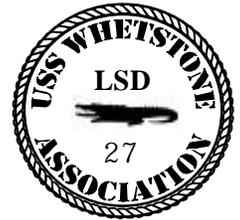




54th Edition



The Rolling Stone



Jan 2011

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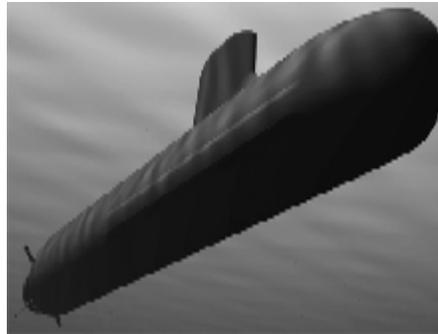
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The Rolling Stone is a Quarterly publication of the USS Whetstone LSD-27 Association, INC. The Association is a non profit, historical and educational organization dedicated to promoting fraternal, civic, patriotic and historical memories of those who served aboard.

Submarine Chiefs By Ron Hnatovic

I thought, with a little modification omitting submarines, this might be good for the Whetstone newspaper. In case you didn't know I was qualified in submarines, and went back to them after the Whetstone. Ron (left) Hnatovic (Thanks Ron. Submarines are Navy and we all enjoy any experiences our shipmate have encountered. Thanks: John) One thing we weren't aware of at the time but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given... Boat qualified CPOs. They were crusty bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time tested over more years than a lot of us had time on the planet. The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged-up insignia, faded shirts, some with a Bull Durham tag dangling out of their right-hand pocket or a pipe and tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets, and a Zippo that had been everywhere. Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a Methodist picnic. Most of them were as tough as a boarding house steak... A quality required to survive the life they lived. They were and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took eighteen year-old idiots and hammered



the stupid bastards into submarine sailors. You knew instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid... God should have given all sons born to Chiefs a return option. A Chief didn't have to command respect... He got it because there was nothing else you could give them. They were God's designated hitters on earth. We had Chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins in my day... Hardcore bastards, who found nothing out of place with the use of the word 'Japs' to refer to the little sons of Nippon they had littered the floor of the Pacific with, as payback for

a little December 7th tea party they gave us in 1941. In those days, 'insensitivity' was not a word in a boat-sailor's lexicon. They remembered lost mates and still cursed the cause of their loss... And they were expert at choosing descriptive adjectives and nouns, none of which their mothers would have endorsed. At the rare times you saw a Chief topside in dress canvas, you saw rows of hard-earned worn and faded ribbons over his pocket. "Hey Chief, what's that one and that one?" "Oh Hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave them to us to keep track of the campaigns. We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went... They're all depth charge survival geedunk. Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a submariner... We knew who the heroes were and in the final analysis that's all that matters." Many nights we sat in the after battery mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were lighthearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply depots, where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps... Standing in line at a Honolulu cathouse or spending three hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars and getting loaded. It was our history... And we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life... At least it was clearly that for

me. They were not men given to the prerogatives of their position. You would find them with their sleeves rolled up, shoulder-to-shoulder with you in a stores loading party. "Hey Chief, no need for you to be out here tossin' crates in the rain, we can get all this crap aboard." "Son, the term 'All hands' means all hands." "Yeah Chief, but you're no damn kid anymore, you old coot." "Horsefly, when I'm eighty-five parked in the stove up old bastards' home, I'll still be able to kick your worthless butt from here to fifty feet past the screwguards along with six of your closest

(Continued on page 8)

Deceased Shipmates



TAPS
Gone the sun,
From the lakes,
From the hills
From the sky
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh.

The shipmates listed below are assumed to be deceased.

Information comes from shipmates, the V.A. and relatives of the shipmate.

This information is not Official

Please advise of any errors or omissions

Alqueza, Christiano
Anderson, Foster
Anthony, Jimmy
Anthony, Lloyd
Attamont, Tony
Bagley, Donald V.
Bailey, Finley A.
Barbarossa, Russell
Barber, George
Barkas, John C.
Bartholomew, Bart
Baxter, William
Becker, Leon
Beede, Albert E.
Bell, Rex
Bell, W. A. "Bill"
Berry, Robert E.
Black, Gordon
Blandin, Sherman
Bley, Loyd L.
Bloodworth, Robert G.
Bogusch, Bill "Bogie"
Bortle, Robert
Boswell, Robert
Bourgeois, Clair C.
Breedlove, James E.
Britt, Tom
Brown, Kenneth
Bruce, Marvin D.
Bullock, Charles S.
Burgess, Thomas R.
Burney, John L.
Burris, Richard E.
Bussey, Henry (Guss)
Call, Jay J.
Callahan, Alvin
Campbell, Burnell R.
Chidester, Doug
Childs, Cecil C.
Cihak, Wesley
Clark, Tom
Clemmons, Jr., Leslie
Cobb, John V.
Coker, Orval M.
Conine, Bob
Cooksey, Robert B.
Cormier, Norman G.
Covey, Gene F.
Covino, Frank
Cox, Richard
Crenshaw, Edwin L.
Crider, Walter

Cruz, Antonio R.
Dailey, Wilbur A.
Dalton, Leon
Damron, J. S.
Davis, James E.
Davis, Murate
Dea, David M.
Dell, Anthony
Devine, Orlando
Dilley, Richard J.
Dixon, Thomas L.
Doherty, Harold E.
Donzell, Richard
Dudley, Walter
Duerr, Joseph H.
Dunaetz, Hershel
Dyches, Archie
Dykas, Edward J.
Edge, Horace
Edmunds, Anthony
Edwards, Millard "Ed"
Edwards, Thomas F.
Elder, Charles
Eshom, James M.
Espointour, Maurice
Esteban, Eduardo
Fern, Richard P.
Fields, Roger
Finlayson, Leonard
Fisher, Orval M.
Flowers, Charlie J.
Floyd, Brooks
Folks, Arlie Joe
Folks, Macie D.
Folks, Tracie F.
Follis, Jerry
Fontenot, Royle
Foster, Freddie
Foust, Roe
Fox, J. Lee
Fox, James Arthur
Frank, Victor K.
Franzen, Leroy C.
French, Dean M.
Fritz, Michael
Gafton, Frank C.
Galing, Capt. Searcy G.
Gamble, William
Gensler, Delbert J.
Gentry, Alva "Pop"
Gifford, Gilbert
Gilliam, Cleland R.
Giovanetti, R. A.

Giusti, Julius
Glover, Joseph R.
Gold, Boyd O.
Gooslin, Don C.
Gorby, Gene E.
Gore, Reefer E.
Gough, Terry G.
Graham, James "Shakey"
Graupmann, Donald D.
Gray, Amos
Greedey, Paul C.
Greenhill, Edward
Gunnun, Thomas
Haglin, Clarence
Hall, Fred L.
Hall, LeRoy "Lee"
Hanson, David M.
Harber, Gerald
Harbin, Sammie
Harden, Herman R.
Hardy, George D.
Harrelson, Glenn L.
Harrelson, Henry (Guss)
Harrelson, Lonnie
Harrington, Richard L.
Harwood, Boyd L.
Havelin, Wayne
Hayduk, David M.
Hayter, Harvey R.
Heidt, Donald E.
Heitz, Richard
Henderson, Jr., Thomas
Henry, Donald
Hestla, Charles W.
Hickman, Tony
Hicks, Vernon
Hinson, William
Hoffman, Lawrence
Holt, Dennis A.
Houghton, Donald W.
Howell, Larry T.
Huber, Ewald
Huckaby, Fuller O.
Hulon, Jack
Huneven, Robert L.
Irvin, Herbert E.
Isaac, Reuben E.
Isenberg, Emil
Jackson, Harvey
Janssen, Howard J.
Jennings, Samuel S.
Jennrette, Victor
Jepsen, Darrell
Johns, Elwood
Johnson, Dan
Johnson, Michael E.
Kadinger, Robert J.
Kalina, Joseph L.
Kasmiskie, Tom
Kauk, Keith
Kermicle, Harlin R.
Ketchersid, Lloyd R.
Klemm, Floyd P.
Kloor, Bill
Kodesch, Charles
Koelle, Benjamin
Kress, Edward
Kvidera, Larry T.

