signal bridge of the



aircraft carrier USS George Washington (CVN 73). Wiser conducted the traditional flag raising ceremony after passing the location where his grandfather died when USS Luce (DD 522) sank during World War II. George Washington and its embarked air wing, Carrier Air Wing (CVW) 5, provide a combat-ready force that protects and defends the collective maritime interest of the U.S. and its allies and partners in the Indo-Asia-Pacific region. by Mass Communication

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Specialist 3rd Class Ricardo R. Guzman/Released)

PHILIPPINE SEA (NNS) --
Thirty-one minutes past midnight, as he stood a regular watch during his first year aboard the U.S. Navy's forward-deployed aircraft carrier USS George Washington (CVN 73), Air Traffic Controller 2nd Class Dustin L. Wiser, from Kansas City, Mo., recognized he was close to the exact location that preserves the history of "the greatest man [he] never knew".

The dim room, only illuminated by the glow of the screens that displayed the map of where history took place, allowed Wiser to sink further in his thoughts and to begin to write a new testament based on his grandfather's actions that will forever serve as a tattooed reminder on his forearm -

"Here lies the greatest man I never knew. A man so brave he stared death in the face while committing the most heroic and selfless sacrifices in American history. A man that answered the call and gave his life to preserve the lives of so many. His blood stains foreign water as he did what so many could not do. To turn and run, not an option as he stayed and fought until the bitter end. I can only imagine the pain in his eyes as he continued to

fight to defend what is right. His legacy alone is stronger than any man I know. I vow to one day be as brave as him. To do what it takes, to do what is right, knowing it may be the ultimate sacrifice. My promise to him, he will never be forgotten. -Me"

Wiser's grandfather was Thomas Jewel Greathouse, a coxswain who manned the number one, five-inch gun aboard USS Luce (DD 522) when it sank from "kamikaze" airplane attacks during World War II off of the coast of Okinawa at the coordinates of 26.35N 127.10E, at 8:14 a.m. on May 4, 1945.

To remember "Lucky Luce", a popular nickname given to DD 522 after surviving so many battles, Master Chief Michael Ripberger, Operations Department leading chief petty officer, coordinated to have a flag raising ceremony aboard George Washington amidst the unmarked historic site.

"[Wiser's] tattoo and family history represents the same pride I have toward my father's service with the Marines during Vietnam and my grandfather's in the U.S. Army during WWII," said Ripberger. "I joined the Navy to follow in their footsteps and make them proud. The honor to share a similar tradition with people who I love and respect can't be measured."

According to Wiser, he is collecting a few items to create a shadow box to commemorate

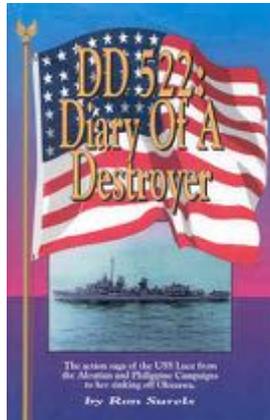
his grandfather for his father, Joseph Henry Greathouse, who served as boilerman for the U.S. Navy. A Purple Heart and a Navy Cross medal from the WWII era, and the flag that will be raised on the mast of George Washington for his grandfather will be a few items he will include.

"I hope that this piece of history will forever be remembered," said Wiser. "As a kid, I never wondered what it meant to have the encased flag I saw everyday. I thought it was just a simple decoration. After finding out that it meant more than that, especially to my family, I instantly gained a great amount of interest and have committed a lot of time in the last 10 years into researching and finding out exactly what my family history contains."

"Lucky Luce" was a Fletcher-class destroyer that received five battle stars for its service during WWII. It traveled and fought battles all over the Pacific from Pearl Harbor as a plane guard for USS Enterprise (CV 6) in 1943, to Alaska, Subic Bay and Okinawa, presumably with Wiser's grandfather on board.

Wiser has now created a record of his family history. He has contacted U.S. government officials and a handful of people who may have had contacts with his grandfather in that era to build it. Although his research is incomplete, it has resulted into an almost complete service

record, one photograph of his grandfather, a photograph of his grandfather's name on the WWII memorial and a book called 'DD 522 Diary of a Destroyer' he found at a Goodwill that mentions his grandfather.



"The military is a rich culture of tradition, honor and sacrifice," said Ripburger. "My grandfather's traditions and values molded me in the person I am today. I believe that Wiser would say the same."

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Anniversaries Contributed by Charlie Weaver

In this year of "anniversaries", it bears reading this excellent, informative article by Webb. I believe that we have all tried to get a better understanding of our time in-country. Many have chosen not to remember & have locked those memories away, too troubling to let those images, those times, see the light of day; while some have chosen to do the opposite and spoken of their experiences, their pain & suffering, physically & emotionally, their small triumphs, mostly of going there as young men/boys, and returning as men. Too many never returned to their

families, many more did, but really didn't, as they left a part of themselves over there, as I have said in past discussions on the topic. When you read of the staggering numbers cited by Webb, of a generation who of young men who were lost, you might see why/how this is still such a painful subject. And then there are some of you who lost loved ones, who still have a difficult time reconciling your loss.

Set aside a few minutes to read this article by Jim Webb, perhaps it will help you better understand yourselves, better understand those who served, and those who were ready and willing but never managed to, or had the chance...

Jim Webb was a highly decorated Marine, became Secretary of the Navy & later a Senator from Virginia.

Thought this appropriate on the 40th anniversary of the fall of Saigon.

"THE Vietnam GENERATION"
by Jim Webb

The rapidly disappearing cohort of Americans that endured the Great Depression and then fought World War II is receiving quite a send-off from the leading lights of the so-called 60s generation. Tom Brokaw has published two oral histories of "The Greatest Generation" that feature ordinary people doing their duty and suggest that such conduct was historically unique.

Chris Matthews of "Hardball" is fond of writing columns praising the Navy service of his father while castigating his own baby boomer generation for its alleged softness and lack of struggle. William Bennett gave a startling condescending speech at the Naval Academy a few years ago comparing the heroism of the "D-Day Generation" to the drugs-and-sex nihilism of the "Woodstock Generation." And Steven Spielberg, in promoting his film "Saving Private Ryan," was careful to justify

his portrayals of soldiers in action based on the supposedly unique nature of World War II.

An irony is at work here. Lest we forget, the World War II generation now being lionized also brought us the Vietnam War, a conflict which today's most conspicuous voices by and large opposed, and in which few of them served. The "best and brightest" of the Vietnam age group once made headlines by castigating their parents for bringing about the war in which they would not fight, which has become the war they refuse to remember.

Pundits back then invented a term for this animus: the "generation gap." Long, plaintive articles and even books were written examining its manifestations. Campus leaders, who claimed precocious wisdom through the magical process of reading a few controversial books, urged fellow baby boomers not to trust anyone over 30. Their elders who had survived the Depression and fought the largest war in history were looked down upon as shallow, materialistic and out of touch.

Those of us who grew up, on the other side of the picket line from that era's counter-culture can't help but feel a little leery of this sudden gush of appreciation for our elders from the leading lights of the old counter-culture. Then and now, the national conversation has proceeded from the dubious assumption that those who came of age during Vietnam are a unified generation in the same sense as their parents were and thus are capable of being spoken for through these fickle elites.

In truth, the "Vietnam generation" is a misnomer. Those who came of age during that war are permanently divided by different reactions to a whole range of counter-cultural agendas and nothing divides them more deeply than the personal ramifications of the war itself. The sizable portion of the Vietnam age group who declined to support the

counter-cultural agenda, and especially the men and women who opted to serve in the military during the Vietnam War, are quite different from their peers who for decades have claimed to speak for them. In fact, they are much like the World War II generation itself. For them, Woodstock was a side show, college protestors were spoiled brats who would have benefited from having to work a few jobs in order to pay their tuition, and Vietnam represented not an intellectual exercise in draft avoidance, or protest marches but a battlefield that was just as brutal as those their fathers faced in World War II and Korea.

Few who served during Vietnam ever complained of a generation gap. The men who fought World War II were their heroes and role models. They honored their father's service by emulating it, and largely agreed with their father's wisdom in attempting to stop Communism's reach in Southeast Asia.

The most accurate poll of their attitudes (Harris, 1980) showed that 91 percent were glad they'd served their country, 74 percent enjoyed their time in the service, and 89 percent agreed with the statement that "our troops were asked to fight in a war which our political leaders in Washington would not let them win." And most importantly, the castigation they received upon returning home was not from the World War II generation, but from the very elites in their age group who supposedly spoke for them.

Nine million men served in the military during Vietnam War, three million of whom went to the Vietnam Theater. Contrary to popular mythology, two-thirds of these were volunteers, and 73 percent of those who died were volunteers.

While some attention has been paid recently to the plight of our prisoners of war, most of whom were pilots; there has been little recognition of how brutal the war was for those who fought it on the

ground.

Dropped onto the enemy's terrain 12,000 miles away from home, America's citizen-soldiers performed with a tenacity and quality that may never be truly understood. Those who believe the war was fought incompletely on a tactical level should consider Hanoi's recent admission that 1.4 million of its soldiers died on the battlefield, compared to 58,000 total U.S. dead.

Those who believe that it was a "dirty little war" where the bombs did all the work might contemplate that it was the most costly war the U.S. Marine Corps has ever fought: five times as many dead as World War I, three times as many dead as in Korea, and more total killed and wounded than in all of World War II.

Significantly, these sacrifices were being made at a time the United States was deeply divided over our effort in Vietnam. The baby-boom generation had cracked apart along class lines as America's young men were making difficult, life-or-death choices about serving. The better academic institutions became focal points for vitriolic protest against the war, with few of their graduates going into the military. Harvard College, which had lost 691 alumni in World War II, lost a total of 12 men in Vietnam from the classes of 1962 through 1972 combined. Those classes at Princeton lost six, at MIT two. The media turned ever more hostile. And frequently the reward for a young man's having gone through the trauma of combat was to be greeted by his peers with studied indifference or outright hostility.

What is a hero? My heroes are the young men who faced the issues of war and possible death, and then weighed those concerns against obligations to their country. Citizen-soldiers who interrupted their personal and professional lives at their most formative stage, in the timeless phrase of the Confederate

Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery, "not for fame of reward, not for place or for rank, but in simple obedience to duty, as they understood it." Who suffered loneliness, disease, and wounds with an often-contagious elan. And who deserve a far better place in history than that now offered them by the so-called spokesmen of our so-called generation.

Mr. Brokaw, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Spielberg, meet my Marines. 1969 was an odd year to be in Vietnam. Second only to 1968 in terms of American casualties, it was the year made famous by Hamburger Hill, as well as the gut-wrenching Life cover story showing pictures of 242 Americans who had been killed in one average week of fighting. Back home, it was the year of Woodstock, and of numerous anti-war rallies that culminated in the Moratorium march on Washington. The My Lai massacre hit the papers and was seized upon the anti-war movement as the emblematic moment of the war.

Lyndon Johnson left Washington in utter humiliation. Richard Nixon entered the scene, destined for an even worse fate. In the An Hoa Basin southwest of Danang, the Fifth Marine Regiment was in its third year of continuous combat operations. Combat is an unpredictable and inexact environment, but we were well led. As a rifle platoon and company commander, I served under a succession of three regimental commanders who had cut their teeth in World War II, and four different battalion commanders, three of whom had seen combat in Korea. The company commanders were typically captains on their second combat tour in Vietnam, or young first lieutenants like myself who were given companies after many months of "bush time" as platoon commanders in the Basin's tough and unforgiving environs.

