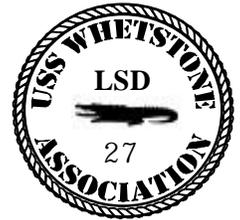




56th Edition



July 2011

President
Bill Coakley
PORTENGINEER@aoi.com
president@usswhetstone.net
(781) 391-2598

1st Vice President
Gene Klebacher
sergene2@cs.com
1stvpres@usswhetstone.net
(727) 518-8833

2nd Vice President
Keith Weston
whairkutter@earthlink.net
2ndvpres@usswhetstone.net
(336) 996-3611

Secretary/Treasurer
Kay Goble
mariongoble@comcast.net
sectreas@usswhetstone.net
(239) 768-1449

Membership Chairman
Marion Goble
mariongoble@comcast.net
membership@usswhetstone.net
(239) 768-1449

Reunion Chairman
The Whetstone Board of Directors

Chaplain
Marvin Watson
mwatson1@neb.rr.com
chaplain@usswhetstone.net
(402) 421-8957

Propaganda Minister
Everett Ward
Ewardjr@aol.com
(910) 790-1995

Newsletter Editor
John Worman
jwoorman@gmail.com
newsletter@usswhetstone.net
(575) 437-9872

Webmaster
Russ McNitt
Russ763@gmail.com
webmaster@usswhetstone.net
(218) 927-7880

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.

Last American WWI Vet

Laid to Rest

- The last American veteran of World War I has been laid to rest.

Frank Buckles was buried March 15, 2011 at Arlington National Cemetery, just 50 yards from the gravesite of Gen. John Pershing, under whose command he served. He was 110 years old.

Buckles' flag-draped casket was carried to the gravesite on a caisson led by seven horses. After the service, Army Vice Chief of Staff Gen. Peter Chiarelli handed the flag to Buckles' daughter, Susannah Flanagan.

Before the burial, President Barack Obama and Vice President Joe Biden paid their respects to Buckles and offered condolences to his daughter.

Buckles lied about his age to enlist at age 16 and outlived the approximately 4.7 million Americans who served in WWI.



Jack's Short Circuited Separation By Everett Ward

Even though this story begins in Texas, its birth was on Whetstone. It was in Texas that I met Jack; at least it was the first time I really got to know him even though we were on the Stone at the same time back in 1969. That being as it was, I really didn't know him. I was a yeoman and he was an electrician's mate---deck levels apart, you might say.

Arriving at the Corpus Christi reunion three reunions back, I was engaged in formalizing myself with what a Whetstone Reunion was all about. It was my first, and I was curious about the layout, the displays, the people there, and the events being planned. Who would I know? Who would know me? What do you do at a ship's reunion, particularly the ship you said time and time again you hope never to see again once you got off? Curiosity had gotten me there and curiosity was pulling stronger by the minute as I moved about. Like others who were dropping in, cautiously sizing up the room, the people, and the exhibits posted here and there, a process facilitated by the hospitality of an open chest of beer, I found myself seated with a group of fellow Whetstone sailors.

Conversation was being batted about in ping pong fashion about who was doing this, that, or the other; and what was happening when, and so forth. It seemed that the group assembled around the table had met before or had served in the same division on Whetstone at one time or the other. Most had been hull ratings, though I recall there was one deck type there. I introduced myself and attached my name to the Whetstone years of 1967 to 1970. Then I assumed a listening role and tuned into the variety of experiences as the good humored bandy continued around the table. In the discourse the air would be punctuated by something like, "Yeah, I remember that!" and even more often by a question, "Whatever happened to old so and so?" and "You don't say!" Occasionally someone would push away for a refill and return silently, immediately meshing back into the roundabout with new interest. All the time, as one person would be speaking, he would be joined with a complement to his tale or a round of laughter or joint acclamation given in agreement to a particular point. Such was the congenial atmosphere when someone in the group finally got around to asking what I did.

"Why, I was a yeoman," I replied, continuing with some specifics about yeomanry chores, watches in the

(See *Separation* on page 3)

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 2011 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 marion-goble@comcast.net. Please make checks payable to: **USS Whetstone Association**.

Please use this list as your receipt.

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Arata, Sil	Fox, Sebastian
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Richey, Albert D.	Wiesemann, Donald
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Rowe, Horace	Wood, Gerald
Rudnick, Robert	Work, Robert G.



The Chaplain's Corner

Hello shipmates. Hope you are having a good summer.

The devotion I am reading this morning deals with temptation and resisting temptation. It begins with the reading from Genesis 3:1-7 as the serpent, Satan, tempted Eve by getting her to doubt God's goodness. Satan made Eve forget all that God had given her and, instead focus on the one thing she couldn't have. He tried to make her think that sin is good, pleasant and desirable. A knowledge of both good and evil seemed harmless to her.

How could Eve have resisted temptation? 1. Pray for strength to resist. 2. Run, sometimes literally, and 3. Say no when confronted with what we know is wrong. James 1:12 tells of the blessings and rewards for those who don't give in when tempted.

2 Samuel 11:1-27 tells of King David and how he did not resist sin immediately, but was filled with lust and gave into temptation. The result of his sin was devastating. Have a plan for resisting temptation. Ask God in earnest prayer to help you stay away from people, places, and situations that may tempt you. Memorize and meditate on portions of Scripture that combat your specific weakness. Find another believer with whom you can openly share your struggles.

Have a blessed summer.
Chaplain Marv Watson (RM-3, 60-63)

MY STATE ARKANSAS

FP3	1955-58	Cooper, Leon Marshall
E3	1967-68	Davidson, Jimmy Paragould
SS2	1952-55	Hood, Doyle Russellville
RM2	1958-60	Yanca, Albert Calico Rock

ATTENTION

If you move, we would appreciate you notifying us so we have a current address and will incur less expense with returned newsletters and re-mailing.

THANK YOU to all that recently sent support to the Association. The Association appreciates your generosity and kind notes. Our Association is now in a much better financial standing and we have adequate funds for publishing the newsletter another year. The decision has been made to print three (3) newsletters a year (February, June and October) and keep the 12-page format. The various letters, e-mails, etc. indicate that people prefer having one less publication and keeping a more informative newsletter.

On another note, remember to **"Save the Date" of September 16-20, 2012**. We will be finalizing the reunion in the next couple of months and will publish details regarding hotel, events, etc. in the October 2011 newsletter. We look forward to seeing you in Branson, Missouri in 2012.