Ladner, Winston
Ladson, Ulmer
Landon, Neal F.
Lanpkin, Gerald T.
Larsen, Don
Lattiner, George
Leat, William
Ledbetter, Robert L.
Linton, Raymond
Locicero, Joseph
Lohmann, Gayle A.
Long, Ronald F.
Loudermilk, John D.
Lund, Larry Thomas
Macayan, Florentin
MacDonald, Paul J.
Maceri, Angelo
Machen, Elton
Magbuhat, Severino
Mann, Howard
Maphet, Steve
Martin, James R.
McCord, Warren
McCracken, Harry
McCullough, Don J.
McDougald, Robert L.
McFadden, William
McKay, Verlon
McKay, Verlon
McMahon, Walter S.
Miller, Clarence
Milligan, Delester R.
Moen, Robert
Morrison, Joe
Morritt, Etrall
Mulholland, Howard E.
Murphy, Calvin H.
Murray, James L.
Nelson, Larry E.
Newell, Darrel K.
Nolte, Lester
Olaveson, James L.
Oleson, Ken
Osotio, Ricardo T.
O'Toole, Edward M.
Page, Roy "Gene"
Pankonien, William
Papa, John (Jack)
Parkin, Arthur
Peerson, Jack
Pinder, Marcel
Pinzon, Alfredo J.
Pitts, John W.
Poisson, Conrad
Porteous, Joseph
Porter, Cdr. Mell G.
Powers, Reginald
Proulx, Ronald
Provost, Don
Puckett, Nathan
Rabun, Cdm. Floyd K.
Redfield, Russ
Reeves, David
Rein, Randall W.
Reink, Robert
Rettig, Ivan Joe
Rhodes, Donald
Richardson, Raymond

Rigdon, Charles E.
Rudd, Malcolm T.
Rumley, III, William
Russell, Wayne
Ryan, Randall M.
Sanders, Clark
Sanders, Morgan G.
Sandoval, Edward M.
Sapp, William C.
Savel, Jr., John J.
Schaaf, Donald T.
Scharnhorst, Fred
Scholloy, Victor K.
Schuette, George
Siciliano, Louis
SilverRyder, William
Sitton, David
Smith, Jay
Smith, Jimmie
Smith, Richard L.
Smith, Tommy B.
Spruance, Edward
Starke, Martin
Staubs, Jr., William
Stelzig, Delbert
Stewart, Jack
Stoll, Edwin
Sullivan, Tom
Sutherland, George
Tahamont, David
Taylor, John C.
Taylor, William A.
Terrell, Alex
Thomas, Albert E.
Thompson, Donny
Thibets, Joe
Towner, Sr., Frank L.
Trigg, George
Tucker, Milton J.
Vroman, Lewis
Vydra, David
Walker, George
Wallis, Larry
Warren, Robert H.
Waymack, James L.
Webb, William H.
White, Eddie
Williams, Carlie
Wilson, Glen W.
Wilson, James C.
Winders, George
Wisong, James
Woodbury, Ronald
Wright, Harry R.
Young, Lou
Yount, Bobby
Zinn, Franklyn K.
Zunick, Joseph L.

Names in bold reflect deceased shipmates in 2010. If you know of someone that has passed and their name is not listed, please contact Kay Goble, 6200 Emerald Pines Circle, Ft. Myers, FL 33966 or e-mail at:

mariongoble@comcast.net



The Chaplain's Corner

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

Hello shipmates. I wish you all a very Happy New Year.

As we start over again, in a new year, I am reminded of God's love that is available to each day. A new beginning each day as we walk with Him. No matter what fears we may have or difficulties nothing can separate us from the love of God.

How do you define the love of God?

God's love can't be defined or explained. You are loved by someone so infinite and good, that words can't even attempt to describe the scope of His love. It is simply limitless, and He expresses that phenomenal love to you every moment of your life.

The Bible says that God Himself is love. Could He love you any more than actually being the full expression of love? His love = The Cross. The Cross is the pinnacle of the expression of God's love. Through it, Jesus made sure that He would have all of eternity to tell you how much He loves you.

If you are struggling to find time to pray and worship the Lord, try the following:

1. Be honest with God about your feelings.
2. If you feel constrained by time, pray that the Lord will provide the right amount of time for you to be alone with Him.
3. Ask God to give you a love for Him and His Word.
4. Ask the Lord to teach you how to be still before Him.

Have a great 2011 as you grow in Christ.

Marv Watson RM-3 (60-63)

Just enough power

"When one engine fails on a twin-engine air plane, you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash."

Voluntary Dues

Again, **thank you** to all shipmates that have contributed dues and donations to the Association. Without your support, it would be impossible to publish "The Rolling Stone", maintain the Website and support our reunions. Dues are \$25.00 a year, are tax deductible, and are strictly **voluntary**. Dues are applied for one year (using date of check as beginning point, i.e. 01/01/11 check applies until 01/01/12). We recognize that not all are able to support the Association, but we welcome support from whomever is able. Dues received to date for 2010 are listed below. An asterisk designates dues paid for additional year(s). If anyone has paid and your name is not listed, please accept our apology and contact Kay Goble at 6200 Emerald Pines Cir, Ft. Myers, FL 33966, 239.768.1449 or via e-mail at mariongoble@comcast.net. Please make checks payable to: **USS Whetstone Association**.

Please use this list as your receipt.

Anderson, Robert
 Arata, Sil
 Bell, Charles*
 Bisping, Neil A.
 Bogusch, W.C.*
 Bolick, Wes
 Boren, Ben
 Brillon, Paul*
 Brown, James E.*
 Buchanan, Kenneth
 Burik, Frank*
 Burt, Neil
 Caffey, Irby R.
 Carson, Cpt. Grant*
 Chidester, David*
 Cickavage, Joseph
 Coakley, Bill*
 Coldren, Wayne*
 Cox, Millard A.*
 Crowder, Frank
 David, Spurgat
 Dinda, Gerald
 Doerr, Gary T.*
 Dover, Fred
 Dunn, Jim*
 Durnil, Allen
 Edwards, Homer
 Edney, Edward*
 Fox, J. Lee
 Fox, Sebastian
 Frans, Jack

Fraser, Douglas
 Fry, Stephen D.*
 Fulghem, Richard*
 Funk, John*
 Goble, Marion
 Gordon, Eddie*
 Green, Larry D.
 Gregory, Carroll*
 Gross, Richard*
 Grubb, Jack*
 Hall, Charles*
 Hart, Walter
 Haynes, Earl
 Hickie, John
 Hockema, Ben
 Holleman, Jimmy*
 Holmes, Robert A.
 Hoover, Frederick
 Hyatt, Ray L.
 Johnson, Merrill*
 Jones, Dale H.
 Kirby, Joe*
 Kircher, Vincent
 Klebacher, Gene
 Leopold, Vincent
 Lonnon, Larry*
 Mackall, Terry L.
 Manatt, James
 Maness, Jack
 McClellan, G. A.*
 McCray, David

McGrew, Joseph R.
 McManus, Peter*
 McNitt, Russell*
 McQuillen, Tom*
 Meismer, J.C.*
 Mezzanotti, Paul D.
 Mitchell, Burley*
 Mueller, James
 Nichelson, Joe
 Ogletree, Ronald
 Packer, Chuck
 Parsons, Harry
 Pearson, Ray
 Pierce, Charles*
 Piersee, Charles R.
 Pilgreen, Vince*
 Pineda, Jamie*
 Poirier, Alan
 Posey, Billy
 Randolph, Stephen*
 Raymie, Jerry D.
 Reed, George
 Reid, James
 Remington, Richard
 Richey, Albert D.
 Richter, Herbert B.
 Rowe, Horace
 Royseth, Raymond

Sandrock, Cpt. J.E*
 Sandwisch, Larry
 Savalan, Manuel*
 Savoie, Donald
 Seabaugh, Raymond
 Sharkey, Robert
 Shimmell, Thomas
 Shott, Ralph
 Skelley, Jr., Daniel
 Smith, Clinton
 Smith, Don
 Spurgat, David
 Stanford, Roy*
 Stief, Bernard
 Sylvester, Kim
 Throener, Larry
 Timmons, Garrett
 Tolbert, Leon
 Tucker, George*
 Van Guilder, David*
 Ward, Everett*
 Watson, Marvin*
 Weigt, Earl*
 Weston, Keith
 White, David
 Wiesemann, Donald
 Winslow, Leonard*
 Wright, Paul

Season Greetings from Marion and Kay

We want to take this opportunity to wish you all a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous 2011. The Whetstone Family holds a special place in our hearts and we are appreciative of what you have brought to our lives. As we look back over the years since 1995 when Bill Martin first contacted Marion to consider establishing an Association, there have been so many fond memories. Not only do the reunions continue to reunite us with the many friends we have made throughout the years, we are feeling special gratitude to those that keep the Association alive with their many contributions, whether it be dues, buying Ship Store items, attending the reunions or just dropping a "short note." The Astoria Reunion was a unique experience and we thank Larry Lonnon for his continued dedication to the Association and the efforts he made to make the Astoria Reunion a special event. We look forward to meeting all of you again in 2012 in Branson, Missouri. It is with a thankful heart that we send blessings to each and everyone of you throughout the New Year.