The Basin was one of the most heavily contested areas in Vietnam,

its torn, cratered earth offering every sort of wartime possibility. In the mountains just to the west, not far from the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the North Vietnamese Army operated an infantry division from an area called Base Area 112. In the valleys of the Basin, main-force Viet Cong battalions whose ranks were 80 percent North Vietnamese Army regulars moved against the Americans every day. Local Viet Cong units sniped and harassed. Ridgelines and paddy dikes were laced with sophisticated booby traps of every size, from a hand grenade to a 250-pound bomb. The villages sat in the rice paddies and tree lines like individual fortresses, crisscrossed with the trenches and spider holes, their homes sporting bunkers capable of surviving direct hits from large-caliber artillery shells. The Viet Cong infrastructure was intricate and permeating. Except for the old and the very young, villagers who did not side with the Communists had either been killed or driven out to the government controlled enclaves near Danang.

In the rifle companies, we spent the endless months patrolling ridgelines and villages and mountains, far away from any notion of tents, barbed wire hot food, or electricity. Luxuries were limited to what would fit inside one's pack, which after a few "humps" usually boiled down to letter-writing material, towel, soap, toothbrush, poncho liner, and a small transistor radio.

We moved through the boiling heat with 60 pounds of weapons and gear, causing a typical Marine to drop 20 percent of his body weight while in the bush. When we stopped we dug chest-deep fighting holes and slit trenches for toilets. We slept on the ground under makeshift poncho hootches, and when it rained we usually took our hootches down because wet ponchos shined under illumination flares, making great targets. Sleep itself was fitful, never more than an hour or two at a stretch for months at a time as we mixed

daytime patrolling with night-time ambushes, listening posts, foxhole duty, and radio watches. Ringworm, hookworm, malaria, and dysentery were common, as was trench foot when the monsoons came. Respite was rotating back to the mud-filled regimental combat base at An Hoa for four or five days, where rocket and mortar attacks were frequent and our troops manned defensive bunkers at night. Which makes it kind of hard to get excited about tales of Woodstock, or camping at the Vineyard during summer break.

We had been told while training that Marine officers in the rifle companies had an 85 percent probability of being killed or wounded, and the experience of "Dying Delta," as our company was known, bore that out. Of the officers in the bush when I arrived, our company commander was wounded, the weapons platoon commander wounded, the first platoon commander was killed, the second platoon commander was wounded twice, and I, commanding the third platoons fared no better. Two of my original three-squad leaders were killed, and the third shot in the stomach. My platoon sergeant was severely wounded, as was my right guide. By the time I left, my platoon I had gone through six radio operators, five of them casualties.

These figures were hardly unique; in fact, they were typical. Many other units; for instance, those who fought the hill battles around Khe Sanh, or were with the famed Walking Dead of the Ninth Marine Regiment, or were in the battle of Hue City or at Dai Do, had it far worse.

When I remember those days and the very young men who spent them with me, I am continually amazed, for these were mostly recent civilians barely out of high school, called up from the cities and the farms to do their year in hell and return. Visions haunt me every day, not of the nightmares of war but of the steady consistency with which my Marines faced their

responsibilities, and of how uncomplaining most of them were in the face of constant danger. The salty, battle-hardened 20-year-olds teaching green 19-year-olds the intricate lessons of the hostile battlefield. The unerring skill of the young squad leaders as we moved through unfamiliar villages and weed-choked trails in the black of night. The quick certainty when a fellow Marine was wounded and needed help. Their willingness to risk their lives to save other Marines in peril. To this day it stuns me that their own countrymen have so completely missed the story of their service, lost in the bitter confusion of the war itself.

Like every military unit throughout history we had occasional laggards, cowards, and complainers. But in the aggregate, these Marines were the finest people I have ever been around. It has been my privilege to keep up with many of them over the years since we all came home. One finds in them very little bitterness about the war in which they fought. The most common regret, almost to a man, is that they were not able to do more for each other and for the people they came to help.

It would be redundant to say that I would trust my life to these men. Because I already have, in more ways than I can ever recount. I am alive today because of their quiet, unaffected heroism. Such valor epitomizes the conduct of Americans at war from the first days of our existence. That the boomer elites can canonize this sort of conduct in our fathers' generation while ignoring it in our own is more than simple oversight. It is a conscious, continuing travesty.

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The Lady Plumber

Criteria is used to select people for the peace prize. Read the story below that reminds us how pathetic and superficial our world has become. Remember this lady? WHAT A WOMAN



Irena Sendler Died: May 12, 2008 (aged 98) Warsaw , Poland



During WWII, Irena, got permission to work in the Warsaw ghetto, as a Plumbing/Sewer specialist. She had an ulterior motive. Irena smuggled Jewish infants out in the bottom of the tool box she carried. She also carried a burlap sack in the back of her truck, for larger kids. Irena kept a dog in the back that she trained to bark when the Nazi soldiers let her in and out of the ghetto.

The soldiers, of course, wanted nothing to do with the dog and the barking covered the children and infants' noises.



During her time of doing this, she managed to smuggle out and save 2500 children and infants. Ultimately, she was caught, however, and the Nazis broke both of her legs and arms and beat her severely. Irena kept a record of the names of all the kids she had smuggled out in a glass jar that she buried under a tree in her back yard. After the war, she tried to locate any parents who may have survived and tried to reunite the family. Most had been gassed. Those kids she helped got placed into foster family homes or adopted.



In 2007, Irena was up for the Nobel Peace Prize. She was not selected. Al Gore won, for a slide show on Global Warming. Later another politician, Barack Obama, won. It is now more than 75 years since the Second World War in Europe ended.

In memory of the 6 million Jews, 20 million Russians, 10 million Christians and 1,900 Catholic priests who were murdered.

Now, more than ever, with Iran , and others, claiming the Holocaust to be 'a myth', it's imperative to make sure the world never forgets, because there are others who would like to do it again.

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Thresher widow reunited and resting in peace with lost husband at sea

Published: Thursday, June 18, 2015

By Lt. j.g. Daniel Mongiove

ATLANTIC OCEAN –About 200 nautical miles east of Cape Cod, Mass., USS Annapolis (SSN 760) fulfilled the final request of devoted Navy wife and mother Irene Harvey, by laying her cremains to rest at sea with her husband, Lt. Cmdr. John “Wes” Harvey, on April 23.

Wes was the commanding officer of USS Thresher (SSN 593) when the submarine was lost at sea, on April 10, 1963, during sea trials.

All persons aboard perished, including 112 Navy personnel and 17 Portsmouth Naval Shipyard civilian workers and contractors.

Irene’s idyllic life, having married her high school sweetheart when he graduated with distinction from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1950, and raising two young sons (Bruce and John), was shattered, along with the lives of all family members who suffered loss that day.

“When [my father] died I was 8 years old,” recalled Bruce. “We always did things as a family, like going to the beach or visiting the pool at the officer’s club.”

In the face of tragedy, Irene persevered, noted Bruce with pride.

“She believed that the meaning of life is not to be found in mere survival. Instead, life’s purpose is to be found somewhere in the process of caring, sharing, and loving,” said Bruce. “As a nurse and Navy widow, [Irene] touched many lives.”

Irene passed away at 87 years of age, on Tuesday, February 11, 2014,

leaving behind Bruce; his brother John; Bruce’s wife Maresa; and, two grandchildren, Laura and John.

She also left behind a last request: to be buried at sea alongside her husband.

In a solemn Navy tradition, USS Annapolis (SSN 760) fulfilled Irene’s wish.

As the Los Angeles Class, fast-attack submarine transited from its homeport in Groton, Conn., to a shipyard maintenance period in Kittery, Maine, Annapolis paused near the last known location of Thresher.

With engines and all unnecessary work stopped, lights dimmed to low-level, and the national ensign lowered to half-mast, Annapolis Executive Officer, Lt. Cmdr. Jared Severson, conducted a religious service and the committal of Irene’s cremains. A gun salute and the playing of taps concluded the ceremony.

The chance to fulfill a Navy widow’s wish, honor a Submariner who had made the ultimate sacrifice, and reflect on the loss of Thresher, was an important opportunity for the entire Annapolis crew, said the submarine’s Commanding Officer Cmdr. Kurt Balagna.

“To reunite Cmdr. and Mrs. Harvey at sea was an honor,” stated Balagna.

It was also somber, he said, as he thought about Thresher’s loss due to a series of catastrophic events while conducting sea trials. After Annapolis’ shipyard period, the submarine and crew will be conducting similar trials.

“My crew will be in a similar situation in two years when Annapolis conducts its own sea trials,” noted Balagna. “The burial reminds us that submarining is a dangerous business and it’s every Submariner’s responsibility to

remain vigilant and alert to ensure the safety of everyone aboard.”

Such vigilance is the foundation of the Submarine Safety Program (SUBSAFE), instituted on Dec. 20, 1963, after the loss of Thresher, said Annapolis’ Chief of the Boat, Master Chief Jason Avin.

“The men who lost their lives on USS Thresher paved the way for submarine force safety and process improvement,” said Avin.

SUBSAFE provides maximum reasonable assurance that a U.S Navy submarine maintains watertight integrity and the ability to surface should a boat experience flooding.

“By doing things right every day and staying vigilant, we do our best to honor the Sailors who took Thresher on eternal patrol,” assured Avin.

For Bruce Harvey, Annapolis has done more than that; Annapolis honored his father and mother by reuniting them on eternal patrol.

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Battle Chronicles: la Drang Valley

There have been thousands upon thousands of battles and scrimmages fought by Americans since coming to the New World. Combat veterans will tell you each are important but there are those battles that have greater impact, often changing the nature of the conflict or even the defining moment in who wins and who loses the war. In this issue we begin with the four-day Battle of the la Drang Valley. Along the Cambodia border in the Central Highlands roughly 35 miles southwest of Pleiku sits the Chu Pong Massif, a 2,401-foot-high piece of ground that stretches to the Cambodian border and beyond for several

miles. The impenetrable rain forests covering the high ground gives way to think jungle on the flat lands where there are open spaces with small strands of scrubby trees and large patches of razor-sharp elephant grass. So inaccessible is the region, neither French forces, South Vietnamese Army, nor the newly arrived American combat troops had ever been there. The area also belongs to North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces. It was into this enemy sanctuary that a lone, understrength battalion of the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) made a helicopter combat assault.

Lt. Col. Hal Moore, commander of the 450-man 1st Battalion, 7th Cavalry Regiment was chosen to make the combat assault. Several days before the airlift was to take place, he and members of his staff made a cautious aerial reconnaissance by helicopter to check over the area and to locate a suitable landing zone. Moore selected a football field sized clearing at the base of Chu Pong Massif. American intelligence said the area was home to possibly an enemy regiment. In fact, there were three North Vietnamese Army regiments within an easy walk of that clearing.

On the morning of November 14, 1965, Moore's battalion landed in LZ X-Ray without a hitch. That changes around noon when the North Vietnamese 33rd Regiment attacked. The bitter fighting continued all day and into the night with the enemy relentlessly making assault after assault. Only through carefully placed massive fire support from nearby artillery and tactical air strikes outside the perimeter were they stopped but casualties mounted on both sides.

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The World That Wasn't Changed: Or Was It?

By Mikel W. Dawson

We've spent plenty of time talking about the "Greatest Generation," those who fought WWII. Now I want to focus on some of those who were their kids - those who went to Vietnam.

As members of Together We Served.com we each have a profile page where we can post our military careers so all can see. We get connected with our Brothers/Sisters-in-Arms and communicate. We also have memorial pages for those who've given the ultimate sacrifice - their lives. I have volunteered to help honor those who've fallen in Vietnam and this is what I want to talk a bit about.

