

USS BRISTOL DD 857

VETERANS ASSOCIATION

ussbristoldd857.org

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Operation Ivy Bells

Charlie Weaver forwarded this article from Together We Served

Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

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

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

2016 Reunion

Save the dates--

*September 26, 27, 28,
29. depart 30th, 2016*

The 2016 reunion will be held on those dates at the Courtyard Marriott in Wilmington, NC.

Arrangements are underway to finalize the reunion events. When that is all set, the BRAT will send out the registration papers. In the meantime mark your calendars.

FYI -Your officers all met in Wilmington in mid-October (at their own expense) to visit prospective sites and consider potential events. It was agreed that the Courtyard will best meet our needs.

Look forward to seeing you in September.

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.s 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 is 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 of 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 or 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.

.....
Sometimes , it's not really just luck. *Contributed by Joe Kelsey*

Elmer Bendiner was a navigator in a B-17 during WW II. He tells this story of a World War II bombing run over Kassel, Germany , and the unexpected result of a direct hit on their gas tanks. "Our B-17, the Tondelayo, was barraged by flak from Nazi antiaircraft guns. That was not unusual, but on this particular occasion our gas tanks were hit.

Later, as I reflected on the miracle of a 20 millimeter shell piercing the

fuel tank without touching off an explosion, our pilot, Bohn Fawkes, told me it was not quite that simple. "On the morning following the raid, Bohn had gone down to ask our crew chief for that shell as a souvenir of unbelievable luck. The crew chief told Bohn that not just one shell but 11 had been found in the gas tanks. 11 unexploded shells where only one was sufficient to blast us out of the sky. It was as if the sea had been parted for us. A near-miracle, I thought.



Even after 35 years, so awesome an event leaves me shaken, especially after I heard the rest of the story from Bohn.

"He was told that the shells had been sent to the armorers to be defused. The armorers told him that Intelligence had picked them up. They could not say why at the time, but Bohn eventually sought out the answer. "Apparently when the armorers opened each of those shells, they found no explosive charge. They were as clean as a whistle and just as harmless.

Empty? Not all of them! One contained a carefully rolled piece of paper. On it was a scrawl in Czech. The Intelligence people scoured our base for a man who could read Czech. Eventually they found one to decipher the note. It set us marveling. Translated, the note read:

"This is all we can do for you now... Using Jewish slave labor is never a good idea."

An Experience To Recall.

Contributed by Gary Johnson

This 1967 true story is of an experience by a young 12 year old

lad in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. It is about the vivid memory of a privately rebuilt P-51 from WWII and its famous owner/pilot.

In the morning sun, I could not believe my eyes. There, in our little airport, sat a majestic P-51. They said it had flown in during the night from some U.S. Airport, on its way to an air show. The pilot had been tired, so he just happened to choose Kingston for his stop over. It was to take to the air very soon. I marveled at the size of the plane, dwarfing the Pipers and Canucks tied down by her. It was much larger than in the movies. She glistened in the sun like a bulwark of security from days gone by.

The pilot arrived by cab, paid the driver, and then stepped into the pilot's lounge. He was an older man; his wavy hair was gray and tossed. It looked like it might have been combed, say, around the turn of the century. His flight jacket was checked, creased and worn - it smelled old and genuine. Old Glory was prominently sewn to its shoulders. He projected a quiet air of proficiency and pride devoid of arrogance. He filed a quick flight plan to Montreal ("Expo-67 Air Show") then walked across the tarmac.

After taking several minutes to perform his walk-around check, the tall, lanky man returned to the flight lounge to ask if anyone would be available to stand by with fire extinguishers while he "flashed the old bird up, just to be safe." Though only 12 at the time I was allowed to stand by with an extinguisher after brief instruction on its use -- "If you see a fire, point, then pull this lever!", he said. (I later became a firefighter, but that's another story.) The air around the exhaust manifolds shimmered like a mirror from fuel fumes as the huge prop started to rotate. One manifold, then another, and yet another barked -- I stepped back with the others. In moments the Packard -built Merlin engine came to life with a

thunderous roar. Blue flames knifed from her manifolds with an arrogant snarl. I looked at the others' faces; there was no concern. I lowered the bell of my extinguisher. One of the guys signaled to walk back to the lounge. We did.

Several minutes later we could hear the pilot doing his pre-flight run-up. He'd taxied to the end of runway 19, out of sight. All went quiet for several seconds. We ran to the second story deck to see if we could catch a glimpse of the P-51 as she started down the runway. We could not. There we stood, eyes fixed to a spot half way down 19. Then a roar ripped across the field, much louder than before. Like a furious hell spawn set loose -- something mighty this way was coming. "Listen to that thing!" said the controller.

In seconds the Mustang burst into our line of sight. It's tail was already off the runway and it was moving faster than anything I'd ever seen by that point on 19. Two-thirds the way down 19 the Mustang was airborne with her gear going up. The prop tips were supersonic. We clasped our ears as the Mustang climbed hellishly fast into the circuit to be eaten up by the dog-day haze. We stood for a few moments, in stunned silence, trying to digest what we'd just seen.

The radio controller rushed by me to the radio. "Kingston tower calling Mustang?" He looked back to us as he waited for an acknowledgment. The radio crackled, "Go ahead, Kingston." "Roger, Mustang. Kingston tower would like to advise the circuit is clear for a low level pass." I stood in shock because the controller had just, more or less, asked the pilot to return for an impromptu air show! The controller looked at us. "Well, What?" He asked. "I can't let that guy go without asking. I couldn't forgive myself!"

The radio crackled once again, "Kingston, do I have permission for a low level pass, east to west, across

the field?" "Roger, Mustang, the circuit is clear for an east to west pass." "Roger, Kingston, I'm coming out of 3,000 feet, stand by."

We rushed back onto the second-story deck, eyes fixed toward the eastern haze. The sound was subtle at first, a high-pitched whine, a muffled screech, a distant scream. Moments later the P-51 burst through the haze. Her airframe straining against positive G's and gravity. Her wing tips spilling contrails of condensed air, prop-tips again supersonic. The burnished bird blasted across the eastern margin of the field shredding and tearing the air. At about 500 mph and 150 yards from where we stood she passed with the old American pilot saluting.

Imagine. A salute! I felt like laughing; I felt like crying; she glistened; she screamed; the building shook; my heart pounded. Then the old pilot pulled her up and rolled, and rolled, and rolled out of sight into the broken clouds and indelible into my memory.

I've never wanted to be an American more than on that day! It was a time when many nations in the world looked to America as their big brother. A steady and even-handed beacon of security who navigated difficult political water with grace and style; not unlike the old American pilot who'd just flown into my memory. He was proud, not arrogant, humble, not a braggart, old and honest, projecting an aura of America at its best.

That America will return one day! I know it will! Until that time, I'll just send off this story. Call it a loving reciprocal salute to a Country, and especially to that old American pilot: the late-

JIMMY STEWART (1908-1997), Actor, real WWII Hero (Commander of a US Army Air Force Bomber Wing stationed in England), and a USAF Reserves

Brigadier General, who wove a wonderfully fantastic memory for a young Canadian boy that's lasted a lifetime.

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STUDENT WHO OBTAINED 0% ON AN EXAM *From Joe Kelsey*

I would have given him 100%! Each answer is absolutely grammatically correct, and funny too. The teacher had no sense of humor. :)

Q1.. In which battle did Napoleon die?

* his last battle

Q2.. Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

* at the bottom of the page

Q3.. River Ravi flows in which state?

* liquid

Q4.. What is the main reason for divorce?

* marriage

Q5.. What is the main reason for failure?

* exams

Q6.. What can you never eat for breakfast?

* Lunch & dinner

Q7.. What looks like half an apple?

* The other half

Q8.. If you throw a red stone into the blue sea what will it become?

* Wet

Q9.. How can a man go eight days without sleeping ?

* No problem, he sleeps at night.

Q10. How can you lift an elephant with one hand?

* You will never find an elephant that has one hand.

Q11. If you had three apples and four oranges in one hand and four apples and three oranges in other hand, what would you have?

* Very large hands

Q12. If it took eight men ten hours to build a wall, how long would it take four men to build it?

*No time at all, the wall is already built.

Q13. How can u drop a raw egg onto a concrete floor without cracking it?

*Any way you want, concrete floors are very hard to crack.

Spread some laughter, share the cheer. Let's be happy, while we're here!

Japan's Coup d'etat *From Together We Served*

Victories in Midway, Guadalcanal and New Guinea were the beginning of the end for Japan's supremacy in the Pacific. It would take another two and a half years of bitter, deadly combat, invading island after island held by the Japanese before the Japanese were finally defeated, but not without a great cost to both sides.

Steeped in century's old military tradition, the Japanese fought to the death, many by their own hands in the tradition of the Samurai Bushido honor code known as Seppuku - to die with honor rather than fall into the hands of their enemies. The last battle of the war was fought on the Ryukyu Islands of Okinawa. It was from this island that Americans planned on launching ships, planes and troops for an invasion of the Japanese mainland. Knowing from first-hand experience of how fanatical Japanese warriors had been during every island battle, American planners expected it to be the bloodiest seaborne attack of all time, conceivably ten times as costly as the Normandy invasion in terms of Allied casualties; estimated to over 100,000 Allied troops. The total number of casualties for the entire operation was estimated to be 250,000 - 500,000 Allied troops and millions of Japanese troops and civilians.

In an attempt to avoid the bloody invasion, the Allies issued the Potsdam Declaration, demanding the "unconditional surrender of all the Japanese armed forces." Failure to comply would mean "the inevitable and complete destruction of the Japanese armed forces and just as inevitable the utter devastation of the Japanese homeland." Totally unaware the United States possessed two nuclear bombs and the threat was real, the response by Japanese Prime Minister Kantaro Suzuki was his government was "paying no attention" to the Allied ultimatum. After days with no sign that the Japanese would accept the surrender offer, President Harry Truman

ordered that an atomic bomb be dropped on Japan. On August 6, 1945, the B -29 bomber "Enola Gay" dropped an atomic bomb on the Japanese city of Hiroshima, killing an estimated 80,000 people and fatally wounding thousands more. Tens of thousands more died in the following weeks and months from wounds and radiation poisoning.

Believing this to have been such a dramatic demonstration of American power, President Harry S. Truman called for Japan's surrender 16 hours later, warning them to "expect a rain of ruin from the air, the likes of which has never been seen on this earth." After the Hiroshima attack, a faction of Japan's supreme war council favored acceptance of the Potsdam Declaration, but the majority resisted unconditional surrender.

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On August 9, a second U.S. atomic bomb was dropped on the Japanese coastal city of Nagasaki. That same day,

Japanese Emperor Hirohito convened the Supreme War Council. After a long, emotional debate, he backed a proposal by Prime Minister Suzuki in which Japan would accept the Potsdam Declaration "with the understanding that said Declaration does not compromise any demand that prejudices the prerogatives of His Majesty as the sovereign ruler." The council obeyed Hirohito's acceptance of peace, and on August 10th the message was relayed to the United States.

Two days later the United States answered that "the authority of the Emperor and the Japanese government to rule the state shall be subject to the Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers." After two days of debate about what this statement implied, Emperor Hirohito brushed the nuances in the text aside and declared that peace was preferable to destruction. He ordered the Japanese government to prepare a text accepting surrender.

But there was a group of high ranking officers and cabinet members who began a coup in hopes of stalling the surrender by plotting to seize the Imperial Palace and to prevent the broadcast of Emperor Hirohito's surrender speech to mark the end of World War II. They did this in hopes of securing better terms of surrender.