*USS Whetstone Association
Officers and Chairman*

Deceased Shipmate Notifications April thru June 2012

EM	1953-54	David G. Bacon
MR	1951-55	Clarence Colsrud
EN3	1967-68	Horace Fuselier
BT	1958-59	Johnny Scott
BM	1951-53	Charles Shy
SN	1952-53	George Tucker

(Separation from page 1)

Combat Information Center, a general quarters station on the bridge, and some other high sounding assignments.

Usually, it was not unexpected that in a group of mechanical or deck personnel or just about anybody else possessing a common distaste for administrative avocations associated with paper work or desk confinement, that when confronted with a specimen of that type, for eyes to glaze over and conversation quickly revert back to more familiar ground and dispositions. Concepts of memo ink, correction fluid, reams of paper, pen and ink publication upgrades, personnel record entries, Plans of the Days, watch lists, duty rosters, Temporary Additional Duty lists, Uniform Code of Military Justice sections, and official naval correspondence rates in a hierarchy of importance to them as an obtrusive genealogist's prating about family history. This time it was different.

It was at that point the conversation ended. I had become a pivotal point and everyone was looking at me. The hush that fell bespoke the possibility there might be a connection to my job on Whetstone and one of the conversations prior to my arrival. The reaction was the same as a tray of china crashing to a restaurant floor during a prayer for a wedding rehearsal dinner.

The man on my right looked at me with an alarming interest. He had assumed a rather serious look, maybe like that of a cowboy slowly rolling a cigarette while seated on top of his pony, gazing silently from a hilltop to a figure in the distance stringing up a barbed wire fence; finally breaking the silence with what I perceived to be a Texas drawl--- low, almost guttural, smacking of potential danger. If speech could be given to the sound of an imaginary steel barge grinding aground on a gravel shoal, it would impart the tone in voice as that given to the next statement. It was directed to me as others at the table fixed a new target in their sights. "I've always wanted to meet that yeoman who wrote those orders I left the Stone with!"

The only thing that shot through my mind was, "Don't mess with Texas!" So, being on guard, I responded with my only defense. I had only written one set of separation orders and that was in San Diego after our return from Whetstone's last deployment. I had been the duty yeoman on a Sunday and one of the men had been authorized for early separation. Having never written separation orders before, I was at a loss. Further, there was a deadline of 1800 that had to be met for some reason and I also had to get pay settled---complete with final disbursement---including accrued leave pay, transportation established, and get the guy signed off the ship, in a cab, off the base, and to Lindberg Field armed with civilian tickets which would take him home to Hawaii, all arranged in the blind, so to speak, and without prior knowledge or experience.

There was nobody to help aboard; so, I spent that Sunday going from ship to ship seeking duty yeoman or personnel man after duty yeoman and personnel man. I went to the base admin office. I went back to the ship, then back to the base admin office. Just about everybody was on week end liberty. Back and forth several times I went, picking up information a piece at a time, but I got the chore completed---everything---three copies of this, four copies of that, complied, typed in

correct form, authenticated by correct BUPERS references, stacked in pristine NavPers order, and in accord with all forms and tenses.

The Command Duty Officer signed everything and M... was on his way. I recall the relief I felt when the base cab arrived on the pier to take him away. It wasn't until some recent time, reading the Whetstone Association Roster, I noticed that M... is listed as a resident of New Mexico, not Hawaii. I have wondered what happened to him after leaving that early Sunday evening in 1968.

Since I had been the ship's career counseling clerk, librarian, public information clerk, and secretary for the welfare and recreation fund, the ship's office was not my full time work space and I had missed the pleasure of typing orders for personnel as they were transferred or separated. So, that Sunday I got a lot of On the Job Training---OJT, self taught. Later I would pay the piper in another way with another command when I had to arrange all the administrative paper work for three re-enlistments---guaranteed duty stations, tax free bonuses, combat pay disbursements, transfers, temporary additional duty for each, travel allowances, leave time and pay, and everything. As the saying went, "They got all their bennies"---a lot of work for a lowly third class yeoman in a detachment without any manuals, guides, or other publications to follow.

Having accepted the defense and seeing that a rope was not going to be necessary, Jack, the man on my right, then explained the story of his adventuresome last cruise on Whetstone and the abyss that swallowed him when his enlistment contract expired.

The last Whetstone deployment began with Jack on board as a short timer. It was April, 1969. His time left in service was sufficiently long that he would have to stay on board and be separated while Whetstone cruised in waters of the Western Pacific. And so, off he went with USS Whetstone, Electrician Mate 2nd Class, Jack the short timer, steaming away, doing his part in the final months of his naval enlistment, helping fellow citizens of the world work for the freedom of mankind.

The cruise has started well enough. In fact, for Jack there had been an incident that suggested a good omen for things to come during the last few months in Whetstone's E division. Pre deployment training was complete and the ship was in a leave mode. Things were kind of quiet on board which presented the electrician's mates an opening to catch up on Planned Maintenance Schedules. Items on the punch list included electric motors and wiring in air ventilation trunks. And so it came to be that one day just before Whetstone pulled out, Jack approached one of the main ventilation trunks. There was an inspection plate which covered what amounted to a small square door by which the enclosed blower motor could be serviced. Approaching the plate, Jack noted that several screw bolts seemed to be loose. "Hmmm, that's funny," thought Jack and it was a bit strange, but the observation really did not register as anything serious. Probably, somebody else had been in a hurry to finish a prior inspection and liberty call had interrupted his concentration. And so Jack unshipped the remaining bolts and removed the plate. Everything looked in order: Motor lubrication ok, everything snug, wiring harnesses intact, gaskets and seals in good order, visible portions of the trunk clear, clean, and rust

(See Separation on page 5)



Greetings from Your President



On May 30th, Memorial Day, I just returned from the cemetery where services were held to honor all veterans, living and those that have passed.

As I stand at attention hand over my heart, the National Anthem is being sung by an eighteen year old female. But it is not the National Anthem that I grew up hearing. Nor is it the National Anthem that I as a young Sailor would proudly stand at attention and salute the colors as the Anthem was being played or sung.

Kind of makes me wonder, when is all this nonsense going to stop? How many so called celebrities will forget the words as they inject their musical interpretation of the Anthem? Enough is enough! Sing the National Anthem as it was intended to be sung.

Moving on, I had a chat with Kay and Marion and it looks like it's off to Branson in Sept. 2012. I am sure that it will as good a trip as Astoria was, and I am very much looking forward to it.

Also a big thank you to all the members that made a donation to give the association a little breathing room.

Till next time God Bless, and Support Our Troops.