To begin with, it was something to do, something to still be "taking care of soldiers." My final job in the Army as a Sergeant Major I did plenty of "taking care of soldiers" and enjoyed it. So this was naturally a good deal for me. I was helping families to remember their loved ones who came home in a box under a flag. But after a while it soon began to have an effect on me. As I was doing the research of these soldiers still on patrol, I really began to learn a little part of their lives, and how their loss affected loved ones and is still affecting those who lived the experiences with them and many times held them as they died. And for a while I had to stop working on them just to collect myself.

Many of these brave men were drafted, they had no choice. Well maybe they did, they could have turned tail and ran to Canada as some did, but they stood their ground and answered their nation's call, despite all the unrest that was against them. Was this due to the fact of their parent's, the Greatest Generation's sacrifices? Or was it

something else. We'll never really know what they were thinking.

As I have learned about many of these young men, and I use the word 'young' as many were under 20-years-old when they departed this life, I've also wondered how the loss of over 58,000 lives has affected the world. I stopped one day and thought there were thousands upon thousands of Moms and Dads who lost their kids. How many wives and children who went without, I've never stopped to count, nor do I want to think about it. I've read what parents, brothers, sisters, cousins, guys who fought, bled and held them have written and it has really affected the way I look at these profiles. Most all of these young men were counting on coming home. Many had plans for a job, school, they had their favorite car, motorcycle just waiting for them. Many had girlfriends, engaged to be married, many were married, many had children they never got to hold or know. Many had little ones they left at home who hardly have any memories of their Dads.

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A minute with GOD! Enjoy....

With what is going on in the world these days Heaven could end up a ghost town?

My name is God. You hardly have time for me. I love you and will always bless you. I am always with you. I need you to spend 30 secs. of your time with Me today.

Just dare Me! A blessing is coming your way. Why are prayers getting smaller, but bars and clubs are expanding?

Why is it so easy to worship a celebrity, but very difficult to engage with God?

Think about it, are you going to forward this or are you going to

ignore it because you think you will get laughed at?

God said if you deny me in front of your friends, I will deny you on the day of judgment. When one door closes, God opens two.

If God has opened doors for you, send this message to everyone...

God has been very good to me, He has given me a wonderful family, great friends, great health for the most of my life and so much more!

THANK YOU LORD!
AMEN! AMEN! AND AMEN!!!!

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Keeping Older Pedestrians Safe *Jane Brody on health and aging.*

Too many older adults put their lives at the mercy of two- and four-wheeled vehicles when performing an activity that they are repeatedly advised to do: walking.

Walking is a necessity and a health-promoting activity for many of the more than 41 million Americans now 65 and older. It helps maintain bone and muscle strength, mobility, agility and independence. It can help to prevent, delay or control many chronic ailments. And it fosters social interactions and a higher quality of life.

However, as the number of older adults rises and many stop driving, more are being mowed down by vehicles. Too often, the simple act of stepping off the curb can put an older adult's life at risk.

As noted in an [excellent article](#) in the December issue of AARP Bulletin, people 65 and older make up 13 percent of the population but account for a disproportionate number of pedestrian deaths (20 percent in 2012), and sustain more severe injuries in nonfatal accidents. Drivers are not the only ones at fault. They share the blame with cyclists, designers of streets and pedestrians themselves. On a recent fall night at a major New York intersection — West 57th Street and Seventh Avenue — I had to intercept an older woman with a cane as she started to cross this big avenue when the traffic light countdown flashed a mere six seconds.

“Oh, I thought it said nine seconds,” she remarked when I yanked her back. But even if it had, nine seconds was hardly enough to assure her safe passage to the opposite corner at any time of day, and especially not in the dark.

Many factors increase the risk for older pedestrians. They may not see or hear as well, think as clearly or move as quickly as they once did. Yet like the woman I restrained, some fail to make appropriate accommodations for these declines.

Even those who remain mentally aware and physically able well into their Medicare years can become victims when drivers are careless. At 73, I nearly became a traffic statistic one night in late October as I crossed a Brooklyn street with the walk sign clearly in my favor. An

overly aggressive driver gunned the accelerator to turn left ahead of coming traffic and came so close to hitting me that I could pound on the hood of his car.

He was clearly unaware — or chose to ignore — the traffic law in New York, and nearly every other community, that gives pedestrians in a crosswalk the right of way. In many places, including New York, drivers are not supposed to attempt to turn around pedestrians until they have walked at least halfway across the street

Yet twice last month, just as I had started across a neighborhood street in broad daylight, cars sped around the corner when the light changed, forcing me to jump back. At corners where cars can turn, I now always look first to see if one is likely to turn into the street I'm about to cross.

And as many experts have noted, most communities were built for easy vehicular access, not pedestrian safety, which is only now being addressed, almost as an afterthought. Wide two-way streets, often with multiple lanes, can make it impossible for an older person to cross on one light, especially when drivers making turns (assuming they see someone crossing) fail to yield right of way.

Although I know it's wrong, I've begun to agree with an acquaintance of my vintage who feels safer crossing in the middle of the block, where she can see cars coming from all directions, including those

turning at the corner. And I also often feel safer crossing against a red light when I can see that the coast is clear because no vehicles can turn and cut me off.

But I'm extremely nervous at intersections where there are no traffic lights, as is true on many residential streets and throughout the town of Woodstock, N.Y., where I spend most of the summer. True, Woodstock has a few stop signs and pedestrian crosswalks marked by ladder-style white lines across the road with signs saying it is a state law to yield to pedestrians. But drivers may not see the lines or the signs. Even if they do, they may fail to notice pedestrians crossing or waiting to cross.

Street crossings have become especially dicey in cities like New York that have had a huge increase in cyclists. Many on bikes ride as if being chased by a mad dog. Intent on making lights and avoiding mash-ups with cars, speeding cyclists can easily miss seeing pedestrians already in or about to enter the roadway, and the reflexes of an older person may not be quick enough to avert a run-in.

Pedestrians too must learn to be on the lookout for cyclists (as well as vehicles that run red lights) even when they are crossing with the light in their favor. There are now two-way bike lanes on some one-way streets that add to the challenge. It's also a good idea to look both ways even when crossing a one-way street. Cyclists may be riding

against traffic, cars may be backing up, and now and then a vehicle turns the wrong way onto a one-way street.

Too often I've seen older people starting to cross when the "Don't Walk" light is flashing; others tend to hesitate at corners too long after they have the opportunity to cross.

To be sure, many traffic signals are too short to assure a safe crossing by an older adult, but when the countdown says how much time is left, it makes sense to heed it and be realistic about how long it will take you to cross before the light turns red. Consider timing your walk across frequently used streets and refrain from stepping off the curb unless there's enough time left to reach the other side safely.

After dark, consider wearing reflective clothing or a safety vest or attaching a flashing bicycle light to yourself so you'll be more visible to drivers. And if you have any kind of disability that can make street crossing a challenge, don't hesitate to ask a more able pedestrian to assure your safe passage. The cliché holds: The life you save may very well be your own.

.....

The Phrases We Grew Up With - Where Have They Gone? *Contributed by Charlie Weaver*

I remember most of these phrases...

If you also do, congratulations on having lived in one of the most fun eras.

OLD WORDS AND PHRASES
(For old people)

About a month ago, I illuminated old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included don't touch that dial, carbon copy, you sound like a broken record and hung out to dry. A bevy of readers have asked me to shine light on more faded words and expressions, and I am happy to oblige: Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker and straighten up and fly right. Hubba-hubba! We'd cut a rug in some juke joint and then go necking and petting and smooching and spooning and billing and cooing and pitching woo in hot rods and jalopies in some passion pit or lovers' lane. Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers!

Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were In like Flynn and living the life of Riley, and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China! Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A.; of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore. Like Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, we have become unstuck in time. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, I'll be a monkey's uncle!, or This is a fine kettle of fish! We discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards. Poof, poof, poof go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone, evanesced from the landscape and wordscape of our perception, like Mickey Mouse wristwatches, hula hoops, skate keys, candy cigarettes, little wax

bottles of colored sugar water and an organ grinder's monkey.

Where have all those phrases gone? Long time passing. Where have all those phrases gone? Long time ago: Pshaw. The milkman did it. Think about the starving Armenians. Bigger than a bread box. Banned in Boston. The very idea! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper. Turn-of-the-century. Iron curtain. Domino theory. Fail safe. Civil defense. Fiddlesticks! You look like the wreck of the Hesperus. Cooties. Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Heavens to Murgatroyd! And awa-a-ay we go! Oh, my stars and garters! It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter had liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff, this winking out of the words of our youth, these words that lodge in our heart's deep core. But just as one never steps into the same river twice, one cannot step into the same language twice. Even as one enters, words are swept downstream into the past, forever making a different river. We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeful times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging. We can have archaic and eat it, too!

~~~~~  
How about the cartoon featuring Little Orphan Annie and the phrase Leapin' Lizards, Sandy?

And thing-a-ma-jig?

An' rootin' tootin'?

And nickel an' dime ya to death?

Use some of those old phrases on your kids or grand kids.

When they ask what it means, make 'em use their smart phone or tablet or laptop to look it up and learn something.

Just as kids nowadays have their own fashionable terms, we had ours in our day.

~~~~~  
Yo, Bearcat, how ya doin'? Everything is Jake by me! "Jake" was used even before I was born (1948). Means everything is 'cool' and later on, 'far-out'.....

~~~~~  
ya, all those old phrases "took a powder" i reckon.

~~~~~  
A gay time, and wasn't it "Carters Little Liver Pills'?

I think the "Domino Theory" is still with us; witness the Middle East, and I'm bringing back "Kikroy"--every time I have to leave a note on someone's desk who isn't there, I sign it with the Kilroy symbol; they young ones don't have a clue, but the older workers recognize it. BTW, I read that Kilroy as migrated to the Middle East; about a year ago some correspondent said that he/she had seen a few Kilroy's in Iraq.

~~~~~  
Do you remember our grandparents referring to the years 1901-1909 in the following manner?

Well, back in ought four, or ought and seven. Those terms always put a grin on my face.

~~~~~  
Never heard the term "jake".. interesting.

See ya' later, alligator...After awhile, crocodile...

The Cat's Pajamas...(a bit before my time, but my parents used the term)

The Cat's Meow...

Daddy-O (Also, my uncle's dog's name.

.....

GOD WAS TAKING CARE OF AMERICA !! *Contributed by Charlie Weaver*

Tour boats ferry people out to the USS Arizona Memorial in Hawaii every thirty minutes. We just missed a ferry and had to wait thirty minutes. I went into a small gift shop to kill time.

In the gift shop, I purchased a small book entitled, "Reflections on Pearl Harbor" by Admiral Chester Nimitz. Sunday afternoon, December 7th, 1941--Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington D.C. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him. When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone. He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet.

Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat--you would have thought the Japanese had already won the war.

On Christmas Day, 1941, Adm. Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters everywhere you looked.

As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, "Well Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?" Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice.

Admiral Nimitz said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make, or God was taking care of America . Which do you think it was?"

Shocked and surprised, the young helmsman asked, "What do mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?" Nimitz explained: Mistake number one:

The Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave.

If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk--we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

Mistake number two:

When the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow every one of those ships to America to be repaired.

As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed them to America . And I already have crews ashore anxious to man those ships.

Mistake number three:

Every drop of fuel in the Pacific theater of war is in top of the ground storage tanks five miles away over that hill. One attack plane could have strafed those tanks and destroyed our fuel supply. That's why I say the Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could make or God was taking care of America.

