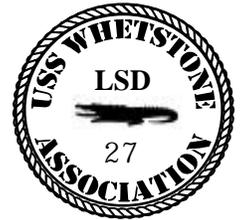




62nd Edition



# The Rolling Stone



June 2013

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## WWII Battle of Midway hero Jim Muri dies at 93

BILLINGS, Mont. — World War II pilot James Muri, who saved his crippled B-26 bomber and crew by buzzing the flight deck of a Japanese aircraft carrier during the Battle of Midway, has died in Billings. He was 93.

Muri died Sunday of natural causes, according to Michelotti-Sawyers Mortuary.

On June 4, 1942, Muri piloted one of four B-26 bombers that took off from Midway Island to attack a Japanese fleet planning to invade the U.S. outpost about 1,100 miles northwest of Hawaii.

Japanese fighter planes shot the bombers with machine guns and cannons. Muri's bomber was struck, and three crewmen were wounded, but he launched a torpedo at the aircraft carrier Akagi and then flew the plane down its flight deck to avoid the ship's guns, which were all pointed outward.

Muri flew lower than treetop level above the deck of the massive ship, reasoning that skimming the flight deck gave him the best chance to survive.

After the plane crash-landed on Midway Island, officials counted more than 500 bullet holes in the bomber, the Billings Gazette reported.

Muri and his crew were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. In 2003, Muri received the Jimmy Doolittle Award for outstanding service to the U.S. Army Air Corps in a ceremony in Washington, D.C.

Singer and radio host Lonnie Bell paid tribute to the feat in his song "Midway," which he wrote in 1976.

Last June marked the 70th anniversary of the Battle of Midway, which changed the course of the Pacific war. American forces sank four aircraft carriers despite being outnumbered in the three-day battle, diminishing Japan's airstrike capabilities.

The U.S. lost one carrier, 145 planes and 307 men. Besides the four aircraft carriers, Japan lost a heavy cruiser, 291 planes and 4,800 men in the battle.

Muri left active duty in 1959 and returned to Montana in 1969. He and his wife, Alice, lived on Bridger Creek east of Big Timber for 30 years before moving to Billings in 1999. His wife died in 2001.

**James Muri Shown 2nd from left in the front row**



## 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

**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 [mariongoble@comcast.net](mailto:mariongoble@comcast.net).

\*\*\*\*\*  
The following shipmates have passed since the Feb 2013 newsletter:

**Carney, Thomas P. (1945-46)**  
**Rowe, Horace (1946-48, 1953-58)**  
**Sekardi, Leroy (1953-55)**  
**Thompson, Frances "Fritz" (1966)**

### Marvin Watson

*When requesting a Chaplain's Corner column from Marv Watson, I got a note that he has been injured.*

*Your good thoughts and prayers are much appreciated.*

*John*

I have been off work since March 10th because of being in a motor vehicle accident. Was hit from behind by a semi and received extensive bleeding on the brain. I was in intensive care for a few days. Still have a blood clot on the brain. I will go back May 6th for my 6th CT Scan of the brain and hope to see improvement.

Jane was not injured in the accident. The full force of the blow was on my side of the vehicle.

### Get well soon Marv!

### Recently Located

SN 1962-64 Centeno, Ramon B.  
San Antonio, Texas

## Voluntary Dues

**Thank you** to all shipmates that have contributed dues and donations. Dues are \$25.00 a year, are tax deductible, strictly **voluntary** and applied for year(s) 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 with an asterisk designating additional year(s). If anyone has paid and your name is not listed, please accept our apology and contact Kay Goble at 239.768.1449 or via e-mail. Checks should be made payable to: **USS Whetstone Association.**

*Please use this list as your receipt.*

Arata, Sil	Leopold, Vincent
Barrett, Marvin*	Lister, Jerry*
Bisping, Neil A.*	Maness, Jack
Bommer, David R.	McClellan, G.A.
Boren, Ben	McGrew, Joseph R.
Bradow, Russell	McManus, Peter*
Brannigan, Christopher	McNitt, Russell*
Brasher, J. C.	McQuillen, Tom*
Brown, James E.	McVicker, Eugene C.
Buchanan, Kenneth*	Meisner, J.C.
Caffey, Irby R.	Mezzanotti, Paul D.
Caldwell, William R.	Mitchell, Burley*
Campbell, Hershel E.	Moore, Lane*
Carson, Cpt. Grant	Myers, Warren*
Chidester, David	Needy, Cliff*
Cickavage, Joseph J.*	Nichelson, Joe
Coakley, Bill*	Oremus, Vern C.
Coldren, Wayne*	Paine, John M.
Conover, Jan	Pearson, Ray
Costello, Charles L.	Pearson, Ray*
Crawford, F.S.	Peters, Lester*
Croxton, Mike C.	Pierce, Charles*
David D., Skelley	Piersee, Charles*
Dinda, Gerald F.	Pilgreen, Vince*
Doerr, Gary T.*	Posey, Billy
Driskell, Fred L.	Proft, Ed
Dunn, Jim	Raymie, Jerry D.*
Durnil, Allen L.*	Reid, James P.
Edwards, H.D. "Sonny"	Remington, Richard
Engelken, Ralph L.	Sandwich, Larry*
Erlenbach, William	Savala, Manuel
Feathers, Paul	Savoie, Donald
Fox, Sebastian	Seaton, Walter*
Fraser, Douglas*	Sharkey, Robert L.*
Fry, Stephen	Shimmell, Thomas*
Fulghem, Richard	Shrader, Daniel L.
Goble, Marion	Smith, Burt
Gordon, Eddie	Smith, Clinton R.
Green, Larry	Smith, Don
Gregory, Carroll	Stanford, Roy*
Gross, Richard	Stief, Bernard
Grubb, Jack	Stratton, Douglas M.
Hall, Charles	Sylvester, Kim
Haueter, Hylton	Tanner, Roland
Haynes, Earl	Teske, Glenn
Holleman, Jimmy	Van Guilder, David
Holmes, Robert A.	Ward, Everett*
Hoover, Frederick	Watson, Marvin*
Jerry L., Lister	Weigt, Earl
Johnson, Merrill*	White, David
Jones, Dale	Widrig, Lewis*
Julian, Frank	Wilson, Bud
Kirby, Joe*	Winslow, Leonard
Kircher, Vincent	Wood, Gerald
Klebacher, Gene	Worman, John
Kuchynka, Ed	Yoder, Gail
Kuehn, Melvin*	Young, Robert



## The Chaplain's Corner

As I write this article I am recovering from a serious auto accident that occurred on March 10th between Des Moines and Council Bluffs, Iowa on Interstate 80. Jane and I were on our way back home from Chicago when we came upon several accidents that had the West-bound lanes of the Interstate closed. We pulled up and stopped and put on our emergency flashers. Approximately one minute later we were hit in the left rear by a semi truck. I ended up being able to get back home the next day then went into seizures and was rushed to the hospital with bleeding on the brain. It has been a long road of slowly getting better. On May 6th I will have my 6th CT Scan and hope it will show the blood clot is dissipating. Jane was not hurt which is a blessing. We are both grateful to have survived the accident. Our vehicle was totaled. So many nice people helped us at the scene. It took 5 hours for us to get out of the ditch. It seems like God always puts people in our lives at just the right time to help us. All the Doctors and nurses in the hospital were so kind and professional. They were patient with me as I went through 16 seizures.