Bill Coakley USN 58 / 62

Homeowner forecloses on a Bank

Collier County, Florida -- Have you heard the one about a homeowner foreclosing on a bank?

Well, it has happened in Florida and involves a North Carolina based bank.

Instead of Bank of America foreclosing on some Florida homeowner, the homeowners had sheriff's deputies foreclose on the bank.

It started five months ago when Bank of America filed foreclosure papers on the home of a couple, who didn't owe a dime on their home.

The couple said they paid cash for the house.

The case went to court and the homeowners were able to prove they didn't owe Bank of America anything on the house. In fact, it was proven that the couple never even had a mortgage bill to pay.

A Collier County Judge agreed and after the hearing, Bank of America was ordered, by the court to pay the legal fees of the homeowners', Maureen Nyergers and her husband.

The Judge said the bank wrongfully tried to foreclose on the Nyergers' house.

So, how did it end with bank being foreclosed on? After more than 5 months of the judge's ruling, the bank still hadn't paid the legal fees, and the homeowner's attorney did exactly

More Ships Added to VA's Agent Orange Exposure List

FRA strongly encourages all U.S. Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard (USCG) Vietnam veterans to review the updated list of vessels exposed to Agent Orange during the Vietnam Era. The updated list, released by the Department of Veterans' Affairs (VA) in January, is continuously updated to include vessels that operated primarily or exclusively on Vietnam's inland waterways; ships that temporarily operated in these inland waterways or docked to the shore; and ships that operated in Vietnam's close coastal waters for extended periods with evidence that crewmembers went ashore. If a veteran's service aboard one of these ships can be confirmed through his military records during the time frames specified, exposure to herbicides can be presumed, thus expediting claims for VA benefits. Veterans should understand that the list is not complete and presumption of exposure will not be denied solely because a veteran's ship is not on it.

Visit www.fra.org/agent orange to view the most current list of vessels.

FRA is working to reverse the VA's policy that prevents "blue water" military retirees and veterans - those who served off shore in Vietnam - from claiming disability benefits for diseases related to exposure to Agent Orange. Exposure to Agent Orange and other toxic substances will be the focus of a feature article in the April edition of FRA Today, the Association's monthly membership magazine.

Hot Topic: Many service members are experiencing health problems related to exposure to Agent Orange, radioactive materials, asbestos and other toxic substances. Share your exposure experiences and questions at www.fra.org/hottopics.

what the bank tried to do to the homeowners. He seized the bank's assets.

"They've ignored our calls, ignored our letters, legally this is the next step to get my clients compensated," attorney Todd Allen told CBS.

Sheriff's deputies, movers, and the Nyergers' attorney went to the bank and foreclosed on it. The attorney gave instructions to remove desks, computers, copiers, filing cabinets and any cash in the teller's drawers.

After about an hour of being locked out of the bank, the bank manager handed the attorney a check for the legal fees.

"As a foreclosure defense attorney this is sweet justice" says Allen.

Allen says this is something that he sees often in court, banks making errors because they didn't investigate the foreclosure and it becomes a lengthy and expensive battle for the homeowner.

(Separation from page 3)

free. "Ah, well, this trunk is like it was the last time. Check, check, check."

The Planned Maintenance Schedule required a visual inspection of the trunk's interior. So, Jack stuck his head in and began his duty bound requirement. He looked up in the dark confines and there, visible by the beam of his flashlight something glimmered. There appeared to be something in the trunk that didn't belong there. "Hmmm,"muttered Jack again as a renewed interest built in what had been to this time a mundane and routine task. Looking now closer, Jack was elated to see that the lump hanging in the air trunk was nothing other than a number of whiskey bottles.

Fresh and inviting with unbroken seals, the bottles reflected his flashlight with silent flashes like beaconing clumps of amber glowing grapes. They were hanging in a row, ingeniously fastened with an assortment of small rope and twine so as not to make contact with the walls of the shaft when the ship pitched and rolled. It was obvious that the bottles had been secured professionally, with expert and loving care. It was also obvious somebody on board was thinking about those long nights and days at sea away from any oasis or other damp holes by which whistles could be wetted; thirsts quenched. "Now this is really interesting," muttered Jack. "This is going to be a great cruise." And he lowered the cache down, whereupon, instead of going into the Lucky Bag as gear adrift, it went into a place of safer keeping.

We don't know exactly how many bottles of hooch there were in the hoard or exactly how it might have been consumed. We do know that one night as Jack was returning from liberty in Subic Bay he was confronted by a chief petty officer, the Officer of the Deck. "Get a fresh uniform on, you've got the next quarterdeck watch," announced the Chief.

Jack had been ashore and like just about everybody else he had stopped in to join the libations delights of the China Seas EM Club, one of two enlisted-men clubs situated in the Naval Station at Subic Bay. In fact, he later reported he may have stopped at both of them before heading back to the ship and turning in. It was about two hours past taps and the idea of a quiet rest was appealing. In any case, he was taken completely by surprise by the Chief at the head of the brow when he saluted the quarterdeck. "But, I don't have the watch!" he exclaimed, noting at the same time some anxiety in the Chief's bearing.

"You do now!" proclaimed the Chief, with greater emphasis. Sharing that information, he repeated, "Get your whites on."

"But, Chief, I've been to the club and I'm ready for the rack!" cried our man, distinctly omitting the plural from the word club.

Whereupon the Chief told Jack, "Come with me." He then led the new Petty Officer of the Watch below decks to a certain compartment located near the quarterdeck. At the door he pointed in and with an anguished look turned his head the other way. There was the relief watch. Rather, it was the wreck of what was to have been the relief watch: Sprawled over on the desk; flopped on the deck; sagged over the chairs; totally three sheets to the wind and passed away into spirituous

oblivion. Heavy snores and deep breathing provided assurances that, indeed, lights were out. Jack took the watch.

From appearances and from the files of experience and recollection it was obvious the trunk treasure had been found and pilfered. Whether or not it was shared or meant to be metered out at appropriate occasions perhaps is a question best not explored. However, we can imagine the tee-totaling Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, who, in 1914, had abolished the traditional daily rum ration and all other alcoholic drink on US Navy ships, furiously rolling in his grave---probably not for the first time.

Years later, we know that on occasion when Jack corresponds with former shipmates, there is one who will remind him, "You owe me some bourbon!"