Marion and Kay

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
USS WHETSTONE ASSOCIATION
December 31, 2010
(Kay Goble, Secretary/Treasurer)

Balance on Hand (1/01/2009) \$ 1,324.93

INCOME - 2009 and 2010

From General Fund for Petty Cash (12/15/09)	\$ 100.00
From General Fund for Petty Cash (08/30/10)	\$ 100.00
Dues	\$ 6,710.00
Ship Store Items (Donations, Hats, Jackets, Etc.)	\$ 2,084.29
Website Donations	\$ 35.00
Transfer from General Fund for Reunion (Change, etc.)	\$ 400.00
Reunion Events from Attendees	\$ 12,422.00
ShipStore Items Sold at Astoria Reunion	\$ 571.00
50/50 @ Astoria Reunion	\$ 182.00
Raffle @ Astoria Reunion	\$ 556.00
	<u>\$ 23,160.29</u>

\$ 24,485.22

EXPENSES - 2009 and 2010

Transfer to Petty Cash	\$ 343.36
Website Donations to David Vydra	\$ 200.00
Website Server Fees	\$ 35.00
Postmaster - Bulk Mail Permit	\$ 499.32
Miscellaneous Association Expenses	\$ 365.00
Miscellaneous - Reimburse John Worman for Yosemite Sam Plaque	\$ 261.75
Newsletter Printing - January 2009	\$ 55.00
Newsletter Mailing - January 2009	\$ 458.39
Newsletter Printing - April 2009	\$ 115.18
Newsletter Mailing - April 2009	\$ 529.53
Newsletter Printing - July 2009	\$ 114.86
Newsletter Mailing - July 2009	\$ 525.00
Newsletter Printing - October 2009	\$ 111.62
Newsletter Mailing - October 2009	\$ 376.74
Newsletter Printing - January 2010	\$ 138.68
Newsletter Mailing - January 2010	\$ 609.98
Newsletter Printing - April 2010	\$ 147.65
Newsletter Mailing - April 2010	\$ 604.90
Newsletter Printing - July 2010	\$ 117.30
Newsletter Mailing - July 2010	\$ 642.46
Newsletter Printing - October 2010	\$ 116.27
Newsletter Mailing - October 2010	\$ 679.66
Ship Store Items (Bow Wake)	\$ 115.07
<i>Reunion Expenses</i>	
Reunion - Sundial Travel	\$ 1,305.48
Reunion - Astoria Opry House	\$ 4,039.00
Reunion - John Worman Reunion Events (Photographer)	\$ 1,600.00
Reunion - Larry Lonnon - Meals at Astoria Reunion	\$ 282.00
Reunion - Miscellaneous Expenses for Reunion	\$ 5,446.00
Reunion - Tips - Guides, Drivers & Breakfast Servers	\$ 462.29
Reunion - Bartender	\$ 395.00
Reunion - Door Prizes & Gift Cards (Coakley, Lonnon, Worman)	\$ 300.00
Reunion - Reimburse Reunion Attendees for Cancelled Seaside Trip	\$ 400.00
Reunion - Reimburse John Worman for Reunion DVDs & Shipping	\$ 378.00
Reunion - Shipping - ShipStore Items to Astoria	\$ 32.75
	<u>\$ 21,961.56</u>

Balance on Hand (12/31/2010)

\$ 1,198.73

SEA STORY OF THE QUARTER

(submitted by Robert Young (1st Lt 1963-64))

A Ship — From Two Viewpoints

In my current life, I am a naval architect and I work with lots of other naval architects. Most of them are much younger than I am—a few are even younger than my children. They became naval architects by first going to school, and by then going to work in an office that designs ships. They know how to manipulate their computers and how to make fantastic drawings and computer printouts.

Long ago I noticed that they think of a ship much differently than I do. While I usually understand their computer manipulations and can even do a few of them myself, there seems to be something vital that they are missing. It's not really their fault, and besides, all of what they do is actually quite necessary to get a ship out there and floating in the water. But it just doesn't seem that they have the whole picture of what a ship really is. These young guys and ladies think a ship is something that has structural strength, which they can analyze with their whizz-bag finite element analysis computer programs that use the characteristics of the steel and some magical formulations about what forces are driven into that steel when a ship is rolling and pitching in the open sea. They think a ship is something that has stability, and again they punch numbers into their computers, numbers that describe the shape of the hull and how the interior watertight compartmentation is set up. They think a ship is something that has spaces and tanks, and they make nice drawings showing all the various spaces and tanks on each of the decks and levels and platforms, again with their computers. They think a ship is something that has weight and weight distribution, and they analyze with their computers just how the weight is spread around the ship in all three dimensions. And on and on and on. They think a ship is something that has sea keeping and maneuvering characteristics, just as their computers tell them. To them, a ship has machines that turn natural resources into various forms of power, which then gets distributed to many things which need that power. Everything these people touch is handled by the computer, and the computer analyzes these things with all kinds of rigorous mathematical equations. These studies are important and I don't really mean to belittle them as much as it sounds like. But these guys still lack a feeling for what I think makes a ship to be a ship.

You see, in my prior life, I was fortunate enough to have been a proud destroyer sailor. To me, a ship is something that has Boyd in the Forward Fireroom and Chief Clark in the Main Control. To me, a ship has Hammond in the After Gun Mount, and Bunosso in CIC. A ship has Malinoff in Sonar, Friesen running the missile Fire Control System, and Souza on the Signal Bridge. A ship has Nightingale in the Galley, keeping the mess decks humming. And no, we won't forget good o' reliable Predovich at the helm, with his clear and crisp "LEFT Standard Rudder, AYE, Sir." To me, a ship has all these guys working as a team, and I mean a real team, not like one of those 'teams' that that landlubber offices nowadays think they can get by sending their people

to a 'teambuilding' program where they go out into the woods to play some silly games for a couple of days.

A ship has sailors working as a team sweating through endless ordeals that none of my office mates could even begin to comprehend, just to get their ship ready for a commitment. And then working again as a team when they are on the gunline and Gunner's Mates, Fire Controlmen, Radarmen, Snipes, Deck Apes, and Predovich at the helm, are all pulling together in another way, no longer preparing, but now carrying out the real thing as a five-inch gun mounts keep going KA-BOOM from both ends of the ship. And we can't forget watching our sailors coming back from liberty in Naples or Singapore, still as a team, with those who could see and walk a little better, helping those who had a lot 'more fun' on the beach, who needed that little extra help. And we could only hope that nobody who crossed their path would be foolish enough to make a crack about 'that rust bucket over there' or maybe something even worse, so they would then have to defend the honor of their ship. It was always OK if we had a few bad things to say about our own ship, but that right was reserved for us alone.

It was a different world back then and there, and I'm sure I couldn't begin to handle it now after all these years, nor would I even want to. But it sure was great while it lasted. There's no point in trying to explain what a ship REALLY is to these guys in the office who think of a ship as a thing with structure, and stability, and all those other characteristics the computer looks at. They wouldn't begin to understand. In order to understand, as we used to say back then, "You had to be there." I'll always be grateful that I had the privilege to serve in those ships, where I learned that a ship is something that has sailors, like Boyd, Chief Clark, Souza and Bunosso.