I've never forgotten what I read in that little book. It is still an inspiration as I reflect upon it. In jest, I might suggest that because Admiral Nimitz was a Texan, born and raised in Fredericksburg , Texas -- he was a born optimist and a believer that God works the lives of those who honor Him. Any way you look at it--Admiral Nimitz was able to see a silver lining in a situation and circumstance where everyone else saw only despair and defeatism.

President Roosevelt had chosen the right man for the right job. We desperately needed a leader that could see silver linings in the midst of the clouds of dejection, despair and defeat.

There is a reason that our national motto is, IN GOD WE TRUST.

Why have we forgotten?
PRAY FOR OUR COUNTRY!
In God we trust
.....

1917-1920 The battle ship in Union Square



In 1917 the U.S. Navy built a full-size battleship in Union Square, New York. It would stay there for the next three years.

Intended as a recruitment and training center, the ship was commissioned as a normal seagoing ship, under the command of Acting Captain C. F. Pierce, and manned by trainee sailors from Newport Training Station. Internally the ship had a wireless station, full officer's quarters, doctor's quarters and examination rooms to assess the health of potential candidates.

Constructed from wood, the USS Recruit carried two cage masts, a conning tower and a dummy funnel,



or smokestack. It had six wooden replicas of 14-inch (360 mm) guns housed in three twin turrets, 10 wooden five-inch (130 mm) anti-torpedo boat guns and two replica one-pound saluting guns, matching the configuration of battleships of the time.

According to the August 1917 edition of Popular Science, the

Recruit followed the normal navy routine. Sailors rose at 6 a.m., scrubbed the decks, did their laundry, and attended instructional classes. They then stood guard over the ship and were available to answer questions from visitors. By night, all the ship's lights were turned on, including a series of searchlights.

The ship hosted a variety of social events and receptions, including a christening, patriotic speeches and visits by various dignitaries, a group of Native Americans and the woman's motor corps.

As a recruiting tool the ship was very successful, helping to recruit 25,000 men into the U.S. Navy.

The First World War ended in 1918, and by 1920 the Recruit was no longer needed in Union Square. It was properly decommissioned and dismantled, with the intention of relocating it to Coney Island's Luna Park. This did not happen and the fate of the Recruit is unknown.

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In Memoriam

Matthew T. Pierce, SF2, 61-64, 71 of Greentown, passed away on Thursday, June 25, 2015 at Geisinger CMC, Scranton. He was born September 1, 1943 in Swedeland to the late Donald Joseph and Josephine V. (Opielski) Pierce.



Matthew was a retired Welder Engineer for Sun Oil Refinery in Philadelphia. He was a member of the Blue Ridge Rifle Club and served in the U.S. Navy from 1961-1966.

He is survived by his loving family including his wife of 50 years; Theresa Ann (Ritrovato) Pierce; Two sons: Matthew T. Pierce Jr., Richard D. Pierce & his wife Jodi; 3 grandchildren: Jennifer, Benjamin, and Brian; and sisters Lorraine Farrell, Sharon, Pierce and Brother Bruce Pierce.

Matthew was preceded in death by his siblings: Donald, Joseph, Carl, Laura, Barbara, Irene and Kathleen.

A Funeral Mass will be held at Sacred Heart Parish, 120 Jefferson St, Bridgeport, PA 19405 on Saturday, July 18, 2015 at 11am. The family will receive friend from 10AM until

10:50AM at the church. Burial will follow at Calvary Cemetery, Gulph Road & Matsonford Road West Conshohocken, PA 19428. In lieu of flowers donations can be made to: American Lung Assoc., 525 Plymouth Rd STE 315, Plymouth Meeting, PA 19462. The Joseph J. Pula Funeral Home, Inc. 23 N. 9th St. Stroudsburg, PA 18360 is assisting the family with arrangements.

Terry Clifford remembers Matt:

"No man could ask for a better friend, teacher and shipmate than Matt. I'll miss my friend Matt"

David A. Landis, PF3, '51-'54 June 1, 1931 - December 23, 2014

David A. Landis 83 of Springdale, Passed away on Tuesday December 23, 2014. He was born in Logans Ferry on June 1, 1931 to the late James and Crinda Roberts Landis and has been a lifelong resident of the Valley. Mr. Landis served his country in The United States Navy during the Korean War and worked for the former Duquesne Light Co. in Springdale where he retired. He enjoyed hunting and fishing especially when he was at his camp in Emporium. During the summer David liked to spend his time camping in Erie. Survivors Include: Loving wife Concetta Ciamacco Landis Son's James (Cheryl) Landis of Springdale David Landis of Springdale Joseph (Karen) Landis of Saxonburg 4 Grandchildren, Two Step-grandchildren, 10 Great-grandchildren 1 Sister Lois (David) Krumpe of Sarver And many nieces and nephews Besides his parents he was also preceded in death by two sons, Michael and Scott Landis 3 brothers James, Robert and Ernest Landis and a sister Margaret Semego Friends will be received on Sunday from 2-4 and 6-8pm in THE CHARLES B. JARVIE SPRINGDALE FUNERAL HOME INC. 801 Pgh. St where a blessing service will commence on Monday at 10am in the funeral home with

burial to follow in Mt. Airy Cemetery, Natrona Heights. www.jarviefuneralhome.com

Terry Clifford remembers Mike Murphy

"Ed, I've got two story's 1st a story about about Murph sitting on the crown in the after head? True story. We had a problem with one the FLUSHOMETER's so Pannier sent me up there to check it out. Well Murph is sitting directly across on the other toilet and trying to drop a loaf. He starts busting my balls about being a TURD CHASER. So I said "Is that right Murph". I then removed the cap on the horizontal part of the FLUSHOMETER, flushed the toilet which shot a stream of sea water directly at Murph.....He started laughing, I was laughing and we were the best of friends after that....."



The Makin Raid of 1942 and the Recovery of the Marines Lost After the Battle February 21, 2014 by Patrick Shrier

This story inspired by a contribution by Ron King

In August 1942 the 2nd Marine "Raider" Battalion raided what was then called Makin Island in

the Gilbert Archipelago of the South Pacific. The present name of the island is Butaritari in the island nation of Kiribati.

In 1942 the island had a small, roughly 160 man garrison, and was the site of a Japanese Airfield. The raid was conceived as a way for the Marines to gather intelligence on what and how many Japanese forces were stationed in the Gilbert Islands. The plan was for 211 men from companies A and B of the 2nd Marine "Raider" Battalion led by LTC Evans Carlson to land on the island under cover of darkness, neutralize the small Japanese garrison and ransack the island for anything of intelligence value before destroying the facilities and leaving the island. The Marines would land from two submarines the USS Nautilus and USS Argonaut using small rubber boats equipped with outboard motors.



View of Makin Island from the Periscope of the USS Nautilus Before the Raid

The Marines landed the night of August 17th without incident and proceed to attack and kill

the Japanese garrison. They landed on the southern shore and moved north against strong resistance from snipers and machine gun teams. The Japanese also launched two Banzai Charges which the Marines beat off. Most of the defenders were killed in the course of the Banzai Charges. In the early afternoon to flying boats with Japanese reinforcements attempted to land on Makin but the Marines managed to force one to crash and the other exploded in midair after being fired on by Marine machine gunners.

After destroying everything they could including two small ships and all the Japanese buildings on the island the Marines began to evacuate the island. That is when the real fun started as the surf had risen and they had trouble getting out to the waiting submarines. 93 men made it out to the subs the first evening but 73 men waited until the morning when the subs sent a boat with a rope to help the boats get through the surf. This attempt failed when Japanese aircraft appeared and strafed the submarines forcing them to crash dive. LTC Carlson sent word to the subs to meet the men at the mouth of Makin Lagoon and the evening of the 18th the remaining 73 men built a raft and using two native canoes traveled the four miles to the mouth of the lagoon where they were picked up by the Submarines.

The Marines killed virtually all of the Japanese garrison of the island. LTC Carlson reported counting 83 Japanese bodies before he left. The Marines had suffered 18 KIA and 12 MIA in the raid. The Marines had succeeded in destroying the Japanese installations on the island but they retrieved nothing of any great intelligence value. Because of the difficulty in returning to the subs they had also been forced to leave their dead and missing behind.



USG Image of Marine Raiders on the deck of the USS Argonaut after the Makin Raid

Of the 12 MIA Marines 9 were captured and taken to Kwajalein Atoll where they were interrogated and eventually executed with the Japanese never reporting them as POWs.

USAAC 1LT Louis Zamperini saw the names of the 9 Marines scratched into the wall of his cell in 1943 when he was held on Kwajalein as a POW after he was captured following the crash at sea of his B-24. Kōsō Abe, who ordered the execution of the Marines was eventually caught, tried, and executed as a war

criminal in 1947 after the Japanese surrender.

But what of the 18 KIA and remaining 3 MIA marines? They were reportedly buried in a mass grave by island natives after the Japanese returned to the Island. No bodies of the raiding force were recovered when US forces returned and captured the island in 1943 however. In 1949 the Marines made an unsuccessful effort to find and recover the bodies of the fallen. The Marines did not give up and in 1999 the Defense Department's Central Identification Laboratory discovered the remains of 19 of the fallen marines after research by relatives of the fallen had found a local who had helped bury the Marines as a young boy.



Image of Marine Honor Guard at Makin during Repatriation of recovered remains. Image Courtesy Ishmael.net

The recovered remains were returned to the central ID Lab in Honolulu where the 18 reported dead and one of the MIA Marines were identified. The bodies of 6 of the Marines were returned to their families for

private burial and the remaining 13 were interred in Arlington National Cemetery in 2001. The Marine Commandant spoke at the memorial ceremony prior to their internment.

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92 YEAR OLD PREACHER

Contributed by Charlie Weaver

While watching a little TV on Sunday instead of going to church, I watched a church in Atlanta honoring one of its senior pastors who had been retired many years. He was 92 at that time and I wondered why the church even bothered to ask the old gentleman to preach at that age. After a warm welcome, introduction of this speaker, and as the applause quieted down, he rose from his high back chair and walked slowly, with great effort and a sliding gait to the podium. Without a note or written paper of any kind he placed both hands on the pulpit to steady himself and then quietly and slowly he began to speak....

"When I was asked to come here today and talk to you, your pastor asked me to tell you what was the greatest lesson ever learned in my 50-odd years of preaching. I thought about it for a few days and boiled it down to just one thing that made the most difference in my life and sustained me through all my trials.. The one thing that I could always rely on when tears and heartbreak and pain and fear and sorrow paralyzed me...The only thing that would comfort was this verse.....

"Jesus loves me this I know.
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
We are weak but He is strong.....
Yes, Jesus loves me....

The Bible tells me so."
The old pastor stated, "I always noticed that it was the adults who chose The children's hymn 'Jesus Loves Me' (for the children of course) during a hymn sing, and it was the adults who sang the loudest because I could see they knew it the best."

"Here for you now is a Senior version of Jesus Loves Me":

JESUS LOVES ME

Jesus loves me, this I know,
Though my hair is white as snow
Though my sight is growing dim,
Still He bids me trust in Him.
(CHORUS)

YES, JESUS LOVES ME.. YES,
JESUS LOVES ME..
YES, JESUS LOVES ME, FOR
THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO.