The event was a 1969 hallmark in the history of Whetstone --one of those things that would have turned hell inside out if it had been exposed. But it wasn't. The bond between ship mates held. All turned out well and the discovered refreshment went down to a good cause. Nothing was wasted. Navy tradition, discipline, and morale were not harmed and life on board "carried on" without a single interruption, though it is no wonder that planned maintenance inspections of air trunks became more frequent. Knowing how things were then, and listening to other crew members, it comes to mind that the one air trunk load of booze probably wasn't the only stash. After all, it was going to be a long deployment with a lot of work ahead. And, after all, Whetstone crews were always willing, always honed, and always ready. Whatever Jack's voyage continued.

Whetstone departed Subic Bay 23 July 1969. It was never to return there or to any other part of the Philippines, sailing on to meet the last obligations of its career in the waters of the South China Sea, off the shores of Vietnam. There was work to do, lots of work.

Part of that work was getting ready for several visit-

(See Separation on page 6)

L. E. "Rusty" Draper

Everett Ward received a call from Rusty's daughter with the news that Rusty is getting into some serious health issues---heart, and blood disorder--besides his immobility with hip. She wanted me to know and is asking for cards and such from the association.

I'm sure that Rusty will be glad to hear from his shipmates.

His address is:

13908 County Road 1694

Odem, TX 78370-4025

ing high dignitaries. 'Sounds good , but the name "high ranking visiting dignitaries" carries a connotation of more work, such as being squared away and ship shape. Of course, in a Naval sense, that means more squared away and more ship shape than usual. It means polishing, painting, cleaning, and making ready for inspection, pretty routine in ordinary circumstances. But when the event takes place in a combat zone and while engaged in amphibious combat operations and support missions, the weight of visiting dignitaries carries a new load. So, amidst embarking and debarking of marines, carrying out vertical replenishments, underway refueling and highline operations, and meeting amphibious combat commitments Whetstone prepared for "high ranking visitors."

Sweep downs got closer scrutiny and the supply department had a run on buckets, swabs, and brass polish—remember? That while chalky stuff. The paint locker went on 24 hour alert issuing paint in the order of a bucket brigade. That which was brass was shined; that which did not move was painted. Lines formed to the barber shop. Whetstone's barber, wielding his buzzing hot clipper with signalman arms, mowed in a blur of flying fur--- neck, sides, top, trim; neck, sides, top, trim—clip, clip, clip—then "NEXT!" As one sailor jumped out of the chair another fell in; each being asked, "How many more are up there!"

Ship servicemen dove into heaps of departmental laundry, praying the cranky, over worked washer would hold up to the increased loads being dumped below to the laundry room. Footwear got new glosses. In officer's country, stewards revved to frenetic paces with uniforms, brass, and shines. Side boys were selected and instructed. Dress uniforms were cleaned, pressed, and inspected---all buttons buttoned, ship name tags properly sewn---no Irish pennants---no gear adrift---all hands crowned with new or nearly new "covers." In the meantime, bosons practiced their "pipe aboard" call—on watch, off watch, on deck, below deck—the pipe's shrilling call was omnipresent.

There were rehearsals. Embarked troops were instructed where to fall in and there were combined rehearsals for the ship's company and troops. Divisions were instructed on how to greet the official as he passed through the ship. The activity created an aurora of nervous anticipation. Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, Chief of Naval Operations--- four stars of glory, the head man, if you will, was coming to USS Whetstone. A naval god with a flock of naval angels was to descend on her decks.

On the 31st of August, the admiral arrived. Then he left. The visit was short. Staying only long enough to say hello and for the new and first Master Chief of the Navy to meet the first class and chief petty officers in the Chief's Lounge, the entourage left after what seemed only a few minutes on board. The Master Chief's arrival had been planned as a hallmark of the CNO's visit to the fleet. He was the bearer of the good news of the plans of the new Navy which were to be realized beginning with the watch of Elmo Zumwalt, next in the line of CNO succession.

The short visit was a product of weather. Bearing down on the South China Sea was a lady by the name of "Dorie," which is to say, Typhoon Dorie. The minute Moorer's helicopter left the flight deck Whetstone went on the dodge, steaming the opposite direction of the approaching storm. Returning back to its operating area off Vietnam by 04 September, the ship was to host an-

other high ranking navy official. Before his arrival the leading signalman recluded below to the sewing locker. In what may have been a matter of days, he proudly emerged with a hand sewed flag to be hoisted on the arrival of the next high ranking guest: the personal flag of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a member of the Holy of Naval Hobbies, high up in Pentagon parking privileges, second to the Secretary of the Navy. In August of 1969 it was the Honorable James Little, and it is the occasion of Mr. Little's Whetstone visit that brings our Jack back into the story.

It was almost a repeat of the first visit four days before, only this time it was more casual and lasted long enough for the Assistant Secretary to meet the crew and scare the life out of Jack. Secretary Little had landed on the flight deck just like the admiral, being piped aboard with due honors. This time, however, when leaving the flight deck he was reaching for a ladder hand rail preparing to descend to the main deck. He had gripped the rail and suddenly found himself beginning to lunge outward in what could have been an Assistant Secretary of the Navy Man Overboard exercise. A weld had broken and the end of the top handrail was loose, detached from its connection to the ladder stanchion. In an unnerving second, Captain Rabun (CDR, USN) was able to keep the Honorable Mr. Little from tossing himself over the side and, by his quick action, prevent the end of several careers at the same time.

From that point of high drama, the visiting party carried on as though nothing had happened, though the Captain's face resembled a port running light.

All hands and embarked troops had been mustered to quarters on the 0-1, 0-2, and 0-3 decks. The whole thing was kept at an informal level with work uniforms designated as the uniform of the day. Little, in Brown Water Navy attire, maintained a brisk clip, making his way from one formation to the next, greeting Division and troop officers as he went. Things were going well until he got to the forward part of the 02 deck. There, arriving at the E Division muster and, after speaking politely to the division officer, the Secretary suddenly deviated from custom and went directly to the first EM2 he saw. It was Jack.

"What is your name, son?" He asked in a fatherly tone. Silence. Seconds passed.

"Ah, what is your name?" Again questioned the Secretary, this time a bit louder. Again, the sailor stood mute; at attention--- transfixed, blank of face, eyes widened and clapped dead ahead.

Then louder: "Uh, where are you from, sailor?" with a voice slightly puzzled and taken somewhat aback, if not dumbfounded at this muted specimen, now standing with jaws agape.

Jack stood there like a wooden Indian guarding a charcoal grill, taken completely by surprise. When the secretary addressed him, his surprise was so great his brain went into lockdown. "They didn't tell me this was going to happen!" he later mused. Here was one of the highest officials of the US Navy asking him his name and he couldn't remember it. It was the same name he had had all his life

and his mind was blank. His brain had flashed red, duplicating brake lights on a high speed freeway followed by an introverted report of squalling tires of a massive neurological chain-reaction rear end collision going on in his head, leaving a mental faculty pileup scattered in the cavity.