Late on the night of August 12, 1945, Major Kenji Hatanaka, a member of Military Affairs Section of the Japanese Ministry of War, along with Lieutenant Colonels Masataka Ida, Masahiko Takeshita, and Inaba Masao, and Colonel Okitsugu Arao, the Chief of the Military Affairs Section, spoke to War Minister, General Korechika Anami (the army minister and "most powerful figure in Japan besides the Emperor himself) and asked him to do whatever he could to prevent acceptance of the Potsdam Declaration. General Anami, in photo on the left, gave no indication as to whether or not he would help the young officers. Hatanaka and the

other rebels decided to continue planning and to attempt a coup d'etat on their own.

Hatanaka spent much of August 13 and the morning of August 14 gathering allies, seeking support from the higher-ups in the Ministry, and perfecting his plot. In the meantime, extremists were calling for a death-before-dishonor mass suicide.

Shortly after the surrender was decided, a group of senior army officers including Anami gathered in a nearby room. After a silence, General Torashiro Kawabe, Deputy Chief of Staff of the Imperial Japanese Army General Staff, proposed that all senior officers present sign an agreement to carry out the Emperor's order of surrender- "The Army will act in accordance with the Imperial Decision to the last." It was signed by all the high-ranking officers present, including Anami. "This written accord by the most senior officers in the Army acted as a formidable firebreak against any attempt to incite a coup d'etat in Tokyo."

That same evening of August 14, Hatanaka's rebels set their plan into motion. The Second Regiment of the First Imperial Guards had entered the palace grounds, doubling the strength of the battalion already stationed there, presumably to provide extra protection against Hatanaka's rebellion. But Hatanaka, along with Lt. Col. Jiro Shiizaki, convinced Colonel Toyojiro Haga, the commander of the 2nd Regiment of the First Imperial Guards, of their cause, by telling him (falsely) that Generals Anami and Umezu, and the commanders of the Eastern District Army and Imperial Guards Divisions were all in on the plan. Hatanaka also went to the office of Shizuichi Tanaka, commander of the Eastern region of the army, to try to persuade him to join the coup. Tanaka refused, and ordered Hatanaka to go home. Hatanaka ignored the order.

Originally, Hatanaka hoped that simply occupying the palace and showing the beginnings of a rebellion would inspire the rest of the Army to rise up against the move to surrender. This notion guided him through much of the last days and hours and gave him the blind optimism to move ahead with the plan, despite having little support from his superiors.

Having set all the pieces into position, Hatanaka and his co-conspirators decided that the Guard would take over the palace at 2 AM. The hours until then were spent in continued attempts to convince their superiors in the Army to join the coup.

At about the same time, General Anami committed seppuku, leaving a message that, "I - with my death - humbly apologize to the Emperor for the great crime." Whether the crime involved losing the war, or the coup, remains unclear.

At some time after 1 am, August 15, Hatanaka and his men surrounded the palace. Hatanaka, Shiizaki and Captain Shigetaro Uehara went to the office of Lt. General Takeshi Mori, commander of the 1st Imperial Guards Division, to ask him to join the coup. When Mori refused to side with Hatanaka, Hatanaka killed him, fearing Mori would order the Guards to stop the rebellion. Hatanaka then used General Mori's official stamp to authorize Imperial Guards Division Strategic Order No. 584, a false set of orders created by his co-conspirators, which would greatly increase the strength of the forces occupying the Imperial Palace and Imperial Household Ministry, and "protecting" the Emperor.

The palace police were disarmed and all the entrances blocked. Over the course of the night, Hatanaka's rebels captured and detained eighteen people, including Ministry staff and workers sent to record the surrender speech.

Hatanaka and his rebels spent the next several hours fruitlessly searching for Imperial House Minister Sotaro Ishiwatari and Koichi Kido, Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and the recordings of the surrender speech. The two men, along with the recording, were hiding in the "bank vault," a large chamber underneath the Imperial Palace. The search was made more difficult by a blackout in response to Allied bombings, and by the archaic organization and layout of the Imperial House Ministry. The rebels did find Chamberlain Yoshihiro Tokugawa, Emperor Hirohito's closest personal aide. Although Hatanaka threatened to disembowel him with a samurai sword, Tokugawa lied and told them he did not know where the recordings or men were. During their search, the rebels cut nearly all of the telephone wires, severing communications between their prisoners on the palace grounds and the outside world.

At about the same time, another group of Hatanaka's rebels led by Captain Takeo Sasaki went to Prime Minister Suzuki's office, intent on killing him. When they found it empty, they machine-gunned the office and set the building on fire, then left for his home. Warned on the attempt on his life, he escaped minutes before the would-be assassins arrived. After setting fire to Suzuki's home, they went to the estate of former Prime Minister Kiichiro Hiranuma to assassinate him. Hiranuma escaped through a side gate and the rebels burned his house as well.

Around 3 am, Hatanaka was informed by Lieutenant Colonel Masataka Ida that the Eastern District Army was on its way to the palace to stop him, and that he should give up. Finally, seeing his plan collapsing around him, Hatanaka pleaded with General Tatsuhiko Takashima, Chief of Staff of the Eastern District Army, to be given at least ten minutes on the air

on NHK radio broadcasting station, to explain to the people of Japan what he was trying to accomplish and why. He was refused. Colonel Haga, commander of the 2nd Regiment of the First Imperial Guards, discovered that the Army did not support this rebellion, and he ordered Hatanaka to leave the palace grounds.

Just before 5 am, as his rebels continued their search, Major Hatanaka went to the NHK studios, and, brandishing a pistol, tried desperately to get some airtime to explain his actions. A little over an hour later, after receiving a telephone call from the Eastern District Army, Hatanaka finally gave up. He gathered his officers and walked out of the NHK studio.

At dawn, Tanaka learned that the palace had been invaded. He went there and confronted the rebellious officers, berating them for acting contrary to the spirit of the Japanese army, demanding that the dishonor brought by their treason could only be absolved through seppuku. A number of conspirators committed ritual suicide that morning, on the grounds of the Imperial Palace.

By 8 AM, the rebellion was entirely dismantled, having succeeded in holding the palace grounds for much of the night but failing to find the recordings. Hatanaka, on a motorcycle, and Shiizaki, on horseback, rode through the streets, tossing leaflets that explained their motives and their actions. Within an hour before the Emperor's broadcast, sometime around 11:00, August 15, Hatanaka placed his pistol to his forehead, and shot himself. Shiizaki stabbed himself with a dagger, and then shot himself. In Hatanaka's pocket was found his death poem: "I have nothing to regret now that the dark clouds have disappeared from the reign of the Emperor.".....

Ben Stein's Thoughts *from Don Tanner*

My confession:

I don't like getting pushed around for being a Jew, and I don't think Christians like getting pushed around for being Christians. I think people who believe in God are sick and tired of getting pushed around, period.

I have no idea where the concept came from, that America is an explicitly atheist country. I can't find it in the Constitution and I don't like it being shoved down my throat.

Or maybe I can put it another way: where did the idea come from that we should worship celebrities and we aren't allowed to worship God as we understand Him?

I guess that's a sign that I'm getting old, too. But there are a lot of us who are wondering where these celebrities came from and where the America we knew went to.

In light of the many jokes we send to one another for a laugh, this is a little different: This is not intended to be a joke; it's not funny, it's intended to get you thinking.

In light of recent events - terrorists attacks, school shootings, etc. I think it started when Madeleine Murray O'Hare (she was murdered, her body found a few years ago) complained she didn't want prayer in our schools, and we said OK. Then someone said you better not read the Bible in school.

The Bible says thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal, and love your neighbour as yourself. And we said OK.

Then Dr. Benjamin Spock said we shouldn't spank our children when they misbehave, because their little personalities would be warped and we might damage their self-esteem (Dr. Spock's son committed suicide). We said an expert should know what he's talking about. And we said okay. Now we're asking ourselves why our children have no conscience, why they don't know right from wrong, and why it doesn't

bother them to kill strangers, their classmates, and themselves.

Probably, if we think about it long and hard enough, we can figure it out. I think it has a great deal to do with, 'WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.'

Funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world's going to hell. Funny how we believe what the newspapers say, but question what the Bible says.

Funny how you can send 'jokes' through e-mail and they spread like wildfire, but when you start sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing.

Funny how lewd, crude, vulgar and obscene articles pass freely through cyberspace, but public discussion of God is suppressed in the school and workplace.

Are you laughing yet?

Funny how when you forward this message, you will not send it to many on your address list because you're not sure what they believe, or what they will think of you for sending it.

Funny how we can be more worried about what other people think of us than what God thinks of us.

Pass it on if you think it has merit.

If not, then just discard it. No one will know you did. But, if you discard this thought process, don't sit back and complain about what bad shape the world is in.

My Best Regards, Honestly and Respectfully,

Ben Stein

As we grow older, and hence wiser, we slowly realize that wearing a \$300 or \$30 watch - - - they both tell the same time. Whether we carry a \$300 o

\$30.00 wallet/handbag the amount of money inside is the same.

Whether we drink a bottle of \$300 or \$10 wine- - - the hangover is the same.

Whether the house we live in is 300 or 3000 sq.ft. - - - loneliness is the same.

You will realize, your true inner happiness does not come from the material things of this world.

Whether you fly first or economy class, if the plane goes down - - - you go down with it.

Whether you fly first or economy class, if the plane reaches its destination - - - everyone arrives at the same time.

Therefore . . . I hope you realize, when you have mates, buddies and old friends, brothers and sisters, with whom you chat, laugh, talk, sing, talk about north-south-east-west or heaven and earth -- that is true happiness!!

Five Undeniable Facts of Life

1. Don't educate your children to be rich. Educate them to be happy so when they grow up they will know the value of things not the price.
2. Best wise words: "Eat your food as your medicines. Otherwise you have to eat medicines as your food."
3. The one who loves you will never leave you because even if there are 100 reasons to give up he or she will find one reason to hold on.
4. There is a big difference between a human being and being human. Only a few really understand it.
5. You are loved when you are born. You will be loved when you die. In between, you have to manage!

If you just want to walk fast, walk alone; but, if you want to walk far, walk together!

Six Best Doctors in the World

1. Sunlight

2. Rest
3. Exercise
4. Diet
5. Self Confidence
6. Friends

Maintain them in all stages of life and enjoy healthy life.

Sent with smiles and affection *from Joe Kelsey*

The Gulf of Tonkin incident in August 1964 proved to be America's key entry point to war in Vietnam. The encounter sparked the first open fighting between the United States and North Vietnam, the first U.S. bombing of the North and an intensification of U.S. support for South Vietnam. It led to congressional passage of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, which became the



legal justification for America's entry in the war. As with so much about Vietnam, events in the Gulf of Tonkin were not what they seemed at the time, and the consequences proved enormous. Even after five decades, we still struggle to understand what happened at the Gulf of Tonkin and why. Things seemed clear-cut at the time. During the afternoon of Aug. 2, 1964, the U.S. destroyer Maddox was steaming in the Gulf of Tonkin – waters of the South China Sea between the coast of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (i.e., North Vietnam) and the Chinese island of Hainan – when it came under attack from North Vietnamese torpedo boats. Maddox retreated down the gulf, where the destroyer C. Turner Joy joined it. Both ships headed back north in company.

On the night of Aug. 4, the warships, particularly C. Turner Joy, reported renewed attacks against them. President Lyndon B. Johnson, denouncing “hostile actions against United States ships on the high seas,” ordered retaliatory bombing against North Vietnamese naval bases. Sixty-four planes from the aircraft carriers Ticonderoga and Constellation attacked the North in what was called Operation Pierce Arrow. Two aircraft were shot down and one pilot – Lt. j.g. Everett Alvarez Jr. – was captured, becoming the first U.S. prisoner to be held by the North Vietnamese in Hanoi (the body of the other pilot lost, Lt. j.g. Richard C. Sather, was repatriated in 1985). Johnson asked Congress for a joint resolution approving his orders. Passed almost unanimously in the heat of the affair, this became the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, and its open-ended sanction of “all necessary measures to repel any armed attack ... and to prevent further aggression” became a crucial legal underpinning of the entire U.S. effort in the Vietnam War.