Today, I was reading an article on the Navy social Media about how God put another person in the right place to help someone in need. A pick-up truck had been hit by a garbage truck on the driver's side. First responders had yet to arrive, so Lt. Michelle Lea, a physician assistant at Naval Hospital Beaufort, stopped to help. Without regard for her own personal safety, Lea climbed through one of the truck's windows to open the victim's airway and apply cervical spine stabilization. She continued to help him until medical personnel arrived on scene. The victim was transported to a trauma center via life-flight with severe head injuries, but is now recovering well. What a blessing how God put Lt. Lea in this victim's life at just the right time to save his life.

Who has God put in your life lately in your time of need?

Marv Watson RM-3 (60-63)  
Chaplain



## Greetings from Your President



I have been taxing my brain trying to come up with a letter for the Whetstone News. And the only subject that keeps entering my thoughts is the senseless bombing at the Boston Marathon on April 15. An act of violence so calculated that it killed three innocent people and injured an additional 260 more.

The purpose of the two bombs that went off seconds apart was to maim, injure and kill innocent people from all walks of life. And that's exactly what they accomplished. The reason behind the attack is too unfathomable for me to comprehend, to murder innocent lives in the name of religion?.

What I do know is that the bombers believe we are wrong in our religious beliefs, in our freedoms, in our rights and in our way of life and that's why they want to hurt us. They have grouped us into one lot, one group not realizing the grief they have inflicted on the loved ones left behind.

Today, the family of Krystal Campbell will bury their beautiful 29 year old daughter. Krystal grew up only a few streets from my home. She will be buried from her parish, Saint Joseph's Church in Medford. The same church where my wife and I received all our sacraments and where we were married.

Krystal also received her sacraments at Saint Joe's . But instead of her parents celebrating what should be their daughters wedding , they are celebrating her funeral, her last rites of the church. Krystal was killed for no reason except she was an American. In the eyes of the bombers, she was guilty, guilty of being a Christian, of being a kind person, of being a great friend and of being a wonderful sister and daughter. So, she had to be killed, how sad, how awful and truly sad.

I believe she is in a far better peaceful place without hatred and violence. I know she will watch over us with her beautiful smile that she was always wearing. There are others who were killed on Marathon Monday as well, Martin and Lu, and I hope they find comfort and peace in the afterlife. I still struggle with that sorrowful day and I imagine I always will

God Bless Our Troops

Bill Coakley

USN 1958-1962

### New Information on the

### Confederate Submarine H.L. Hunley

**R**esearchers say they may have the final clues needed to solve the mystery of the Confederate submarine H.L. Hunley, which never resurfaced after it became the first sub in history to sink an enemy warship, taking its eight-man crew to a watery grave.

Scientists said Monday that the Hunley apparently was less than 20 feet away from the Housatonic when the crew

ignited a torpedo that sank the Union blockade ship off South Carolina in 1864. That means it may have been close enough for the crew to be knocked unconscious by the explosion, long enough that they may have died before awakening.

For years, historians thought the Hunley was much farther away and had speculated the crew ran out of air before they were able to return to shore.

The discovery was based on a recent examination of the spar - the iron pole in front of the hand-cranked sub that held the torpedo.

The Hunley, built in Mobile, Ala., and deployed off Charleston in an attempt to break the Union blockade during the Civil War, was finally found in 1995. It was raised five years later and brought to a lab in North Charleston, where it is being conserved.

Conservator Paul Mardikian had to remove material crusted onto one end of the spar after 150 years at the bottom of the ocean. Beneath the muck he found evidence of a cooper sleeve. The sleeve is in keeping with a diagram of the purported design of a Hunley torpedo that a Union general acquired after the war and is in the National Archives in Washington.

"The sleeve is an indication the torpedo was attached to the end of the spar," Mardikian said. He said the rest of the 16-foot spar shows deformities in keeping with it being bent during an explosion.

Now it may be that the crew, found at their seats when the sub was raised with no evidence of an attempt to abandon ship, may have been knocked out by the concussion of an explosion so close by, said Lt. Gov. Glenn McConnell, a member of the South Carolina Hunley Commission.

"I think the focus now goes down to the seconds and minutes around the attack on the Housatonic," he said. "Did the crew get knocked out? Did some of them get knocked out? Did it cause rivets to come loose and the water rush into the hull?"

The final answers will come when scientists begin to remove encrustations from the outer hull, a process that will begin later this year. McConnell said scientists will also arrange to have a computer simulation of the attack created based on the new information. The simulation might be able to tell what effect the explosion would have on the nearby sub.

Maria Jacobsen, the senior archaeologist on the project, said small models might also be used to recreate the attack.

Ironically, the crucial information was literally at the feet of scientists for years.

The spar has long been on display to the public in a case at Clemson University's Warren Lasch Conservation Lab where the Hunley is being conserved. With other priorities on the sub itself, it wasn't until last fall that Mardikian began the slow work of removing encrustations from the spar.

Scientists X-rayed the spar early on and found the denser material that proved to be the cooper sleeve. But Jacobsen said it had long been thought it was some sort of device to release the torpedo itself.

Finding evidence of the attached torpedo is "not only extremely unexpected, it's extremely critical," she said. "What we know now is the weapons system exploded at the end of the spar. That is very, very significant."

## Letters to the Editor / Supply Update

Just received the Feb 2013 Newsletter and read the article on the Ops Dept. I was a Corpsman, but during my time on the Whetstone (1960-61), I (we) were not in the Ops Dept. We were in Supply!

There were about 4-5 officers in Supply: the Department head (a LT, SC), and the JO's: the Food Service officer, Disbursing Officer, General Supply (S-I) Officer and possibly the Ship's Service Officer who ran the barber shop, laundry & Ships Store. I don't remember what division we were in, but I know we were in Supply Dept. It was a Catch 22 situation because one of my jobs was inspecting the General Mess and the Wardroom, both of which were in the Supply Dept.

When I first went board, there were three of us: an HM I, me (HM2), and a HM3. We lived in Sick Bay.

Originally, on the Ashland class LSDs ( I to 27), sick bay had 8 bunks (4 sets of bunk beds, 2 each in tandem). Sometime, way prior to my arrival, one set (forward inboard) was removed as was part of the light metal bulkhead between the ward and office, leaving 6 bunks~ The three of us occupied those bunks.

The HM3 was transferred and we got a junior HM2. Shortly thereafter, the HM 1 popped positive on a TB screening skin test and was transferred to NH San Diego (Balboa), leaving me and the other HM2. As a HM2, I was not technically qualified for what we called "Independent Duty" (i.e. no MD aboard). I waited until we were scheduled to go up to Camp Pendleton on an exercise, and then went over to PhibPac Medical to find out about another HM who would be the ID corpsman. He said there was nobody, but said he would get me someone. Pretty soon, we got another HM2~ Months later, after we returned from the shipyard up in Portland, OR we got an HM I . I was transferred to ACB- I in 1961. Later in

61, I started my tour with the Marines. I spent the next 5 years with the Marines, including a 13 month tour in Vietnam (1965-1966)

When I left Vietnam, I was transferred to a DD, DL, and a Minesweeper (MSC). On those three ships,

Medical was part of OX Division/Ops Dept.

Reading the article "Greetings from Your President" brought back a specific memory. A couple of years ago, I was attending a Third Marine Division Reunion in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area. I had signed up for one of those tours that are available for reunions. I was wearing my red Marine Corps ball-cap that had a Caduceus (medical insignia) and the word "Corpsman" As I was getting off the bus at a stop, the speaker' tour narrator asked me if I was a corpsman. I said yes and asked him if he had been.? He said he had been a Pharmacist's Mate.

Right off the bat, I knew he had been in during WWII. I asked him if he had served with the Marines. He said not directly, but had been on a Navy Surgical team aboard one of the APA's. He said they had been on the beach at Normandy treating casualties. He said that afterward, they transited the canal and went to Hawaii~ and picked up a load of Marines.

Henry J. Rausch, Jr.

From Hawaii, they made the landings at Two Jima and Okinawa. He was probably on the USS Hayfield,

(APA-33). The Hayfield was in all three operations. If what he told me is true, he made all three major WWII landings.

### Horace Rowe

Horace Rowe of Fallbrook passed away Jan. 17 after a brief illness. Rowe, as he was known to one and all, was 90 years old. Born in South Carolina, he joined the Navy as a young man, retiring as a Chief Boatswain Mate.

He met his future wife, Ethel Gewlas, while stationed at the Boston Navy Yard. They married, and were shortly relocated to the San Diego area where they remained, raising two children.

He is survived by his wife and children, five grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Interment will be Monday, Feb. 11 at Rosecrans National Cemetery followed by a life celebration for family members. In lieu of flowers, donations are requested to the Wounded Warriors Fund.

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My father Horace Rowe passed away at age 90 on Jan 17, 2013. He was very proud of his time aboard the Stone and his time in the Navy. He had retired as a Chief Boatswain's Mate.

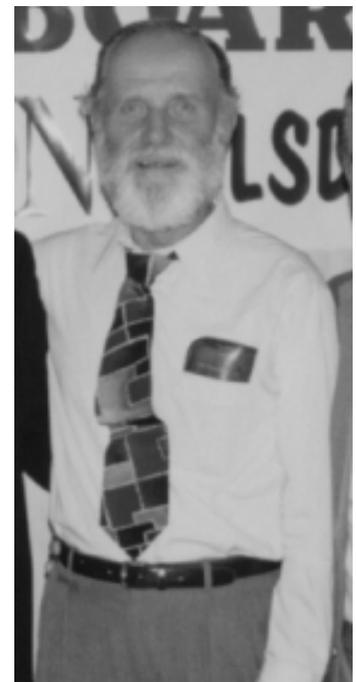
Thank you,  
Butch Rowe

The roster shows that Horace served on the Whetstone twice.

1946-1948

1953-1958

Butch, we are sorry for your loss.



Horace Rowe at the 1996 Whetstone reunion in Las Vegas, NV

## Letters to the Editor / More about Boilers

Re: "B" division on the Whetstone

Wow! That sure was some article. Never in my 21+ years in the Navy, nor my 28+ years working for a marine engineering company (about half of my work was for the Navy) have I ever before seen a person do such an amazing job of explaining what they did and how they did it. John literally wrote operating instructions on doing his job. My hats off to John Worman.

Prior to my tour on Whetstone I did about 5 1/2 years aboard USS Midway followed by 3 years aboard USS Tarawa then on to my only tour of shore duty at Great Lakes. I reported aboard Whetstone September - October 1956. Coincidentally, John worked in the port fire room, I took over the port engine room, pump room, and port shaft alleys. Prior to leaving Great Lakes and reporting aboard Whetstone I made chief (MMCA). Reporting aboard as a "Boot Chief" and having served on two carriers, both of which could do 30+ knots and operated on superheated steam at 850° F, and 600 psi, going below to the engine room on the Whetstone I was a bit disappointed. The Whetstone could do about 15 knots (down hill) and operated on saturated steam "hot water". Till I learned to appreciate what the Amphibious Navy did and how they did it I was a unhappy sailor aboard ship wondering how I ended up on an old LSD~ Later on after a few duty

assignments I finally came to realize what the Amphibs did and how they are an important part of the Navy and how they fit into the overall scheme of things.

With a few years experience behind me and becoming more familiar with the world around me, I have a great deal of respect for people like John who worked in those hot pressurized fire rooms. The BT's who kept the fires burning are the ones who made everything else aboard ship possible from hot water for the showers, to furnishing steam for the main engines and generators. One thing John may appreciate; in today's modern nuclear Navy, nuclear ships operate on saturated steam but at a much higher temperature and pressure. Another difference between what John knew and the nuclear plants is that the steam temperature and pressure are variable depending on how fast the ship is doing. Along side the pier prior to getting underway the temperature and pressure are highest. On leaving the Whetstone I went to Nuclear Power School and was in the program about 6 years, 3 years on the Enterprise.

R.A. Remington CWO/2 USN (Ret)

Thank you Richard! I'm glad you enjoyed the story. I had fun writing it.

I wonder why the Nukes didn't use uncontrolled superheat? It seems like free energy to me.

Well, I was paid nothing to design Nuclear boilers, so I guess I'll leave it to those were.

John

## THE WINE TASTER

At a wine merchant's warehouse the regular taster died, and the director started looking for a new one to hire. He posted a sign at the entrance to the building...

### EXPERIENCED WINE TASTER NEEDED.

### POSITION STARTS IMMEDIATELY.

A retired Navy Chief Petty Officer, drunk and with a ragged dirty look and smelling of last night's rounds, strolled by the building and saw the sign. He went into the building to apply for the position. Aghast at his appearance, the director wondered how to send him away but, to be fair, he gave him a glass of wine to taste. The old Chief held the glass up to his left eye, tilted his head toward incoming sunlight and studied the contents looking through the glass. He then took a sip and said, "It's a Southern California Muscat, three years old, grown on a north slope, matured in steel containers. Somewhat low-grade but acceptable."

"That's correct," said the boss. Glancing at his assistant he said..."Another one, please."

The Chief took the goblet, full of a deep red liquid, stuck his nose into the glass, sniffed deeply and took a long slow

sip....rolling his eyeballs in a circle, he then looked at the director and said..."It's a cabernet sauvignon, eight years old, southwestern slope, oak barrels, matured at eight degrees. Requires three more years for the finest results."

"Absolutely correct. A third glass." Said the director.

Receiving another glass, again, the Chief eyed the crystal, took in a little bit of the aroma and sipped very softly...."It's a pinot blanc champagne, very high grade and exclusive," said the drunk calmly. The director was astonished and winked at his assistant to suggest something.

She left the room and came back in with a wine glass half-full of urine.

The old Navy Chief eyed it suspiciously...a color he could not quite recall. He took a sip, swishing it over his tongue and across his teeth, musing upward all the while... "It's a blonde, 26 years old, three months pregnant, and if I don't get the job, I'll name the father."

### NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE TALENTS OF A NAVY CHIEF PETTY OFFICER....

Men have feelings too. For example, we feel hungry.

"The only time you have too much fuel is when you're on fire."

## A few minutes of Terror

I swear this won't become a "B" division newsletter, but Everett Ward encouraged me to write a story that I told him.

You all remember how the bottom of the Whetstone was fairly round. In rough seas you had to hang onto your food tray in the mess hall or it would go flying on the next roll. I thought we were fairly good gymnasts, being able to hold onto our tray, a carton of milk, a cup of coffee, and our fork at the same time (and use the fork!)

Well, let me mention that conditions didn't improve in the bottom of the ship. Again, I remind you, there were two boilers down there, one each outboard of the well deck. Each steam drum had a water sight glass on each side of it. When we were steaming across a flat pond, the water level was dead center in those sight glasses. Just Right!

Occasionally we weren't steaming on a flat pond. When we got into rough waters, the ship tended to follow the waves. Actually that is a good thing because ships that don't follow the waves, sink. As the side of the ship went up and down, so went the boilers. But, a ship's roll doesn't go straight up and down, rather it makes a part of a circle. Of course, we don't want to overlook the interesting dynamics of the ship's pitch, or rotation fore and aft. This made the boiler water even a bit harder to keep track of as it is now surging from the front of the steam drum to the rear only to come crashing back to the front a few seconds later.

When the boiler was rolling and pitching however, that water level was trying to stay level, so it went up and down in the sight glasses. You may think that when the water in one glass was going down, the water in the other glass was going up. It did to some extent, but it was off a bit. It would have worked better if the boiler was in the middle of the well deck. It turns out, as our boiler was going down, the Starboard boiler was going up.

It wasn't a big problem, usually. One night we were pitching and rolling worse than I could remember. We were keeping our hands on the deck rails and had everything lashed down. I looked up and "Oh my gosh, **Where is the Water???**" All I could see was clear glasses. Remember, our boiler water is very clean, so a full sight glass looks very much like an empty one.

Visions went through my head. Am I about to send a slug of water over to those delicate turbine blades in the main engines? Maybe worse, am I about to expose some empty boiler tubes to a hot fire? Prison flashed through my mind. I wonder how long I'd have to serve?

There is a little valve at the bottom of the sight glass to blow it down (used for cleaning). I blew both sight glasses down more than once. It was pretty inconclusive to me. Some water came out, but not a big stream like I would have thought if the water was too high.

Finally, after being more scared than anytime I ever was in the Navy, I decided the water was high. I shut down the feed pumps and waited .. and waited.. and waited. Finally! The level peeked down from the top. In another minute the water was within range of the sight glasses (at least some of the time, we were still rolling).

There was never a more attentive water man for the rest of that watch!

John

## A Promise Kept - A Memorial Day Story

Nearly 60 years after a Korean War veteran made a promise to himself to find the daughter of a friend killed in action, he finally got to shake her hand and tell her about the man she never knew.

Alphonso Harris remembers the frigid night in Korea when he tried to save the life of his buddy, a New Jersey soldier he knew only as Eisenhardt. "I put him under my jacket to keep him warm and tried to stop the bleeding. He kept saying, "I'm gonna die," and that ate me up because he had a 4-month-old daughter he had never seen." Harris promised that if he made it home, he'd find Eisenhardt's wife and daughter and tell them how he died.

Those were the pre-Internet days, though and Harris was unable to locate them. It wasn't until 60 years later that he made good on his vow.

Jennifer Bowen, a reporter from the Belleville News-Democrate in Illinois, heard Harris' story and tracked down Eisenhardt's daughter, Bea Harrison in Pennsylvania. "It overwhelmed me that there was someone who knew my dad," Harrison recalls. On May 3, the two finally met. "I told Bea her father was a good man doing a dangerous job," Harris, 81 says. "Everybody in the company liked him." At the end of the visit, he told her: "I've waited 60 years, but it feels so good to do what I said I would."



Machinist's Mate "A" School: Day One

# A CIC Trilogy— By Everett Ward

## Ships and Strangers; Skunks and Angels; Chores and Disasters—

### Part One: Ships and Strangers

In 1943, C. S. Forester published a novel about a British warship, a light cruiser named HMS Artemis. The name of the book is *The Ship*. The story details specific crewmember's roles, how each role affects the running of the ship and how the completion of each is dependent on many others and must be carried out fully, faithfully, and with determination. Characters are described vividly from the CO to officers, cooks, seamen, gunners, firemen, water tenders, and on down to a seaman who, at general quarters, is sealed away in a tiny watertight compartment by himself. His job is to lubricate the propeller shaft bearings. He is there alone. As the ship receives and returns fire the reader follows each of the men at their various posts. Of each person can be asked: "What would happen to the ship without this man at his station?"

*The Ship* is a good page turner and it brings an identity that, in some ways, is reminiscent of the old Whetstone crews. If the story was to be re-written and re-narrated with the name, Whetstone, in place of Artemis; if was fabricated with a few date changes, and more restructuring here and there, there would be some interesting similarities. The drift of all this is that Whetstone crews, and it may be surmised, the crews of a lot of other navy ships, functioned, worked and carried out their missions countless times somewhat as strangers to each other. The implication remains they did so without fully understanding and appreciating the roles of all the components that make a ship function, an ironic isolation that continues in today's fleets.