He had been singled out by a naval god. Everybody was looking at him. Intimidated neurons were taken by surprise. Little gray cells became excited and confused and ran into each other. One side of the cranium was yelling to the other and the other was yelling back, "Not my job!" Unauthorized electric neurological impulse signals dashed off to unintended receptor cells and got lost in a maze of wrong sectors. Toes twitched when lips were supposed to move. Heart beats increased when tongue messages were supposed to form words. Electric mini currents arced into disarray. Breathing muscles were screaming to legs, "Talk!" "Talk!" "Talk"! Jack's jaw muscles dashed off signals to the head, "Somebody, do something!" Nothing worked. Speech was held back. Thought was muddled by the confusion of the minute, its processes gripped in a rationale resembling Cameron's "Rose," urgently wading through the labyrinth of soggy passageways on a sinking Titanic, yelling out for her "Jack;" answered only by the hollow sound of lapping water.

Jack stood there trying to remember his name. He couldn't. His brain had been short circuited. Mental breakers had tripped. He was verbally paralyzed. Errant signals transmitted to other senses were mistakenly routed to sweat glands where they drowned. He was soaked in perspiration. The rest was a daze.

Remembering the vexations found in the old Tar Baby story, the Honorable Secretary backed off cautiously and carried on with his short visit, which was finalized with a photo opportunity with a pair of Gunners' Mate brothers serving together in the Navy's "Brother Program".

In Corpus Christi, almost forty years later, Jack relived his efforts to speak that day. "I tried, but nothing would happen. I couldn't get my jaws to work," he said. "I couldn't remember my name, and I just stood there." It was the 4th of September 1969, on the decks of USS Whetstone with 26 days to go before he was supposed to leave the ship. Today, he remains the only sailor in American history who would not talk to a Secretary of the Navy. That man, the secretary, would always remember the sailor who forgot his name. Whetstone steamed on.

Up came Operation Defiant Stand, and up came a passage through the Mekong Delta on the Saigon River to Nha Be, another support operation, "Breezy Cove," and up came the loss of a Hong Kong visit to yet another combat operation. But before these events, Jack was summoned to the Captain's cabin.

Thinking that he must be on his way to answer charges against him for not speaking to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy; that he would probably never get out of the Navy, and what the next 20 years would be like making navy shoes in Leavenworth, he approached the Captain's quarters disquietened. To his great surprise, Commander Raborn called him in and presented an explanation and an apology. It seems that the Secretary had deviated from protocol in speaking to Jack. Visiting protocol governed he was not supposed to talk to personnel in the ranks and, as a result of having done so, he had unintentionally initiated a leadership embarrassment. In the post visit

hours, the Captain had either taken it upon himself or had received an order from higher up that the sailor addressed by Mr. Little was due an apology and the Captain graciously apologized--- another first for Jack—a first for anyone.

Jack's time on board was rapidly coming to a close. As the golden day arrived, much attention was given to the reality of getting away, away to Treasure Island Receiving Station, Oakland, California, and being separated from the Navy. The cruise had been long and hard. There had been no liberty since leaving Subic. The ship had set new records for steaming time with no upkeep and would be awarded a Navy Meritorious Unit citation for its role that year. It was easy thinking about a nice, comfortable flight away from Vietnam on one of the commercial freedom birds, headed out of Da Nang, bound east, home to the good-old "world." He developed a similar mien of one sailor, who, when asked by an officer what he was going to do when he left the service answered, "Cartwheels, sir!"

The "one day and a wakeup call" arrived on the 30th of September as Whetstone made a quick dash to Da Nang while engaged in Operation Breezy Cove. As she steamed in, the deck crew made ready to lower away the LCVF. It may have been the LCPL---time has clouded exactly which one, and a shore party was mustered for a mail run and personnel transport to the fleet landing. It was going to be fast---a run in for the shore party---drop off guard mail, make a movie exchange, offload and load mail, get transferees transferred, ballast down and make a fast exchange of LCMs and LCUs. Ready at the rail was Jack and his fellow shipmate, Ron.

Sea bags were packed and wallets were bulging with separation pay. Orders were in hand directing Jack and his buddy to the Da Nang Military Transport Terminal---something like DAFMTT or some other acronymic word wreck--- "DAFTT" for short, for an Air Force flight to Clark Air Force Base, Luzon, PI. From there would be a hop to Hawaii and then a final leg to San Francisco. That was what the orders said. At least that was the scope of things, all of which had the best of intentions. When the boat's bottom splashed into the waters of Da Nang harbor the air was keen with excitement, anticipation, and an eagerness to get on that magic carpet.

The visit to Da Nang was hurried. As usual, in the ship's office, a lot of typing was going on---manifests, orders, last minute official letters, classified documents, and, as usual, other high priority insertions with "right now" demands pushing them through. Behind this activity would be the Captain's correspondence---no need to describe the priority, and the Executive Officer's correspondence---no need for that one either; then would be the various department heads with a distant third echelon stamp, followed by the division officers, usually with an "ASAP" tag," followed by a stack of "YONTL"---"You're on the list," which was one notch ahead of "At least it's in the office." The rumored "tomorrow," "next week", "next month", "maybe," and "maybe sometime" file was merely a rumor. We NEVER

had those files. Well . . . maybe a couple.

The ship's office was in a fury. Yeomen and Personnel men were in their trenches. The ink was flying and the air hot with saline vocabulary on the occasions of any typos. The office's main battery of Royals, Remingtons, and Underwoods---picas and elites, were hammering out furious 35 words a minute broadsides. The clacking was that of a cavalcade of hand driven spikes, rhythmically pounded by a track laying gang of railroad workers. Pages were ripped from carriages. Return bars were being slammed like switching locomotives in a freight yard. Rainbow carbon copies were lofted about in a dizzy array of pink, red, yellow, blue, and smudge. Like a whip snapping over the heads of Egyptian pyramid slaves, the question, "Where is that letter? I want it now!" or, more than likely: "Those SITREPs have to be ready for the Captain, NOW!" drove the tempo.

The call to man One Alfa stations on the bridge by the office staff contributed to the din, leaving the office one person short in the mêlée. Sometime in the rush, a pile was thrust at a yeoman. Probably, since he may have had some seniority or rank over the next office denizen, he probably handed it down to the next senior man, probably a personnel man, if there was someone else, and then it may have been passed off to somebody else, probably the non rated striker, with a "Stop what you are doing and get this done!" And so, Jack's separation orders were struck, in the best of form and with the best intentions---under the circumstances.