Though my steps are oh, so slow,
With my hand in His I'll go
On through life, let come what
may,
He'll be there to lead the way.
(CHORUS)

When the nights are dark and long,
In my heart He puts a song..
Telling me in words so clear,
"Have no fear, for I am near."
(CHORUS)
When my work on earth is done,
And life's victories have been won.
He will take me home above,
Then I'll understand His love.
(CHORUS)

I love Jesus, does He know?
Have I ever told Him so?
Jesus loves to hear me say,
That I love Him every day.
(CHORUS)

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Snippets

Bob Lang Remembers

Ed, when going back and looking at this old newsletter, I notice something that wasn't quite correct. Sure, the Bristol spent most of its life as part of the Atlantic Fleet, but it had served in the Pacific in 1945 and more than half of 1946. After the war we became part of the Occupation Forces of Japan. We operated as squadron 12, with the Compton as flag, performing torpedo-attack & anti-aircraft firing exercises in the North Pacific area, next to Japan. We also operated with Carriers, doing "Fox" duty during Air exercises. When we returned to the States we docked at Long Beach, Ca., below Redondo Beach. The dock was next to a lumber yard. Two weeks after we left for exercises along the Cal. & Mexico coasts, this lumber yard was destroyed by a huge fire. I think it was about the middle of August, 1946 we went thru the Panama Canal and to the Atlantic. I remember it was very hot there in Panama.

Nothing really critical about this, I just wanted to let you know the Bristol did have duty in the Pacific for nearly two years. Take care, Bob

.....

Contributed by Charlie Weaver

A crusty old Marine Sergeant Major found himself at a gala event hosted by a local liberal arts college.

There was no shortage of extremely young idealistic ladies in attendance, one of whom approached the Sergeant Major for conversation.

"Excuse me, Sergeant Major, but you seem to be a very serious man. Is something bothering you?"

"Negative, ma'am. Just serious by nature."

The young lady looked at his awards and decorations and said, "It looks like you have seen a lot of action."

"Yes, ma'am, a lot of action."

The young lady, tiring of trying to start up a conversation, said, "You know, you should lighten up. Relax and enjoy yourself."

The Sergeant Major just stared at her in his serious manner.

Finally the young lady said, "You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when is the last time you had sex?"

"1955, ma'am."

"Well, there you are. No wonder you're so serious. You really need to chill out! I mean, no sex since 1955!"

She took his hand and led him to a private room where she proceeded to "relax" him several times.

Afterwards, panting for breath, she leaned against his bare chest and said, "Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1955."

The Sergeant Major said, after glancing at his watch, "I hope not; it's only 2130 now."

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USS Spikefish (SS-404)

Contributed by Charlie Weaver

Ships of the U.S. Navy,
 1940-1945 SS-404 USS
 Spikefish Balao Class
 Submarine: Displacement:
 1526 tons surfaced, 2424 tons
 submerged Length: 311'
 Beam: 27'3" Draft: 16'10"
 Speed: 20 knots surfaced, 9
 knots submerged Armament: 1
 3"/50 or 1 4"/50 or
 1 .

S P I K E F I S H was a s
 decommissioned on 2 April
 1963 and was struck from the
 Navy list on 1 May 1963. She
 was subsequently sunk as a
 target.

SPIKEFISH
 received three battle stars for

World War II service.



It is 0430 Sunday, 23 October 1983. I woke up early, slept out, and was glancing through the "outfit reunions" section contained in the August 1983 issue of THE AMERICAN LEGION, looking for ASR listings. I spent 16 years of 22 in SUBLANT (Fulton, Kittiwake, Skylark, Tringa,, Kittiwake, Kittiwake) and remain a loyal submarine enthusiast - heavy bias towards Diesel Boats. In a diving capacity, I was a TAD crewmember XI, Nautilus, Spikefish, Entemedore, Angler, George Washington, Los Angeles. Spikefish is of course the purpose of this article.

I was a member of the final crew of the Spikefish. As a matter of fact I left here decks 10 minutes prior to the Grand Lady making her final dive during tests furthering the art of submarine warfare.

You may already know her terminal history, but on the off chance you don't I submit the following to you and her many loyal crewmembers.

Spikefish was sentenced or selected, seems more appropriate based on the fact she gave up her life serving

rather than rusting away, in a reserve fleet or becoming razor blades, to become a target for torpedo evaluation.

Spikefish was renamed Jonah 2.3 *from the Bible* for this final operation. She was readied at SubBase New London for the mission. Preparation consisted of removing all considered useful, to others of her class, except 1 main engine in the after engine room. The superstructure was removed from aft the sail to expose the various piping for blanking as necessary. The remaining engine was made operational in order to provide propulsion thereby allowing a moving target. This engine was jury rigged to an alarm clock on the bridge which would shut it off after 30 minutes running. This precaution which later proved itself useless was to keep Spikefish from heading for the MED in case of a miss. Below decks lighting was provided by a string of med lights. Jury rigged from bow to stern. Bedding was 12 mattresses thrown on the deck in the aft battery. Cooking was done on charcoal grill topside. Hydraulics were not operating so steering was via the hand mode in the conning tower. I am convinced that the three divers embarked were not there to take underwater pictures of practice torpedo strikes, but because we were strong and dumb, to hand steer the boat. I recall that a rudder shift of 5

deg. Port - to 5 deg. Starboard was similar to a 3 minute mile, the Boston Marathon, and Survival of the Fittest, back to back.

Spikefish was prepared in the summer of 64 for this mission and a crew of about 12 including 3 divers from Skylark ASR 20 were assigned. Divers were MR1(DV) D. F. Morse, MM2(DV) L.B. Miller, SF1(DV) Bill Bonney. YTBs brought Spikefish to the mouth of the Thames where she was taken in tow by Skylark. Skylark towed this motley assemblage out into the Long Island Sound OP-areas. Once in the proper locale, Skylark cast us off to fend for ourselves. The proud Sub was now lighted off and commenced making surface target runs for Band and Entered. During these runs, one of us dummies crewmembers were sealed doors and flappers in each of the compartments to listen for fish strikes. Having never been torpedoed before, I stood on a plank walkway in the middle of the fwd. Engine room worrying and maybe listening. I had visions of the fish coming through the tanks. Pressure hull, and my body. Spooky feeling being in there alone with some maniac high speed fish charging at us with malice in its circuits. Much to my liking, the charging beast only produced dents and no holes. We did this for the week and were scheduled for a war shot on Friday, but being the Navy,

plans changed and Spikefish got a reprieve until the following Friday. She was taken back into port and whole circus picked up the following week. Being good sailors, we had secreted a few cases of beer aboard prior to the initial departure and upon the change in plans, had to scour the boat inside for empties prior to re-entering New London. Found all but one. We gave Bank Street hell for the weekend and then back at it Monday. We commenced numerous practice runs and then sadly came the day of reckoning the Grand Lady was set on her final course and the crew disembarked to the YTB. Hah? The valiant fighter wasn't ready yet and wanted a final meal of diesel fuel. She veered from the final course at about 11 knots and escaped the coup de grace.....

It is 0530, 3 December 1983 now. I set the previous article down to go to church and have procrastinated until now, sorry.....

Spikefish now ran for her life through the Long Island Sound heading for the ocean at about 11 knots full on one main engine. The jury rigged alarm clock should have shut here down after 30 minutes except no one had set it assuming the war shot to be infallible. We chased her for several hours with the YTB, which would do about 1/10th of a knot more than the runaway. Finally we

overcame and got the old girl subdued. Back to the allotted OP-area,, two or three away through other units operating space, and she was once again readied. This return was yet another Herculean effort for us dummies on the hand mode helm. She was lined up, set on her way and off we went on the YTB. The YTB sped off making enough underwater noise to wake the dead. The tug intended to open to 10,000 yards prior to unleashing the acoustic fish. Wallah, one more foul up. We on the YTB got to 2,000 yards from the Spikefish when the radio relayed "TORPEDO AWAY". We had for the last 9 or 10 days been able to cope with exercise fish, but this was stretching the issue a bit. The tug was silenced immediately and we waited with tight butts to see whether the target would be that intended or us on the TBY. I'm here to write this, thereby indicating the fish went where intended. We had ringside sea for Spikefish's final dive. The fish hit the after battery, blowing the soft patch and presumably a few doors and/or internal bulkheads. The soft patch sent a photographing helicopter running for it's life. Reminded me of the "Pink Submarine" in "Operation Petticoat", sighted sub, shot sub, almost sank helicopter. Two minutes after the blast, Spikefish made here final dive. This was not the end of her.

The YTB dropped us aboard entemedore and the entire unit returned to New London. We three divers *steering dummies* returned to Skylark for resumption of normal duties, which included subsequent diving on Spikefish in 200 feet of water to see what had actually happened. In the weeks following, amongst other missions, we stopped in the fateful OP-area and searched for the Spikefish using Loran posits, radar, and the Fathometer. The first time we attempted to find Jonah 2.3, we were successful in a few hours and sent a diver, [Ira Salyers](#) GM1 (DV), to look her over. He got tangled up in the exposed piping aft the sail, became a bit excited, and using too little air, got CO-2 poisoning which caused him to scream and yell. We topside thought a shark was chewing on him or some metal was crushing and cutting him. His hoses were fouled but the pull of 10 topside divers finally freed him. We started him up to 30' for decompression. At about 60' the effects of the CO-2 lessened because of decreased pressure and Ira rejoined the sane and told us he was O.K. We had to leave for another job which didn't bother anyone. We shook from that go round. About a week later, we returned to the area and once again surface searched for Spikefish. This time it took us three days to locate her. She had moved? Apparently several compartments were dry leaving

her lively or just slightly negatively buoyant, thereby allowing bottom currents to move her around. These currents are rather strong at times in that area. The Grand Girl wasn't dead yet. Unable to surface, partially flooded, no batteries *they were removed* she continued to cruise. I think the valiant Girl just wanted to escape further abuse at the hands of us non-loving, violating sailors and find a peaceful spot to spend the rest of her years. As I mentioned, it took 3 days to find her this trip. We moored over her and sent down deepsea divers breathing helium-oxygen mixtures. Keep in mind the currents in this area make walking around in the muddy blackness almost beyond human effort. The real test of our skills would come when we divers found her on the bottom and attempted to climb aboard without being swept off by the current. Based on our last "terror trip" we planned to stay clear of the after decks and try to mount the girl from forward. Hopefully we could make our way up the tank tops and find the ladder holes out in the superstructure. Once a diver got a descending line attached to sail handrail fwd subsequent divers would have a much easier task in surveying. We had some of the "dog leashes" that fit in the safety track to keep us from being swept off by the current. We sent down Ernie Fratz SF1(DV) who bucking the current,

clomped 40 lb each lead soled shoes around the bottom and found spikefish. He was near exhaustion but attempted to feel around for damage during the remainder of his allotted time 10-30 min. max. Ernie's bottom time ran out and we started him up for decompression, over an hour at 70' 50' & 40'. He took his 70' stop ok and at 50' was shifted to pure oxygen. He took 50' ok and was brought to 40' after 4 or 5 minutes at 40' Ernie snapped without warning into an oxygen toxicity hit, which causes violent convulsions and unconsciousness. We brought him up on deck and found him unconscious with some teeth knocked out and cuts on his face from the convulsions. We rushed him into the recompression chamber for about 19 hours of pressure treatment. He awoke after about 30 minutes at 165'. This ended this 3rd violation of Spikefish. We of course stop diving unless lives are involved when there is a diver being treated in the only recompression chamber. Ernie came out of this ok, except for a cut face and a couple of teeth. We went onto other missions for the next month or so and once again had time to stop and search for Spikefish. Well, the Valiant Lady had finally found her peaceful spot. We searched for a week and could not locate her. We had the assistance of other subs and they couldn't find her either. Quite honestly,

we on Skylark were glad to see this Tough Old Lady resting where she couldn't be found. I left Skylark shortly thereafter ending a tough battle with the tenacious Girl. The tow other divers who rode Spikefish with me SF1(DV) Bill Bonney and MM2 (DV) Lem Miller are dead. Bill died of a rotted gut from booze and Lem Miller was killed in a diving accident off Novia Scotia.