MY STATE MISSOURI

ENFN	1951	Beebe, Jr., Raymond	Independence
BT	1964-67	Brasher, J.C.	Sheldon
BM3	1967-68	Brondel, David E.	Jefferson City
IC3	1964-66	Lewis, John A.	St. Louis
BT2	1967-69	McDowell, Allen R.	Fulton
BT	1952-55	McGrew, Joseph	Shell Knob
MM	1962-66	Needy, Clifford	Green Ridge
SF1	1962-64	Rosenburg, Billy	Rolla
RD3	1969-70	Schauperl, Carl W.	Raymore
MR1	1964-67	Semler, William	Dittmer
EM	1953-57	Starz, Walter	Troy
EM	1956-57	Vaughan, Harold "Joe"	Lee's Summit
FN	1958-62	Whited, Gail L.	Pineville
SM	1952-55	Wilson, Buddy "Willy"	Rollo

ODE TO A VETERAN

(Submitted by Ed Edney IC3 1954-57)

A Little Sad...But a Tale to be Told....

He was getting old and paunchy, and his health was failing fast, and as he sat around the Legion telling stories of his past, Of the war that he had fought in, of the deeds that he had done, In his exploits with his buddies, they were heroes, everyone. And 'tho sometimes to his neighbors, his tales became a joke, All his buddies listened, for they knew where of he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer, for 'ol Bob has passed away, and the world's a little poorer, for a Veteran died today. No, he wasn't mourned by many, just his children and his wife, for he lived an ordinary, very quite sort of life. He held a job and raised a family, quietly going on his way; And the world won't note his passing, 'tho a veteran died today.

When politicians leave this earth, their bodies lie in state, While thousands note their passing, and proclaim that they were great. The papers tell of their life stories, from the time that they were young. But the passing of a Veteran goes unnoticed and unsung. Is the greatest contribution to the welfare of this land, some Jerk who breaks his promise and cons his fellow man? Or the ordinary fellow, who in time of war and strife, and goes off to serve his country and offers up his life?

The politician's stipend and the style in which he lives are sometimes disproportionate to the service that he gives. While the ordinary Veteran who offers up his all, is paid off with a medal and perhaps a pension small. It's so easy to forget them, for it is so long ago, that our Bobs and Jims and Johnnys went to battle, but we know.

It was not the politician, with his compromise and ploy, who won for us this freedom that our country now enjoys. Should you find yourself in danger with your enemies at hand, would you really want some cop-out with his ever waffling hand, or would you want a veteran, who has sworn to defend, his home, his kin, and Country, and fight until the end?

He's just a common Veteran and his ranks are growing thin, but his presence should remind us, we may need his like again. For when countries are in conflict, we find the Veteran's part was to clean up all the troubles that the politicians start. If we cannot do him honor, while he's here to hear the praise, then at least let's give him homage, at the ending of his days. Perhaps a simple headline in the paper that might say, Our Country is in Mourning, for a Veteran died today.

REQUEST FROM A SHIPMATE: Information requested from Donald Wiesemann (EM 1953-54). Please respond to Donald if you have any knowledge regarding the LST that assisted. Donald is trying to find out the number of the LST that assisted the Whetstone in evacuating Yo-Do Island, Wonson Harbor, North Korea. He sent the following regarding the Whetstone's mine sweeping detail with the USS New Jersey. He thought maybe Paul Feathers or others can help. His recollection follows:

On the July 27, 1953, we met the Navasota and topped off our fuel tanks in preparation to evacuate Yo-Do Island.

After the signing of the Cease-Fire Agreement, TAPS was blown at 2400 hours by Marine Bugler Robert (Bob) Ericson from Quincy, Illinois who to this date has blown taps 6000 plus times from Arlington National Cemetery to the West Coast and as a member of the American Legion Post 37 Rifle Squad.

At 0400 hours, we steamed into the harbor on top-side and at Quarters. We passed Yo-Do and dropped anchor facing the island which placed all aft guns, 12-40 (8 were quads) and 12-20 mm, all twins, facing the hills. At daylight, we had a LST tied to our port side.

On the fifth day, we were loaded with over 200 tons of ammunition and grenades, 5 tons of rice, misc. supplies and nine small craft plus 151 South Korean Troops and 3 American Advisors. The LST was loaded with heavy equipment and two American Damaged Fighters, which were hoisted up and across our ship by our two 10-ton cranes. The remaining material on the island was destroyed and our group, which was led by two Minesweepers and the gunboats headed to Cinhai, South Korea to unload our cargo. I wonder what the name of the LST was. If anyone has this information, would you please e-mail Donald at heylady@adams.net. He would appreciate hearing from you.

MY STATE NEBRASKA

BT3	1959-62 Alexander, Larry	Cambridge
SF2	1965-68 Guerrero, Jose	Bridgeport
RD3	1956-57 Johnson, Leroy	Columbus
FN	1968-70 Lehi, Steve	Chadron
MM	1965-67 McQuillen, Tom	Plattsmouth
QM2	1959 Mueller, James W.	Papillion
SM2	1965 Papke, Thomas R.	Chambers
EN1	1962-63 Porter, Scottie	Creighton
GM	1963-67 Sanchez, Gene	Chadron
SFM3	1961 Schlotfeld, William	Omaha
RM3	1960-63 Watson, Marvin	Lincoln

Dear Sir;

My dad is Theodore Reinheimer He was assigned as a corpsman to the USNS Whetstone in late 1950 to early 1952. His tour in 1951 was during the Korean War

He wanted me to send you some old pictures that he had of the vessel Most pictures are of the vessel during operations off of Inchon or of battle damage to the buildings at Inchon.

The first picture is one of my dad as a young sailor with Woe-me-Doe (spelling not accurate) Island in the background its the major island just outside of Inchon harbor.

Douglas Reinheimer

(the rest on Page 4)





(Continued from page 1)

friends." And he probably wasn't bullshitting. They trained us. Not only us, but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn't for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn't be any Submarine Force. There wasn't any fairy godmother who lived in a hollow tree in the enchanted forest who could wave her magic wand and create a Chief Petty Officer. They were born as hot-sacking seamen and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year-old jaybird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come and go for so many years, they could read you like a book. "Son, I know what you are thinking. Just one word of advice... DON'T. It won't be worth it." "Aye, Chief." Chiefs aren't the kind of guys you thank. Monkeys at the zoo don't spend a lot of time thanking the guy who makes them do tricks for peanuts. Appreciation of what they did and who they were, comes with long distance retrospect... No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership or lets say, when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that submarine Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others. They had no Academy rings to get scratched up. They butchered the King's English. They had become educated at the other end of an anchor chain from Copenhagen to Singapore... They had given their entire lives to the United States Navy. In the progression of the nobility of had given their entire lives to the United States Navy. In the progression of the nobility of employment, submarine CPO heads the list. So, when we ultimately get our final duty station assignments and we get to wherever the big CNO in the sky assigns us... If we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets. I don't know about that Marine propaganda bullshit, but there will be an old Chief in a oil-stained hat and a cigar stub clenched in his teeth, standing at the brow to assign us our bunks and tell us where to stow our gear... And we will all be young again and the gahdam coffee will float a rock. Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old Chiefs... If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding in this thick skull, you would be amazed.

So thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable sonuvabitches... Save me a rack in the Alley.

SAD

A lawyer's wife dies. At the cemetery, people are appalled to see that the tombstone reads: "Here lies Shirley, wife of Sam Johnson, LLD, Wills, Divorce, Malpractice, and Immigration Legal Services"

Suddenly, Sam bursts into tears. His brother says, "You SHOULD cry, pulling a cheap stunt like this on Shirley's tombstone!"

Through his tears, Sam sobs, "You don't understand! They left out the phone number!"

Let There Be No Moaning at the Bar

Old sailors sit
And chew the fat
About things that used to be,
Of the things they've seen'
The places they've been,
When they ventured out to sea

.
They remembered friends
>From long ago,
The times they had back then,
The money they spent,
The beer they drank,
In their days as sailing men.