Doubts and Secrecy. In subsequent years – even while the fighting in Vietnam still raged – many aspects of the original account came into question. The first important element to come under scrutiny was the question of provocation for the North Vietnamese attack on Aug. 2. Senior administration officials, from Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara on down, testified in hearings on the Tonkin Gulf Resolution that the U.S. warships had been in international waters and exercising free passage, their cruise unrelated to anything else. Certain “South Vietnamese” commando raids, “if there were any” (per McNamara’s testimony), were unknown aboard Maddox. But suspicions to the contrary arose. By 1966, advocates were calling for a repeal of the resolution. Increasing doubts and political pressures led to new hearings in 1968, during which McNamara admitted that Maddox had been operating in close proximity to the commando raids,

which he now represented as of South Vietnamese origin. The Tonkin Gulf Resolution was repealed in 1970; Johnson repeated the story of the “South Vietnamese” raids in his 1971 memoir.

Secrecy surrounding these events gradually unraveled. Maddox, it turned out, had been on a mission specifically aimed at collecting intelligence on North Vietnamese communications and coastal radars. Then it emerged that Maddox, though in international waters when it fought off the North Vietnamese torpedo boats, had been in territorial seas when the Vietnamese patrol craft left base to intercept it. The commando raids had not been South Vietnamese after all, but attacks using indigenous troops, unilaterally controlled by the U.S. special operations command in Vietnam. The strikes that took place during the Maddox cruise were partly intended to trigger the North Vietnamese to activate their nets so that the United States could record them. The 1971 leak of the Pentagon Papers revealed that the attacks themselves formed part of an extensive program of “graduated military pressures” against the North called OPLAN 34A. When audiotapes of Johnson’s telephone conversations on these days were declassified in the late 1990s, those with McNamara showed that both were aware of the connection between the Maddox mission and the coastal raids from the very beginning.

Hanoi’s choices obviously factored into the incident. Johnson based his decision for retaliatory bombing on an assumption that the North Vietnamese intended a confrontation in the gulf. The release in the late 1970s of the memoranda recording Johnson’s meetings on this decision show that CIA Director John McCone assured the president that Hanoi had sought battle. But the CIA had no direct evidence at the time. A postwar Vietnamese official history attributes their response to the general staff and the naval command, not the North Vietnamese leadership. Similarly, senior

Vietnamese officials told the U.S. delegation at a 1997 conference on “missed opportunities” in the Vietnam War that the dispatch of torpedo boats on Aug. 2 had been at the initiative of local commanders. This formula disguised the hand of the Vietnamese general staff but also contained the sense that no national decision to fight the Americans was made.

No Evidence. By far the deepest mystery of the Tonkin Gulf concerns the “second attack,” the notion that on the night of Aug. 4 the North Vietnamese came back to fight Maddox and C. Turner Joy together. It was this allegation of a repeated attack in the face of U.S. warnings that underpinned the retaliation. But unlike the sea battle of Aug. 2, there was no physical evidence for this engagement. The destroyers had maneuvered to avoid torpedoes, and Lt. Cmdr. Robert C. Barnhart Jr.’s C. Turner Joy pumped out more than 370 5-inch and 3-inch shells, yet there were no photos of attack boats, no shells hitting the ships, no prolonged observation of an enemy. Capt. John Herrick reported an initial radar contact. After that, Maddox dispatches recorded a mélange of sonar and radar contacts. When the ship trained its guns on the most solid of these, the vessel in the cross hairs was C. Turner Joy. Barnhart’s destroyer detected nothing on sonar, not even the torpedo some of his sailors said they saw.

As the on-scene naval commander, Herrick sent a dispatch warning against premature action – he and Maddox’s skipper, Cmdr. Herbert L. Ogier, doubted the authenticity of everything except the initial radar contact. Aircraft scrambled from Constellation and Ticonderoga also failed to spot anything, and when vectored to attack by the destroyers, found only the U.S. warships beneath them when they rolled in. It turned out to be Washington on a hair trigger. The Johnson-McNamara telephone tapes show the president and defense secretary mulling over bombing targets before the alleged attack was even

reported. This was possible due to National Security Agency (NSA) communications intercepts – and therein lies another tale. When the very first sighting report arrived, Washington and the Pacific Fleet presumed the expected attack and made their strike plans. McNamara and Johnson discussed specific targets before any meetings took place.

But the intelligence was wrong. NSA had pulled down a series of North Vietnamese messages related to the Aug. 2 attack, and a few between Aug. 2-4 pertained to making patrol, not torpedo, boats ready for sea. The volume of North Vietnamese communications decreased after Aug. 2, sighting and position reports disappeared from this traffic, and the patrol boat intercept could be interpreted as relating to sending someone to rescue survivors from the first engagement. A North Vietnamese naval officer captured in 1966 said under interrogation that he had been the senior deputy to the enemy torpedo boat commander. He had vivid recollections of the first fight, but insisted there was no battle on Aug. 4.

The NSA's listening posts in the region included one at Phu Bai in Vietnam, another in the Philippines, and the special van installed aboard Maddox for the cruise. The Philippines base had decoded its intercepts and reported them in a timely fashion, but the Phu Bai base was delayed and reported late – in fact, during the time frame of the alleged second attack. Washington officials compiling communications intelligence summaries assumed that the late Phu Bai intercepts were up-to-the-minute reporting and included them as such. They did not check with Maddox, which itself recorded no messages indicating a renewed attack. In addition, one dispatch that analysts at Phu Bai decided was the attack order for Aug. 4 contained decoding and translation errors and was intercepted by no one except that station. Washington officials either did not notice or did not care that the messages corresponded to

the actual events of Aug. 2, or that North Vietnamese Swatow-type patrol boats were not armed with torpedoes and lacked speed to maneuver as indicated in the destroyers' spot updates on the wild night of Aug. 4. They also discounted Herrick's warning dispatch. Johnson retaliated, and North Vietnam and the United States moved closer to war.

Escalation. NSA post-mortems in late 1964 cast some doubt on the chronology but hewed to the official line. Deputy Director Louis Tordella satisfied himself by the early 1970s that a mistake had been made, as did CIA intelligence chief Ray Cline. The Senate's Foreign Relations Committee staff director, Carl Marcy, also discovered the discrepancies. Yet they remained concealed for a very long time. In 2005 and 2006, the NSA finally declassified full texts of the most important intercepts, revealing the chronological transpositions in its messages. The agency's official history on Vietnam, declassified in 2007, examines the evidence and concludes that there was no incident in the Gulf of Tonkin on Aug. 4, 1964. The NSA also released the full record of its Tonkin Gulf messages, demonstrating how reporting from Phu Bai differed from other intercept stations. In the meantime, at the "missed opportunities" conference in 1997, North Vietnamese Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap openly told McNamara that Vietnam had never made any second attack. The most important effects of this episode were in Hanoi and Washington. Shortly after the incident, the North Vietnamese sent an infiltration group to South Vietnam that, for the first time, stayed together as a unit instead of dispersing among the National Liberation Front as cadres. While it was true that Hanoi decided in December 1963 to increase its support for the insurgency in the South, it had not previously committed regular army formations. In the fall of 1964, Hanoi decided to send a full regular infantry division to the South as a constituted force.

The 325th Division began preparatory training for this move about September 1964. For the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, Tonkin Gulf provided evidence that the United States was determined to wage a full-scale war. Hanoi moved to meet that challenge.

In Washington, as the Pentagon Papers first documented, top officials had struggled for months to contrive a scenario making it politically feasible to broaden the U.S. effort in Vietnam. Part of that was to obtain congressional approval. An interagency working group had written several drafts for a proposed resolution. The Tonkin incident became the perfect opportunity. The White House sent its draft resolution to Capitol Hill the night of the Pierce Arrow attacks; it passed Aug. 7.

Johnson's concern for "the scenario" and his careful search for political cover reflect his determination to press ahead in Vietnam but not the misgivings he also expressed, or his ambitious plans for social legislation. The president had acquired a stake in Vietnam policy. Like his predecessor, John F. Kennedy, the seeming inability of the South Vietnamese allies to progress against the National Liberation Front frustrated him. U.S. military capability and expertise appeared to be the solution. But Johnson still thought that Vietnam could be fought on the side without impacting his domestic goals. That turned out to be a major error. During August 1964, shortly after the incident, the United States sent B-57 jet bombers to Da Nang and Bien Hoa, and also deployed F-100 and F-102 jet fighters to Vietnam. Air Force personnel in South Vietnam increased by nearly 20 percent, while the overall U.S. force level – which had held steady for half a year – swelled from 16,500 to 23,300 between June and December. The B-57s at Bien Hoa offered the target for a spectacular commando raid that November, helping persuade Johnson to escalate still further.

Today, the Gulf of Tonkin reminds us that small events can have enormous consequences. Only one American died – Sather during Pierce Arrow – as well as a small number of North Vietnamese sailors. But the bombing gave the war new intensity. It also challenged the North to strike directly at Americans, as Hanoi did starting with Bien Hoa. And the Tonkin Gulf Resolution would be stretched beyond its context to cover a commitment that no one except the war managers foresaw. Events can be crucial not just for their intrinsic importance, but also as a hinge for the plans and purposes of others, and for what an adversary might conclude from them. Americans in Vietnam, and since, would have to relearn that lesson.

From American Legion Magazine
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Remembering the Gulf of Tonkin: A First Hand Account
By: Capt. Forrest L. Zetterberg, USNR (Ret.) and Carol Zetterberg
August 6, 2014 8:05 AM • Updated: August 11, 2014 1:59 PM

The following is a first person account of the events over the Gulf of Tonkin on Aug. 4, 1964. Another view of the Gulf of Tonkin incident can be found in the August, 2010 issue of Proceedings.

At approximately 0355 on the morning of Aug. 4, 1964 in the South China Sea, the aircraft carrier USS Constellation (CVA-64), was steaming toward the Gulf of Tonkin at as high a speed as she could without losing her accompanying destroyers. Despite an attack by North Vietnamese PT boats two days earlier, the U.S. government had decided to send the destroyers USS Maddox (DD-731) and Turner Joy (DD-951), on a route similar to the one where that attack had occurred.

The carrier USS Ticonderoga was already operating in the area and

Constellation, though still about 200 miles away, was rapidly moving into position to provide support.

For four hours now, since midnight, my crew of four (including our radar intercept officer controller, Lt. (j.g.) Al Drum) had been on the catapult, strapped into our respective seats in the E-1B, awaiting the order to launch. There were about 30 knots of wind whistling over the open overhead escape hatch. The sky was black as ink.

It was my second cruise to Vietnam. I was 23 years old, a lieutenant (j.g.), and plane commander of the radar E-1B aircraft, affectionately known as the “Willie Fudd.” We were assigned to the Constellation as a part of the VAW-11 four-plane detachment, based at NAS, North Island, San Diego.

The E-1B was not one of the Constellation’s sleek jets, like the F-4 Phantom or the A-4 Skyhawk. It was propeller-driven, and with its big mushroom-shaped radar dome sitting right on top, we weren’t going to win any beauty pageants. But we did have a job to do. Because of the earth’s curvature, the Constellation’s radar horizon could not detect low-flying aircraft much farther out than about 30 miles. Our role was to extend the range of the ship’s radar, and to intercept unidentified aircraft operating beneath her radar horizon.

The day before, the flight crews had been assembled and briefed on the upcoming operation.

The Mission



USS Constellation (CVA-64) on Yankee Station. Photo Courtesy Forrest Zetterberg

At midnight, the carrier went to flight quarters and to Condition One Cap, which required that the aircraft be manned and spotted on their respective catapult—100 percent combat ready and prepared for an immediate launch. I was assigned to the first four-hour watch, starting at midnight, and was spotted on the number two catapult. F-4 Phantoms were manned and on standby for launch along with the A-1Hs and the A-4s.