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For you sports fans.....

I think all sports fans will get a kick out of this letter written to the Chicago Tribune.... Enjoy !

No matter which side you are on in the matter of renaming the Washington Redskins, this is funny. This guy is hilarious...

Here is an e-mail sent to Clarence Page of the Chicago Tribune after an article he published concerning a name change for the Washington Redskins.

Dear Mr. Page: I agree with our Native American population. I am highly insulted by the racially charged name of the Washington Redskins. One might argue that to name a professional football team after Native Americans would exalt them as fine warriors, but nay, nay. We must be careful not to offend and, in the spirit of political correctness and courtesy, we must move forward.

Let's ditch the Kansas City Chiefs, the Atlanta Braves and the Cleveland Indians. If your shorts are in a wad because of the reference the name Redskins makes to skin color, then we need to get rid of the Cleveland Browns.

The Carolina Panthers obviously were named to keep the memory of militant Blacks from the 60's alive. Gone. It's offensive to us white folk.

The New York Yankees offend the Southern population. Do you see a team named for the Confederacy? No! There is no room for any reference to that tragic war that cost this country so many young men's lives.

I am also offended by the blatant references to the Catholic religion among our sports team names. Totally inappropriate to have the New Orleans Saints, the Los Angeles Angels or the San Diego Padres.

Then there are the team names that glorify criminals who raped and pillaged. We are talking about the horrible Oakland Raiders, the Minnesota Vikings, the Tampa Bay Buccaneers and the Pittsburgh Pirates!

Now, let us address those teams that clearly send the wrong message to our children. The San Diego Chargers promote irresponsible fighting or even spending habits. Wrong message to our children.

The New York Giants and the San Francisco Giants promote obesity, a growing childhood epidemic. Wrong message to our children.

The Cincinnati Reds promote downers/barbiturates. Wrong message to our children.

The Milwaukee Brewers. Well that goes without saying. Wrong message to our children.

So, there you go. We need to support any legislation that comes out to rectify this travesty, because the government will likely become involved with this issue, as they should. Just the kind of thing the do-nothing Congress loves.

As a die hard Oregon State fan, my wife and I, with all of this in mind,

suggest it might also make some sense to change the name of the Oregon State women's athletic teams to something other than "the Beavers" (especially when they play Southern California . Do we really want the Trojans sticking it to the Beavers???)

I always love your articles and I generally agree with them. As for the Redskins name I would suggest they change the name to the "Foreskins" to better represent their community, paying tribute to the dick heads in Congress.

The 40th Anniversary of Saigon's Fall



Forty years ago on April 30, 1975, North Vietnamese tanks rolled into Saigon, smashed through the gates of the Presidential Palace and hoisted the communist flag. It was an incredible victory for the revolutionary forces that had waged guerrilla warfare for more than a decade against the better equipped U.S. forces, and before that, against the French colonialists. Known as "national liberation and unification" day, it been celebrated on its anniversary ever since.

For the U.S. and its South Vietnamese allies, however, the day was one of panic, chaos and defeat known simply as the fall of Saigon.

Months before the 40th Anniversary, ambitious plans were made for a huge celebratory parade on Thursday, April 30, 2015. Several months before the event, colorful

banners and signs with some that read "Long Live the Glorious Communist

Party of Vietnam" were scattered throughout the streets of Ho Chi Minh City.

On Thursday morning, after much preparation, the commemorative parade began on time with a huge military parade marking the moment communist tanks smashed through the gates of the Presidential Palace, ending a divisive and bloody war that delivered a painful blow to American moral and military prestige.

Thousands of Vietnamese, including war veterans in uniforms heavy with medals, lined up to watch regiments of goose-stepping soldiers in dress uniform march past all the country's flag-waving top leadership as a marching band played. Elaborate floats, including one bearing a giant portrait of founding president Ho Chi Minh, made their way slowly through the city streets of Ho Chi Minh City.

During Thursday's festivities, Vietnamese Prime Minister Nguyen Tan Dung praised the victory as one of

"ardent patriotism" and national reunification. "I call on Vietnamese people at home and abroad to uphold the sense of patriotism, the tradition of humanity and tolerance; to rise above the past and differences; to sincerely engage in national reconciliation," he said.

Prime Minister Dung also slammed what he referred to as Washington's "countless barbarous crimes" that he said caused "immeasurable losses and pain to our people and country," according to the French news agency.

No U.S. diplomats attended the parade. However, after the government's parade and celebratory speeches were over, a group of former U.S. Marines who helped

Americans evacuate Saigon as it fell attended a separate, small ceremony at the U.S. Consulate -



site of the old U.S. Embassy - to remember U.S. troops who died during the final days of the war. They dedicated a plaque to two fallen comrades who were the last U.S. servicemen killed in the war: Cpl. Charles McMahon and Lance Cpl. Darwin Judge died April 29, 1975, when their post near the airport was hit by a rocket. Each of the former Marines placed roses in front of the monument before saluting it as taps played.

"We lost ... and I felt that way for a long time," said one of the last Marines out who attended the event. "I was ashamed that we left people behind like that. I did what I could, so I'm satisfied with my own performance, but as a nation, I think we could have done better. And I hope we can learn from that, but I don't think we've seen that."

The conflict - which killed millions of its people as well as 58,000 American servicemen - is bitterly divisive in the US and still haunts our country.



As the first Cold War conflict to be extensively covered by the Western media, it remains seared into the public imagination, most often as a tragic waste.

For the Vietnamese who once viewed the war as one for national liberation and unification, many now believe that the war was a tragic event during which Vietnamese killed other Vietnamese in what is sometimes considered as a civil war. The communist party is no longer seen as patriotic or invincible.

Despite their bitter past, economic and military ties between the U.S. and Vietnam have improved in recent years. Thursday was also the 20th anniversary since the two countries normalized relations in 1995. More than 16,000 Vietnamese students now study in America, and the U.S. has become one of Vietnam's biggest foreign investors. Bilateral trade exceeded \$36 billion last year.

The country still tightly controls the press and cracks down on political dissidents. It jails those who dare to speak out for democracy, including in blogs on the Internet. But much has changed since the early days after the war when Vietnam was plunged into severe poverty and isolation during failed collective farming policies. As for the parade April 30, 2015, many Vietnamese thought it was a waste of money and that the fall of Saigon happened too many years ago to be relevant.

Today, Ho Chi Minh City is alive with capitalism, and many of the scars from the war are no longer visible on the surface. It is the economic muscle of the country, and recent and ongoing construction projects have transformed its skyline into glassy high-rises bathed in neon lights.

But much of the old traditions remain. The sidewalks are still filled with generations of families hustling out of small shops to earn money

while elderly women peddle the country's famous pho noodle soup from street stalls.

The two countries have also hosted high-level visits, and Vietnam has welcomed military cooperation and visiting U.S. naval ships. China continues to spar with Hanoi and other neighbors over disputed islands in the South China Sea in what is viewed as a growing maritime threat in the region.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lxr9zVzUmns>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PphGZx2HsWk>

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Bunk Bags (aka..Submarine Bags) *Contributed by Charlie Weaver*



If you never rode the boats, this is going to sound silly and make absolutely no damn sense to you. If you did, you will remember the damn things and probably smile.

The contraptions were simply called bunk bags. Not 'U.S. Navy Bags, Bunk, Type II Mod 6, Unit of Issue, One Each'. Not 'Shipboard Personal Gear Storage Pouch (Submarine) with Zipper'... Just damn 'bunk bags'.

They were elongated bags, designed specifically for horizontal passageway storage, hung from the tubular bunk frames on diesel boats. They were ugly, a sickening shade of lime-green (which by the way, closely resembled the color of barf after a three-day drunk) and had four snap straps that connected them to the bunk rail.

It is my understanding that they were intended to eliminate the noise level created by Gillette safety razors, Zippo lighters, busted Timex watches, dice, flashlights, coins, and shrunken heads, purchased as gifts for wives, from rattling around in an aluminum sidelocker and giving away your position in the process.

They were either that lime-green or some kind of gray tweed and they were uglier than a blindman's bride. But they had many desirable qualities if you were a nomadic resident of a submersible septic tank. First, they increased the allowable storage space and damn near doubled it. In layman's terms, an E-3 could accumulate worldly goods amounting to those on par with migrating Mongolians and folks doing life on Devil's Island.

Next, and this can only be appreciated by an idiot who ever had the wonderful experience of a surface battery charge in a state five sea, the damn things hanging down on the passageway side of a berthing compartment, kept you from being beat to death, bouncing off inanimate objects bolted to the pressure hull. They serve to pad the piping surrounding the bunks known as bunk rails. Your ribs were very grateful.

But the best thing about bunk bags was their ability to be converted into instant short-range luggage... Sort of a 'submariners Samsonite overnight' bag. By snapping the two center straps together, you could create what passed for a luggage handle... A poor excuse for a carrying device, but usable. A bunk bag full of the supplies needed for a 72-hour excursion into the heartland of the civilian population, was the worst of all possible choices.

Mentally picture the left leg of a fat woman's panty hose filled with Jello and stitched up at the open end and at midway from thigh to toe, attach a sea bag handle and you have the most unwieldy AWOL bag ever created and the ugliest contraption ever invented by man... A floppy sausage full of the meager

possessions of a long-range boat bum.

The damn things had one distinct advantage that no other personal gear conveyance had. If you saw some fleet untouchable standing beside the highway with one of the fool things at his feet, you knew immediately that the hitchhiking sonuvagun was a boatsailor. A fellow submarine sailor would burn flat spots in a new set of tires, stopping to pick you up.

To every old white-haired smokeboat vet, the words 'bunk bag' bring a smile to his weather-beaten face. You would find it damn hard to come across an old petroleum-powered submersible resident who didn't have fond memories of those seemingly worthless things.

Editor's Note: I used to order those seemingly worthless things. We called them sub bags. I had three hanging on my rack.

The Men Who Built ALCAN

When President Franklin Roosevelt authorized the building of the Alaska Highway in February 1942, the problem of who would actually do the construction quickly arose. The government hired civilian contractors to work on the roadway, but much of the task fell on the shoulders of the Army Corps of Engineers, the branch of the military responsible for tasks such as repairing roadways and flood control.

Assembling Engineers



William F. Griggs
Army Engineers

Nearly all of the Army's engineer regiments were already assigned elsewhere in the war effort, mainly in the South Pacific. In order to provide the manpower needed to fulfill the Roosevelt administration's ambitious highway-building plan, the War Department took the unusual step of deciding to employ regiments of African American engineers. Adding three African American regiments of engineers to the four white regiments, Colonel (soon Brigadier General) William M. Hoge assembled roughly 11,000 troops, about a third of whom were African American.

Era of Prejudice

In that era, many people in the military felt that the African American engineers, because of their race, could not be as skilled and industrious as Caucasians. At a time when segregation and Jim Crow laws were commonplace, using white and black troops on the same project was seen as experimental. Another military rule that was bent was the stipulation that African Americans were not to be sent to cold climates.



Alan Bonde

Much of the work was done by hand Unfair Practices

Although they worked on the same highway, the units were kept strictly segregated. The African American engineers were often shortchanged in their allotment of equipment. In one case, the 95th Engineer Regiment, the final African American unit transferred to the highway, was left without bulldozers and other machinery. Although the 95th had more experience operating

the equipment, the machinery was given to the all-white 35th Regiment. The African Americans were given hand tools to use.