On the 30th, the issuance of separation orders for the two men leaving the Stone did have a priority. After all, what does the navy do with two people whose enlistments have expired and have no desire to re-enlist? The answer, of course, could be found in an appropriate BUPERS directive, but who would have time to research that dilemma, when the ship was only going to be port for a few hours and all the other work that had to be done?

Each man's personnel record, each fifteen pages, had to be up to date, and DD 214s made ready for finalizing. All evaluations, leave record, medical files--especially vaccination records, training, awards, and all those things that make up a personnel file had to be ready for a dozen or so signatures, not the least were check offs from chiefs, division officers, and department heads. Pay records had to be completed with a final tally of accrued leave, combat pay, hazardous duty, sea duty, allotments, and garnishments, if any, counted, deducted, added, balanced, and finally paid out, all of which created a bulky accumulation. Detached personnel drew three forms of pay in American dollars---travel, leave, and accrued which was boosted with sea pay and, in the combat zone, tax free combat pay. This meant a considerable lump of greenbacks. When everything was in order and sealed in a brown manila "Official Government Business Only" envelope, there would be attached to the package twenty mimeographed copies of the separation orders---a sufficient number to satisfy the demands of any importunate aficionado at any way station.

And so it was that Jack and ship mate, Ron, with shouldered sea bags, eagerly filed down the accommodation ladder for a ride across the harbor to the Da Nang fleet service landing, known as "Bridge Ramp." Each man was instructed on the gist of his orders: Report to the Da Nang Air Base Terminal---the DAFT, for an air

hop to Clark Air Force Base. All they had to do was present their orders and they would be "taken care of." That's all they had to do. How simple. Before long before they would be enacting the long dreamed sally and rejoin "the real world." Homecoming was coming and the anticipation of homecoming--- those many things thought of, spoken of, studied, planned for, prayed for, and dreamed of, and then repeated, were now becoming reality. How many times had a sentence started with, "When I get out, I'm going to . . ."? Now it was going to happen.

The craft may have been the ship's LCVP or the LCPL---the Captain's gig, others can remember better. It doesn't matter---it floated and it had orders to expedite its mission--- get the shore party dropped off, make a mail and movie exchange, sign off guard mail, and get back to the ship with due haste. The twin diesels were gunned, a belch of grey smoke gushed from exhausts with a throaty roar; the bow rose, and the shore party was underway, leaving Whetstone behind as a silhouette outlined on the far side of the anchorage. The two departing shipmates were as excited and happy as two beagles leaning out a car window, ears flapping, eyes aglow, tails wagging, vision clapped shoreward, seeing the interior details of Da Nang Harbor for the first time---ah, what a nice boat ride! All the ships, different types of patrol boats, sampans, and motorized dugouts, presented a panorama of deep satisfaction as the pungent smell of the East rose to meet them--- a fascination that matted well over the past day to day life on Whetstone, framed now with a new life's glow illuminating the way ahead.

(This story will be continued in the October issue)

MY STATE KENTUCKY

MM3	1965-68	DeWalt, Gary	Florence
SN	1969	Dukes, Earl	Auburn
SN	1969-70	Gadbury, Forrest	Bonnyman
PN3	1967-68	Gordon, Ed	Bardstown
FP3	1952-53	Layne, Gene J.	McCarr
SFP2	1961-62	Netherton, Paul	Carrollton
RM3	1964-65	Pittman, Garnett	Yosemite
LTJG	1967-69	Renn, Leslie	Frankfort
QM	1951-55	Shepherd, John	Salyersville
YM	1951-55	Sullivan, Douglas	Frankfort

QUOTE

"The things that will destroy America are prosperity at any price, peace at any price, safety first instead of duty first, the love of soft living and the get rich quick theory of life."

-Theodore Roosevelt

Three Mistakes Japanese Made at Pearl Harbor **From a book: "Reflections on Pearl Harbor"** **by Admiral Chester Nimitz.**

Sunday, December 7th, 1941 Admiral Chester Nimitz was attending a concert in Washington D.C. He was paged and told there was a phone call for him. When he answered the phone, it was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt on the phone. He told Admiral Nimitz that he (Nimitz) would now be the Commander of the Pacific Fleet. Admiral Nimitz flew to Hawaii to assume command of the Pacific Fleet. He landed at Pearl Harbor on Christmas Eve, 1941. There was such a spirit of despair, dejection and defeat you would have thought the Japanese had already won the war.

On Christmas Day, 1941 Adm. Nimitz was given a boat tour of the destruction wrought on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. Big sunken battleships and navy vessels cluttered the waters every where you looked. As the tour boat returned to dock, the young helmsman of the boat asked, "Well, Admiral, what do you think after seeing all this destruction?" Admiral Nimitz's reply shocked everyone within the sound of his voice. Admiral Nimitz said, "The Japanese made three of the biggest mistakes an attack force could ever make - or God was taking care of America. Which do you think it was?" Shocked and surprised, the young helmsman asked, "What do mean by saying the Japanese made the three biggest mistakes an attack force ever made?"

Nimitz explained. "Mistake number one: the Japanese attacked on Sunday morning. Nine out of every ten crewmen of those ships were ashore on leave. If those same ships had been lured to sea and been sunk we would have lost 38,000 men instead of 3,800.

"Mistake number two: when the Japanese saw all those battleships lined in a row, they got so carried away sinking those battleships, they never once bombed our dry docks opposite those ships. If they had destroyed our dry docks, we would have had to tow every one of those ships to America to be repaired. As it is now, the ships are in shallow water and can be raised. One tug can pull them over to the dry docks, and we can have them repaired and at sea by the time we could have towed them to America. And I already have crews ashore anxious to man those ships.

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

Anyway you look at it - Admiral Nimitz was able to see a silver lining in a situation and circumstance where everyone else saw only despair and defeat. President Roosevelt had chosen the right man for the right job.

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

**TODAY IS THE OLDEST YOU'VE EVER BEEN,
YET THE YOUNGEST YOU'LL EVER BE, SO
ENJOY THIS DAY WHILE IT LASTS!!!**

Remembering a tragedy at sea: Survivors of Hobson-Wasp accident to hold 1st reunion together

James Island resident George Oliver remembers the night his ship, the USS Hobson, was cut in two. He was one of the lucky few who got out alive.