We were advised that we would be heading into an area saturated with severe weather of high seas and high winds with the possibility of thunderstorms. I knew the weather would be a factor, not only in flying the aircraft, but also in completing our orders, which were to locate the destroyers, which might already be under attack, and to provide positive control of the jet fighters that would be supporting the destroyers. If we could sight any North Vietnamese PT boats, that would be icing on the cake.

The main purpose for the E-1B was its radar. The radar of a fellow E-1B pilot had been able to pick up a five-gallon tin of cooking oil, for example. But radar in severe weather and high seas was a different matter. The sea “return” (the high waves) could saturate the radarscope by capturing the radar’s energy and reflecting it back as potential targets. That resulted in our getting “ghost” signals on our radar, and could make it impossible to definitively “paint” anything, even something very large — such as a destroyer — let alone a PT boat.

There was a way to minimize some sea-return, but in this weather, it would be a risky maneuver, requiring taking the plane down extremely close to the water—100 feet—and then tilting the radar antenna so it could look up, over the

tops of the waves. It would be too hazardous to try on a night with near-zero visibility and turbulent water.

Besides, this maneuver created another problem—that of not being able to detect small vessels such as PT boats behind the sea return on the scope.

After four hours of sitting, strapped into our seats, waiting, we finally decided the order to launch was not coming. The next crew to take over the E-B would be in the ship's island by now, ready to walk out to the aircraft as we left it. Our engines were shut down and quiet.

'Launch the Fudd'



Lt. j.g. Forest "Zeke" Zetterberg in E-1B cockpit. Photo Courtesy Forrest Zetterberg

I shrugged myself out of my parachute harness and unhooked the leg straps, then unstrapped the buckle of the six-point seat belt. Next, I unsnapped my kneeboard with my briefing material from its place around my thigh. Finally, I pulled off my helmet and stuffed it into its bag. Relieved that we were standing down, I pulled myself up out of my seat to follow the first officer, who had already made his way to the exit door at the back of the plane.

Suddenly, the ship's IMC intercom crackled to life, and the order barked out over the flight deck: "Launch the Fudd!"

The order caught me unprepared, just as I was half-rising from my seat and turning to leave. For a moment, I froze. Now? Are they serious? But there was no mistake. We were going to be launched. And in a matter of seconds.

At that moment, our crew was relaxing and letting down as they secured the aircraft. Suddenly—in a split second—they had to be totally gearing up again, all physical and mental systems going into hyper-alert for the critical launch mode. Not only that, we were headed into a combat zone, at night, and in foul weather. At a time like that, blood pressure goes up; hearts beat faster, breathing becomes rapid, and anxiety levels leap.

We jumped to our seats, scrambling to complete as much as possible before imminent launch: re-fastening seat belts, hooking up parachute harnesses and leg straps, re-fastening kneeboards and jamming our helmets back on our heads. What we didn't complete now would have to be done after launching.

I switched on the ignition, moved the mixture to rich, heard the whine of the starters turning the engines over, counted six blades, pushed the master switch on, then flipped the right magneto switch to "Both" and hoped the engine would start. It caught and roared back to life. Quickly, as I repeated the process for the left engine, I checked the process officer, who was already making the overhead circling motion, to bring both engines to full takeoff power.

I checked my engines for full power and signaled with my running lights that I was ready. With that the catapult flung my crew and me off the deck and out into the void of the night sky.

But I wasn't looking at the sky . . . or the sea either. My eyes locked onto the attitude gyro, to position the aircraft in a five-degree climb.

I cleared the ship's bow with a quick turn to the left, and then resumed the heading of the ship.

I checked in with Combat Information Center (CIC) to get our range and heading, the current situation, and the last known position of the Maddox and Turner Joy. I had no way of knowing that hours later, based on reports of alleged North Vietnamese attacks that night on the Maddox and Turner Joy—combined with the reports of the confirmed attacks two days earlier—President Lyndon Johnson would order 64 aircraft from the U.S. carriers Constellation and Ticonderoga to make retaliatory bombings against selected North Vietnam bases.

I didn't realize I would be involved in happenings that would lead our nation, ultimately, into the Vietnam War.

Over the Gulf



An E-1B in air, seen from above, rendezvousing for formation flight. Photo Courtesy Forrest Zetterberg

It took us about an hour to get to the general operating area, and during that time, I reviewed our orders: We were to provide overhead air cover for the Maddox and Turner Joy. Ordinarily that would have meant locating the destroyers and providing direction for the aircraft operating in the area. But there were more surprises in store that night. While still en route to the station, we soon realized, by listening to CIC, that there were no jets coming from the "Connie," at least not at that time. I assumed it had something to do with the

weather, but never knew for sure. That significantly changed our situation. Without the Constellation's jets, what would our role be?

We still had the task of locating the destroyers and the PT boats, but with the poor visibility and high seas creating false readings, would we be able to find them?

About eight to twelve jets from Ticonderoga were milling about in the area. There was confusion and we were hearing a lot of chatter. Ordinarily, under those circumstances, Ticonderoga's jets would have been under the control of the destroyer Maddox, or Ticonderoga's E-1B radar plane. But neither of these options would work that day. We learned from Ticonderoga's E-1B that it was at her ship for recovery.

It was clear Ticonderoga's aircraft were without direction. The thought was troubling. Without control from that ship's E-1B, there was a risk of aircraft colliding, unless the Maddox was filling that role. Then we heard from the Maddox on our radio: "Overpass. This is Maddox. Our radar is down. Can you take over the control of the Ticonderoga's aircraft?"

I quickly realized the grave danger inherent in the situation. With less than ideal flying conditions and the lack of Maddox control, the situation was a mess, and a very hazardous one.

The last thing I wanted to see was our jets strafing our own destroyers or colliding with each other. I talked with Al, our radar-intercept operator. "Before we can attempt to vector anyone over any target, we have to get control of these airplanes." Al agreed and suggested a plan. It sounded like it would work, and I said, "Let's do it."

With that, Al got on the radio and addressed the Ticonderoga jets. "Everyone, listen up. This is

Overpass 010. I am assuming control. First, stop all this chatter. Section leaders, assemble your aircraft. I will be putting you all in holding. I will need one aircraft to search for the PT Boats.

As nearly as I can remember his exchange with the jets went something like this: "Overpass 010. This is Screaming Eagle 01. I'm senior pilot out here. I'm your bloodhound." "Eagle 05. This is Eagle 01. You are now section leader of our flight. Assemble your chicks. Overpass 010 is your control. Report to him when your chicks are mustered."

"Eagle 01. This is Overpass 010. Turn right to 020 degrees. Your spook is 22 miles. Descend to 1,000 feet. Report level, weapons safe. If we find a spook, I'll vector you for a re-attack. We'll go weapons hot at that time.

"Roger, 010. Eagle 01 copies. I'll report level angels 1. Weapons safe."

"Roger, Eagle 01. Anticipate dropping flare one mile short of spook."

"Roger. Eagle 01 is under my control; and 05 is mother hen. 05, stand by for holding instructions. Return this frequency when finished assembling your chicks."

"Roger. Eagle 05 copies."

In this way, by assigning aircraft to sections, Lt. j.g. Drum took a scene of chaos and restored order. He continued searching for the PT boats, using the Ticonderoga's aircraft, and vectoring them over several possible targets, but each time the results were same—negative contact. During our entire time on station, there appeared to be no serious threat to the Maddox or the Turner Joy.

The initial confusion from the reported attack eventually ended, as did the evasive maneuvering of the destroyers. An uneasy calm settled over the area, and the Ticonderoga recalled her aircraft back to the

carrier. We had not seen any PT boats, nor had the aircraft from the Ticonderoga seen any. Since our time on station was up, we headed back to the Constellation for recovery.

After trapping aboard, and having an initial debrief, I immediately went to my quarters and crashed. When I awoke several of hours later, the Connie's aircraft that had carried out the strike on the North Vietnamese bases had already returned. I went to our Ready Room for a briefing and learned that the Connie had suffered two losses.

Lt. Richard Sather's A-1H aircraft was shot down and Sather was killed while attacking a PT boat base. The second loss was Lt. (j.g.) Everett Alvarez, Jr. who was captured and spent the entire war as a prisoner of war.

During my tour of duty aboard the Constellation, I was also the Intelligence officer for our detachment. As such, I saw urgent messages from President Johnson and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara to the area commanders, directing them . . . in what seemed to be something between an order and a plea . . . to find proof—pieces of metal or wood—anything that would verify that there had had been an attack by the North Vietnamese that night.

Reflecting on my own experience and observations as a part of the Gulf of Tonkin Incident, and because of the lack of any evidence of an attack, it seems likely that the Vietnam War was a war that was declared based on an attack that may not have occurred.

Humor

Old Dr Geezer *from Don Tanner*

An old Dr. Geezer became very bored in retirement and decided to open a clinic. He put a sign up outside that said: "Dr. Geezer's

clinic. Specialist treatment for \$500. If not cured, you get back \$1,000."

Doctor Young, who was positive that this old Dr. Geezer didn't know beans about modern medicine, thought this would be a great opportunity to make a quick \$1,000. So he went to Dr. Geezer's clinic.

Dr. Young: "Dr. Geezer, I have lost all taste in my mouth. Can you please help me??"

Dr. Geezer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in Dr. Young's mouth."

Dr. Young: "Aaagh!! -- That's Petrol!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your taste back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young is annoyed and returns after a couple of days figuring to recover his money.

Dr. Young: "I have lost my memory, I cannot remember anything."

Dr. Geezer: "Nurse, please bring medicine from box 22 and put 3 drops in the patient's mouth."

Dr. Young: "Oh, no you don't. That's Petrol!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You've got your memory back. That will be \$500."

Dr. Young (after having lost \$1,000) leaves angrily and comes back after several more days.

Dr. Young: "My eyesight has become weak --- I can hardly see anything he complains.

Dr. Geezer: "Well, I don't have any medicine for that so, here's your \$1,000 back." (giving him a \$10 bill).

Dr. Young: "But this is only \$10!"

Dr. Geezer: "Congratulations! You got your vision back! That will be \$500."

Moral of the story--Just because you're "Young" doesn't mean that you can outsmart an "old Geezer"!

Some Good Things To Know

From Charlie Weaver

1. Your shoes are the first thing people subconsciously notice about you. Wear nice shoes.

2. If you sit for more than 11 hours a day, there's a 50% chance you'll die within the next 3 years

3. There are at least 6 people in the world who look exactly like you.

4. There's a 9% chance that you'll meet one of them in your lifetime.

4. Sleeping without a pillow reduces back pain and keeps your spine stronger.

5. A person's height is determined by their father, and their weight is determined by their mother.

6. If a part of your body "falls asleep", You can almost always "wake it up" by shaking your head.

7. There are three things the human brain cannot resist noticing, food, attractive people and danger.

8. Right-handed people tend to chew food on their right side

9. Putting dry tea bags in gym bags or smelly shoes will absorb the unpleasant odor.

10. According to Albert Einstein, if honey bees were to disappear from earth, humans would be dead within 4 years.

11. There are so many kinds of apples, that if you ate a new one everyday, it would take over 20 years to try them all.

12. You can survive without eating for weeks, but you will only live 11 days without sleeping.

13. People who laugh a lot are healthier than those who don't.

14. Laziness and inactivity kills just as many people as smoking.

15. A human brain has a capacity to store 5 times as much information as Wikipedia.

16. Our brain uses the same amount of power as a 10-watt light bulb.

17. Our body gives enough heat in 30 minutes. to boil 1.5 litres of water.

18. The Ovum egg is the largest cell and the sperm is the smallest cell.

19. Stomach acid (conc.HCL) is strong enough to dissolve razor blades.

20. Take a 10-30 minute walk every day & while you walk, SMILE. It is the ultimate antidepressant.

21. Sit in silence for at least 10 minutes each day.

22. When you wake up in the morning, pray to ask God's guidance for your purpose, today.

23. Eat more foods that grow on trees and plants and eat less food that is manufactured in plants.

24. Drink green tea and plenty of water. Eat blueberries, broccoli, and almonds.

25. Try to make at least three people smile each day.

26. Don't waste your precious energy on gossip, energy vampires, issues of the past, negative thoughts or things you cannot control. Instead invest your energy in the positive present moment.

