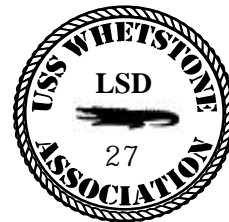




63nd Edition



Oct 2013

President
Bill Coakley

PORTENGINEER@AOL.COM
president@usswhetstone.us
(781) 391-2598

1st Vice President
Gene Klebacher

sergen2@cs.com
1stvpres@usswhetstone.us
(727) 518-8833

2nd Vice President
Everett Ward

ekwardjr@aol.com
2ndvpres@usswhetstone.us
(910) 790-1995

Secretary/Treasurer
Kay Goble

mariongoble@comcast.us
sectreas@usswhetstone.us
(239) 768-1449

Membership Chairman
Marion Goble

mariongoble@comcast.us
membership@usswhetstone.us
(239) 768-1449

Reunion Chairman
The Whetstone Board of
Directors

Chaplain
Marvin Watson

mwatson1@neb.rr.com
chaplain@usswhetstone.us
(402) 421-8957

Publicity Chairman
Everett Ward

Ekwardjr@aol.com
(910) 790-1995

Newsletter Editor
John Worman

johnworman@gmail.com
newsletter@usswhetstone.us
(575) 437-9872

Webmaster
Russ McNitt
(612) 801-6170

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historical and educational
organization dedicated to
promoting fraternal, civic,
patriotic and historical
memories of those who
served aboard.

Lucky Fluckey

Thirty-nine years ago, an Italian submarine was sold for a paltry \$100,000 as scrap. The submarine, given to the Italian Navy in 1953 . . . was originally the USS Barb . . . an incredible veteran of World War II service . . . with a heritage that should not have been melted away without any recognition.

The U.S.S. Barb was a pioneer, paving the way for the first submarine to launch Missiles and it flew a battle flag unlike that of any other ship.

In addition to the Medal of Honor ribbon at the top of the flag identifying the heroism of its Captain, Commander Eugene 'Lucky' Fluckey. And the bottom border of the flag bore the image of a Japanese train locomotive.

The U.S.S. Barb was indeed, the submarine that SANK A TRAIN !

July 18, 1945 In Patience Bay, off the coast of Karafuto, Japan .

It was after 4 A.M. and Commander Fluckey rubbed his eyes as he peered over the map spread before him. It was the twelfth war patrol of the Barb, the fifth under Commander Fluckey. He should have turned the submarine's command over to another skipper after four patrols, but had managed to strike a deal with Admiral Lockwood to make a fifth trip with the men he cared for like a father.

Of course, no one suspected when he had struck that deal prior to his fourth and should have been his final war patrol, that Commander Fluckey's success would be so great he would be awarded the Medal of Honor.

Commander Fluckey smiled as he remembered that patrol. Lucky Fluckey they called him. On January 8th the Barb had emerged victorious from a running two-hour night battle after sinking a large enemy ammunition ship. Two weeks later in Mamkwan Harbor he found the mother-lode... more than 30 enemy ships.

In only 5 fathoms (30 feet) of water his crew had unleashed the sub's forward torpedoes, then turned and fired four from the stern. As he pushed the Barb to the full limit of its speed through the dangerous waters in a daring withdrawal to the open sea, he recorded eight direct hits on six enemy ships.

What could possibly be left for the Commander to accomplish who, just three months earlier had been in Washington , DC to receive the Medal of Honor? He

smiled to himself as he looked again at the map showing the rail line that ran along the enemy coastline.

Now his crew was buzzing excitedly about bagging a train!

The rail line itself wouldn't be a problem. A shore patrol could go ashore under cover of darkness to plant the explosives... one of the sub's 55-pound scuttling charges. But this early morning Lucky

Fluckey and his officers were puzzling over how they could blow not only the rails, but also one of the frequent trains that shuttled supplies to equip the Japanese war machine. But no matter how crazy the idea might have sounded, the Barb's skipper would not risk the lives of his men.

Thus the problem... how to detonate the explosives at the moment the train passed, without endangering the life of a shore party. PROBLEM ? If you don't search your brain looking for them, you'll never find them. And even then, sometimes they arrive in the most unusual fashion. Cruising slowly beneath the surface to evade the enemy plane now circling overhead, the monotony was broken with an exciting new idea : Instead of having a crewman on shore to trigger explosives to blow both rail and a passing train, why not let the train BLOW ITSELF up ?

Billy Hatfield was excitedly explaining how he had cracked nuts on the railroad tracks as a kid, placing the nuts between two ties so the sagging of the rail under the weight of a train would break them open.

(See **BARB** on page 9)



The Ships flag (The train Mission is noted at the center bottom of the flag)

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.

 The following shipmates have passed since the June 2013 newsletter:

- Draper, Lilbourne E. "Rusty"**
 (LCDR 1967-70)
- Fulghem, Richard (MM1 1963-66)**
- Pilgreen, Vince L. (BM 1950-52)**
- Throener, Larry (EM3 1960-64)**

Voluntary Dues

Again, **thank you** to all shipmates that have contributed dues and donations to the Association. Your support helps publish "The Rolling Stone", maintain the Website and assist with the reunions. Dues are \$25.00 a year, are tax deductible, and are **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 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 e-mail (mariongoble@comcast.net). Please make checks payable to: **USS Whetstone Association**.

Please use this list as your receipt.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| Acton, Charles R. | Brasher, J. C. |
| Anderson, Robert* | Buchanan, Kenneth* |
| