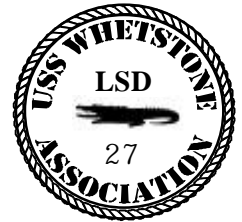




61st Edition



# The Rolling Stone



Feb 2013

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The Rolling Stone is a Triannual 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.

## Weighty memento: war veteran's secret revealed after his death

The family of a war hero only discovered the full weight of his bravery after his death when his cremation left behind a huge pile of shrapnel.

The bag contained a whopping 6oz of bomb shrapnel, roughly two handfuls, that Mr. Brown had been carrying around for 60 years

Ronald Brown stepped on a land mine while on a mission in France in August 1944. The blast peppered his left leg with red-hot fragments and he was forced to crawl two miles to safety. But because of medical conditions of the day it was thought safer to leave the shrapnel in his body.

He survived the war but only ever told his family the basic story and said the accident had left him with a 'bad knee'.

Mr. Brown told loved ones he still had a 'bullet' in his leg and asked his grandchildren not to sit on his knee because of the pain it caused.

But when he died last week aged 94 his family had him cremated and were stunned when staff handed them back a big bag of shrapnel. The bag contained a whopping 6oz of bomb shrapnel that he had been carrying around for 60 years.

Daughter Jane Madden, 55, of Exeter, Devon said her father told her there was a bullet in his knee from the war, never mentioning the pile of fragments. She said: "I don't think he ever realized all that was in his leg - it weighed about six ounces.

"He'd said there was a bullet in his leg but I was imagining one romantic piece of metal.

"But when we went to scatter his ashes we asked whether the bullet had been found and they gave us this bag full of metal. "It's just macabre really and amazing because he never used to complain about the pain. It just shows how brave he was."

Mr. Brown, of Exeter, joined the East Yorkshire Regiment at the age of 21 and was a quartermaster when he suffered his injury. He stepped on the booby trap while on maneuvers in August 1944, two months after D Day.

Following his death of a chest infection last week workers at Exeter and Devon Crematorium carefully sifted through his ashes and found the metal pieces.

His granddaughter, Holly, 22, said her grandfather "never spoke much about the war". She said: "When we were very young he used to tell us not to sit

on his knee because of the wound. "He would travel overseas to Australia and America and he was always setting off scanners as he walked through.

"We always thought it was a bullet in the knee but when the funeral directors gave us this bag of shrapnel they had

taken out we were shocked at how much there was. "We are all very proud of him and what he did for all of us. The bits of metal in him just show how horrible the war was. "I suppose it's a bitter-sweet memory for us because it symbolizes everything he did and how he suffered."

Holly, one of five grandchildren, said her grandfather kept a journal of his wartime experiences. In the diary he claims he introduced the British delicacy of egg and chips to people in France.

He spoke of how of the 900 original members of his regiment, only 29 came home from the front.



## 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

**Note:** Due to the length of our deceased shipmate list, we are no longer printing the complete list in the newsletter. If you would like a complete list, please contact **Kay Goble** at [marion-goble@comcast.net](mailto:marion-goble@comcast.net).

\*\*\*\*\*

We have been notified of the passing of the following shipmates since the October, 2012 newsletter was published:

**Goodrich, Jess**  
**Hulen, Don**  
**John Shephard**  
**Douglas Sullivan**

Cox, Millard A.  
Crawford, F.S.  
David D., Skelley  
DeWalt, Gary T.  
Dinda, Gerald F.  
Dnn, Jim  
Draper, Rusty  
Driskell, Fred L.  
Durnil, Allen L.\*  
Edwards, H. "Sonny"  
Engelken, Ralph L.  
Erlenbach, William  
Feathers, Paul  
Flowerree, Robert  
Fox, Sebastian  
Fraser, Douglas\*  
Fry, Stephen  
Fulghem, Richard\*  
Goble, Marion  
Gordon, Eddie\*  
Green, Larry  
Gregory, Carroll  
Gross, Richard\*  
Grubb, Jack\*  
Hall, Charles\*  
Haueter, Hylton\*  
Haynes, Earl  
Holleman, Jimmy  
Holmes, Robert A.  
Hoover, Frederick  
Jerry L., Lister  
Johnson, Merrill\*  
Jones, Dale  
Julian, Frank  
Kirby, Joe\*  
Kircher, Vincent  
Klebacher, Gene  
Kuchynka, Ed  
Kuehn, Melvin\*  
LaVette, Lee  
Leopold, Vincent  
Lewis, John A.  
Maness, Jack  
McClellan, G.A.  
McManus, Peter\*  
McCray, David  
McNitt, Russell\*  
McQuillen, Tom\*  
Meisner, J.C.

Mezzanotti, Paul D.  
Mitchell, Burley\*  
Moore, Lane\*  
Myers, Warren\*  
Needy, Cliff\*  
Nichelson, Joe  
Oremus, Vern C.  
Pangrass, William R.  
Pearson, Ray  
Pennal, Floyd  
Peters, Lester\*  
Pierce, Charles\*  
Piersee, Charles\*  
Pilgreen, Vince\*  
Posey, Billy  
Proft, Ed  
Reid, James P.  
Richey, Albert D.  
Richter, Herbert B.  
Sandwisch, Larry\*  
Savala, Manuel  
Savoie, Donald  
Seaton, Walter\*  
Sharkey, Robert L.\*  
Shimmell, Thomas\*  
Shrader, Daniel L.  
Smedstad, Randall L.  
Smith, Burt  
Smith, Clinton R.  
Smith, Don  
Stanford, Roy  
Stief, Bernard  
Stratton, Douglas M.  
Sylvester, Kim  
Tanner, Roland  
Teske, Glenn  
Timmons, Garrett L.  
Van Guilder, David  
Ward, Everett\*  
Watson, Marvin  
Weigt, Earl  
White, David  
Widrig, Lewis\*  
Wilson, Bud  
Winslow, Leonard  
Wood, Gerald  
Worman, John  
Yoder, Gail  
Young, Robert



## The Chaplain's Corner

I hope everyone had a Blessed Christmas. It's hard to believe it is 2013! As we reflect to 2012, we sometimes put too much emphasis on the negative issues, but I prefer to reflect on the positive. I am so thankful we have the freedom to worship our Lord & Savior and have Him as "number one" in our lives. I am thankful for our blessings that are bestowed upon us, like the little things we often take for granted. As I look to the West and see beautiful sunsets, the gently falling snow, the trees and colorful flowers, the mountains, oceans, the air we breathe, all given to us by our Heavenly Father. He is the creator of all heaven and earth and is in control of all things. May we put all our trust in Him this 2013 and take time to thank Him.

If anyone has a need, please reach out so we can lift you up in prayer. We are a family and are here to help each other. I am thankful for our Whetstone family and wish you all a Blessed 2013.

Marv Watson RM-3 (1960-1963)

## 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. 01/01/13 check applies until 01/01/14). Dues received to date for 2013 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 [sec-treas@usswhetstone.net](mailto:sec-treas@usswhetstone.net) Please make checks payable to: **USS Whetstone Association**.

*Please use this list as your receipt.*

Anderson, Robert	Brasher, J. C.
Arata, Sil	Brown, James E.
Barrett, Marvin8	Buchanan, Kenneth8
Bisping, Neil A.8	Caffey, Irby R.
Blenkhorn, Charles	Caldwell, William R.
Bogusch, W. C.	Campbell, Hershel
Bommer, David R.	Chidester, David
Boren, Ben	Cickavage, Joseph J.8
Bradow, Russell	Coakley, Bill*
	Conover, Jan
	Costello, Charles L.

## Treasurer's Report December 31, 2012

Balance on Hand (01/01/12)	\$2,330.48
Income:	
Dues/Ship Store, Donations	4,148.00
Reunion (50/50 & Donations)	<u>2,455.82</u>
Total Income	\$8,934.30
Expenses:	
Newsletter (Mailing/Printing)	\$1,973.04
Ship Store Items	526.72
Petty Cash	200.00
Postmaster (Mailing Permit)	190.00
Website Server Fees	178.20
Reunion	<u>2,484.32</u>
Total Expense	\$5,552.28
Balance on Hand	\$3,382.02
Balance of Petty Cash	\$84.19

## 'ghost fleet' fades away

U.S. Transportation Secretary Ray LaHood visited the armada of decaying warships in Suisun Bay on Friday to announce the U.S. Marine Administration has already removed and recycled 36 of the fleet's original 57 vessels.

LaHood says three more will be taken away by year's end, and the entire fleet will be gone by 2017.

The administration had previously committed to removing 28 ships by Sept. 30.

The Suisun Bay Reserve Fleet is made up of obsolete military vessels, including some that chased submarines and transported troops during World War II.

Facing a lawsuit, the government agreed to remove the warships, which have been polluting the waters of Suisun Bay, a shallow estuary between San Francisco Bay and the Sacramento-San Joaquin Delta.



## Greetings from Your President



The holiday season is fast approaching so I am writing this letter a little earlier than usual. Having just celebrated Veterans Day and Thanksgiving, I couldn't help but think of friends and family members who have passed on. In particular, I remember my friend, Desi. I realized in his passing that I want people to know about his life.

When I retired 10 years ago from the fire department, I started a morning ritual. The ritual included me making my way to Dunkin' Donuts every morning at around 5:00am. At D and D, I met a few other retired guys including Desi where we would proceed to solve the world problems. As you can see, we didn't succeed but we enjoyed our discussions.

Well, back to Desi, Desi joined the Marines as a kid, 17 years old, 18 at most. The time he joined was just before the start of WW II. And of course, while he was enlisted, WW II began full force and he was shipped to the Pacific Battle. He never talked about the fighting, just that he was part of two assaults. One of those assaults was Iwo Jima with the Fifth Marines. Like I said, he never talked about the battles. But when the rest of us were talking about WWII, you could just see Desi fade back to those days. The memories were so strong; you could read them on Desi's face. At this time, Desi was in his eighties and we were all about twenty years younger, non of us were in WW II, but from reading about WW II, we knew what he was remembering about Iwo Jima and it was horrific

I distinctly remember one occasion, we were all bantering on as usual and I noticed tears in Desi's eyes. He apologized and said that very now and then, tears just flow when he thinks of his days in the Marines. I told him he doesn't have to apologize to us, and that there is no shame for tears shed in remembrance of his friends who did not return from Iwo Jima.

If you red the book, **The Greatest Generation**, you will find no mention of Desi, but to me, Desi was the greatest generation. Desi passed away not too long ago in a nursing home. During a visit to Desi last year, I mentioned to the nurse in small talk that Desi was a WWII veteran. I was shocked to find out then neither she nor the rest of the staff knew that Desi was a Marine who served in Iwo Jima. It still saddens me that the staff only knew him as a patient and did not know that they were caring for a true American hero. Let's hope our Veterans will always be remembered not only on Veterans Day, but all year long.

Well, thanks for listening to me; I just wanted Desi to know and all our WWII veterans that they will never be forgotten.

God Bless and Support our Troops  
Bill Coakley

### Appeaser

"An appeaser is one who feeds the crocodile hoping it will eat him last."..... WINSTON CHURCHILL

## Letters to the Editor

Mr. Worman,

Jimmy Davidson is my father in law, my mother in law, my husband and myself were at the reunion with him. He wanted me to send you this email and ask that you please print in the next newsletter how grateful he is to everyone that was at the reunion and signed his hat. It meant so very much to him. It is something that he will always treasure and hold dear to his heart.

We would also like to think Tom McQuillen for passing it around for us. Jim was unaware that it was for him while it was being passed around. We would not have been able to pull that off without Tom's help.

It was so nice to get to meet all of y'all, and hear all of the stories. We really enjoyed ourselves. And Jim enjoyed reuniting with everyone. Thank you for letting us be a part of this special event.

Sincerely,

Tonya Davidson

### Operations Department By Everett Ward

When labeling photos for the reunion DVD I asked Everett what Division he was in, as he was standing alone in the Division photos. Here is the response. --John

On my first year aboard the glorious Stone (1967-1968), the Ops Department was organized as follows: OI and OE Division was combined into one which consisted of Radarmen (RD); Electronic Technicians (ET); Hospitalmen (HM); Yeomen (YN) and Personelmen (PM). Look in the 1967 1968 Cruise book and you will see me, Super Seaman Ward on the far left, kneeling with the other short guys. LTJG. Komorowski was the Division Officer. In those days I was working in Radar having left the ship's office. After that cruise, I went back to the Ship's Office and was assigned a job that was like brer rabbit being tossed into the briar patch.

Then there was an OC Division which consisted of Signalmen (SM) and Radio types (RM). LTJG. and later Lt Dunn was the Division Officer.

The smallest Department was navigation, the Quartermasters (QM)---all four of them. Their officer was LTJG. Green. They berthed with the rest of the Ops Department. Why it was hallmarked as a department, I don't know, except to say that on return from that cruise the Ops department was reshuffled, at least so as to reflect a change in divisions.

Everybody was quartered forward on the stbd. side crew berthing space which was designated as the Operation Berthing space except for the HMs who berthed in

(See *Operations* on page 12)

## An unusual circumstance

It is difficult for Sailors to leave their loved ones behind when it comes time to deploy. Wives kiss their husbands farewell, and children are reminded that their parent's absence is a sacrifice made for the greater good.

This hard truth of Naval service was one that Gunner's Mate 3rd Class Breanna Janssen, onboard the aircraft carrier USS Harry S. Truman faced each time her father was called away for duty throughout her childhood.

As Janssen prepares for her first deployment aboard Truman, goodbyes won't be required. In a rare occurrence, Janssen and her father are serving aboard the Truman together.

"It feels great to be on the same ship as my daughter," said Senior Chief Aviation Machinist's Mate David Janssen, leading chief petty officer of maintenance control for the "Seahawks" of Carrier Airborne Early Warning Squadron 126, who recently embarked aboard the Truman. "I just came off of the aircraft carrier USS Enterprise and joined VAW-126 when I realized they were attached to Truman. I thought it would be a great opportunity for us to serve together for the first time in our careers."

While the Navy often allows siblings to serve together, David Janssen said a father-daughter relationship aboard a warship is rare and offers unique benefits to both sailors.

"It's comforting to know that there's always someone to talk to, no matter what's going on in my life," said Breanna Janssen. "Having my dad on board provides me with a great stress reliever."



David Janssen said that even with his position as a senior chief, he will continue to be a father first and will always find time for his daughter.

"If something's going on in Breanna's life, I'm always available to give her some good direction," said Janssen. "With all of my years of experience of life in the Navy, I can help her with problems I've already faced myself."

Breanna Janssen said she admires her father's work ethic and plans to follow his example throughout her own career.

"My dad's always been someone who I've looked up to. He's the reason I joined the Navy," said Janssen. "He's a dual warfare qualified senior chief and he's stuck with the Navy for such a long time. I admire how much he loves what he does."

David Janssen has completed eight deployments and expects Truman's upcoming deployment

will mean the most to him.

"Being part of VAW-126 will give me the opportunity to be with Breanna on her first deployment," said Janssen. "It'll be her first and most likely my last. So many times I've been away on deployment and I've missed being with Breanna back home. While I may not be able to make up the time we've lost, at least I'll be right beside her this time around."

## Japanese Citizens Send Gifts to USS Harpers Ferry

Sailors assigned to USS Harpers Ferry (LSD 49) received photos and thank you messages written on origami cranes from Japanese citizens during a ceremony on board the ship, Oct. 24.

The gifts were given in appreciation of the ship's efforts during Operation Tomodachi, an operation that provided humanitarian aid and disaster relief assistance after an earthquake and tsunami struck Japan in March 2011.

The event was organized by Helping Hands, a Yokosuka, Japan-based organization designed to help families displaced by the tragedy.

Masako Sullivan, founder of Helping Hands, said the idea of sending gifts to the Sailors who assisted with Tomodachi began with a woman in Fukushima, Japan who wanted to thank the Navy for everything they had done for her.

"I suggested that we send origami cranes with names and messages on the wings," Sullivan said. "We collected cranes from all over Japan to donate them to the ships that took part in Tomodachi."

Sullivan said giving something back to the Sailors and the Navy for their assistance was important for her.

"I knew that a lot of Sailors donated blankets, clothes and a lot of personal items," said Sullivan. "I knew it wasn't because the Navy told them to, but because they really wanted to help people. It was beyond the Navy's job. I wanted the people of Japan to continue remembering those things and give something back to the Navy."

Operations Specialist 2nd Class Jennifer Kennington, assigned to the Operations Department aboard Harpers Ferry, vividly remembers responding to the disaster.

"When we were out there you could see buildings and pieces of houses out in the ocean," Kennington said. "It was devastating and sad. We were glad to be there as relief and help support them."

Kennington said she enjoyed the ceremony, and was touched by the messages written on the origami cranes.

"One of the cranes someone made said that they had lost their family, but they were thankful for the U.S. Navy giving them courage and supporting them through everything," said Kennington.

## WWII Vet, 93, Dies After Casting Last Ballot

A World War II veteran whose effort to vote from his deathbed inspired thousands has died a week after casting his final ballot.

Frank Tanabe passed away peacefully Wednesday at the Honolulu home of his daughter, where he's been in hospice treatment for the past few weeks after being diagnosed with an inoperable cancer tumor in his liver. He was 93.

His daughter Barbara Tanabe said she put the American flag up outside the home to mark the day for him and their family.

"He really liked it when I put out the flag," she said.

Hundreds of thousands of Internet users saw a photo of Frank Tanabe filling out his absentee ballot with the help of his daughter last week, when his grandson posted the picture on the social media site Reddit.

The image and his determination to vote on his sick bed struck a chord and prompted many to thank Frank Tanabe for his service and praise his patriotism. The story spread further when The Associated Press and other media organizations wrote about the photo and the response it generated online.

Tanabe served in a mostly Japanese-American unit of the Military Intelligence Service during the war, interrogating Japanese prisoners in India and China.

He volunteered for the Army from an internment camp where the U.S. government sent him as part of a policy to detain and isolate 110,000 Japanese-Americans after the start of the war with Japan. He spent time in both the Tule Lake camp in California and the Minidoka camp in Idaho.

Decades later, Tanabe explained how he felt in an inter-

view for a documentary tribute to Japanese-American veterans.

"I wanted to do my part to prove that I was not an enemy alien, or that none of us were - that we were true Americans. And if we ever got the chance, we would do our best to serve our country. And we did," he said.

Congress gave its highest civilian honor to Tanabe and other Japanese-American veterans of the war last year when it awarded the Congressional Gold Medal collectively to those who served in the MIS, the 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Regimental Combat Team.

Barbara Tanabe said she told her father about the news coverage his vote was getting, including stories that appeared in the Los Angeles Times and on the front page of the Idaho Statesman.

"I was thinking these are the two big newspapers in Idaho and California, where he went to camp," Barbara said. "It's just a nice way to look back at history and say that things do turn out OK."

Honolulu elections officials say Frank Tanabe's vote will be counted unless they receive his death certificate before the Nov. 6 election and they're able to find his ballot from among the tens of thousands of ballots mailed in.

This generally isn't practical, so like most cases when a voter dies after he or she casts an absentee ballot, his ballot will likely be counted.

His family knows which candidates he chose, but they've decided to keep that information private.

Barbara Tanabe said it's not important who her father voted for - it's the voting itself that makes a difference.



Yuck! In the last issue of the newsletter I mentioned there are better writers than I am. After the Newsletter went to print and distribution, I was looking it over, again. I found more mistakes than I'd like to admit to, but the last line of the TEST joke was missing, making the ending a bit mysterious. I'll reprint it here, and I'll make sure the last line is included. Hopefully the other mistakes weren't so bad as to obscure the meaning of the articles.

### Test

At Penn State University, there were four sophomores taking chemistry and all of them had an 'A' so far.

These four friends were so confident that, the weekend before finals, they decided to visit some friends and have a big party. They had a great time but, after all the hearty partying, they slept all day Sunday and didn't make it back to Penn State until early Monday morning.

Rather than taking the final then, they decided that after the final they would explain to their professor why they missed it. They said that they visited friends but on the way back they had a flat tire. As a result, they missed the final. The professor agreed they could make up the final the next day. The guys were excited and relieved. They studied that night for the exam.

The next day the Professor placed them in separate rooms and gave them a test booklet. They quickly answered the first problem worth 5 points. Cool, they thought! Each one in separate rooms, thinking this was going to be easy... then they turned the page. On the second page was written...

For 95 points: Which tire? \_\_\_\_\_

## America's First Black Naval Captain

Robert was born in 1839 into slavery in a cabin behind the house of his master Henry McKee on 511 Prince Street in Beaufort, South Carolina. He grew up in the city under the influence of the Low country Gullah culture of his mother. Smalls' mother Lydia was a slave held by McKee.

McKee sent Robert to Charleston at the age of 12 to be leased out, or hired out, with the money earned to be returned to his master. He held several jobs. He started out in a hotel, then became a lamplighter on the streets of Charleston. His love of the water led him to work on the docks and wharves of Charleston in his teen years.

He became a stevedore (dockworker), a rigger, a sail maker, and eventually worked his way up to being a wheelman (essentially a pilot, though blacks were not called pilots). He became very knowledgeable of the Charleston harbor.

Robert met a hotel maid, Hannah Jones, and married her on December 24, 1856. Hannah was five years his senior and already had an adolescent daughter at the time. Hannah and Robert had their first child, Elizabeth Lydia, in February 1858. In 1861 they had another child, Robert Jr., who died in 1863.

In the fall of 1861, Smalls was assigned to steer the CSS Planter, an armed Confederate military transport. On May 12, 1862, the Planter's three white officers decided to spend the night ashore. About 3:00 am on the 13th, Smalls and seven of the eight enslaved crewmen decided to make a run for the Union vessels that formed the blockade, as they had earlier planned. Smalls dressed in the captain's uniform and had a straw hat similar to that of the white captain. He backed the Planter out of what was then known as Southern Wharf around 3 a.m. The Planter stopped at a nearby wharf to pick up Smalls' family and the relatives of other crewmen, who had been concealed there for some time. With his crew and the women and children, Smalls made the daring escape. The Planter had as cargo four valuable artillery pieces, besides its own two guns. Perhaps most valuable was the code book that would reveal the Confederate's secret signals, and the placement of mines and torpedoes in and around Charleston harbor. Smalls used proper signals so the Confederate soldiers would not know he was escaping in the ship.

Smalls piloted the ship past the five Confederate forts that guarded the harbor, including Fort Sumter. The renegade ship passed by Sumter approximately 4:30 a.m. He headed straight for the Federal fleet, which was part of the Union blockade of Confederate ports, making sure to hoist a white sheet as a flag. The first ship he encountered was USS Onward, which was preparing to fire until a sailor noticed the white flag. When the Onward's captain boarded the Planter, Smalls requested to raise the United States flag immediately. Smalls turned the Planter over to the United States Navy, along with its cargo of artillery and explosives intended for a Confederate fort.

Because of his extensive knowledge of the shipyards and Confederate defenses, Smalls provided valuable assistance to

the Union Navy. He gave detailed information about the harbor's defenses to Admiral Samuel DuPont, commander of the blockading fleet.

Smalls quickly became famous in the North. Numerous newspapers ran articles describing his daring actions. Congress passed a bill, signed by President Abraham Lincoln, that rewarded Smalls and his crewmen with the prize money for the captured Planter. Smalls' own share was \$1,500 (\$34,000 adjusted for inflation in 2007 dollars), a huge sum for the time. Robert Small met Abraham Lincoln in late May 1862 (two weeks later) and gave the President his personal account.

Lincoln was impressed with Smalls' intelligence.

His deeds became a major argument for allowing African Americans to serve in the Union Army. Smalls served under the Navy until March 1863, when he was transferred to the Army. He was never enrolled in either branch of service but served as a civilian. By his personal account, Small served in 17 different engagements during the Civil War.

With the encouragement of Major-General David Hunter, the Union commander at Port Royal, Smalls went to Washington, DC., with Mansfield French in August 1862, to try to persuade President Lincoln and Secretary of War Edwin Stanton to permit black men to fight for the Union. He was successful and received an order signed by Stanton permitting up to 5,000

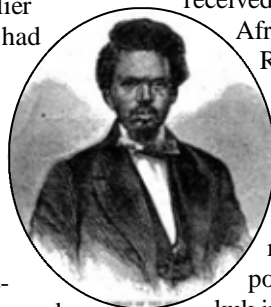
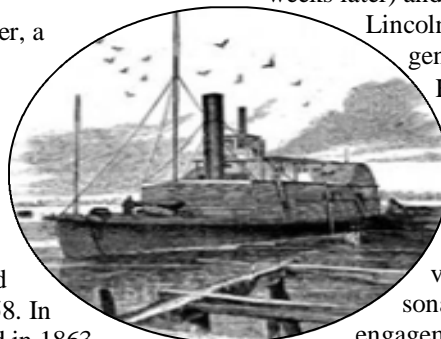
African Americans to enlist in the Union forces at Port Royal. These men were organized as the 1st and 2nd South Carolina Volunteers.

Smalls served as a pilot for the Union Navy. In the fall of 1862, Planter had been transferred to the Union Army for service near Fort Pulaski. The Union got Smalls as a naval pilot. Smalls was later reassigned to the USS Planter, now a Union transport. On April 7, 1863, he piloted ironclad USS Keokuk in a major Union attack on Fort Sumter. The attack failed, and Keokuk was badly damaged. Her crew was rescued shortly before the ship sank.

In December 1863, Smalls became the first black captain of a vessel in the service of the United States. On December 1, 1863, the Planter had been caught in a crossfire between Union and Confederate forces. The ship's commander, Captain Nickerson, decided to surrender. Smalls refused, fearing that the black crewmen would not be treated as prisoners of war and might be summarily killed. Taking command, Smalls piloted the ship out of range of the Confederate guns. For his bravery, Smalls was named to replace Nickerson as the Planter's captain.

Smalls returned with the Planter to Charleston harbor in April 1865 for the ceremonial raising of the American flag upon Ft. Sumter.

He lived as owner of the house in which he had been a slave. Smalls died in 1915 at the age of 75. He was buried in his family's plot in downtown Beaufort.



## Shore Patrols are where you find them!

I was in the Post Office the other day, talking to the Post Master (yes, La Luz is that small of a town). In walked a guy that I soon learned was a 26 year Navy Veteran. Soon stories started flying. This is one.. - John

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I was a two striper just out of boot camp. I was attending a 'B' school in San Diego.

One Wednesday the instructors told us they didn't want to see us until Monday afternoon (Thanksgiving weekend). I went to the ships office to see if I could get an 'out of bounds' chit so I could visit my parents in Las Cruces, NM. The office was closed! The first class that was there advised me "Go ahead. Nobody will ever know."

In those days you could fly stand-by for \$30 one-way, so I bought a ticket to El Paso, the closest airport to Las Cruces. I traveled in my dress blues, as per regulations. When I got to El Paso there at the airport were two first classes in dress blues. They were the shore patrol! They wanted to see my ID, liberty pass, out of bounds chit, etc. I told them I had no chit.

They said "You have two choices, spend the weekend in the Ft. Bliss stockade –or– catch the next plane back to San Diego. Not much choice there.

I called my parents and they came to the airport for a few hours visit. I can tell you, my dad was MAD! He was a career Air Force man and he had never heard of anything like that! Nothing he could say could sway the SPs, so after a few hours (with a SP hovering around us) off I went, back to San Diego.

Who would have thought you would encounter a SP in El Paso, TX?

## Another Hero By John Worman

I ran into a fellow in the Walgreens store in Ruidoso, New Mexico. He wasn't moving very fast, but he was pushing his cart along.

I noticed he had on a baseball cap that said NAVY on it.

I stopped and asked him when he served.

"1939—1959", he said.

Then he told me he was a corpsman assigned to a Marine company. He was there at Pearl Harbor. He was there at Guadalcanal. He was there in North Korea.

I said he must have seen a lot of wounded people in those operations. "Yes", he said, "but I never got a scratch if you don't count frostbite on my feet and ears in North Korea".

I told him, in comparison to his service, I wasn't involved in much action in my time served (1960—1964). Not a lot happened in those years.

His reply was "Good for you".

I was happy to shake his hand and thank him for his service.

Sadly, there aren't many of these guys left.

## "B" division on the Whetstone

By John Worman

Captain Carson and Commander Zdolsek have written some articles giving us some insight about life in "Officers Country". I'll confess, I have little idea what many of the crew members did to keep the ship operational. I assume Radiomen talked on the radio. Yeoman typed letters and the deck department could do wonderful things with a length of line.

I did not come aboard the Whetstone expecting to be a boiler man. I came aboard as an Engineman striker. Soon I was assigned the duty of climbing out on the spar, and down the rope ladder to the liberty boat. I would check the engine oil then man the stern lines. We would go to shore and drop off any liberty party personnel and return with anyone who had enjoyed all the liberty they could stand.

Then it was back up the ladder, down the spar and back to bed.

This was in San Diego, but it was December. I remember spending a lot of time being cold.

One day I was talking to a Petty Officer and I asked if there were any warm places on the ship. I hadn't found any. He said "Well, there's the boiler room. I think it's pretty warm there." I asked how hard it was to get to work there? "Oh, I think it's real easy". From that minute on, I was a boiler man!

You may remember those sailors that came up from the belly of the ship, blinking their eyes in the unfamiliar sun. Often their dungaree uniforms were not up to even casual standards.

From watches I stood, I had more than a passing idea what went on in the Engine Room, but I confess I seldom was in the Engine Room while we were underway. The boiler room, however, I was familiar with.

Did you ever wonder what those "Black Gang" Snipes did to while away their time? Here is what I remember.

Keep in mind, we always had steam. If we were tethered out on the buoys we kept one boiler up to pressure. It usually only took one burner and very little air from the forced draft blower. If we were tied to the pier we got steam from the host. Getting steam externally and having both boilers shut down is referred to as 'cold iron', and we would set the cold iron watch. In that case B&M divisions teamed up and stood watches together. It was mostly just checking the engineering spaces for flooding or fires. We liked that a lot. We may have only had one watch every couple of days instead of the 4 on and 4 off that we stood while underway. Wonder why I didn't make a career of this??

When it came time to light off the cold boiler, as I remember the first thing we did was start the fuel oil pump running. There was a valve at the end of the fuel manifold that would allow you to recirculate the fuel. With the valve open you could run the fuel oil pump and start the fuel oil heater. As you can imagine, cold fuel oil doesn't burn worth

(See 'B' division on page 9)



## Don (Baby Huey) Hulen

Donald E. Hulen, the owner of The La Porte Tool Box in La Porte, Texas, passed away on November 19th. Known by many family members and friends as Duck, Donald was preceded in death by his parents, Jack Willard Hulen and Johnnie Mae Hulen, of Morgan's Point, Texas, and his brother, Jack William Hulon. He is survived by his wife of 44 years, Mary Spear Hulen, his daughter Evelyn C. Aldred, and her husband Wayne. He is also survived by his son Don Hulen, Jr. of Hawaii, as well as his sister Mary Ruth Hulen of Morgan's Point, his sisters-in-law, Evelyn Ragsdale of La Porte and Donna Guinn of Kingsland, and his mother-in-law, Amida Spear.

Donald served 20 years in the US Navy and retired in 1989. He moved back to Morgan's Point and served on city council there for 2 years. He started his store, Real Cheap Tools, in 1998 and it grew from a resale shop to what it is today, a giant red tool box named The La Porte Tool Box. Donald was very proud of this accomplishment, as it was a realization of his dreams.

Donald also served as the president of his La Porte High School classmates association for several years. He was instrumental in keeping all the classmates in touch and organizing reunions. He spent many hours doing his best to keep his classmates connected.

Donald was many things to many people...always willing and eager to help his friends and family out in any capacity. He spent countless hours preserving photos not only for his family but for many friends as well. He was always quick to do things for his friends even when he had more to do than he could handle. He was always a big help to the families of his friends who became ill, both before and after they passed. He loved large and he loved well.

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As many of the crewmembers remember, Don was known on the Whetstone as "Baby Huey". He got that name because he was serving on the Whetstone along with his older brother, Jack.



Don Hulen (right) having a good time at the USS Whetstone reunion in Las Vegas in 1998



## Newsletter History By Kay Goble

Don Hulen started the newsletter in December 1996 after the Las Vegas reunion. He continued to contribute in 1997 and 1998. In April 1999 I, Kay Goble, became a major contributor (Don an occasional article). In July 2000 Don said he was no longer going to be able to work on the newsletter and I handled it until December 2000 when you (John Worman) took over. Don had purchased a majority of the microfilm, etc. with shipmate names, dates aboard, etc. and the Association purchased from him the first of December 2000.

*(B Division from page 7)*

a flip. The fuel oil heater was a bit of a radiator affair with steam on one side and fuel oil on the other side.

When the fuel oil got up to temp (140° perhaps) you were ready to 'light fires'. We had a metal rod with a hook on the end that we jammed a piece of toweling on. In the uptakes (the compartment just below the main decks and just above the fire room / engine room) we had a tank of diesel fuel on the Port side, just in case we were 'dead in the water'. We could start the boiler on diesel, but I never had too. Probably if we would have needed it, the diesel would have been sludge as it had been there for a long time. A little of this diesel on the toweling was helpful to get a nice wad of fire on the end of your rod. Anyone who made it to the fire room on the Yorktown may remember a little valve just off the fuel manifold that controls fuel oil to each burner. That valve is either shut or open, you didn't try to control fuel volume with it. There is another valve that controls fuel volume to the manifold. All burners in use see the same pressure.

Back to my story, so the fuel oil recirculate valve is closed and the wad of fire is inserted into the fire box through the air flapper on the lowest burner and the fuel valve opened. Usually the oil ignited readily and the fires were lit. During this time the water man makes sure the water level was 1/2 way up the sight glass. Our feed pumps (each fire room had two, a main and auxiliary that were identical) were reciprocating pumps. There is actually a picture of one in the BT book. They were about 8 feet tall with a rod running between two cylinders. The upper cylinder was 12 inches in diameter and was a double acting steam engine (the piston was pressurized in both directions). The lower cylinder was the 'water side' and was 8 inches in diameter. The pumps pumped water on the up and the down stroke. If you are familiar with train locomotives, they start out with drain valves on the steam cylinders open. As the engine starts, large puffs of steam come out, from the front of the cylinder, then the back and so forth. We did a little of that on the feed pumps, but not very much. That is done to make sure you aren't trying to compress water in the steam cylinder. On a feed pump, if there was water in the cylinder, the pump would just stop. On a steam locomotive, with momentum of the engine keeping it moving, it will take the cylinder head off as water does not compress well.

Now for a wait. It takes a while (I don't remember so well, but I'm thinking over 30 minutes) before the steam gage even quivers. We still only have one burner burning fuel.. We didn't do the thing about starting and stopping the fires to

warm up the firebox, but we usually weren't in a hurry. If we needed steam at 0800, we started at 0400 to get the boiler going. Finally at some point we were up to pressure (250 psi), now we have steam, but we are using very little. Now our one burner has a pretty small flame, just enough to keep things warm and the steam pressure at 250.

I haven't done any of this, but over in the engine rooms they engage the 'jacking gear'. It was a motor (electric?) that ran through a gear case and started turning the turbine very slowly. After the turbine is turning, a little steam can be introduced to start warming it up. The jacking over of the engine was to keep from warping the blades because of heat differences from one side of the turbine to the other. Actually this was probably started while we were getting the fires going.

There is a little disc on the end of the burner barrel that controls how much fuel is sprayed into the firebox. We had discs with different sizes of holes, according to how much steam we needed. One burner in port would have a small orifice, while underway we had larger orifices and more burners (up to 5) in operation.

Once everything is operational, the BT's just react to demand. We did have an annunciator to give us a 'heads up' on what to expect. If there was an increase in speed, the throttle man in the engine room would open the throttle valve. As the engines responded to the throttle, the steam would dip a little. As soon as the burner man saw the change on the annunciator, he would open the fuel oil throttle valve to keep the pressure as close to 250 as possible. If the speed decreased, just the opposite would occur. Burners would be shut down and oil pressure would be reduced with the oil valve. It was considered very bad form to let the steam pressure rise to 260 PSI and lift the safeties.

As demand increased more burner barrels would be inserted and the burner man would simultaneously open the air flap and open the oil valve. When all 5 burners were going and you had the large orifices in the barrels, you had a jolly fire going. When the added burners were added, the forced draft blower was adjusted to supply the needed amount of air. Too much air and you would smoke white, too little air and you smoked black. We had a periscope that looked through the smoke stream going up the stack. There was a blue light in the far end. White smoke looked red (unless there was a lot of it, then it looked black) and black smoke looked black. You wanted the periscope to look blue. The burner man was just a human carburetor.

As the burner man makes more steam, the waterman is keeping the water 1/2 up the sight glass. We had an automatic water controller called 'the Bailey' but I was told not to trust it, so we didn't use it much. Marion told me they used it all the time. I don't know if it was faulty when I was there and it got repaired, or just a change of command.

The forced draft blower was one deck above us in a little room right beside the air locks. The blower was a big fan that discharged air into the fire room, putting the whole fire room under pressure. The air intakes were just behind the stacks. Normal Navy boilers have a shield around the front of the boiler where the blower output goes, and the fire room is open

*(See 'B' division on page 10)*

*(‘B’ division from page 9)*

to normal atmospheric pressure. Not the Whetstone. Our blower pressurized the whole fire room. We had air lock doors that had to be used when we were underway. You couldn't have opened the doors when the fire room was under pressure, and if you could have, it wouldn't have been pleasant down in front of the boiler. If you don't give the fires enough air, the fires will come out looking for it. There will be a lot of huffing and puffing around the burners.

The air locks were simply two metal doors facing each other in a small closet like room. You opened a door and an alarm bell sounded at the outside of the opposite door. (I won't go into detail about how handy that was, but no one could sneak in with the fire room watch unaware.)

Once you were in the closet, you closed the door you just came through and then opened the other door. If the pressure was high, there was a little relief valve in each door so you could equalize the pressure in the closet before opening the other door. The pressure wasn't high (14 inches of water pressure (our maximum) = 0.505 PSI) but with a 15 sq ft door, the force really adds up in a hurry. (About 1300 lbs)

So now, the burner man will,

1. look at the steam gage.
2. Adjust the oil pressure to the manifold as needed to maintain 250 psi of steam pressure..
3. Look at the periscope to ensure a clean stack
4. back to step 1.

The waterman wasn't even that busy.

1. Check water level
2. Open / close water valve to maintain level
3. back to step 1

Top watch

1. Is burner man awake?
2. Is waterman awake?
3. back to step 1

We didn't lift the safety's very often, but it did happen. We were going FLANK (one step above FULL speed) for days heading for Panama during the Cuban crisis. When we pulled up to the canal locks, we went directly to STOP. We had far more steam than was wanted or that we had any place to put. The boiler was still very hot and cutting off the fuel wasn't nearly enough to stop steam production. The Port and Starboard safety's popped about the same time. Ugh. In fact, they may have popped about three times in just a few minutes. Oh well, they needed testing anyway. There were two safeties on each boiler. One was set a couple of PSI above the other one. I never saw both safeties lift.

On that Panama trip, the fire room got about the hottest I ever saw it. When we stopped the forced draft blower, the temperature rose to 140°. According to Marion, that wasn't so unusual in Vietnam. Anyway, we opened the airlock doors, and our little escape hatch, so we had a very large air leak in the fire room and we could run the blower faster to maintain pressure. We were all sitting under blower vents! All the metal rails around the deck plates were too hot to handle. Soon we got the temperature down to a reasonable 115°. Sometimes coming up

on the weather deck felt like a breath of fresh cold air, but I never did regret working down in the boiler room.

Oh yes, and the most important part of the fire room! We had a 32 cup coffee pot that had been converted to DC. AC power on the Whetstone was very limited and rationed to electronic devices. The coffee pots didn't last very long, but it was better than going up to the galley all night to get coffee.

Sometimes the maintenance of the fire room could be interesting, but it was always dirty. There are multiple steel pipes (tubes) that connect the lower mud drum to the upper steam drum. The heat from the fires are directed through these tubes as the hot gases make their way to the stack. The tubes are full of water so the heat passing by them makes the steam. Cleaning boiler tubes or crawling into the steam or mud drum ranked up along with a root canal for fun. Cleaning the bilges ranked up there as well. Most BT fireman had a set of 'bilge divers', a set of dungarees that would no way be allowed into the ships washing machines. These things were BLACK!, but they were just right for this kind of work. Besides there was no reason to ruin another set of dungarees.

From time to time we needed to remove the water from the bilges. Water collects under the lower floor grates from condensation from the various machines, as well as minor leaks in the water system. After a while the water level builds up and the bilges had to be drained, either by an ejector we had that used steam pressure as a siphon or by using a bilge pump. Only in extreme circumstances did we ever pump bilges in port. As I remember, the one time it happened the water was getting close to the deck plates, and we weren't moving out to sea in the near future. Of course, we still did it at night.

One 'B' division duty was that of the 'oil king'. The duty usually lasted 6 months. There was a little room in the Port uptakes labeled "Oil King Shack." Here the oil king kept his paperwork of inventories of the fuel oil and water in the ships tanks. He would go around with a long tape with a round brass dangle on the end. He lowered the tape into "sounding holes" that were tubes going down into the fuel oil tanks. When the dangle hit the fuel you could hear a 'dong'. Reading the tape told you the level of the fuel and the amount could be calculated. The oil king submitted a "Fuel Oil and Water Report" to the engineering office daily.

One chore we had was to add boiler compound to the water. Boiler Compound was a dry powder much the consistency of dishwashing powder, that would help to remove water impurities. No matter how good our water was in the boiler, it still had impurities that could react with the metal inside the boiler. The water from the evaporators was analyzed daily by the 'oil king'. If the water was all together too cruddy for boiler use, it was routed to the drinking water tanks. While the boilers couldn't tolerate it, this water was far better than any you would find on the beach.

There was also a feed water strainer that we had to change the toweling in occasionally. I don't think it was daily, but weekly at least. We always had toweling material on hand for the replacement. Another chore was cleaning the burner tips. If we weren't going full speed we could light off another

burner, then shut one down and clean it. Before long by changing from one to another, they would all be cleaned. We did that at least daily and perhaps each watch. If we were going faster, we would just have to quickly shut down one burner, pull the barrel, replace it with a spare clean one, and get it relit. If the pressure was down a bit, you would just wait until it was back up to do another one.