Covered by oil and bobbing in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, Oliver looked around in time for a final glimpse of the destroyer-minesweeper he called home, pulling 176 of his shipmates to their deaths.

George Oliver survived the April 26, 1952 accident when the Charleston-based destroyer minesweeper USS Hobson was cut in half during a collision with the aircraft carrier Wasp, during a nighttime exercise in the Atlantic Ocean.

'I saw the last 20 or 30 feet of the ship going down. Nobody's prepared for that,' Hobson survivor George Oliver said.

On April 30, 2011 there was a joint reunion of crew members of the formerly Charleston-based USS Hobson and aircraft carrier Wasp. A remembrance ceremony will be held in recognition of the 176 Hobson sailors and officers who died in the collision.

'I saw the last 20 or 30 feet of the ship going down,' said Oliver, 79, describing the moments immediately after the Charleston-based Hobson collided with the aircraft carrier Wasp. 'Nobody's prepared for that.'

Survivors of one of the worst peacetime accidents in U.S. Navy history will be in Charleston this weekend for a reunion that, for the first time, brings together crews from both ships involved in the fatal 1952 accident. Those who plan to attend say it will be a last opportunity for closure as age catches up, memories fade and the ranks of the Hobson men, especially, grow scarce.

On the night of April 26, 1952, the Hobson perished when the ship was sliced in half by the much larger Wasp, some 700 miles west of the Azores Islands. The accident occurred during a nighttime airplane recovery exercise when both ships were making long sweeping curves in the seemingly open sea.

The Wasp was turning into the wind to recover some of its planes. But in the dark, the Wasp ran over the Hobson just as the smaller ship was cutting across its bow. Both vessels had been blacked out, except for red aircraft-warning lights.

Sixty-one of the Hobson's crew were rescued, among them Frank B. Williams, 86, of Moncks Corner, who was below deck and toward the stern when the crash took place.

'The weather was bad and I don't think they could see very well,' Williams recalled. 'It happened so fast that you didn't realize what was going on.'

Williams found his way out of the darkened ship by navigating through a rush of incoming seawater, finally end-

*(See **Hobson—Wasp** on page 11)*

Sack Lunches

By unknown

I put my carry-on in the luggage compartment and sat down in my assigned seat. It was going to be a long flight. 'I'm glad I have a good book to read. Perhaps I will get a short nap,' I thought.

Just before take-off, a line of soldiers came down the aisle and filled all the vacant seats, totally surrounding me.

I decided to start a conversation. 'Where are you headed?' I asked the soldier seated nearest to me.

'Petawawa. We'll be there for two weeks for special training, and then we're being deployed to Afghanistan

After flying for about an hour, an announcement was made that sack lunches were available for five dollars. It would be several hours before we reached the east, and I quickly decided a lunch would help pass the time...

As I reached for my wallet, I overheard a soldier ask his buddy if he planned to buy lunch. 'No, that seems like a lot of money for just a sack lunch. Probably wouldn't be worth five bucks.

I'll wait till we get to base.'

His friend agreed.

I looked around at the other soldiers. None were buying lunch. I walked to the back of the plane and handed the flight attendant a fifty dollar bill. 'Take a lunch to all those soldiers.'

She grabbed my arms and squeezed tightly. Her eyes wet with tears, she thanked me. 'My son was a soldier in Iraq ; it's almost like you are doing it for him.'

Picking up ten sacks, she headed up the aisle to where the soldiers were seated. She stopped at my seat and asked, 'Which do you like best - beef or chicken?' 'Chicken,' I replied, wondering why she asked. She turned and went to the front of plane, returning a minute later with a dinner plate from first class.

'This is your thanks.'

After we finished eating, I went again to the back of the plane, heading for the rest room. A man stopped me. 'I saw what you did. I want to be part of it. Here, take this.' He handed me twenty-five dollars.

Soon after I returned to my seat, I saw the Flight Captain coming down the aisle, looking at the aisle numbers as he walked, I hoped he was not looking for me, but noticed he was looking at the numbers only on my side of the plane. When he got to my row he stopped, smiled, held out his hand and said, 'I want to shake your hand.'

Quickly unfastening my seatbelt I stood and took the Captain's hand. With a booming voice he said, 'I was a soldier and I was a military pilot. Once, someone bought me a lunch. It was an act of kindness I never forgot.' I was embarrassed when applause was heard from all of the passengers.

Later I walked to the front of the plane so I could stretch my legs. A man who was seated about six rows in front of me reached out his hand, wanting to shake mine. He left another twenty-five dollars in my palm.

When we landed I gathered my belongings and started to de-plane. Waiting just inside the airplane door was a man who stopped

me, put something in my shirt pocket, turned, and walked away without saying a word. Another twenty-five dollars!

Upon entering the terminal, I saw the soldiers gathering for their trip to the base. I walked over to them and handed them seventy-five dollars. 'It will take you some time to reach the base. It will be about time for a sandwich. God Bless You.'

Ten young men left that flight feeling the love and respect of their fellow travelers.

As I walked briskly to my car, I whispered a prayer for their safe return These soldiers were giving their all for our country. I could only give them a couple of meals. It seemed so little...

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life, wrote a blank check made payable to 'The United States of America ' for an amount of 'up to and including my life.'

That is Honor, and there are way too many people in this country who no longer understand it.'

Sometimes a life can be turned around

Here is a little story I read in a computer forum I subscribe to. The subject was: **Events that changed your life.**

Dec. of 1973 at age 17, I plead guilty and threw myself at the mercy of the court.

I was given the choice of 4 years military or 7 years in San Quentin Prison in California.

July of 1995 I invited that Judge to my military retirement ceremony in Boston.

He couldn't make it so afterward, when I got settled down in Indiana, I flew to CA just to personally thank that judge.

I very much believe he literally saved my life.

A wife asks her husband, a software engineer; "Could you please go shopping for me and buy one carton of milk, and if they have eggs, get six!"

A short time later the husband comes back with six cartons of milk. The wife asks him, "Why the hell did you buy six cartons of milk?"

He replied, "They had eggs."

Clarence (CM) Colsrud

Feb 16, 2011

Clarence (CM) Colsrud, who served on The Whetstone from July 1951 to July 1955 passed away on Feb 16, 2011 of heart failure.

This information came from his wife Pauline of the family home. They were married for 46 years.

(Hobson-Wasp from page 9)

ing up on the surface. Almost immediately, life vests began raining down on him from the Wasp above as rescue teams tried to save the surviving Hobson men.

'It was a sad night,' Williams recalled, his voice drifting off. The Hobson sank in four minutes.

Back in Charleston, news of the disaster stunned the Navy town where the men's sacrifice was praised across a wide front, with one chaplain telling his audience 'doing your duty is the secret of success in this nation.'

A board of inquiry later put full blame for the accident on Hobson captain Lt. Cmdr. William Tierney. He was cited for misjudging his position in relation to the carrier, among other findings, including that he had become 'completely confused' in the dark.

Tierney died in the accident. Months later, a stone monument to the Hobson crew was erected in their memory in Charleston's White Point Garden, near The Battery. After the collision, the Wasp sailed on to New York where photographs showed a large 100-foot-deep chunk of her bow missing at the waterline. No one on the Wasp was injured.

While men from both ships have regularly held reunions since the accident, this is the first year they have officially coordinated their events together. Ralph Romano, 79, of Allentown, Pa., who was a machinist's mate on the Wasp that night, said he has met with some of the Hobson men before and that he came away with a much clearer conscience because of what they were able to talk about.

'I did feel some guilt because I was on the Wasp,' he said. 'I did talk to them and did feel better about it.'

Romano had just gotten out of the shower when he felt the Wasp shudder. 'I could hear the screws turning and then they stopped and reversed,' he said. 'I knew something had happened. There was no reason to stop out there except for another ship.'

When he reached the railing of the Wasp, Romano saw men struggling in the water amid a sea of oil and bags of oranges that had floated out of the galley. More of the Hobson crew had retired to their sleeping bunks at the time of the collision than on duty.

Officials aren't sure what the total number of attendees this weekend will be from both ships, but the Hobson's ranks are thinning. Only about 14 survivors are thought to be still alive and most are into their 70s.

Romano said that no matter who attends, the Hobson-Wasp incident remains an important part of Navy history and something worth commemorating.

'I think of those men most days but always on a holiday,' he said. 'They will never see a newborn son or daughter, never be a grandfather, never witness a daughter or son getting married, never be with family for Easter or Christmas.'

Quote

"It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress."

-- Mark Twain

Ships are gone

There are 12 carriers, by law. Today they are all nuclear powered. The last two conventional carriers, Kennedy and the Kitty Hawk, were decommissioned several years ago. My son-in-law decommissioned both ships.

After all arrangements were made to decommission "Kitty," he was instructed to call the ceremony something else because its replacement had not passed sea trials and therefore the Navy would violate the law by having only eleven operating carriers. So they had a legend ceremony. Shortly after, only the CO and one or two sailors remained.

Four months later the last crew member, the CO, received a message to transfer from the ship.

So for four months the Navy had a commissioned carrier, dead and no crew.

Now to the meat. If you were to ask our citizens, "How big is our U.S. Navy?" you would receive all kinds of answers. Most would be large numbers, like 1,000 ships.

Actually, it is 278, plus or minus -- the smallest number in some 80 years. There are 340 admirals, plus or minus a few.

The Sixth Fleet has one ship, and I don't think it has any guns or missiles. I'm not sure where that destroyer came from.

The No. 1 priority for our Navy, as demanded by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Adm. Mullen, and the Chief of Naval Operations, Adm. Roughead, is diversity.

They are busy doing other things. Our people have been put to sleep since the 1993 base closures, when the Navy lied to us about the size of the fleet. It was then 450, and nobody said anything when it dropped below 300.

Where are the Kings, Halseys, Nimitzes and Burkes? We now have no warriors. Only managers.

JAMES A. KENNEY

Capt., U.S. Navy (Retired)

-You should feel safe today because President Obama's U.S. Navy has 340 Admirals, but only 278 ships!!

HOWEVER, its major mission as dictated by Admiral Mullen of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is now DIVERSITY .

Novel Idea

I went to India recently for the Commonwealth Games, I saw on the back of a Taxi a sign that said:

"English speaking Taxi driver"

I thought, "What a good idea! Why don't we have them in our country?"



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To order any Ship's Store item please contact Marion Goble, 6200 Emerald Pines Circle, Ft. Myers, FL 33966, (239)768-1449 or e-mail marion-goble@comcast.net When submitting an order, please make checks payable to **USS Whetstone Association**. All jackets and golf shirts are navy blue with gold lettering. T-shirts are navy blue with gold lettering or gray with navy lettering. Hats are navy blue with gold silhouette of ship, white with navy blue silhouette of ship or red with gold silhouette of ship, or camouflage with gold silhouette of ship .

Items for Sale:

Ball Caps (With Silhouette)	\$20.00
Cruise Books (57, 61,66,67/68 & 69)	\$20.00
DVD of Reunions (1996-2006)	\$10.00
DVD of 2008 or 2010 Reunion	\$10.00
Golf Shirts (S,M,L,XL)	\$35.00
T-Shirts (S,M,L,XLG, XXL)	\$20.00
Jackets (S,M,LG,XLG)	\$50.00
Jackets (XXL & XXXL)	\$52.00
Mouse pads w/Whetstone Picture	\$10.00
Yosemite Sam Patches	\$ 8.00
Zippo Knives w/Ship Silhouette	\$20.00
Zippo Lighters w/Ship Silhouette	\$13.00
Whetstone Pictures on Canvas	\$25.00

Note: All Prices Include Shipping

A Minor Problem

HMS Glasgow was on exercise in the Mediterranean. With fuel running low, a RAS (Refueling at Sea) was necessary. The Tanker assigned to the force was HMS Bayleaf.

Weather conditions were poor and communications on HF were difficult. The Navigator spoke to his opposite number on the Bayleaf and a rendezvous was set up for the next day. Latitude and Longitude were passed and the time for rendezvous set at 1600.

At the appointed time, HMS Glasgow was in position with the ship at a high state of readiness. But there was no sign of the Bayleaf. 10 min overdue, the Navigator contacted the Bayleaf. Co-ordinates were checked and it quickly became apparent that the figure for Latitude had been misheard by 1 degree.

The Navigator realized that this put the two ships apart by approximately 60 miles. He briefed the Captain that the RAS needed to be delayed by 3 hours while the two ships sailed towards each other. Unfortunately, he had not checked the chart.

When he eventually did so, and plotted the positions, he realized that the distance apart was indeed only 60 miles . . . but between the two ships lay Crete !

10 hours later and with fuel reserves dangerously low, the two ships finally refueled. The Navigator was not impressed when, at his leaving dinner, the following rhyme was recited:

"We were due to rendezvous the Bayleaf,
She was the pride of the fleet.
Everything would have been all right,
If we'd been on the right side of Crete."