27. Eat breakfast like a king, lunch like a prince and dinner like a college kid with a maxed out charge card.

28. Life isn't always fair, but it's still good.

29. Life is too short to waste time

hating anyone. Forgive them and move on.

30. Don't take yourself so seriously. No one else does.

31. You don't have to win every argument. Agree to disagree.

32. Make peace with your past so it won't spoil the present.

33. Don't compare your life to others. You have no idea what their journey is all about.

34. No one is in charge of your happiness except you.

35. Frame every so-called disaster with these words: 'In five years, will this really matter?'

36. Help the needy..Be generous...Be a "giver" not a "taker".

37. What other people think of you is none of your business.

38. Time heals everything.

39. However good or bad a situation is, it will change.

40. Your job won't take care of you when you are sick. Your friends will. Stay in touch.

41. Envy is a waste of time. You already have all you need.

42. Each night before you go to bed, pray to God and be thankful for what you accomplished that day.

43. Remember that you are too blessed to be stressed.

.....
KILROY WAS HERE! from
SSG Joe Zager, USA

(ret)



He is engraved in stone in the National War Memorial in Washington , DC , back in a small alcove where very few people have seen it. For the WWII generation, this will bring back memories. For you younger folks, it's a bit of trivia that is a part of our American history. Anyone born in 1913 to about 1950, is familiar with Kilroy. No one knew why he was so well known, but everybody seemed to get into it. So who was Kilroy?



In 1946 the American Transit Association, through its radio program, "Speak to America , " sponsored a nationwide contest to find the real Kilroy, offering a prize of a real trolley car to the person who could prove himself to be the genuine article. Almost 40 men stepped forward to make that claim, but only James Kilroy from Halifax , Massachusetts , had evidence of his identity.

'Kilroy' was a 46-year old shipyard worker during the war who worked as a checker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy . His job was to go around and check on the number of rivets completed. Riveters were on piecework and got paid by the rivet. He would count a block of rivets and put a check mark in semi-waxed lumber chalk, so the rivets wouldn't be counted twice.

When Kilroy went off duty, the riveters would erase the mark. Later on, an off-shift inspector would come through and count the rivets a second time, resulting in double pay for the riveters.



One day Kilroy's boss called him into his office. The foreman was upset about all the wages being paid to riveters, and asked him to investigate. It was then he realized what had been going on. The tight spaces he had to crawl in to check the rivets didn't lend themselves to lugging around a paint can and brush, so Kilroy decided to stick with the waxy chalk. He continued to put his check mark on each job he inspected, but added 'KILROY WAS HERE' in king-sized letters next to the check, and eventually added the sketch of the chap with the long nose peering over the fence and that became part of the Kilroy message.

Once he did that, the riveters stopped trying to wipe away his marks. Ordinarily the rivets and chalk marks would have been covered up with paint. With the war on, however, ships were leaving the Quincy Yard so fast that there wasn't time to paint them. As a result, Kilroy's inspection "trademark" was seen by thousands of servicemen who boarded the troopships the yard produced.

His message apparently rang a bell with the servicemen, because they picked it up and spread it all over Europe and the South Pacific.



Before war's end, "Kilroy" had been here, there, and everywhere on the long hauls to Berlin and Tokyo . To the troops outbound in those ships, however, he was a complete mystery; all they knew for sure was that someone named Kilroy had "been there first." As a joke, U.S. servicemen began placing the graffiti wherever they landed, claiming it was already there when they arrived.

Kilroy became the U.S. super-GI who had always "already been" wherever GIs went. It became a challenge to place the logo in the most unlikely places imaginable it is said to be atop Mt. Everest , the Statue of Liberty , the underside of the Arc de Triomphe, and even scrawled in the dust on the moon.



As the war went on, the legend grew. Underwater demolition teams routinely sneaked ashore on Japanese-held Islands in the Pacific

to map the terrain for coming invasions by

U.S. troops (and thus, presumably, were the first GIs there). On one occasion, however, they reported seeing enemy troops painting over the Kilroy logo!



In 1945, an outhouse was built for the exclusive use of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill at the Potsdam conference. Its' first occupant was Stalin, who emerged and asked his aide (in Russian), "Who is Kilroy?"

To help prove his authenticity in 1946, James Kilroy brought along officials from the shipyard and some of the riveters. He won the trolley car, which he gave to his nine children as a Christmas gift and set it up as a playhouse in the Kilroy yard in Halifax , Massachusetts .



And The Tradition Continues...



EVEN Outside Osama Bin Laden's House!!!

Share This Bit Of Historic Humor With All Your Friends! :)



God Bless you World War II Veterans!

A Man's Age According To Home Depot from Rich Faughnan

For all the men who think they aren't old...

You are in the middle of some home projects: putting in a new fence, painting the porch, planting some flowers and fixing a broken door

lock. You are hot and sweaty, covered with dirt, lawn clippings and paint. You have your old work clothes on. You know the outfit -- shorts with a hole in the crotch, an old T-shirt with a stain from who-knows-what, and an old pair of tennis shoes.

Right in the middle of these tasks you realize that you need to run to Home Depot for supplies. Depending on your age you might do the following:

In your 20s: Stop what you are doing. Shave, take a shower, blow dry your hair, brush your teeth, floss and put on clean clothes. Check yourself in the mirror and flex. Add a dab of your favorite cologne because, you never know, you just might meet some hot chick while standing in the checkout line. And yes, you went to school with the pretty girl running the register.

In your 30s: Stop what you are doing, put on clean shorts and shirt. Change your shoes. You married the hot chick so no need for much else. Wash your hands and comb your hair. Check yourself in the mirror. Still got it! Add a shot of your favorite cologne to cover the smell. The cute girl running the register is the kid sister of someone you went to school with.

In your 40s: Stop what you are doing. Put on a sweatshirt that is long enough to cover the hole in the crotch of your shorts. Put on different shoes and a hat. Wash your hands. Your bottle of Brut is almost empty, so don't waste any of it on a trip to Home Depot. Check yourself in the mirror and do more sucking in than flexing. The hot young thing running the register is your daughter's age and you feel weird about thinking she's spicy.

In your 50s: Stop what you are doing. Put on a hat. Wipe the dirt off your hands onto your shirt. Change shoes because you don't want to get dog crap in your new sports car. Check yourself in the mirror and

swear not to wear that shirt anymore because it makes you look fat. The cutie running the register smiles when she sees you coming and you think you still have it. Then you remember -- the hat you have on is from Bubba's Bait & Beer Bar and it says, 'I Got Worms.'

In your 60s: Stop what you are doing. No need for a hat any more. Hose the dog crap off your shoes. The mirror was shattered when you were in your 50s. You hope you have underwear on so nothing hangs out the hole in your pants. The girl running the register may be cute but you don't have your glasses on, so you're not sure.

In your 70s: Stop what you are doing. Wait to go to Home Depot until you call the drug store to have your prescriptions ready for pick too and check your grocery list for a quick stop there. Got to save trips! Don't even notice the dog crap on your shoes. The young thing at the register stares at you and you realize your balls are hanging out the hole in your crotch -- who cares.

In your 80s: Stop what you are doing. Start again. Then stop again. Now you remember you need to go to Home Depot. You go to Wal-Mart instead. You went to school with the old lady greeter. You wander around trying to remember what you are looking for. Then you fart out loud and turn around thinking someone called your name.

In your 90s & beyond: What's a home deep hoe? Something for my garden? Where am I? Who am I? Why am I reading this?
.....

OLD FRIENDS.....

from Joe Kelsey

Thanks for being my friend for so long!

"Good friends are like quilts-they age with you, yet never lose their warmth."



Please send back. (I did) It's neat. Don't delete this one, you'll laugh when you see the return message. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world, too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.



Whose business is it, if I choose to read, or play on the computer, until 4 AM, or sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50s, 60s & 70s, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love, I will.



I will walk the beach, in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves, with abandon, if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just

as well forgotten. And, eventually, I remember the important things.



Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break, when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But broken hearts are what give us strength, and understanding, and compassion. A heart never broken, is pristine, and sterile, and will never know the joy of being imperfect.



I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.



As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what

other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question, I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day (if I feel like it).



MAY OUR FRIENDSHIP NEVER COME APART, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART!

Editor's Note: Our leadership has agreed to continue in office until we can meet again in Wilmington, NC, in October.

Also, our shipmate and friend Earl "Charlie" Weaver is home from hospital doing well from total knee replacement. There are no coincidences: our prayers have been heard and God has responded. Charlie, God has other plans for you.

.....

Rare and weird facts about World War II from Ray Storey

The first German serviceman killed in the war was killed by the Japanese.



Over 100,000 Allied bomber crewmen were killed over Europe.



More U.S. servicemen died in the Air Corps than the Marine Corps.



Polish Catholic midwife Stanisława Leszczyńska delivered 3,000 babies at the Auschwitz concentration camp during the Holocaust in occupied Poland.



In World War II, British soldiers got a ration of three sheets of toilet paper a day. Americans got 22.



Only one out of every four men serving on U-boats survived.



Four of every five German soldiers killed in the war died on the Eastern Front



The Siege of Stalingrad resulted in more Russian deaths (military and civilian) than the United States and Britain sustained (combined) in all of World War II



Only 20 percent of the males born in the Soviet Union in 1923 survived the war.



Adolf Hitler's nephew, William Hitler, served in the US Navy during World War II !!!



In World War II, the youngest serviceman in the United States military was Calvin Graham - age 12. Graham lied about his age when he enlisted in the US Navy. His real age was not discovered until after he was wounded.



(Unbelievable)

During World War II, the largest Japanese spy ring was actually located in Mexico.



The mortality rate for POWs in Russian camps was 85 percent.



Had it been necessary for a third atom bomb, the city targeted would have been Tokyo.



An Imperial Japanese Army intelligence officer, who fought in World War II, Hiroo Onoda never surrendered in 1945. Until 1974, for almost 30 years, he held his position in the Philippines. His former commander traveled from Japan to personally issue orders relieving him from duty in 1974. (???)



Snippets: The following are little notes that our shipmates are sending in with their annual dues:

Hi

The dues payments have started to come in and many of them have very brief hand written comments in

them. I got one yesterday that I thought should be shared with all of you.

Tony
10-30-15

Thanks to all the Officers of the USS Bristol Assoc. Without vets like all of you we would be forgotten.

I have many memories of serving aboard the Bristol. Many good, some not so good. Always enjoy the Reunions. I do hope you younger guys have many more.

Thank you, May God Bless all of you.

Wendell Robinson
DK3 1952-1954

I caught a news item on TV. 50 years ago today was when they had the first east coast power blackout. Some were on liberty (lucky guys) and some still aboard ship. I was aboard ship.

Lights flashed as I was below, playing a record and then the lights came back on. (Got my tunes again.) Someone came below deck to say that the city was dark.

Remember how we went upriver to try and kickstart a power station? (Didn't work.) Didn't we run into a ship that was docked and bent our bullnose back?

Cool to look over the river to Manhattan and see total darkness. Just a helicopter over the Empire State Building so planes knew where it was.

First blackout, nobody knew what happened. Kind of calm. Magical....

Second blackout, some people knew the burglar alarms didn't work. Strange how 50 years pass....