Their lives are lived
In the days gone by
With the thoughts that forever last.
Of the bell bottom blues,
Round white hats,
And good times in their past

.
They recall long nights
With the moon so bright
Far out into the lonely sea.
The thoughts they had
As youthful lads,
When their lives were wild and free.

They know so well
How their hearts would swell
When the flag fluttered proud and free.
The underway pennant
Such a beautiful sight
As they plowed through an angry sea.

They talked of the scran
the chefs would make
And the shrill of the bosuns pipe.

How salt spray would fall
Like sparks from hell
When a storm struck in the night.

They remember old shipmates
Already gone
Who forever hold a spot in their heart,
When sailors were bold,
And friendships would hold,
Until death ripped them apart.

They speak of nights
Spent in bawdy houses
On many foreign shore,
Of the beer they'd down
As gathering around,
Telling jokes with a busty whore.

Their sailing days
Are gone away,
Never again will they cross the brow.
They have no regrets,
They know they are blessed,
For honoring the sacred vow.

Their numbers grow less
With each passing day
As the final muster begins,
There's nothing to lose,
All have paid their dues,
And they'll sail with shipmates again.

I've heard them say
Before getting underway
That there's still some sailing to do,
They'll say with a grin that their ship has come in,

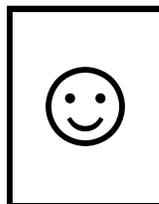
And the Good Lord is commanding the crew.

New Nail Gun, made by DeWALT.

It can drive a 16-D nail through a 2 X 4 at 200 yards.
This makes construction a breeze, you can sit in your lawn chair and build a fence.
Just get your wife to hold the fence boards in place while you sit back, relax with a cold drink and when she has the board in the right place, just fire away.
With the hundred round magazine, you can build the fence with a minimum of re-loading.
After a day of fence building with the new DeWalt Rapid fire nail gun, the wife will not ask you to build or fix anything else, probably, ever again.

Don't Worry, Be Happy!

40% of what you worry about never happens.
35% of what you worry about turns out for the better.
15% of what you worry about you can change just by taking action.
8% of what you worry about doesn't even concern you.
2% of what you worry about is valid.



Laughing Lamp is on

Do You think You'll stick around?

As he flew to Atlanta on a commercial airline, the admiral I worked for struck up a conversation with his elderly seatmate. She asked how he liked the Navy.

"I love it," he answered. "It's the best thing I've ever done."

"How nice," she said. "So, do you think you'll make it a career?"

Respect My Elders

I was always taught to respect my elders, but it keeps getting harder to find one.

When Love Fades...

Last night I was sitting on the sofa watching TV when I heard my wife's sweet voice from the kitchen.

"What would you like for dinner my Love? Chicken, beef or lamb?"

I said, "Thank you, I'll have chicken."

She replied "You're having soup, jerk. I was talking to the cat."

"Sleep is a sign of coffee deprivation!"

We Really Wanted you in though

Bulgaria's defense ministry on Thursday lifted a ban on women serving aboard submarines just as parliament decided to mothball the country's only submarine.

Why is a Snipe, a Snipe?

By Everett Ward, YN3, 1967-1970

Jack Tar got his name in the age of sail. For hundreds of years he was king of the sea. His was the rigging, his was the deck, and his was the main propulsion system. The sea and sky were his. Jack loved the clean air, the wonderful scenery, the surge roll of the ocean wave, fresh breezes, and the endless horizons. Jack clung to his love, up and down, setting this, and hauling that. Jack heaved, and pulled, and stroked to make his ships go. Jack rolled and pitched. He backed and stayed, wallowed, and chased the winds as he followed the crests of the sea. The bounding main was his and he was wed to it.

Jack knew his knots. He could splice, bend, tie, heave, reef, and steer. He was master of anything that floated or sailed. Salt was in his blood and he was part of the elements. They were his domain. He was king. And, other than a little tar, maybe a dab of pitch, Jack's nose was clean and free and clear. He could tell land, and "smell" what kind of weather was knocking about. And Jack could hear. Sounds were part of his element and Jack was versed on their meaning. He could read the bottoms he crossed and know his location by birds, the color of the deep and even seaweed. Jack could make his ships go where he wanted, when he wanted, and worked with nature to get them there. He was at home swinging from leeches and bluffs, manning braces and trimming clews. He could climb and descend rat lines and sheets, painters, trice shrouds, halyards, and stays--working the lines up and down with the natural ease of trapeze artists. The ways of the seas and the ways of ships were life for Jack. He was as much of one as he was of the other. Jack's harmony lived for hundreds of years and was the inspiration of many traditions, forms, and nautical cultures. It was set. It was firm. It was safe. Jack was every inch a sailor.

Trouble came in the early 1800s with the industrial revolution.

Poor Jack: The way of ships and the seas changed with the arrival of the smoking, noisy, oily, cantankerous steam engine. It wedged itself into established laws, customs, and traditions with the grace of a hippopotamus. It was the Fulton II in 1837 that set the pace for the years to come. With it came oil, grease, grime, noise, smells, and heat. Space was taken—the beast had to be fed and to run it and feed it required a new type of crew and with them more space was taken. It needed fuel. At first it was wood but it could not be stowed in sufficient quantities to steam the fire tube boilers any great distances so coal soon followed. Any steam ship at that time was still dependent on Jack and his sails, which to the foresighted within the Navy higher ups, prodded by advancements achieved by competitors such as Great Britain, and France, was unsatisfactory. And so, it came to pass. Steam had arrived, and steam was there to stay.

To Jack, steam went against nature's laws and all the things that had made his station over the years. Worse, the steam engine threatened to change its form, its mode of thrust, its power, and worse yet, improve its dependability. There was trouble from the start.

Still, the ships of the times retained reliance on Jack and his sails. Engines were considered mainly an auxiliary. Until

the problems of fuel, steam efficiency, space, and reliability were satisfied, warships and commercial civilian vessels would retain a combination of mast, spars, sails, and engines for a hundred years. Old school navy leadership muffled steam and diverted new fancies unashamedly. Jack held on with the determination of a foremain-top crew taking a double reef at the Horn.

The idea of mechanical power for ships brought an awkward transition. At first, the people needed to make the machinery work were not necessarily navy seamen. They were not even navy men. Early on they were civilians----trespassers—referred to as blacksmiths, tinkers, moles, and worse. Without any spirit of teamwork, and certainly without any feelings of admiration, it was not love at first sight between the two divisions of shipboard labor; but, the concept of steam caught on and continued to evolve. It spread to the navies of the world like a cloud and was soon intensified by advancements in hull construction using first wrought iron and then steel.

The Civil War fueled the fires of the future with advancements in armor and propulsion machinery, culminating in a military arms race that finally climaxed with the age of Dreadnaughts and World War I. Wood fuel gave way to coal; paddles gave way to propellers; wood hulls bowed to steel; the term Iron Men and Wooden Ships began to take new meaning. But in that century of change, Jack's job billet and peace of mind were ever protected with the continued presence of masts, spars, and sails, securely protected by navy tradition. Gradually, as the century matured, the idea of one system being a backup to the other slowly reversed itself and was finally extinguished, at least in a general sense, by the early 1900s and poor Jack had been dragged begrudgingly into a new age.

Undisciplined, civilian steam machinists were independent of ship's company and had no time for naval military order and decorum. Such was the beginning with USS *Fulton* in 1814. Originally named *Demologos* ("The People Speak"), it was named after Robert Fulton, father of the first successful steamboat, *Clermont*. *Demologos* was America's first steam war vessel, renamed *Fulton* after its inventor's death in 1815. It was a floating battery—an ungainly catamaran thing with boiler and engine in the middle for protection. *Fulton I* was succeeded by *USS Fulton II* in 1837, Matthew C. Perry (of Japan fame), Captain; and, while engines, boilers, and design improved, the mixture of navy crews and civilians remained a bad mix. To make matters worse, boilers of the times developed an explosive reputation. By the 1840s more Navy crewmen were manning the propulsion machinery and Jack had to ship with a new breed of shipmate.