While underway, each watch 'blew tubes'. There was a steam pipe that ran through the tubes. This pipe had holes along its length. Outside the boiler was a pulley with a gear. The pulley had a chain around it that drooped down to the lower deck. By pulling on the chain, the pulley turned a gear that opened a steam valve and turned the tube 360°. The steam coming out of the holes blew soot and carbon off the tubes and up the stack. In port we blew tubes each night (and only at night) as you could have a lot of black soot going up the stack. Usually you would increase the air pressure from the blower to try to blow the soot away from the ship, unless the deck department had hosed down our air intake and caused a bunch of mud to be blown into the fire room. Then I've actually decreased the air pressure causing the soot to just dump out on deck. No words were ever exchanged, but the hosing down of the air intake stopped right away.

We had a book, as I remember, about 8 X 14 with blank ruled pages. It was our 'Machinery History' book, and all maintenance done in the fire room was recorded each day. I didn't mind writing so I was the Port Fire room scribe for a couple of years. I have no idea if it was ever looked at, but we had the history. I wonder where those books went?

Some of the maintenance tasks were the rebuilding of valves. We would grind the seats and replace the packing around the stem. I use those skills to this day.

Occasionally the boiler needed to be checked for leaks. When that time came we would fill the cold boiler up completely with water and with a hand pump take the pressure up to 300 psi. First we had to 'gag' the safeties so they would stay closed at that pressure. We would keep the pressure up for a specified amount of time (I have no idea how long any more) and watch the pressure gage. If the pressure dropped we knew there was a leak somewhere. Luckily, every hydrostatic test passed when I was assigned to the ship.

There were a few other chores like oiling and greasing moving machine parts. I don't remember it taking up a lot of time like the procedures to keep a steam locomotive running.

One problem that I experienced on the Whetstone was the merging of the contents of adjoining liquid tanks. It seems like fuel oil would get into the ballast tanks and vice versa. I remember seeing the ship come back up from flooding the well deck, and things looked pretty black around the ship. These days I don't think any environmental department would be pleased.

One time we were leaving San Diego. We hadn't cleared Point Loma and we were still on 'sea and anchor' detail. I was on the sound powered phones in the Port Fire room when I heard "Main Control, this is the Starboard

Fire room, we just lost fires". I reported this to Taylor, the 1st class, and we stood by for the order to cross connect the steam valves to supply the Starboard Engine room with steam. The order soon came and we cross connected. Very soon I had the duty to report "Main Control, this is the Port Fire room, we just lost fires". Both sides had picked up water in the fuel oil, and we were sitting dead in the water! The oil King was busy looking for uncontaminated fuel. Soon fuel was found and we were on our way. I don't remember any repercussions getting down to my level, but I'm sure it wasn't a great day for the Engineering Officer.

It seemed to me like each time we went into the yards, considerable time was spent by welders, welding up the seams in the tanks. In fact, once in Seattle I noticed a welder walking by with his leads and rods and equipment. I spoke to him and mentioned how I thought it would be neat to know how to weld. He invited me down into the tank and showed me how welding worked. He sat back and watched me as I laid beads for quite a while. He liked the break, and I was thrilled to learn how to do it. Marion said that he didn't remember having all that much trouble with leaking tanks, but I take no credit for sealing them up. I have been welding since then, thanks to that shipyard welder.

Steam can not be hotter than the water it was made from, as long as it's in contact with that water. Hotter - dryer steam is more efficient so the steam is drawn off from the steam drum and routed over to another source of heat. There it can be taken to a much higher temperature. Some boilers just route the steam through the stack gasses to make it hotter. This is called uncontrolled superheat. Some boilers have a separate firebox beside the main firebox and it is the superheater. Aw, you're ahead of me. This is controlled superheat. Whetstone had no superheaters. We just supplied saturated steam everywhere.

There you have it. In a nutshell, the life of a BT on the Whetstone. At least how I remember it. If you talk to Marion Goble or Gene Klebacher or another BT and they say "What a sea story! Not much was true" believe them. A lot of time has passed and you know the saying, "The older I get, the better I was"

If you made it this far, you will understand when I say my wife says that if someone asks me what time it is, I go into a discourse on how to build a watch. I'm afraid you, dear readers, have fallen victim to a watch building article.

John

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I welcome stories from crewmembers about their duties aboard the ship. We were all pulling together and there were interesting things going on every day.



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*(Operations from page 3)*

the sick bay. Occasionally there would be a threat or scuttlebutt that they, too, had to berth in the Ops compartment, but the bitching, whining, and threats to resign prevailed and they had their own comfy station in sick bay.

Sometime in mid 1969, I believe sometime after the new CO Raburn came aboard, the Ops Department was restructured.

OC Div held the RMs, SMs, ET, CYN (Crypto Yeomen)---known today as "Spooks;" ETs, and PCs---postal clerks. The division officers were LTJG Komorowski and LTJG Blenkhorn.

The Radarmen held together as one division with LTJG Johnson as the division officer. There were one of them.

X Division was regrouped and consisted of YNs, PNs, and HMs. It has two chiefs, but the XO was the designated Division Officer--hence X Div.

Everybody remained berthing in the same compartment except the HMs who maintained they sacred private quarters in sick bay.

The redistribution of organization probably resulted from additional personnel. For example, I don't believe we had Crypto yeomen during the first year I was aboard. They may have been there but I don't remember specifically. Neither were there as many PCs or ET types. As example, on the first WestPac deployment, there were two ETs. On the second there were four. And there were two CYNs where before there was none that I can remember. I believe the IC Officer had to do all the crypto work before hand--another good reason for more hands. Also, the new XO didn't like the way things were organized when he came on board. That was sometime in late or mid 1968--the same time that Commander Raburn arrived.

So, in short the YNs were in both OC and then in X division in the course of my residence aboard Whetstone. On some ships YNs and PNs would be in the Ops Department under OC. On others they would be categorized under X Division. It is easy to say O division, but more correctly, O (Operations) is better applied as the Department. Confused?