Obstacles

Regardless of race issues, the War Department's plans required enormous effort from everyone who worked on the highway. The grueling schedule and extreme conditions were tremendous challenges. Most of the men had never been in extreme cold. Many of the regiments were from the South or from other warm climates, such as Fort Ord in California, and working in Alaska and northern Canada came as quite a shock. To add to the difficulties, most of the men lacked much experience handling heavy machinery.

Positive Outcome



U.S. Army Corps

Shaking hands over the final link of the highway

On October 25, 1942, an African American soldier and a white bulldozer-driving soldier shook hands, cementing the final link of the Alaska Highway. Although the success of African American engineers on the highway would largely be forgotten, the situation for African Americans in the military was changing, leading to the eventual desegregation of the military in 1948.

Celebrating All Workers' Contributions

The photograph of the two men became an iconic image for the engineers. Although all veterans of the highway project had a lot to feel proud about, the photograph was particularly important for African American soldiers. The two men had been photographed as equals,

working together to beat the [Axis powers](#). "One of the things the American Army was trying to do was to prove to the black soldiers -- to prove to America at large -- that there was a very important role for them within the American armed forces," according to historian Ken Coates. "This episode along the Alaska Highway stands out... as an example of actually celebrating the activities of black troops.



Diner Media

The Black Veterans Memorial Bridge

They did work that nobody thought they could do, they did it in an area that nobody thought they could survive."

Veterans Memorials

Upon the highway's completion in the fall of 1942, the engineers who had labored so intensively were transferred to other arenas in the war, including the South Pacific and Europe. An estimated thirty men had died during the construction of the highway. Memorials for the veterans are scattered in spots throughout the [highway](#), including the Black Veterans Memorial Bridge, dedicated in 1993.

THINGS YOUR BURGLAR WON'T TELL YOU.

1. Of course I look familiar. I was here just last week cleaning your carpets, painting your shutters, or delivering your new refrigerator.

2. Hey, thanks for letting me use the bathroom when I was working in your yard last week. While I was in there, I unlatched the back window to make my return a little easier.

3. Love those flowers. That tells me you have taste... and taste means there are nice things inside. Those yard toys your kids leave out always make me wonder what type of gaming system they have.

4. Yes, I really do look for newspapers piled up on the driveway. And I might leave a pizza flyer in your front door to see how long it takes you to remove it.

5. If it snows while you're out of town, get a neighbor to create car and foot tracks into the house. Virgin drifts in the driveway are a dead giveaway.

6. If decorative glass is part of your front entrance, don't let your alarm company install the control pad where I can see if it's set. That makes it too easy.

7. A good security company alarms the window over the sink. And the windows on the second floor, which often access the master bedroom - and your jewelry. It's not a bad idea to put motion detectors up there too.

8. It's raining, you're fumbling with your umbrella, and you forget to lock your door - understandable. But understand this: I don't take a day off because of bad weather.

9. I always knock first. If you answer, I'll ask for directions somewhere or offer to clean your gutters. (Don't take me up on it.)

10. Do you really think I won't look in your sock drawer? I always check dresser drawers, the bedside table, and the medicine cabinet.

11. Here's a helpful hint: I almost never go into kids' rooms.

12. You're right: I won't have enough time to break into that safe where you keep your valuables. But if it's not bolted down, I'll take it with me.

13. A loud TV or radio can be a better deterrent than the best alarm

system. If you're reluctant to leave your TV on while you're out of town, you can buy a \$35 device that works on a timer and simulates the flickering glow of a real television. (Find it at <http://www.faketv.com/>)

8 MORE THINGS A BURGLAR WON'T TELL YOU:

1. Sometimes, I carry a clipboard. Sometimes, I dress like a lawn guy and carry a rake. I do my best to never, ever look like a crook.

2. The two things I hate most: loud dogs and nosy neighbors.

3. I'll break a window to get in, even if it makes a little noise. If your neighbor hears one loud sound, he'll stop what he's doing and wait to hear it again. If he doesn't hear it again, he'll just go back to what he was doing. It's human nature.

4. I'm not complaining, but why would you pay all that money for a fancy alarm system and leave your house without setting it?

5. I love looking in your windows. I'm looking for signs that you're home, and for flat screen TVs or gaming systems I'd like. I'll drive or walk through your neighborhood at night, before you close the blinds, just to pick my targets.

6. Avoid announcing your vacation on your Facebook page. It's easier than you think to look up your address. Parents: caution your kids about this. You see this every day.

7. To you, leaving that window open just a crack during the day is a way to let in a little fresh air. To me, it's an invitation.

8. If you don't answer when I knock, I try the door. Occasionally, I hit the jackpot and walk right in.

Sources: Convicted burglars in North Carolina, Oregon, California, and Kentucky; security consultant Chris McGoey, who runs <http://www.crimedoctor.com/and> Richard T. Wright, a criminology

professor at the University of Missouri-St. Louis, who interviewed 105 burglars for his book Burglars on the Job.

Protection for you and your home: If you don't have a gun, here's a more humane way to wreck someone's evil plans for you. WASP SPRAY

A friend who is a receptionist in a church in a high risk area was concerned about someone coming into the office on Monday to rob them when they were counting the collection. She asked the local police department about using pepper spray and they recommended to her that she get a can of wasp spray instead.

The wasp spray, they told her, can shoot up to twenty feet away and is a lot more accurate, while with the pepper spray, they have to get too close to you and could overpower you. The wasp spray temporarily blinds an attacker until they get to the hospital for an antidote. She keeps a can on her desk in the office and it doesn't attract attention from people like a can of pepper spray would. She also keeps one nearby at home for home protection...

Thought this was interesting and might be of use.

FROM ANOTHER SOURCE:

On the heels of a break-in and beating that left an elderly woman in Toledo dead, self-defense experts have a tip that could save your life.

Val Glinka teaches self-defense to students at Sylvania Southview High School . For decades, he's suggested putting a can of wasp and hornet spray near your door or bed. Glinka says, "This is better than anything I can teach them." Glinka considers it inexpensive, easy to find, and more effective than mace or pepper spray. The cans typically shoot 20 to 30 feet; so if someone tries to break into your home, Glinka says, "spray the culprit in the eyes". It's a tip he's given to students for decades. It's also one he wants

everyone to hear. If you're looking for protection, Glinka says look to the spray.

"That's going to give you a chance to call the police; maybe get out." Maybe even save a life. Put your car keys beside your bed at night. Tell your spouse, your children, your neighbors, your parents, your Dr.'s office, the check-out girl at the market, everyone you run across. Put your car keys beside your bed at night.

If you hear a noise outside your home or someone trying to get in your house, just press the panic button for your car. The alarm will be set off, and the horn will continue to sound until either you turn it off or the car battery dies. This tip came from a neighborhood watch coordinator. Next time you come home for the night and you start to put your keys away, think of this: It's a security alarm system that you probably already have and requires no installation. Test it. It will go off from most everywhere inside your house and will keep honking until your battery runs down or until you reset it with the button on the key fob chain. It works if you park in your driveway or garage. If your car alarm goes off when someone is trying to break into your house, odds are the burglar/rapist won't stick around. After a few seconds all the neighbors will be looking out their windows to see who is out there and sure enough the criminal won't want that. And remember to carry your keys while walking to your car in a parking lot. The alarm can work the same way there. This is something that should really be shared with everyone. Maybe it could save a life or a sexual abuse crime.

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George Carlin: Some Thoughts

Contributed by Charlie Weaver

George Carlin's wife died early in 2008 and George followed

her, dying in July 2008. It is ironic George Carlin - comedian of the 70's and 80's - could write something so very eloquent and so very appropriate. An observation by George Carlin:

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider Freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less, we buy more, but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.

We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

Remember to spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say, 'I love you' to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again.

Give time to love, give time to speak! And give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

And always remember, life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by those moments that take our breath away.

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Sociology of the Clothesline
Contributed by Charlie Weaver

Long before Facebook, there was the "clothesline." This is fun to read and quite true. We are probably the last generation that will remember what a clothesline was. And in lots of places they are illegal. It's the poem at the end that's the best!

THE BASIC RULES FOR CLOTHESLINES:

- 1. You had to hang the socks by the toes... NOT the top.
- 2. You hung pants by the BOTTOM/ cuffs... NOT the waistbands.

3. You had to WASH the clothesline(s) before hanging any clothes - walk the entire length of each line with a damp cloth around the lines.

4. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order, and always hang "whites" with "whites," and hang them first.

5. You NEVER hung a shirt by the shoulders - always by the tail! What would the neighbors think?

6. Wash day on a Monday! NEVER hang clothes on the weekend, or on Sunday, for Heaven's sake!

7. Hang the sheets and towels on the OUTSIDE lines so you could hide your "unmentionables" in the middle (perverts & busybodies, y'know!)

8. It didn't matter if it was sub-zero weather... clothes would "freeze-dry."

9. ALWAYS gather the clothes pins when taking down dry clothes! Pins left on the lines were " t a c k y " !

10. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothes pins, but shared one of the clothes pins with the next item.

11. Clothes off of the line before dinner time, neatly folded in the clothes basket, and ready to be ironed. IRONED??!! Well, that's a whole OTHER subject!

12. Long wooden pole (clothes pole) that was used to push the clotheslines up so that longer items (sheets/pants/etc.) didn't brush the ground and get dirty.

And now a POEM...

A clothesline was a news forecast,

To neighbors passing by,

There were no secrets you could keep,

When clothes were hung to dry. It also was a friendly link, For neighbors always knew If company had stopped on by to spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the "fancy sheets", And towels upon the line; you'd see the "company table cloths",with intricate designs.

The line announced a baby's birth,from folks who lived inside, As brand new infant clothes were hung so carefully with pride!

The ages of the children could so readily be known by watching how the sizes changed, you'd know how much they'd grown!

It also told when illness struck, as extra sheets were hung;then nightclothes, and a bathrobe too haphazardly were strung.

It also said, "On vacation now," when lines hung limp and bare. It told, "We're back!" when full lines sagged, with not an inch to spare!

New folks in town were scorned upon, if wash was dingy and gray, as neighbors carefully raised their brows, and looked the other way.

But clotheslines now are of the past, for dryers make work much less. Now what goes on

inside a home, is anybody's guess!

I really miss that way of life, it was a friendly sign when neighbors knew each other best...by what hung on the line.

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Vietnam Vet Dies And No One Claims Body... But 1 Facebook Post Changes Everything

A 66-year-old Vietnam veteran named Don Kaas died in a [VA hospital](#) in Kentucky in late July. Unfortunately, the hospital was unable to find any family members to claim his body, so a local funeral home owner stepped up and took custody of the remains.

After waiting a few weeks for someone to claim the body, Lancaster Funeral Home owner Shane Young decided to proceed with a burial and posted about it on Facebook.

Though he was only hoping for a handful of people to show up for the funeral service to pay respects for the seemingly unknown veteran, Young said he was surprised by how quickly the response to his post "snowballed."

"It was an overwhelming response. We knew that night something special was happening," declared Young.

According to [Fox News](#), local veterans organizations mobilized, and roughly 800 people showed up to take part in a [full military funeral](#) honoring Kaas' service.

"I'm very proud of our small little community," Young said. "With all the bad things that happen in the world, everybody's ready to latch onto a good, wholesome story and just run with it."

The best part of the story is that Young turned down numerous offers to cover the expenses of the funeral, instead asking those individuals to donate to various veterans organizations.