On 31 August 1842, the Navy authorized the first enlisted engineer ratings: firemen and coal heavers. Five years later, no one could be enlisted as a fireman or coal heaver unless he passed a medical exam that attested to full health and vigor. There was also an exam given by the engineer officers that attested to the "ability to manage fires properly with different kinds of fuel, and use

skillfully smith's tools in the repair and preservation of steam machinery and boilers." The stoke holes---i.e., fire rooms, i.e., boiler rooms, and engine rooms had to be manned and became the rate that spelled quick advancement as the laws of supply and demand factored in. But who wanted to be there? Who would enlist in the Navy to work in a floating Hades, devoid of glamour and sunlight, heaving coal like a slave below the waterline, especially in a warship where one enemy shot or accident would scald and cook a crew faster than Colonel Sanders. Then there was the matter of competing pay with the growing steam merchant marine. The Navy had an answer.

Ah! It was stamped with the word, "Incentive." In 1847 the Navy approved a higher wage for the enlisted engine crews. Recruiters went to work. A first class fireman received a pay rate of thirty dollars a month. His deck equivalent, the first class deck seaman, was rewarded with a lowly twelve dollars per pay day. The lowest of the low, the coal heaver, was worthy of a whopping pay chit of fifteen dollars on Big Eagle day, five dollars more than an ordinary deck seaman and eight dollars more than a ship's boy (It would not be until 1854 that deck ratings would get raises, thirty-four years since the last.).

To the added chagrin of the clean deck man, engine room crews tracked grease and oil. Bright work fell victim to stains and there was the matter of a perpetual air of oil, damp heat, and coal. Their clothes were dirty and they were pale, appearing in open air as denizens from mysterious, infernal regions from the bowels of a ship. They talked a different talk and walked a different line. They were creatures of another depth that knew nothing of the realm of the sea. They took up space and their fuel needs made a new type of work for the deck seaman that was foreign and repugnant. Trouble was afoot from the start, beginning with burning sails and soot in the rigging. Holy-stoned decks, pristine and sparkling clean, were outrageously blotched with black crumbs of ash and carbon. The culprit engine crews were viewed as mere mechanics who shouldered the legacy of contempt for navy spit and polish left by earlier civilian engineers---and they made more money!

Deck officers and seamen held the stoke hole people in raw, seething scorn. Stoke hole references to deck seamen as "apes" agitated and infected the atmosphere, leaving many a bar and tavern in shattered ruin. The hole was dark with only the glow of the furnaces and a few scanty lanterns for illumination to break the gloom. It was a hot, sweaty place in which the shadows of men moved about, equally dark with only the whites of their eyes to distinguish their forms as human. They were renounced as the Black Gang.

The brother of steam was grime. Keeping bunkers full was a job that never ended. As an example, when Theodore Roosevelt sent the Great White Fleet around the world in 1903, it required one million tons of coal. Coaling a ship was almost continuous and an all hands evolution. Coal bunkers were loaded by hand. Tons and tons of coal were bagged, carried in baskets or buckets, hand loaded and slung from tenders and dumped by hand into bunkers below via scuttle hatches. This activity generated dust that penetrated every corner and locker. It was dirty for all, leaving each ship in each evolution, for as long as coal was the main source of fuel, with the task of cleaning each time it was repeated.

In the engine spaces would be those men who worked the

boilers. Coal trimmers and coal passers in the bunkers kept the coal stowage trim and carried loaded wheel barrels of coal to the firemen who worked the doors of the furnaces and heaved the black magic by the shovelful onto the grates. They controlled the dampers, spread and banked the fiery beds, then stoked them to make more heat and called for the trimmers to rake the coals out and eject the piles of ash and clinkers. Water tenders watched water levels, maintained feed pumps---the "doctors," at a pace that matched consumption. They stroked water glasses and cracked open blow down try cocks. Constant vigilance was needed to keep the boilers fed and water glasses level.

The complement of Black Gang crew would depend on the size of the ship, number of boilers, and their size. Each boiler could require a crew of up to six persons. Rotating four for five hour watches for each boiler would give some estimation of the total numbers of crew added to a ship's complement.

In the engine room would be greasers and wipers. One whose job was to oil and grease the machinery and the other whose job it was to wipe spilled grease and oil. All worked under an engineer of the watch, who manned the throttles and reversing engines all the while keeping eyes clapped on a multitude of gauges, each with a critical message. Ears were cocked and tuned to the din of machinery. A foreign sound however weak could be an early indication of a hot bearing, a rod out of alignment, a leaking gland, or any other of the countless things that can happen to a marine steam engine.

Engine and boiler rooms were poorly ventilated and were infamously hot. Warm in colder latitudes; in lower latitudes, however, temperatures of the engine spaces could rise as high as 140 degrees. A temperature of 200 degrees was noted in the Battle of Manila in 1898 where the only American casualty was the Chief Engineer of USS McCulloch, Francis R. Randal, who died of a heart attack wrought by heat exhaustion.

The crew below didn't know the functions of the crew above. Certainly, the crew above had no desire to learn any more about the crew below, except it was paid better and that was an open wound. There was confusion as to who was in charge. At first, the Navy put two masters on its ships. One, the Deck Master, held domain over the deck sailors; two, the engine master, who, yes, that's right, ruled below decks in the engine room and stoke hold. So, deck crews answered to the Deck Master. Conversely, the engine crew followed the Engine Master. Between the two masters there were abrupt separations in divisions of responsibility. To one and the other, any action which assumed a task on opposite sides of labor divisions was taboo. There was no line of demarcation between the open decks and the confines of the engine room. There was a gulf.

Both masters were equally ranked making a disingenuous seagoing formula for a nautical donnybrook. The only opening came in the fact that the Deck Master held sway over quarters, rations, and ship's direction and port of call---

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11)

an advantage he fully cultivated with discriminatory bliss. Such was the state of dysfunctional affairs at the outbreak of the Civil War, a significantly large nautical exercise with lasting repercussions.

In the 1860s the Navy, wisely seeing a problem, designated the senior master on board a ship as the Captain. The Captain had overall authority over the ship and the Engineer Master (officer) reported to him. However, at times the engineer officer (The Master, or Chief Engineer) might outrank the Captain; so, something had to be done to clarify that SNAFU. Thus was born two officer branches of the US Navy: Staff and Line. In the succession that developed only line officers would command at sea and staff officers were defined in a lower niche of the hierarchy of ranks and order. In the early days of distinguishing line and staff officers, staff officers were relegated to the ranks of surgeons, supply functions, and engineering. All engineer ranks and ratings were made junior to all deck officers and corresponding deck seamen. Therefore, a petty officer machinist was junior to a deck seaman. The Chief engineer was king in his box and ruled his crew as he would, but on deck, he and his crew were not welcome and retained an inferior status.

And so, Jack had regained lost ground and regained some composure; and, it may be said with a degree of safety, there was no hesitation in pulling rank as needed or necessary, whimsically or otherwise, to make life for engineers as miserable as possible. Engine crews were always last in the lines, messed separately and with comparably inferior rations, swung from overheads in berthing accommodations found in least desirable sections of the ships, and, with deck ratings holding the high ground, so to speak, they were constantly harassed and belittled by their "superiors." While the black gang may have been assigned to the hot regions of a ship, the deck side of ship operations proved demonstratively to them that the only real hell was topsides. While his attitude purported a false security, Jack was able to exercise his unbridled contempt for the unfortunate, nay, unspeakable, other part of ship's company shoveling below.

The Navy needed engineers desperately, but with the need there was the problem of culture conflict---old versus new. With the conditions of petty indignities and restricting regulations waged against them in the fleet, who wanted to be an engineer? Who would bother to serve as a staff officer in any legion and suffer the treatment of dirt? In fact, there was a fleet wide agitation rising from the ranks of all the staff officer corps.

Continued insults were maligned against them. They were denied officers' quarters and if so quartered, were often forced to vacate on the arrival of a new line officer. Engine room crews were required to stand deck watches and work sails, among other indignities. The engineers and other staff corps groups believed the actions against them were calculated and rooted in jealousy. They were interlopers---a mongrel breed of seagoing canines best penned below and kept out of sight, especially the mechanical ones. Worse, they were denied the status and title of "gentleman," regardless of rank or warrant. Service-wide, the staff corps of the Navy had grown ill tempered and frustrated by the inferior treatment welded out by the superior haughtiness of line officers. They had had enough. Tumult was brewing. A movement was afoot in the fleet and in Washington. Its leader was Benjamin F. Isher-

wood.