I still have a copy of Time magazine and it mentions the Bristol in it.

Take care. (Gary Johnson)

Editor's Note:

The night of the black out in 1965 I was on liberty at my Mother's house in Brooklyn. No TV stations but radio worked okay. No power failed in Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. Had to hitch hike back to ship in the morning because the subway was not running yet. Got a ride right to the Sand St Gate. Walked down to Pier Charlie and saw BRISTOL coming in. Once the brow hit the pier I heard "Liberty Call" Within five minutes liberty call got cancelled.

Thanks for all you and the other officers do to keep the tradition alive

Bristol made my life what it became and I really am thankful!

Take care,
Sail safe, Marvin Marsh
RM2 1955-57

Happy Halloween,
Thanks to you & the active board for providing us the continuing information & support of USS Bristol ASSOCIATION. Have a great year!
/s/ Jim Payne
Boo!

Tony,
Clay is not well, but still remembers his time on the Bristol.

Thank you,
(Written by Elise Hall for Clayton Hall SK3 1946-47)

Hi Tony,
I hope you and your wife are doing well and have a nice Summer. I appreciate the joy you, Paul and the others are doing for us. I know it is not an easy job.

Wishing you and your family a happy holiday season.

My best to you,
Harry Campbell EM2 1958-60

Tony,
Thanks for serving our ass'n. Our officers deserve thanks for their work!! Please extend my thanks. I'll try to attend soon. Err
(Erv Zimmer, ET2, 1957-58)

Thanks to all of the officers who willingly agreed to continue their positions for another year.

We were sorry that the City of Baltimore had to erupt like it did during the time of the October 2015 Reunion. Not only because it was so bad for the city, but because it was close enough to where we live that we has planned to make it this year. Due to our ages, we don't travel very much these days.

Our best wishes for a healthy and happy year to all Shipmates. John Hardt, P.O., GM3, 1945-46

11-1-2015
Tony, you and your fellow shipmates are to be commended for steering the BRISTOL Assoc these many years. Have hoped to attend a reunion but my wife's health keeps me home with her. I retired from American Airlines after 41 years (1954-1995) and continued our life here in Phoenix, AZ. Started with AA in Buffalo, NY 8-1-1954 and transferred to Phoenix, AZ 3-1-1958. Don Reasor, YN2 47-49

Don sent a photo of his grandson's graduation from Arizona State University: "Summa Cum Laude" ... majored in Civil Engineering Structures and was #1 in his class and just got his masters this moth in Tower Engineering from Barrett, the honors college at ASU.



Desert Storm *from Charlie Weaver*

There's thunder over sand dunes,
and fire in the nighttime sky;

The valiant troops of Desert Storm
are poised and don't ask why.

They're ready to do battle, to
oppose a ruthless foe;
Some will take that one way path,
that all great Warrior's know.

Six months ago I tilled the soil,
the young Nebraskan say's;

Today I face an enemy, who say's
this land is His.

From ten thousand feet above the
sand, a pilot blinks his eye's;

If He didn't know any better, these
could be Texas skies.

Off the coast of California, the sea
is just as blue;

As it is here on this Carrier, thinks
a boy from San Berdo.

The Marine sits in his foxhole, his
thoughts begin to roam;

To a girl he left in Boston, a place
that he calls home.

It's the way it's always been, for
young Warrior's in the sand;

Many miles away from home, who
may die in a distant land.

They are here to do their duty,
none hoped it would come to this;

But when their Country called
them,

they left their loved ones with a
kiss.

To many they are Hero's,
protecting Freedom's right;

But they're really just the kid next
door, who got caught up in the
fight.

The sky's still blue in Texas, and
the soil has been turned;

It's winter now in Boston, and in
Long Beach whales returned.

They say that life's a gamble, and
We all one day will die;

For some there is no better life,
than to soar with comrades in the
sky.

Others will put down the gun,
when their tour of duty's through;

Some will pay that costly price,
protecting me and you.

There will always be a Warrior,
who will gladly pay the price;

If the cause be just and moral, it's
like the rolling of the dice.

You can not pay for Freedom, with
a credit card or cash,

There is a chance we all must take,

We ALL end up Tombstones in
the grass!

.....

**The story of Vittles the Boxer and
the Berlin Airlift.**

From Charlie Weaver

“Throughout the history of the Air Force, animal mascots have provided unit identity and made valuable contributions to esprit-de-corps,” Mr. Aitken said. “The parachute allows us to tell the story of the Berlin Airlift's mascot and the special bonds between Vittles and the pilots (who) he flew with as a 'crew dog.' It's a wonderful story and already a special hit with our visitors.”

Mr. Steber said it did not take long for him to grow fond of Vittles and soon realized that he would make a great companion.

“I had a friend in Germany who had a 1-year-old boxer (who) I fell in love with, and he sold him to me,” said Mr. Steber, a former Air Force pilot.

Mr. Steber said he soon discovered some of his missions required him to be away for two to three days at time. So he started taking Vittles with him, and soon other pilots began to fly Vittles on their missions as well.

“In Berlin, as soon as we were unloaded, we had to take off again,” Mr. Steber said. “Sometimes, Vittles would be nosing around other airplanes, and I had to take off without him.”

The dog began catching rides with other pilots, and sometimes it would be several days before they would meet up again, Mr. Steber said.

“Everybody knew who Vittles belonged to and eventually got him back to me,” Mr. Steber said. “The other pilots would feed him and even take him to the officer's club.”

Sometimes pilots would give Vittles pans of beer until he got so looped that his legs would go straight out

and he would have to be carried home, Mr. Steber said.

Eventually, Gen. Curtis E. LeMay heard about the dog and summoned then-Lieutenant Steber to his office.

“General LeMay called me in and said, ‘Are you the pilot who owns the dog who is flying in our airplanes?’” said Mr. Steber, who confirmed he was, thinking he was in a great deal of trouble.

“General LeMay replied, ‘Without a parachute? That dog is one of the best morale builders that I’ve had over here. I want that dog to have a parachute!’”

Soon afterward, Vittles had a parachute of his own, designed with a static cord that would automatically open the dog’s parachute in case they needed to bail out.

Although Vittles accumulated thousands of flying hours, including flying on 131 missions with Lieutenant Steber during the Berlin Airlift, he actually never needed to use his parachute.

Vittles became a celebrity at home and abroad. In fact, his popularity was such that he became known as “the world’s most photographed dog. His picture appeared in numerous magazines and newspapers, as well as in the comics. In one cartoon, Vittles is sitting at a table in the officer’s club with a fork and knife in his paws. The chief cook is behind him, yelling: “I don’t care how many missions he’s got, he’s not eating in my dining room!”

When the Soviet blockade of Berlin ended in 1949, Steber and Vittles were sent to Biggs AFB, Texas. At the age of 6, Vittles contracted heart worms from a mosquito bite and fell ill. LeMay, upon hearing the news, arranged for a veterinarian to care for the dog, but nothing could be done. When Vittles died, the news was reported on the front pages of the El Paso Times and the Air Force

Times, as well as on the local television news. The beloved mascot of all who participated in the Berlin airlift was buried on the grounds of Biggs AFB .

Why do Navy planes have tailhooks?

Well, after a tough day of flying on and off an aircraft carrier, the planes are always washed. The hooks are used to hang the planes over the side to drip dry. If you didn't know, now you do.



The last wishes of Alexander the Great.....

On his death bed, Alexander summoned his army generals and told them his three ultimate wishes:

- 1. The best doctors should carry his coffin ...
- 2. The wealth he has accumulated (money, gold, precious stones) should be scattered along the procession to the cemetery

3. His hands should be let loose, so they hang outside the coffin for all to see !! One of his generals who was surprised by these unusual requests asked Alexander to explain .Here is what Alexander the Great had to say :

- 1. "I want the best doctors to carry my coffin to demonstrate that in the

face of death, even the best doctors in the world have no power to heal .."

- 2. "I want the road to be covered with my treasure so that everybody sees that material wealth acquired on earth, will stay on earth.."

- 3. I want my hands to swing in the wind, so that people understand that we come to this world empty handed and we leave this world empty handed after the most precious treasure of all is exhausted, and that is : TIME.

We do not take to our grave any material wealth. TIME is our most precious treasure because it is LIMITED. We can produce more wealth, but we cannot produce more time. When we give someone our time, we actually give a portion of our life that we will never take back . Our time is our life! The best present that you can give to your family and friends is your TIME. May God grant you plenty of TIME, to share with all.

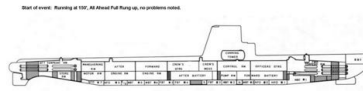


On the 70th anniversary of D-Day paratrooper **Jim Martin** jumped into Normandy again at the age of 93 years old. He was a member of the 101st Airborne Division. His jump was a success and he told reporters that he felt fine after making his most recent jump.....

A Summary of Findings Which Caused The Deep Dive of the USS CHOPPER (SS 342) 7 October, 1969

Since 11-19-01
 The USS CHOPPER is a Guppy 1A diesel powered submarine. On 11 February, 1969, USS CHOPPER (SS 342) was operating off the coast of Cuba in waters with an average depth of 1800 fathoms (10,800 feet). USS CHOPPER was operating with the USS HAWKINS (DD 873). At 1340 hours the status of the USS CHOPPER (SS 342) control mechanisms were as follows:
 Submerged at 150 feet.
 Trim angle about 1 degree down.
 Rudder angle unknown.
 Speed full ahead rung up (230 RPM) and answered on both shafts.
 Speed between 7 and 9 knots.
 Bow planes in emergency power for training purposes.
 Stern planes in normal power.
 Bow and stern planes indicating between 5° up and 5° down as required to maintain ordered depth and ordered 1° down angle.
 Normal plane angle indicators and emergency planes angle indicators functioning properly.
 Submarine in trim and trim pump and trim manifold secured.
 Main ballast tanks and Safety Tank vents open and bow buoyancy vent shut.
 Submarine was conducting unlimited (except restricted to 150 foot depth on orders of Commanding Officer) evasive maneuvers as directed by the exercise message.
 Two of the four ICMG (interior communications alternating current motor generators) #3 and #5 were providing AC power to lighting systems, normal indicator systems, MC speaker systems, sonar systems, radio and other equipments requiring AC power throughout the submarine.
 The state of the submarine's batteries was at one half capacity. The batteries specific gravity was estimated to have been between

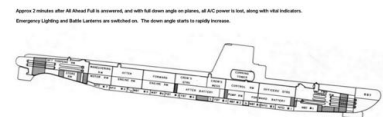
1.135 and 1.140 at the time of AC failure.
 There was no unusual activity or events taking place aboard.



Loss of Alternating Current
 At about 1342 on 11 February, 1969 (approximately two minutes later) with all ahead full being answered, without knowledge of any personnel on board as to probable cause, the two on line AC ICMG motor generators suddenly tripped off without warning, causing immediate loss of functions of the following equipments on board USS CHOPPER (SS 342) which were dependent on AC power:
 All alarms (except diving alarm) 1 and 7 MC speaker systems.
 Hydraulic accumulator indicator.
 Motor order telegraphs.
 TP-TR (hull and ballast tank opening indicator panel) board.
 27 MC speaker system.
 Shaft revolutions indicator.
 Normal bow and stern plane indicators.
 Normal rudder angle indicator.
 Bow planes rigging indicator.
 Rectified 6 volt DC power for:
 a) Auxiliary angle indicator.
 b) auxiliary bow and stern plane angle indicators.
 c) TP-TR (hull and ballast tank opening indicator panel).
 d) AC lighting.
 e) All sonar equipment.
 f) All radio equipment.
 g) Auxiliary gyro synchro amplifier.
 h) All other electronic equipment.
 The stern planes were considered to be at full dive at the instant of AC power loss.