Not much is known about Don Kaas, other than the fact that he served on a [submarine](#) during the Vietnam War and ultimately moved to Kentucky to be around horses, which he loved.

The search for family members was still ongoing.

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NEW SENIOR EXAM *Contributed by Vincent Sillaro*

This test will keep that dread disease that affects your memory at bay!

New Senior's Exam, you only need **4** correct out of 10 questions to pass.

- 1) How long did the Hundred Years' War last?
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats?
- 3) From which animal do we get cat gut?
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution?
- 5) What is a camel hair brush made of?
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal?
- 7) What was King George VI's first name?
- 8) What color is a purple finch?
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from?
- 10) What is the color of the black box in a commercial airplane?

Remember, you need only 4 correct answers to pass.

Check your answers below on the following page.

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ

- 1) **How long did the Hundred Years War last?** 116 years
- 2) Which country makes Panama hats? Ecuador
- 3) From which animal do we get cat gut? Sheep and Horses
- 4) In which month do Russians celebrate the October Revolution? November
- 5) What is a camel's hair brush made of? Squirrel fur
- 6) The Canary Islands in the Pacific are named after what animal? Dogs
- 7) What was King George VI's first name? Albert
- 8) What color is a purple finch? Crimson
- 9) Where are Chinese gooseberries from? New Zealand
- 10) What is the color of the black box in a commercial airplane? **Orange (of course)**

What do you mean, you failed?

Me, too!

(And if you try to tell me you passed, you LIED!)

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Keep this in mind the next time you are about to repeat a rumor or spread gossip.

Contributed by Charlie Weaver

In ancient Greece (469 - 399 BC), Socrates was widely lauded for his wisdom. One day an acquaintance ran up to him excitedly & said, "Socrates, do you know what I just heard about Diogenes?"

"Wait a moment," Socrates replied, "Before you tell me, I'd like you to pass a little test. It's called the Triple Filter Test."

"Triple filter?" asked the acquaintance.

"That's right," Socrates continued, "Before you talk to me about Diogenes let's take a moment to filter what you're going to say. The

first filter is Truth. Have you made absolutely sure that what you are about to tell me is true?"

"No," the man said, "actually I just heard about it."

"All right," said Socrates, "So you don't really know if it's true or not. Now let's try the second filter, the filter of Goodness. Is what you are about to tell me about Diogenes something good?"

"No, on the contrary..."

"So," Socrates continued, "You want to tell me something about Diogenes that may be bad, even though you're not certain it's true?"

The man shrugged, a little embarrassed. Socrates continued, "You may still pass the test though, because there is a third filter, the filter of Usefulness. Is what you want to tell me about Diogenes going to be useful to me?"

"No, not really."

"Well," concluded Socrates, "If what you want to tell me is neither True nor Good nor even Useful, why tell it to me or anyone at all?"

The man was bewildered & ashamed. This is an example of why Socrates was a great philosopher & held in such high esteem. It also explains why Socrates never found out that Diogenes was banging his wife.

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How Do Court Reporters Keep Straight

Faces? *Contributed by Vince Sillaro*

These are from a book called Disorder in the Courts and are things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and published by court reporters that had the torment

of staying calm while the exchanges were taking place.

ATTORNEY: What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?

WITNESS: He said, 'Where am I, Cathy?'

ATTORNEY: And why did that upset you?

WITNESS: My name is Susan!

ATTORNEY: What gear were you in at the moment of the impact?

WITNESS: Gucci sweats and Reeboks.

ATTORNEY: Are you sexually active?

WITNESS: No, I just lie there.

ATTORNEY: What is your date of birth?

WITNESS: July 18th.

ATTORNEY: What year?

WITNESS: Every year.

ATTORNEY: How old is your son, the one living with you?

WITNESS: Thirty-eight or thirty-five, I can't remember which.

ATTORNEY: How long has he lived with you?

WITNESS: Forty-five years.

ATTORNEY: This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And in what ways does it affect your memory?

WITNESS: I forget..

ATTORNEY: You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?

ATTORNEY: Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

WITNESS: Did you actually pass the bar exam?

ATTORNEY: The youngest son, the 20-year-old, how old is he?

WITNESS: He's 20, much like your IQ.

ATTORNEY: Were you present when your picture was taken?

WITNESS: Are you shitting me?

ATTORNEY: So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And what were you doing at that time?

WITNESS: Getting laid

ATTORNEY: She had three children, right?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: How many were boys?

WITNESS: None.

ATTORNEY: Were there any girls?

WITNESS: Your Honor, I think I need a different attorney. Can I get a new attorney?

ATTORNEY: How was your first marriage terminated?

WITNESS: By death..

ATTORNEY: And by whose death was it terminated?

WITNESS: Take a guess.

ATTORNEY: Can you describe the individual?

WITNESS: He was about medium height and had a beard

ATTORNEY: Was this a male or a female?

WITNESS: Unless the Circus was in town I'm going with male.

ATTORNEY: Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?

WITNESS: No, this is how I dress when I go to work.

ATTORNEY: Doctor, how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people?

WITNESS: All of them. The live ones put up too much of a fight.

ATTORNEY: ALL your responses MUST be oral, OK? What school did you go to?

WITNESS: Oral...

ATTORNEY: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?

WITNESS: The autopsy started around 8:30 PM

ATTORNEY: And Mr. Denton was dead at the time?

WITNESS: If not, he was by the time I finished.

ATTORNEY: Are you qualified to give a urine sample?

WITNESS: Are you qualified to ask that question?

And last:

ATTORNEY: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for blood pressure?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for breathing?

WITNESS: No..

ATTORNEY: So, then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: How can you be so sure, Doctor?

WITNESS: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.

ATTORNEY: I see, but could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless?

WITNESS: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law

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The Men Who Sail Below

Contributed by Charlie Weaver

Now each of us from time to time, has gazed upon the sea, and watched the warships pulling out to keep this country free. And most of us have read a book, or heard a lusty tale, about the men who sail these ships, through lightning, wind, and hail. But there's a place within each ship, that legend fails to teach. It's down below the waterline, it takes a living toll. A hot living metal hell, that sailors call the "hole". It houses engines run by steam, that makes the shafts go round. A place of fire and noise and heat, that beats your spirits down. Where boilers like a hellish heart, with blood of angry steam, are of molded gods without remorse, are nightmares in a dream. Whose threat from the fires roar is like a living doubt, that any minute would with scorn, escape and crush you out. Where turbines scream like tortured souls, alone and lost in hell, as ordered from above somewhere, they answer every bell.

It's men who keep the fires lit, and make the engines run, are

strangers to the world of night, and rarely see the sun. They have no time for man or God, no tolerance for fear. Their aspect pays no living thing, the tribute of a tear. For there's not much that men can do, that these men haven't done, beneath the decks, deep in the hole, to make the engines run. And every hour of every day, they keep the watch in hell, for if the fires ever fail, their ship's a useless shell. When ships converge to have a war, upon an angry sea, the men below just grimly smile, at what their fate might be. They're locked in below like men foredoomed, who hear no battle cry, It's well assumed that if they're hit, the men below will die.

For every days a war down there, when the gauges all read red, Twelve hundred pounds of heated steam can kill you mighty dead. So if you ever write their sons, or try to tell their tale, The very words would make you hear, a fired furnaces wail. And people as a general rule, don't hear of men of steel, so little's heard about the place, the sailors call the hole. But I can sing about this place, and try to make you see, The hardened life of men down there, cause one of them was me. I've seen the sweat soaked heroes fight, in superheated air, To keep their ship alive and right, though no one knows they're there. And thus they'll fight for ages on, till warships sail no more, Amid the boiler's

mighty heat, and the turbine's hellish roar. So when you see a ship pull out, to meet a warlike foe, Remember faintly if you can, "the men who sail below".

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Operation Ivy Bells

By Matthew Carle

Military.com

At the beginning of the 1970's, divers from the specially-equipped submarine, USS Halibut (SSN 587), left their decompression chamber to start a bold and dangerous mission, code named "Ivy Bells".

Nearly 400 feet beneath the frigid waters of the Sea of Okhotsk, deep inside Soviet territorial waters, the divers stayed



The Regulus guided missile submarine, USS Halibut (SSN 587) which carried out Operation Ivy Bells.

alive only by the umbilical cords that pumped warm water into their dive suits.

In an effort to alter the balance of Cold War, these men scoured the ocean floor for a five-inch diameter cable carry secret Soviet communications between military bases.

Captain James Bradley conceived the mission and firmly believed that he could find the tiny Soviet cable under the immense expanse of the ocean. Bradley remembered the signs that he saw during his childhood along the Mississippi River warning boaters not to anchor near cables. He rationalized that the Soviet's would use similar signs and lead him right to his target. Bradley's theory proved correct when the Halibut located a series of such signs in the Northern part of the Sea of Okhotsk, after an arduous search.

The divers found the cable and installed a 20-foot long listening device on the cable. designed to attach to the cable without piercing the casing, the device recorded all communications that occurred. If the cable malfunctioned and the Soviets raised it for repair, the bug, by design, would fall to the bottom of the ocean. Each month Navy divers retrieved the recordings and installed a new set of tapes.

Upon their return to the United States, intelligence agents from the NSA analyzed the recordings and tried to decipher any encrypted

information. The Soviets apparently were confident in the security of their communications lines, as a surprising amount of sensitive information traveled through the lines without encryption.

The Americans continued their operations undetected until 1981, when one day, surveillance satellites showed a number of Soviet warships, including a salvage ship, anchored over the undersea cable. Another intelligence-capable submarine, USS Parche (SSN-683), was quickly sent to the site to retrieve the pod. Unable to find the tap, the Parche's divers realized that the Soviets had discovered the operation. The submarine made it back to the United States safely, leaving American leaders to determine how the Soviets had suddenly detected the tap.

After a long probe, United States counter-intelligence agents determined an NSA employee, Robert Pelton, betrayed Operation Ivy Bells to the Soviets. He sold the secret of Operation Ivy Bell for \$35,000, which ended nearly a decade of espionage. Pelton was later convicted and sentenced to life in prison. The original tap that was discovered by the Soviets is now on exhibit at the KGB museum in Moscow.

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America's "Ace of Aces"

From Together We Served

Richard Ira "Dick" Bong, was born September 24, 1920 in St. Mary's hospital in Superior, Wisconsin. He was the first of nine children born to Carl T. Bong and Dora Bryce Bong living on a farm near the small town of Poplar, Wisconsin, about 20 miles southeast of Superior. Dick's father came to the United States from Sweden at the age of seven and his mother was of Scots-English descent. Dick grew up on the family farm and attended the Poplar Grade School. He then attended the Poplar High School, which consisted of only three grades. Consequently, he completed his senior year at the Superior Central High School in 1938 by commuting 44 miles round-trip.

Bong's interest in aviation began in 1928 when President Coolidge was vacationing near Superior and established a summer White House in the Superior High School. His mail was delivered to him daily by an airplane. Dick was fascinated. Later he recalled that the mail plane "flew right over our house and I knew then that I wanted to be a pilot." Soon he was spending countless hours building model planes.

Following graduation from Superior Central High School, he entered Wisconsin State Teachers College. Determined to be a pilot, he enrolled in the college's government-sponsored Civilian Pilot training program. He took flying lessons in a Piper J-3 Cub and earned his private pilot license. After two and a half years of college, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps Aviation Cadet Program in early 1941. He entered service at Wausau, Wisconsin on May 29, 1941, and was sent to the Rankin Aeronautical Academy, a primary flight school near Tulare, California, where he soloed in a Steerman biplane trainer on June 25, 1941.

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