In future years the Navy would divide and mutate on issues such as the Sampson-Schley

Debate, A. T. Mahan, the introduction of submarines, grog---the end thereof, armor, ordinance, fire control, dreadnaughts, airplanes, oil firing, battleships versus aircraft carriers, atomic power jet propulsion super carriers haircuts, beards uniforms, and issues of gender. In the 1860s at the Holiest of Holies that made up Washington Navy Bureaus, the hot issue was steam: what it was, what it meant, what to do with it, and how to deal with it. Isherwood's star rose.

Isherwood was the first Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, a position that was launched in 1844. He was the Hyman Rickover of the 1800s, leading the Navy into the Age of Steam. As Engineer in Chief of the United States Navy during the Civil War, Isherwood was a visionary with forceful drive that transformed a 28 steam vessel fleet to one of over 600 steamships. He was responsible for steam engineering being introduced to the Navy Academy. He was an inventor, a naval steam scientist, gifted and skilled; he was also a reformer who saw reluctance in the cliquish navy culture to accept change not only in scientific advancement, but personnel needs and management as well. His hull designs were accepted world wide and he developed a propeller design that stayed with the Navy for 30 years.

At Annapolis, Isherwood Hall carried his name, hailing him as the Navy's father of steam engineering, or "enginery" as it was called then. And he was a reformer, leading the movement of changing a debilitating system structured on discriminatory exclusion. In its place was a systematic approach to personnel management to satisfy a new demand that brought equilibrium between two diametric functions. Isherwood's influence helped to satisfy demand created by advancing scientific technology that thrust the Navy into a new age. It insured better fleet performance and dependability, safer operations, and brought the concept of steam engineering to par in career development.

And then, along came John---John Snipes, that is. Somewhere in the 1860s an engineering officer by that name appeared in the log of a Navy ship. This officer, in deck parlance, had a different cut to his jib. Snipes may have been a recent graduate of the Naval Academy where steam engineering was incorporated into the curriculum with warrant and commissioned officer grades. He was definitely an advocate of the Navy's future in steam, probably a loyal disciple, if not a high priest, for Benjamin F. Isherwood.

In our day and time Snipes would be called a hero. In those days he was probably rated as a troublemaker. A fitness report drawn up by a line officer probably smacked of "action and conduct deleterious to the good of the Navy." He may have been a product of the Naval Academy's new steam "enginery" program. Whatever the case, he came aboard his ship with Isherwood's drive, Isherwood's goals, and probably Isherwood's backing, reinforced with that of several corps of unhappy

staff officers. Snipes blossomed as a champion of his men.

He went to the Captain and demanded better treatment for his crews including better berthing quarters. That would mean a more suitable place than proximity to the engine and boiler rooms for hanging hammocks, food rations on equal with deck crews (Messing on up to the 1930s was in division spaces and mess-cooks brought food from the galley to the individual crews' mess. If the crew's berthing was near the engine room so then would be the mess.), and more importantly, an end to harassment by deck crew members. Engineers were not to stand deck watches and the requirement for engine ratings to work sails would be dropped. Engineering officers were to be quartered in Officer's Country as they were entitled. Further, they were to be recognized as gentlemen equal to their deck peers in status and pay. The ship's captain laughed at him and sent him below.

But the laughter was short lived. John Snipes stormed below to the boiler rooms and had his men haul fires. In short order the ship became DIW---dead in the water---no steam. Obviously there was renewed discussion with the Captain. Duty and mission were threatened, admirals would want explanations, schedules would change, logistics for operations would disintegrate and fall into a heap, port calls would be cancelled, sea pay would be extended, and there would be worse, like---no liberty! The captain's ears were opened. To his horror, he found that there was support for such conduct in the Bureau and other corridors of high command. He was over a barrel.

With Snipes better understanding was established as to expectations for engine and deck divisions and future lines of communications. Some would call it blackmail, others would prefer wording in the line of compromise and additional understanding. Word of the exchange raced through the mess decks of the fleet and it wasn't long, paced after a few more dead in the water episodes, that a new spirit of mutual co operation led to a higher level of naval efficiency and mechanical dependability. The gulf between deck and engine was bridged and precedence established from which there came other changes leading on into modern history.

Maybe Isherwood instigated the confrontation. Maybe he didn't. It doesn't matter. John Snipes broke the ice and heralded a change in the Navy that brought equilibrium in the balance of shipboard functions. In due time, these changes and other adaptations spread through the fleet as engineers and black gang became "hands off" for the deck people. As it came to pass, nobody, unless he wanted to answer to the Captain, continued to bruise any engine crew. They were, after all, John Snipe's men.

The title stuck; then shortened, making a Snipe---a Snipe.

Wasted

I saw a Lawyer fall in the Rio Grand River this morning at 8 AM.

Being a responsible citizen, I immediately informed emergency services.

It's now 4 PM and they still haven't responded.

I'm beginning to think that I wasted a stamp!



Greetings from Your President



It's hard to believe it's already December and the Christmas Spirit is upon us. Christmas is a time to celebrate with family and friends, and I can't help but always fondly remember my Whetstone family. In addition to wishing you a Merry Christmas, I hope the entire Whetstone family enjoys a healthy and happy 2011.

That's right, I'm wishing you a great 2011, as a young bluejacket, did you ever imagine ringing in the new year "2011". I reflect on all the years that have gone by and I wonder, "Was there really ever a Whetstone in my past?" So many events both historically and tragically have occurred since 1958, the year I joined the Navy. We all went in planning to save the world. But in reality and more importantly then saving the world, we met friends for life. It's been 52 years since I enlisted; I have to struggle to remember, "Was I really on the Whetstone or was it a dream?"

But, then comes the reunion and I realize it isn't a dream, my time on the Whetstone did happen; your time on the Whetstone happened. We sailed over the ocean blue, with not a care in the world and loving every minute of our experience.

And now let me shift gears to our latest experience in Astoria. We welcomed the Victorian Ladies into the Whetstone Family. Well, unfortunately, I failed to thank a Victorian Gentleman, retired Engineman First Class Ken Pearson, United States Coast Guard and welcome him into the Whetstone Family. Thank you, Ken, for your time and effort in making Astoria a great reunion.

That's all folks, till next time, Be Safe, God Bless and Support our Troops,

Bill Coakley

USN 1958-1962

Where?

A stark naked, drunken woman, jumped into a Vacant Taxi at a London Cab Rank.

The Indian driver was immediately beside himself and just kept on staring at the woman.

He makes no attempt to start the Cab.

"What's wrong with you Luv, haven't you ever seen a naked white woman before?"

"I'll not be staring at you lady, I am telling you, that would not be proper, where I am coming from".

"Well if your not bloody staring at me Luvie, what are you doing then?"

"Well, I am telling you, I am thinking to myself, where is this lady keeping the money to be paying me with."

Army Bids Goodbye to Last Draftee

He was a kid who didn't want to be a Soldier. There was a war in Vietnam and a peace movement in America.

But then he got the government's letter and soon found himself on a cold December morning in 1970 in front of a post office in Sumter, S.C., listening to a Soldier read names until he heard his: "Clyde Green!" With that, the 20-year-old kid climbed on the bus headed to a U.S. Army base.

"I didn't want to join the Army," Green said last week. "The Army came and got me."

When he retired as a chief warrant officer in a ceremony this morning at Fort McPherson, Ga. --- after 39 years, 9 months and 15 days of continuous active duty --- he became, by the best accounting, the last U.S. Army draftee who fought in Vietnam.

"It's hard for us to speak in absolutes," said Richard Stewart, chief historian for the U.S. Army Center of Military History. "We're not good at keeping records like that. As soon as we say he's the last, another four will pop up. But he's certainly one of the last."

Finding a purpose

It is hard to imagine now the days when soldiering wasn't always by choice, when supporting the troops could involve a great deal more than car decals and applauding troops in uniform in airports. Often, it meant you might be one of them. It also meant you might go to war and it meant you might not come back.

Green, 60, is perhaps the last human link to those days.