In real life Whetstone and the fictional HMS Artemis are linked by this characteristic. Fictional characters like those of *The Ship* and past crews of real ships share common bonds. Yet, peculiarly, taking any one part of a ship and its work force and mixing it with another part and its work force, a disconnect is found by which one would seem detached and independent from the other. From the singular seaman to the full breadth of the organization the unit continues to come mutually together much like a hand. With its fingers clinched, the hand becomes a fist, which makes a whole unit. Yet the complements of the hand--the fingers, can be foreign to each other working side by side as integers in separate motion. In the same way, Whetstone crews were indeed strangers to each other. In one sense they were tightly bonded. But in another sense, they followed a life of disassociation. Job function, technical requirements, aptitudes, interest levels, and skills that made the ship work produced a paradox like that of internal aliens. This is evident at reunions. Boiler tenders, enginemen, machinist mates and the like, snipes, if you will, come together and reminisce. Yet, in these many discussions, there is an informational void in regard to occurrences on deck and below. As an example, machinist mates and boiler men would often answer bells and then look at each other with the unspoken question, "What are those idiots doing up there?"

Conversely, it must be said that deck types---the deck seamen, the yeomen, supply-men, etc, appear equally ignorant as to how the other entities carried on. Perhaps this is true. Perhaps it

is not. Likely there is more truth to that supposition than not. Quite more than likely most people were comfortable in what they were doing and, under the circumstances, were motivated by the reality they had enough to do as it was. Take for instance the rare deck visitor to an engine room, or boiler room, or after steering. Or how about the times a ship-fitter, damage control-man, or machinist mate visited the bridge, wheelhouse, or even the Combat Information Center? When it did happen the dialogue might have included some teasing such as, "How is the air up here? Do you need some oxygen?" Or, "Is it hot enough for you down here?" Such visits were rare. Perhaps there was some forethought of possible transfer to new duty if the curious one showed too much interest in what was going on outside his domain. With the story line of HMS Artemis in mind, an illustration of Whetstone shipboard responsibility was the function of the radar men. What follows could be about the quartermasters, the signalmen, electronic technicians, or radiomen, maybe even a crypto yeoman, but in this story it is the radar men that beacon.

Radar was on the 04 deck, under the bridge, just aft of the wheelhouse. It was home for the ship's radar repeaters and the reason for that big semi- oval- bed -mattress looking-thing on top of the mainmast that turned round and round all the time when the ship was underway. Besides being the long range electronic lookout for the ship, radar provided key tactical radio contact with other ships and elements ashore during combat operations. Anytime the ship was underway, at anchor or moored in the combat zone, radar was manned. The radar lair was the Combat Information Center. It was a small rectangular space about 12 feet wide by 15 feet long. The people who worked there called it the "bat cave." Sometimes it was just called "Combat." They were called "RDs." Some called them "Scope-dopes."

Some of the RDs had served on other ships such as destroyers, cruisers, carriers, and such, aboard which the CICs were termed by them as "real." Their CICs were larger, modern, and performed more critical roles such as fire control, sonar, air search, surface search, air control, and the like. It could be said they were more "formal." Further, all their DRTs worked. The CIC on Whetstone was informal and the blue blooded radar salts that arrived from the other domains were sometimes critical of the title and comparative limitations in the scope of its work. Having served aboard lofty heights of ships with large weapon systems, higher speeds, higher ranking commands, and more glamorous functions in what they called "the real Navy," they scoffed at the equipment and capacity of Whetstone's nerve center.

Whether the ship was steaming in formation or independently; whether it was maintaining station, entering or departing harbors, guiding assault waves, plotting for precision anchoring, conducting coastal navigation, keeping track of other ships, or making recommendations for course and speed changes, CIC was always busy collecting information.

A visitor entering Combat would first see a door leading from the wheel house posted with a sign that proclaimed, "Authorized Persons Only." Above that was the radar rating symbol: a circle dissected with a spiked electronic pulse

wave and an arrow sticking through the circle and at an angle from the bottom up. Stepping from the wheelhouse into Combat, he would be facing aft. Directly in line of sight entrance would be another door directly in front of him leading aft to the Chart room. If he continued through and out that door he would see yet another door and yet another sign that repeated the first message seen in the wheelhouse. That door opened to Radio Central.

Pads of maneuvering board sheets would be laying about in CIC along with parallel rules, and dividers—tools of the trade in plotting radar contacts. On the forward bulkhead in front of a big box like thing called the DRT, and, still facing aft, and to his left was an anemometer repeater which gave wind speed and direction in true and relative terms—true wind, relative wind, apparent wind, true speed, apparent speed, etc. It stood sentinel over the safe positioned quietly away in the starboard corner. Between the DRT thing and bulkhead was just enough room for a man to squeeze in and plug into a phone or radio jack. The wind vane itself—the transmitter—a big propeller job, was perched on the starboard yardarm. Prominent atop the DRT would be a chart—coastal, ocean, or otherwise, depending on where the Stone was and what it was engaged in.

Entering from the wheelhouse a sailor would focus on the DRT on his left and more to the middle of the compartment. It commanded a lot of space—about two and a half feet wide, five long and three and a half feet tall. It was a complicated thing best described as a mechanical computer that traced the ship's course on an overlaid chart. Looking through the glass top the roving eyes were captured by an intimidating mass of gears, cogs, dials, tracks, switches, and a clock. A desk and chair would be on his immediate right, actually situated on the port side facing the bulkhead. Connecting the two sides of Combat and, just behind the DRT, in front of a ladder well was a narrow alleyway passage which allowed movement across the space. Still looking aft, his eyes would quickly catch a plexiglas air plot board mounted just behind the DRT walking space. Next he would see a SPA-20 radar repeater on the port side. That would be on his right in the rear corner and adjacent to an exit door in the aft bulkhead which opened to the chart room. Gazing quickly left at the rear corner a CIC guest would observe the second radar repeater tucked away in front of the ladder hatch coaming—the SPA-25. Perched there would be the attendant, on his metal high stool with an adjustable seat and back. That was the starboard corner.

Above the desk was a Chelsea five day clock set to ZULU time (Greenwich Mean Time, also called GMT) and marked with a wax pencil to say so. GMT was important to navigation and in keeping track of communications regardless of where the ship was and what it was doing. All forms of messages reflected Greenwich Time. With the marking would be a number. Sometimes the number would be preceded by a plus sign; sometimes by a minus. The number and the sign indicated which time zone the ship was in. Zone time would change with each 15 degrees of longitude lost or gained depending on what direction, or head, the ship was steaming—eastward or westward. The zonetime number gave the ship the time of day (or night) in whatever zone it was in. To obtain zonetime the number was added or subtracted from GMT. In western longitudes, local time was obtained by subtracting the zone number, and in eastern longitudes the time zone number would be added. Sometimes a whole day would be

lost or gained as Whetstone approached the International Date Line that divided east from west. Regardless, ZULU time remained constant.

By his left arm would be a closet door. Behind it were charts, pads, extra writing pads, and reams of plotting pads. It was small but yet roomy enough to be a key stash for gee-dunk. Every watch section had its favorite secret stash place. Ethics of the times demanded that nobody was to take from anybody else's horde. It was an honorable idea.

Light in Combat was low. Entering was similar to arriving at a movie theater featuring a black and white film. Bulkheads, the overhead—a jungle of wires, cables, conduits, chases, and insulation lagging; the chairs, desk—every paintable surface—even the rubber matted deck, was navy gray. Exceptions were the battle lanterns (yellow), the ladder safety rails and stations (white), and a twenty five pound CO2 fire extinguisher (red) mounted to a metal vertical bulkhead stiffener over the ladder with just enough clearance to avoid head bumps. Shiny brass faces of several phone jack receptacle plates and radio mike stations interrupted some of the gray tone and at the same time added to the apparent mysterious order of the space. The eyes would adjust. Two sources of illumination would be present. One would be an overhead light that illuminated the DRT chart; the second would be a small desk lamp by which the desk top was lighted. Light was directed straight down and those surfaces were well lit. The rest of Combat was left in a gloomy semidarkness, punctuated with the green sweeps of the radar repeaters as they continued their monotonous orbits, making green globs when there was something "out there" the radar beams had reflected, or, as the term was, "painted."

At first faces would be shadowy, but as the eyes adjusted the presence of two or three watch standers would become apparent. If the ship was at sea and anchor or general quarters there might be five or six present. Sometimes there might be as many as eight persons crammed in. Since a lot of people smoked in those days an aura of CIC would have been the pungent reek smell of nicotine and stale tobacco. As one former radar ship mate said, "You smoked even if you didn't."

The visitor would immediately detect the presence of several unofficial containers. Some of the radar people had taken the habit of dipping snuff. Wherever they were a personal spit can would be near. In plentiful supply were packages of "Redman" chewing tobacco and tins of "Schoal" snuff. New men reporting to CIC were always impressed with the generosity of the radar men who were eager to share dips and "chaws" with new boot sailors, especially when they were at sea for the first time.

Facing forward, to the right of the DRT was the publications safe—tumble locked, and quietly snuggled away in the right corner. It held a multitude of classified documents—signal code books, directives, operational plans, logs, and other "stuff." Each watch opened the safe and inventoried each item carefully and logged it accordingly to indicate the successful process of the "pub check." During operations, the safe was left in a ready mode for quick access. Quick decoding and encoding was critical communications which came in and went out as phonetically naval gibberish. Here and there were jacks for various radio circuits, ship internal communication circuits—the JA and JV, 1JA, JX, and a 21 MC, just over the

DRT above its left side. On top of the DRT was a parallel motion protractor (PMP) which was used for bearings and ranges in coastal radar navigation. It was fastened to the top with a wide swinging arm with a compass rose that swiveled to present bearings and ranges and looked like a tool from a drafting office.

End Part One. Next: Skunks and Angels

### LEROY SEKARDI (EN2, 1953-55)

We received the following letter from David Sekardi regarding his father's death and felt it was a letter worth sharing.

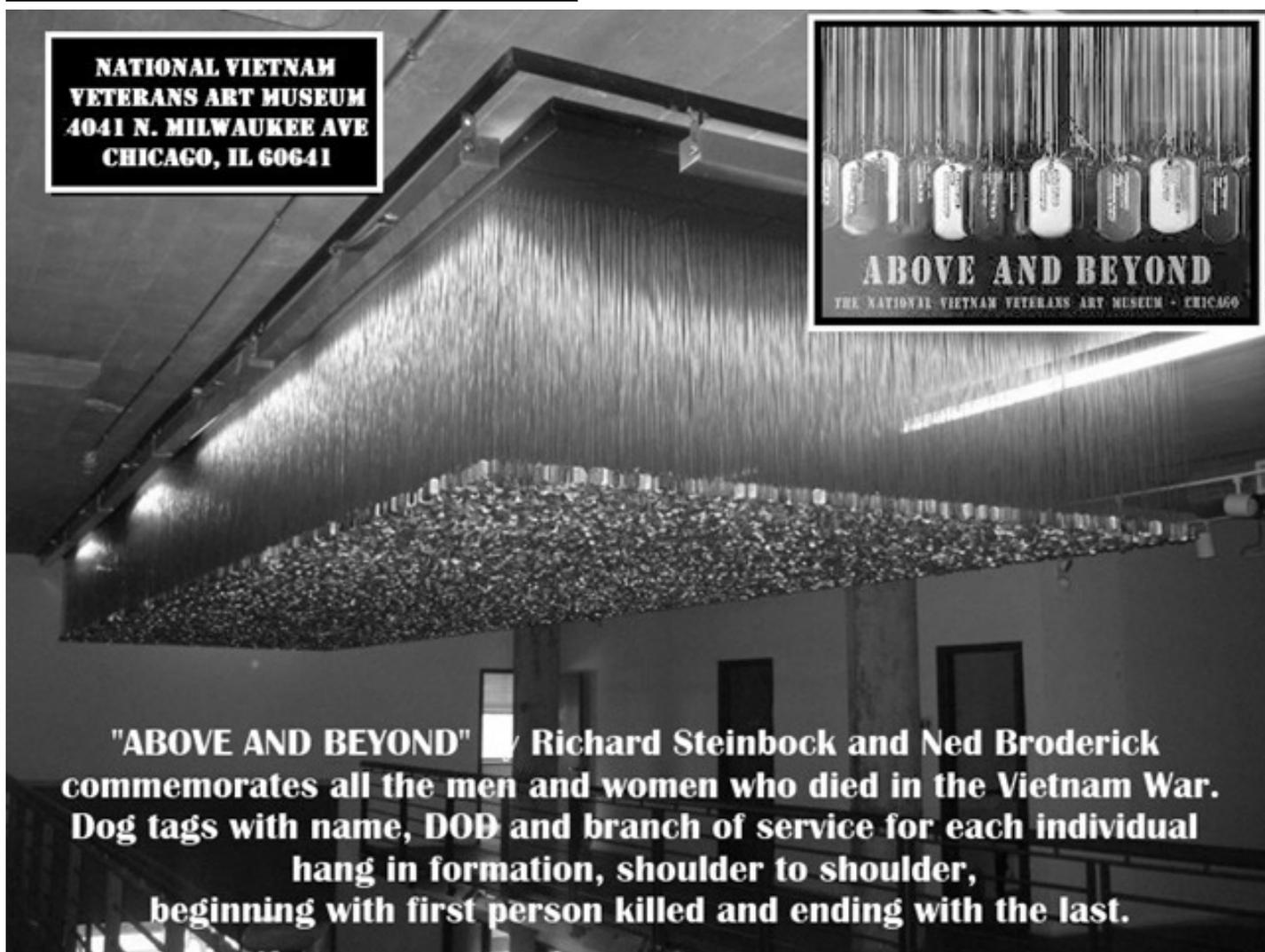
Dear Shipmates,

I would like to announce the passing of my father, Leroy Sekardi, EN2, who was a member of the crew aboard the USS Whetstone. He died on Jan. 26, 2013. He proudly served on the Whetstone during the Korean War. He would always tell me of how proud he was to have served on this ship and with the men on it. His stories were always an interesting variety, which I was willing to hear about and listen to. As a proud sailor myself; I retired as a Chief Petty Officer in 2000 with 20 years of service, and shared a closeness with my Dad due to our Navy adventures and comradeship. My Dad's shadow box and flag are now close to my Navy mementoes that I too collected while serving all those wonderful years. Dad had pictures in his "crackerjacks" along side of the Whetstone and now those pictures are with me and close to my heart! So long. Please acknowledge my Dad in the newsletter as a "Deceased Shipmate." He was so proud of that ship and the people that he served with! Thank you

Sincerely, David Sekardi

### A Dangerous Game

A protester in Lahore, Pakistan has died after inhaling the fumes from the American flags he burned on Sunday. Abdullah Ismail was part of a demonstration protesting the Islam-trolling film "The Innocence of Muslims" in front of the U.S. Embassy. According to his fellow protesters, Ismail "complained of feeling unwell from [breathing] the smoke" of the burning American flags and was transported to Lahore's Mayo Hospital where he later died. More than 10,000 people filled the streets to protest the film and its blasphemy, blocking traffic for over six hours.



## Doolittle Raiders Hold Final Reunion

At 97, retired Lt. Col. Richard Cole can still fly and land a vintage B-25 with a wide grin and a wave out the cockpit window to amazed onlookers.

David Thatcher, 91, charms admiring World War II history buffs with detailed accounts of his part in the 1942 Doolittle Raid on Tokyo, in which he earned a Silver Star.

Retired Lt. Col. Edward Saylor, 93, still gets loud laughs from crowds for his one liners about the historic bombing raid 71 years ago Wednesday that helped to boost a wounded nation's morale in the aftermath of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor.

Cole, Thatcher and Saylor - three of the four surviving crew members from the history-making bombing run - are at Eglin Air Force Base in the Florida Panhandle for a final public reunion of the Doolittle Raiders. They decided to meet at Eglin because it is where they trained for their top-secret mission in the winter of 1942, just weeks after the Japanese devastated the American fleet at Pearl Harbor.

The fourth surviving raider, 93-year-old Robert Hite, could not make the event.

"At the time of the raid, you know the war was on and it was just a mission we went on, we were lucky enough to survive it but it didn't seem like that big of a deal at the time. I spent the rest of the war in Europe and with the guys in Normandy and taking bodies out of airplanes and stuff and I didn't feel like a hero," Saylor said Wednesday following a ceremony in which an F-35 Joint Strike Fighter maintenance hangar at the base was named in his honor.

Saylor joked with the audience of young airmen and local dignitaries.

"My reaction when I out found out we were bombing Japan from an aircraft carrier was that it was too far to swim back home so we might as well go ahead with it," he said.

The 16 planes, loaded with one-ton bombs, took off from the aircraft carrier on less than 500 feet of runway. They had only enough fuel to drop their bombs and try to land in China with the hope that the Chinese would help them to safety.

"We were all pretty upbeat about it, we didn't have any bad thoughts about what was going to happen. We just did what we had to do," said Cole, who was Doolittle's co-pilot.

Wednesday's event at the base is part of a weeklong series of activities planned by the military and community leaders to honor the men.

Thomas Casey, business manager for the Raiders and a longtime fan of the men, said the four survivors have decided they can no longer keep up with the demands of group public appearances.

"The mission ends here in Fort Walton Beach on Saturday night, but their legacy starts then," he said.

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Casey said he hopes everyone who has had a chance to interact with the men will keep their legacy alive. "I want them to tell the story to their children, their grandchildren, their neighbors and keep their story going because their story is worthwhile telling."

At each reunion is a case containing 80 silver goblets with the name of each raider inscribed right-side up and upside down on a single goblet. The men toast their fallen comrades each year and turn their goblets upside down in their honor.

They have also saved a bottle of Hennessy cognac from 1896, the year mission commander James Doolittle was born. The Raiders had said the final two survivors would open the bottle, but they have since decided that the four survivors will meet in private later this year for the toast.

At Thursday's dedication of the Saylor Hangar, the three men posed for pictures beneath a vintage B-25 bomber and an F-35 Joint Strike Fighter that sat beside it.



Col. Andrew Toth, commander of the F-35 squadron at Eglin, told the men, "You boosted the morale of this nation just four months after Pearl Harbor. Thank you for your dedication service."

Young airmen and women got the old veterans' autographs and thanked them for their service.

"I've seen the movies, you know 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.' I think this is awesome because they actually trained here at Eglin and they did the ceremony to actually name a hangar after one of the guys, it's pretty cool," said Air Force Lt. Col. Mike Matesick.

Larry Kelley owns the vintage B-25 aircraft that Cole flew a day earlier during a demonstration of four restored B-25s from the World War II era.

Kelley choked up when trying to explain what it has meant to him to meet Cole and the other raiders over the last several years and to have the men fly in his aircraft.

"Here are some of the most famous aviators that came out of World War II and they've never put a nickel in their pocket for notoriety," he said. Instead, he said, any money from book signings and appearances has always gone to the James H. Doolittle Scholarship Fund for aviation students.

Kelley said sitting beside Cole while Cole took the controls of the B-25 and landed the aircraft was a highlight of his life as a World War II and aviation buff.

"Oh yeah, he did most of the flying today. He did the landing. He's dead on. I kept looking over the altimeter. I told him to hold 1,500 feet and I kept looking at the altimeter and it was dead on, not 1,499 feet, not 1,501 feet, he had it the altimeter pegged 1,500 feet," he said.

## Navy Wants to Return Well Decks to Amphib Fleets

A landing craft, air cushioned, approaches the well deck of amphibious dock landing ship USS Pearl Harbor (LSD 52).

After years of believing the Navy would be getting entirely away from ships with well decks -- and designing them with that in mind -- the Navy anticipates returning them to two of its America-class amphibious warships.

The well decks, used to get Marine gear and equipment from ship to shore as part of any amphibious assault, were for a time seen as unnecessary because of airlift -- what was needed ashore would be flown in aboard a CH-53 Sea Stallion or the MV-22 Osprey.

"After Afghanistan and Iraq everything got up-armored, everything got heavier," Navy Capt. Chris Mercer said on Wednesday during a briefing at the annual Sea-Air-Space Expo at National Harbor, Md. "So what we can lift with the -53 and -22s is getting less and less."

With that in mind, the Navy will be returning the well deck to some of the amphibious landing ships it will be procuring in future years. Those currently being built will not have that asset. They are based on the old Tarawa-class amphibious ship, but minus the well deck.

The America, the first ship in the group, was christened late last year but has not yet joined the fleet. The second, to be named the Peleliu, is under construction.

Another three are planned, and at least the last two will reportedly restore the well deck.

Original ship plans also have had to be modified to accommodate the aircraft that will be based on them. The MV-22 and the F-35B -- the Marine Corps version of the Joint Strike Fighter -- both generate more heat on the decks than other aircraft.

The Navy found that jet blast from an F-35B could harm flight deck personnel up to 75 feet away from the short take-off line. Osprey operations generate head levels that could damage the deck and environmental controls in the spaces immediately below it.

"We are rapidly understanding these [problems] completely now," Mercer said. He said there are about 14 modifications that need to be made. In some cases it means relocating some deck systems to avoid F-35 and MV-22 approaches.

"As for deck structure ... we've got some modifications to do that," he said. These include changing some of the materials used for some of the ships and in other ships adding structure underneath the flight deck at certain spots.

These modifications will also be done to older amphibious landing ships as they go in for maintenance, he said. The later of the new ships will come off the line with the changes already part of their design, he said.

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What's next? Perhaps boilers will make a comeback and the 'BT' rating will live again?

Probably not.

John

## Dietary Supplements

A "David-and-Goliath" scenario, an Army installation commander standing up to a multi-billion-dollar industry over the deaths of three of his Soldiers, has borne fruit in a national Food and Drug Administration warning and the drug maker's decision to stop production of a controversial dietary supplement.

Gen. Dana J.H. Pittard, commander of Fort Bliss, Texas, and the 1st Armored Division, lauded USPlab's announcement that it would stop production of Jack3d.

The supplement contains dimethylamylamine, or DMAA, a stimulant popular among bodybuilders and dieters that the Food and Drug Administration, or FDA, recently linked to elevated blood pressure and heart attacks.

Pittard's crusade against the supplement began in 2011, when two Fort Bliss Soldiers, Pfc. Michael Sparling and Sgt. Demekia Cola, died of heart failure during physical training. Their autopsies reviewed that DMAA use was a contributing factor in their deaths.

In July 2012, another Fort Bliss Soldier, Pfc. David Artis, died of heart stroke during physical fitness training. His death also was linked to DMAA use.

Pittard expressed thanks to the Army and Air Force Exchange Service and Army and DOD leadership for supporting the effort. He acknowledged that it took courage to collectively stand up to powerful drug companies and others who resisted their efforts.

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*Editor note: This article rang a bell with me. Last year Bob Anderson and I exchanged a lot of E-Mails about various subjects, mostly about the ship and crew that we knew.*

*One shipmate we both knew and liked was Marty Starke, a MR (Machinery Repairman). While communicating I told him Marty had died of a heat attack. Here is what Bob remembered.*

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Thanks for the news about Marty. We were close for a year or so when we were both new aboard. Marty got into weight lifting and health supplements in a big way. He got me into lifting for awhile but he just kept getting bigger while I stayed scrawny. I went to a muscle beach with him one time but I kept my shirt on around those guys. The hospital Corpsman told me Marty was going to ruin his heart by lifting heavy weights and taking those supplements. Guess he may have been right.

Speaking of the Corpsman, he had 3 big jars of placebos in his sick bay office. They were green, blue, and yellow. Marty's 1st class in the machine shop was a hypochondriac. He would tell the Corpsman that the blue pills were helping his various illnesses but he didn't think the green and yellow were as good. I would have coffee with the Corpsman occasionally and he would tell me a lot of good stories. I can't remember either guys names anymore.

I'd forgotten about Marty's T-Bird but I did remember his big slush fund. He knew he would be taken down for it eventually but he didn't seem to care. Marty was also the guy who turned me on to Johnny Cash.

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*Editor note 2: I remember Marty telling me they could catch him, and bust him down in rate for the slush fund, but they couldn't hurt him. He paid cash for the T-Bird and he had a farm in Missouri bought and paid for..*



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### Items for Sale:

Ball Caps (With Silhouette)	\$20.00
Copy of Cruise Books (57, 61, 66, 67/68 & 69)	\$20.00
DVD of Reunions (1996-2006)	\$ 5.00
DVD of 2008, 2010 & 2102 Reunions	\$ 5.00
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## New Tires

A man walked into a tire shop and left with brand new tires paid for by a complete stranger. It's something no one at Martin Tire Co. in Northeast El Paso had ever seen before.

For most, it may be just a few new tires. A routine change. Or a time-consuming errand. But to the Sokols, new tires have new meaning.

"I had to get Texas license, registration and tags and they said my tires weren't good enough to pass," said Spec. Thomas Sokol, a soldier at Fort Bliss.

Sokol went to Martin Tire Co. A Blackhawk helicopter mechanic, he was clad head to toe in his uniform.

John Hall was also shopping. "I could tell by the way he was acting that he was having some ... it was costing a lot more than he thought he could afford,"

Hall then did an unusually gracious thing. "I was in the military for quite some time and I know how much the military is paid. They're not paid a lot for what they do, and so, so I offered to pay for his tires for him," said Hall.

The set cost him \$1,200.

"I was shocked, confused and happy all at the same time. I had to talk to my wife first, so I called her," said Sokol. After several attempts and no reception, he told his wife to go straight home and he'd explain there.

"He said no, just look at this paper, they're already paid for and stuff and I just started crying," said Imelda Hernandez-Sokol, Thomas' wife.

The couple just moved from Chaparral and is expecting a child any day now, so finances are tighter than ever.

"Right now in my life, I'm able to financially help people out. But even when I couldn't do that, you do little things," said Hall.

"I appreciate everything you've done for me. I appreciate that you were also protecting our country," said Sokol.