Sequence of Events
 0 to 5 Seconds After Loss of AC Power
 The Officer of the Deck ordered all ahead one-third and commenced moving from a position by number 2 periscope to a position next to lower conning tower hatch.
 The officer conning the submarine under instruction, observing "J"

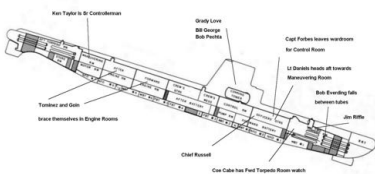
scope (Sonar) simultaneously ordered all ahead one-third.
 The diving officer looked at and observed that normal indication for bow and stern planes was not functioning; and the emergency bow and stern plane angle indicator lights were not functioning and that he had no indication whatsoever of the actual position of either bow or stern planes.
 The hydraulic manifold operator, noticed that he had no light indication on the TP-TR (hull and ballast tank opening indicator panel) board.
 The I.C. Electrician of the watch moved to the gyro compass control panel in order to shift gyro filaments power supply as is required upon the loss of AC power.
 The auxiliaryman moved to a position adjacent to and facing the air manifold.
 The attitude of the submarine increased from a "slight down angle" of 2 or 3 degrees to between 12 and 15 degrees down. The Officer of the Deck ordered all ahead one third.
 The officer conning the submarine simultaneously ordered all ahead one third.
 The Diving Officer noticed there was no normal or emergency indication of the position of the bow or stern planes.
 The hydraulic manifold operator noticed he had no indication on the TP-TR (hull and ballast tank opening indicator panel) board.
 The I.C. Electrician of the watch moved to the gyro compass control panel in order to shift gyro power supply to filaments only as is required upon the loss of AC power.
 The auxiliaryman moved to a position adjacent to and facing the air manifold.



Sequence of Events
 5 to 15 Seconds After Loss of AC Power

The attitude of the submarine increased from a slight down angle of 2 to 3 degrees to between 12 and 15 degrees down. The helmsman picked up the sound powered hand phone in the conning tower (XJA circuit inter compartmental sound powered phone system) and rang maneuvering room twice and ordered all ahead one third as instructed by the conning officer. The order was not heard or acknowledged in maneuvering. (It was not substantiated by later evidence that the maneuvering room was actually called up or that the sound powered phones were not functioning.) The instructor planesman took charge of the planes. The commanding officer left the wardroom and proceeded towards the control room.

15-15 Sec: Angle increases from 11.5 degree down to 15.01 degree down, 230 RPM, 1.8 Kts. Recovery of Ahead Full Stop

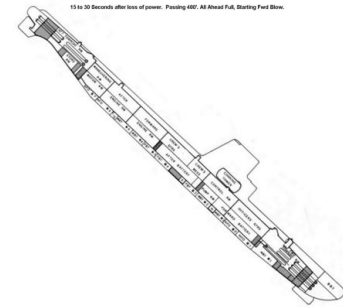


**Sequence of Events
15 to 30 Seconds After Loss of AC Power**

The rate of change of increasing down angle accelerated rapidly from about 15 degrees down to approximately 40 to 45 degrees down; with full speed ahead still being answered. The starboard controllerman on watch in the maneuvering room picked up the XJA circuit (inter compartmental sound powered phone system) but heard no conversations. The Officer of the deck took the hand telephone from the helmsman and ordered "All stop" and immediately "All back full". There was no response to this order, nor was it heard in the maneuvering room. The after torpedo room watch picked up the hand phone (XJA circuit) and heard no conversation on the phone. The diving officer ordered "Blow bow buoyancy" and the

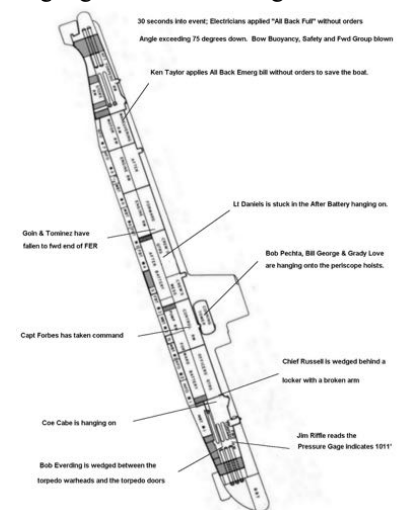
auxiliaryman responded to the order. In addition the diving officer ordered the stern planesman to shift to emergency and the stern planesman responded to the order. The commanding officer entered the control room and was able to pull himself to a position between the ladder from control to conning tower and the control room table. One of the chiefs fell to the forward end of the forward battery as he attempted to climb into the control room. The hydraulic manifold operator shut the forward group and safety vents. Bow buoyancy vent was shut and safety vent was open. The stern planesman shifted plane control to emergency. The diving officer or commanding officer ordered "blow the forward group, blow safety. The engineering officer arrived at the crew's berthing compartment in the after battery and was unable to proceed further. The auxiliaryman blew the forward group and safety as ordered. The diving officer ordered both planesman to shift to hand power. Water started flowing out of the auxiliary vent manifold and into the I.C. board. In the maneuvering room, the senior controllerman on the starboard side of the cubicle after attempting to communicate repeatedly with control room on hand phone, looked at the pressure gauge mounted on the bulkhead by his right shoulder and noted the the gauge indicating 150 psi (330 + feet) and estimated that the down angle was about 40 to 45 degrees at which time he ordered the port controllerman to come to "All back full", both men took this action immediately. At the diving stand in the control room, the angle indicator was pegged in the down angle position, over 45 degrees, and the depth gauge was passing 400 feet. The air manifold operator cut-in air banks 1 and 5 in response to the commanding officer's orders. At this stage, with a down angle of about 45 degrees, further controlled movement of personnel throughout

the submarine was next to impossible and a tremendous amount of loose material of every nature was moving forward violently.



**Sequence of Events
30 to 60 Seconds After Loss of AC Power**

The submarine's down angle continued to increase and the forward and downward travel of the submarine was decelerating due the the applied all back full propulsion and the affect of blowing bow buoyancy, forward group and safety tanks. The planesmen continued to struggle with the planes, in hand power, attempting to place them in a rise position. The commanding officer was attempting to calm the men and in control and restore order. The submarine reached a maximum depth of approximately 1011 feet in the bow section, approximately 720 feet in the after section with an angle greater than 75 degrees down.



Sequence of Events

60 to 70 Seconds After Loss of AC Power

The submarine's downward motion was reduced to zero. The submarine gained sternway (movement in reverse) in a near vertical position, bow down followed immediately by a change in attitude as the submarine started toward and through zero angle into an up angle and change of momentum toward the surface. In addition, the following sequence of events occurred:

The bow plane mechanical indicator was observed passing from a dive to a rise position at about the moment the submarine went through a neutral angle.

The commanding officer ordered "Forward group vents opened", however the hydraulic manifold operator could not or did not immediately respond to orders. The commanding officer ordered "All stop" which was answered by maneuvering.

The diving officer ordered both planesman to "Get the rise off" (Still no indication or reports on mechanical indicators as to planes position)

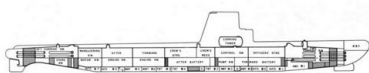
The diving officer ordered, "Secure the blow to bow buoyancy and forward group., which was acknowledged and accomplished by the air manifold operator.

The commanding officer ordered, "All ahead full", which was acknowledged and done by maneuvering.

The after torpedo room requested permission to load one red combination flare (never acknowledged or accomplished).

Note: With the exception of a small leak in air conditioning overboard discharge line, no major salt water system internal to the submarine had failed, though the submarine was not rigged for deep submergence and was in a neutral angle at about 740 feet at this moment.

60-70 seconds after event started, still on AC power, 160 ft deep, All Back Emergency Ball ordered by "All Stop", the blow was secured.



Sequence of Events

70 to 120 Seconds After Loss of AC Power

The submarine up angle rapidly increased to at least 83 degrees and the submarine quickly accelerated in a forward and upward motion, during which time the diving officer reiterated the the commanding officer's order to, "Open the forward group vents", to which the hydraulic manifold operator responded. The air manifold operator received an order from an unknown source to, "Blow the after group", and complied. The diving officer repeated his order to, "Get the rise off the planes".

Note: All the loose material which had accumulated on the forward bulkheads of all compartments, except maneuvering room, now literally "fell" aft through the air and crashed in mass on after bulkheads. One deck plate in the forward torpedo room sailed through the air, from between the torpedo tubes, passed through the forward battery. In the sonar room there was a stop watch hanging by a three inch long loop from a knurled knob which secures a vertical panel on sonar stack. This stop watch fell from the knob on which it was hanging during the up angle. In order to cause the loop holding the watch to slip off the knurled knob it is necessary to tilt the panel outward from a vertical position to a near horizontal angle of at least 82 degrees. At this stage of the incident many personnel could no longer recall what occurred, as evidenced by written statements and tape recordings.



Sequence of Events

120 to 150 Seconds After Loss of AC Power

The submarine broke the ocean's surface in a near vertical attitude and rose to a position which almost cleared the after sail area, before settling stern first to a completely submerged condition stern down. The conning tower depth gauge was observed to read 205 feet at the deepest point of reentry, at which time the forward group, bow buoyancy and safety vents were shut. The submarine resurface at an angle of about 40 degrees and remained on the surface, dead in the water. The high pressure air manifold was secured. The submarine returned to the surface for the second time at about 1345. The BT trace card in use during this incident does not disclose any indication of extreme thermal gradient. All variable ballast tank readings were the same both prior to and subsequent to the incident.

Findings

The CHOPPER (SS 342) was able to restore sufficient propulsion machinery so as to return to port under her own power.

The I.C. Electrician on watch, was not "aware" that the transfer switch which provides AC/DC power to emergency indicators was not of the automatic relay type which provides 6 volts DC emergency power to angle indicators upon loss of AC power.

The diving officer was aware that the transfer switch which provides AC/DC power was not of the automatic type, however he did not at anytime during the incident order the I.C. Electrician of the watch or any other person to shift the switch to the DC power supply position.

The diving officer upon noticing that there was no lighting on the TP-TR panel indication board assumed that all DC power forward had been lost causing loss of pressure in the hydraulic system. He therefore ordered planesman to "shift the planes to hand power" and attempted to pass the word over the XJA handset to "Shut all vents by

hand". The order to shut vents by hand was not acknowledged by any person.

The hydraulic manifold operator on two occasions shortly after loss of AC power requested emergency indication for the TP-TR board. His request was not acknowledged.

The "WARNING" plate specified in Blueprint No SS-6505-H-806820 to be found mounted in the vicinity of the control room I.C. switchboard could not be found. (NOTE: "WARNING! LIGHT OUT INDICATES THAT 6-8 VOLT BUS ON I.C. SWITCHBOARD IS BEING SUPPLIED FROM THE EMERGENCY 6 VOLT BATTERY.")

The conning officer under instruction used the conning tower handset phone (XJA circuit) approximately 15 minutes prior to the loss of AC power and engaged in a conversation with the after torpedo room watch and experienced no difficulty whatsoever.

Damaged or Out of Commission Equipment

No. 3 and No. 4 ICMG sets- flooded with salt water and fuel oil.

FTR GSIR- hit with a deck plate No. 3 torpedo tube outer door in hand- inoperative.

OMA (Cavitation indicator hydrophone)-flooded

BQR2-B2 (passive sonar) 2 hydrophones-flooded

1/64" leak in expansion joint forward of "B" valve- hole was there previously, but chipped paint expose the hole.

Starboard main motor circulating water pump motor-flooded with salt water.

Shallow water depth gauge in control room- depth.

Master gyro-mercury spilled out.

Low ground reading in battery wells- spilled electrolyte.

Lighting voltage regulator (No. 1) - salt water.

Stern light - flooded.

No. 2 air condition circulating water pump motor-salt water

Forward torpedo room lower hatch does not seat-depth.