The Army ended the draft in 1973 and at least one other draftee is still on active duty. But he was drafted later than Green and didn't serve in Vietnam. Green couldn't imagine serving in Vietnam either. At the time, his brother Willie was already in the Army, serving in the Signal Corps and stationed at Fort Gordon in Augusta. But Green wanted no part of this man's Army.

"When I got that letter, I thought my whole world was ending," he said.

The bus ride, induction and boot camp in Fort Knox, Ky., in January confirmed there was, indeed, a new world order and Green was at the bottom of it --- freezing his fanny.

"It was cold and really tough at first," he said. "But then I kind of got where I enjoyed it, once I figured out who was in charge."

The discipline of military life he had feared became a comfort.

"I liked the order," he said. And his uncertainty about what to study in college was suddenly a riddle solved: "I really liked the idea of military intelligence."

For the next four decades the kid who grew up on a farm in South Carolina, whose dreams had once stretched no farther than Orangeburg and South Carolina State University, traveled the world and lived a Soldier's life. Over time, the reluctant draftee became the career Soldier.

Attitudes change

He rose from enlisted man to chief warrant officer in military intelligence and served extended tours in Italy and South Korea. He visited 41 countries and posted in places --- the Middle East, Asia and East Africa --- he barely knew of, along with two stretches in the place he can least forget: Vietnam.

Green served his first stint there from June 1971 to May 1972

as an "intelligence Soldier," deciphering information gathered in the field. He examined captured equipment to determine, for instance, how many rounds an enemy anti-aircraft gun could fire. He interrogated captured enemy Soldiers in a war that a growing number of Americans opposed back home.

That experience, as a Soldier serving his country without any choice and risking his life, without much appreciation, still stings.

"At the time, we weren't really loved by the American people," Green said. "I never personally experienced it, but there was hostility. It was a different time. People weren't as supportive of the military."

It would be 23 years before Green returned to Vietnam. By then he had fought in his second war, the Persian Gulf in 1990. And he found America a different place for a returning Soldier, even an old draftee, by then a bit grizzled, who had served in Vietnam.

"If you were in uniform in public, people would come up and start talking to you," he said, "and tell you what a good job you're doing."

His second trip to Vietnam came with the Vietnam Joint Task Force-Full Accounting (MIA/POW), to seek any prisoners of war still in captivity and determine what happened to more than 1,700 Americans still missing in action in Southeast Asia. From 1995 to 2001, he and his team searched, scoured for remains and interviewed scores of witnesses.

They found no POWs but determined the fate of three MIAs, one of them an Army captain who served in Green's unit when he was in Vietnam the first time. They didn't find Capt. Frederick Krupa's remains, but they determined he was killed.

"He was shot in a helicopter and fell out during an extraction, so we were able to list him as KIA [killed in action]," Green said.

'Served ... with distinction'

At today's ceremony, Lt. Gen. Richard P. Zahner will praise the man believed to be the Army's longest serving draftee as a Soldier who "has served his country with distinction and has touched the lives of countless men and women in uniform," and who has contributed immeasurably to the Army's Military Intelligence in his 30 years as a warrant officer.

Green's family from all over the country will be there: his sons Brian, 29, and Stephen, 27, and wife of 34 years, Veria. He'll live at Fort McPherson for two more months --- "I have to pay rent now" --- in what, fittingly, is the oldest house on base, built in 1887.

After that, he has a farm in North Carolina where he might settle, unless Veria wins that argument and they move to Arizona.

"I hope I can talk her into it," he said.

And if he doesn't, it won't be the first time Clyde Green's plans for the rest of his life changed.

Birthplace of the Navy?

The old sign near its border that proclaims the upstate New York town of Whitehall to be the birthplace of the U.S. Navy is a bit worn out, town clerk Elaine Jones admits. Residents of several other Northeast towns might describe it another way: Not true.

Five communities claim to be the Navy's birthplace, from a wealthy former fishing hub north of Boston to Whitehall, a town about 200 miles (320 kilometers) from the nearest ocean.

On the Navy's official birthday Wednesday -- its 235th -- the Archivist of the United States, David Ferriero, may try to settle the question at a meeting in Boston at the museum of the USS Constitution, the country's oldest commissioned Naval warship.

Ferriero will bring documents from the National Archives that detail the claims of the parade of communities asserting Navy paternity, which also include Marblehead and Beverly, Mass.; Philadelphia and Providence, Rhode Island.

But will he rule on the location of the Navy's true birthplace? Ferriero says only, "We'll see."

There are questions about Ferriero's impartiality. He grew up in Beverly.

Ferriero, who's married to a woman from another claimant -- Marblehead -- wouldn't say last week if he's already leaning one way or another. "No comment," he said with a laugh.

Whatever Ferriero rules, it likely won't prompt other Navy birthplaces to gracefully give way.

"It won't matter to Marbleheaders, we know what's right," said Karen MacInnis, curator of the Marblehead Museum.

Ferriero set his staff researching the Navy's origins shortly after he was appointed the archivist last year. Curiosity about the competing claims to his hometown's title was one reason, he said, but he added the real purpose is not to settle the argument. Rather it's to use the good-natured debate to send a message about the archives: "These are your records, you should be using them, we provide access to them and there are all kinds of stories to be told from the records of your government," Ferriero said.

The claims of Beverly and Marblehead revolve around the same schooner, the Hannah. In September 1775, it became the first vessel that George Washington, commander of the Continental Army, ordered outfitted as a warship, for the purposes of harassing British supply vessels.

The Hannah was modified and launched in Beverly, which are the basis of that city's claim. But to people in Marblehead, an old-time fishing port now known as a monied enclave, those are just details. MacInnis notes the Hannah was owned and manned by Marblehead residents.

"It was Marblehead men and Marblehead ownership, and there endeth the story," MacInnis said.

Not to the people of Whitehall, N.Y., a small town along Lake Champlain. Under the command of Benedict Arnold, several naval vessels were built in present-day Whitehall in the summer of 1776 and they were later used that year in an important early war battle on the lake.

"We built the ship(s) and you can't sail unless you got one," Jones said.

The U.S. Congress officially declared Whitehall the Navy's birthplace in 1965.

"Some things are indisputable, you know?" Jones said. "How are you going to claim it's not true?"

Valdine C. Atwood, a historian in Maine, takes the opposite approach, disavowing that the town is the Navy's birthplace, though the title's been foisted on the community several times and it's one of the places the archivist is investigating.

"You know what happens," she said, explaining the misunderstanding. "Anything gets printed in the newspaper by anybody that doesn't know anything and then it becomes gospel."

In fact, Atwood said, Machias was the site of the first naval battle of the American Revolution in June 1776, after several woodsmen refused to hand over their lumber to a British commander, Lt. James Moor, in exchange for badly needed supplies. The woodsmen later commandeered a vessel and attacked his ship, seizing the supplies and killing Moor.

No cannon fire accompanies Providence, Rhode Island's claim to cradle of the Navy. The city just points out its residents were the first to call for the establishment of a Navy.

But Lee Arnold, library director at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, notes that his city is the place where the Continental Navy was actually established on Oct. 13, 1775, by the Continental Congress, which resolved that day to build two armed vessels. To Arnold, it's a bulletproof basis for Philadelphia's claim.

With the Navy recognizing its own birthday as Oct. 13, 1775, it would seem it also sides with Arnold. But the Navy has taken a diplomatic tack on its website, summing up the various claims, saying each "unquestionably" deserves recognition and concluding blandly, "Perhaps it would be historically accurate to say that America's Navy had many 'birthplaces.' "

Arnold doesn't buy it. "It's Philadelphia," he said. "Case closed."

Plan 'B'

Two elderly ladies meet at the Laundromat after not having seen each another for some time. After inquiring about each other's health, one asked how the other's husband was doing.

"Ted died last week," she replied: "He went out to the garden to dig up a cabbage for dinner, had a heart attack and dropped dead right there in the middle of the vegetable patch!"

"Oh dear! I'm very sorry," replied her friend: "What did you do?"

"I opened a can of peas instead."



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Items for Sale:

Ball Caps (With Silhouette)	\$20.00
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The "Every Sailor a Deck Hand" campaign got off to a slow start.