No. 2 auxiliary tank does not hold air pressure-depth

Manometers No. 3 and No. 4 main engine- broken by falling gear.

Convening Authority Comment
The first attempt by conning tower to call the maneuvering room is considered to have failed as a result of the selector switch on the E-call being in some position other than the maneuvering room, or due to a low intensity ring not heard in the maneuvering room because of the high background noise which normally accompanies a full bell in the after portion of the ship. The conning tower phone had been used just prior to the loss of AC power to the after torpedo room. The selector switch may not have been placed in the maneuvering room position. After this first attempt to call the maneuvering room, the E-call was neglected. For a few following seconds orders were issued by the OOD in the blind. It is considered that phones were not yet manned in the maneuvering room when the OOD issued his orders in the blind. The loss of AC power was related to the battery gravity (charge condition), the propulsion orders immediately before the loss of AC power and the resulting auxiliary voltage fluctuations from the propulsion orders of full ahead.

Lessons Learned And Action Taken As a Result of The
USS CHOPPER (SS342) Casualty
Following the loss of AC power the CHOPPER experienced a depth excursion to approximately 1000 feet. Large angles up to about 84 degrees were taken. The following lessons to be learned are derived from this incident.

1

2 Shipboard personnel should be knowledgeable regarding the rated load capabilities of installed ship's service ACMG sets. While underway the number of ACMG sets in operation should be sufficient so that the loss of one ACMG will not overided the remaining sets. The loss of one or

more ACMG sets and possibly the loss of all AC power man be caused by transient CC voltages. These transient voltages are superimposed on DC circuits when the circuits are subjected to current surges and current interruptions. In answering bells, controllerman in the maneuvering room should observe current surges and allow the surges to decay before proceeding with the steps that normally follow. This area of transient voltages/current surges is being pursued with NAVSHIPS and more information will follow.

- 3 Deck plates in the forward Torpedo Room were not bolted down. They literally fell from one end of the department to the other when the ship took large angles. Only through chance were there no serious injuries as a result of there flying objects.
- 4 Auxiliary plane angle indicators are operated by a sliding type contactor. By design these contactors are capable of adjustment so that a light is always on and therefore the position of the planes (or rudder) is always known. All auxiliary indicators should so adjusted or a report made that they don't meet design specifications.
- 5 Loss of AC power on a diesel submarine causes a rapid communications with maneuvering, namely MB circuits and 1 & 7 MC if this failure occurs at high speed, the ship is left with reduced ability to recover from a depth excursion. COMSUBLANT is working toward and emergency communication

system to improve this situation. However, until a modification is approved and installed, the consequences of an AC power casualty should be thought out ahead of time by all watch standers, particularly when ship speeds are over about 5 knots. The practice of ensuring the E call selectors on the conning tower and control room phones are returned to "Maneuvering" after each use should be instituted.

6 It was apparent in this casualty that all watch standers were not thoroughly checked out on indications, corrective actions, and differences between loss of AC power, loss of DC power, loss of main hydraulic power, and loss of normal hydraulic power to the planes. Drills on these causalities should be conducted until COW, (chief of the watch) planesman, Diving Officer, and I.C. Electrician recognize quickly and accurately which causality has occurred and know by rote how to correct it.

7 DC indicators for bow and stern planes and rudder are sometimes called emergency indicators. This terminology could be confused with emergency power to the planes or rudder. DC indicators should be called "Auxiliary Angle indicators" and not "Emergency Angle indicators". A change to the SSORM will be forthcoming.

Editors Note:

Earl "Charlie" Weaver submitted this article. It just goes to show that "war is hell, especially in peace time."

Company Memo *Contributed*
Charlie Weaver

FROM: Patty Lewis, Human Resources Director
TO: All Employees
DATE: November 1, 2012
RE: Gala Christmas Party

I'm happy to inform you that the company Christmas Party will take place on December 23rd, starting at noon in the private function room at the Grill House.

There will be a cash bar and plenty of drinks! We'll have a small band playing traditional carols... feel free to sing along. And don't be surprised if our CEO shows up dressed as Santa Claus!

A Christmas tree will be lit at 1:00 PM. Exchanges of gifts among employees can be done at that time; however, no gift should be over \$10.00 to make the giving of gifts easy for everyone's pockets.

This gathering is only for employees!

Our CEO will make a special announcement at that time!

Merry Christmas to you and your family,
Patty

Company Memo

FROM: Patty Lewis, Human Resources Director
TO: All Employees
DATE: November 2, 20102
RE: Gala Holiday Party

In no way was yesterday's memo intended to exclude our Jewish employees. We recognize that Hanukkah is an important holiday, which often coincides with Christmas, though unfortunately not this year.

However, from now on, we're calling it our "Holiday Party." The same policy applies to any other

employees who are not Christians and to those still celebrating Reconciliation Day.

There will be no Christmas tree and no Christmas carols will be sung.

We will have other types of music for your enjoyment.

Happy now?

Happy Holidays to you and your family,
Patty

Company Memo

FROM: Patty Lewis, Human Resources Director
TO: All Employees
DATE: November 3, 2012
RE: Holiday Party

Regarding the note I received from a member of Alcoholics Anonymous requesting a non-drinking table, you didn't sign your name...

I'm happy to accommodate this request, but if I put a sign on a table that reads, "AA Only", you wouldn't be anonymous anymore. How am I supposed to handle this?

Somebody?

And sorry, but forget about the gift exchange, no gifts are allowed since the union members feel that \$10.00 is too much money and the executives believe \$10.00 is a little chintzy.

REMEMBER: NO GIFTS
EXCHANGE WILL BE
ALLOWED.
Patty

Company Memo

FROM: Patty Lewis, Human Resources Director
To: All Employees
DATE: November 4, 2012
RE: Generic Holiday Party

What a diverse group we are! I had no idea that December 20th begins the Muslim holy month of

Ramadan, which forbids eating and drinking during daylight hours.

There goes the party! Seriously, we can appreciate how a luncheon at this time of year does not accommodate our Muslim employees' beliefs. Perhaps the Grill House can hold off on serving your meal until the end of the party or else package everything for you to take it home in little foil doggy baggy. Will that work?

Meanwhile, I've arranged for members of Weight Watchers to sit farthest from the dessert buffet, and pregnant women will get the table closest to the restrooms.

Gays are allowed to sit with each other. Lesbians do not have to sit with Gay men, each group will have their own table.

Yes, there will be flower arrangement for the Gay men's table.

To the person asking permission to cross dress, the Grill House asks that no cross-dressing be allowed, apparently because of concerns about confusion in the restrooms. Sorry.

We will have booster seats for short people. Low-fat food will be available for those on a diet.

I am sorry to report that we cannot control the amount of salt used in the food . The Grill House suggests that people with high blood pressure taste a bite first.

There will be fresh "low sugar" fruits as dessert for diabetics, but the restaurant cannot supply "no sugar" desserts. Sorry!

Did I miss anything?!?!?
Patty

Company Memo
FROM: Patty Lewis, Human Resources Director

TO: All F*%^ing Employees
DATE: November 5, 2012
RE: The F*%^ing Holiday Party

I've had it with you vegetarian pricks!!! We're going to keep this party at the Grill House whether you like it or not, so you can sit quietly at the table furthest from the "grill of death," as you so quaintly put it, and you'll get your f*%^ing salad bar, including organic tomatoes.

But you know, tomatoes have feelings, too. They scream when you slice them. I've heard them scream. I'm hearing them scream right NOW!

The rest of you f*%^ing wierdos can kiss my *ss. I hope you all have a rotten holiday!

Drive drunk and die,

The B*tch from H*ll!!!

Company Memo

FROM: Joan Bishop, Acting Human Resources Director
DATE: November 6, 2012
RE: Patty Lewis and Holiday Party

I'm sure I speak for all of us in wishing Patty Lewis a speedy recovery from her recent nervous breakdown and I'll continue to forward your cards to her at the asylum.

In the meantime, management has decided to cancel our Holiday Party and give everyone the afternoon of the 23rd off with full pay.

Happy

Whatever!..Joan.....

Snipes Lament 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 lightening, wind and hail. But there's a place within

each ship, that legend fails to reach. It's down below the waterline, it takes a living toil. a hot metal living hell, that sailors call the "HOLE".

It houses engines run by steam, that make 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 that from the first roar, is life 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.

The men who keep the fires lit, and make the engine 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 holes, to make the engines run.And every hour of every day, they keep their 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 fore doomed, who hear no battle cry, it's well

assumed that if they're hit, the men below will die. For every day's a war down there when the gauges all read red, Twelve hundred pounds of superheated 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 furnace's wail. These men of steel the Public never gets to know so little's heard about the place, that sailors call the hole. But I can sing about the place, and try to make you see the hardened life of men down there, cause one of them is me.

I've seen these sweat soaked heros 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, til steamships sail no more, amid the boiler's mighty heat and turbines hellish roar.

So when you see a ship pull out to meet a warship foe. Remember faintly, if you can, the men who sail below. author unknown but submitted by Charlie Weaver, MM2.....

Seven Little Stories.....

1. Once all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer all the people gathered, but only one boy came with an umbrella.

That's FAITH

2. When you throw a baby in the air, she laughs because she knows you will catch her.

That's TRUST

3. Every night we go to bed without any assurance of being alive the next morning but still we set the alarms to wake up.

That's HOPE

4. We plan big things for tomorrow in spite of zero knowledge of the future.

That's CONFIDENCE

5. We see the world suffering, but still we get married.

That's LOVE

6. On an old man's shirt was written a sentence, 'I am not 60 years old, I am Sweet 16 with 44 years of experience.

That's ATTITUDE

7. One of the things age changes is; At 22 you walk into a bar and look around for a nice looking girl to hit on, at 80 you walk in and look around to make sure where the toilet is !!

That's SMART...from Joe Kelsey

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Korean War Mural -

As this year marks 65 years since the start of the Korean War, a new 20 foot tall black and white mural in downtown Amherst, Ohio, pays tribute to veterans of America's "Forgotten War." It's the third mural for local artist Mike Skeletal who has painted the outside wall of a two story brick building into a historic timeline. The Korean War mural, which was dedicated during a ceremony this past Veterans Day, features a silhouette of the Korean peninsula surrounded by combat soldiers, fighter jets, a battleship and a nurse. "Korean veterans that I've met are so proud and thankful that a younger guy paid respect to them with this mural," said Sekletar, a member of Sons of The American Legion Squadron 118 in Amherst. "Truly, it's a real honor for me to pay my thanks in this way, so I guess the Korean War is no longer the 'Forgotten War' in Amherst, Ohio."

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Obit: George Taro Sakato

▶ 2 DEC 2015

▶ The Congressional Medal of Honor Society announced that Private George Taro Sakato, Medal of Honor recipient, passed away December 2, 2015, in Denver, Colorado at the age of 94. Private Sakato was born in Colton, California, on February 19, 1921. He grew up outside San Bernardino where he graduated from Redlands High School. After World War II began, his family moved to Arizona to avoid internment on the west coast. He joined the Army in 1944 and volunteered for the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, which was mostly made up of Japanese-Americans. In October 1944 after his platoon had virtually destroyed two enemy defense lines near Biffontaine, France, his unit was pinned down by heavy enemy fire. Disregarding the enemy fire, Private Sakato made a one man rush that encouraged his platoon to charge and destroy the enemy strong point. Taking charge of the squad after his squad leader was mortally wounded, he continued his relentless tactics to stop an organized enemy attack. He was awarded a Distinguished Service Cross for his actions, but the 1990s review upgraded it to a Medal of Honor. The 442nd Regimental Combat Team remains the most decorated for its size and length of service in the history of American warfare. He was awarded the Medal of Honor by President William J. Clinton at a White House ceremony on June 21, 2000.

Funeral services are pending. There are 78 recipients alive today.

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Happy New Year 2016!!!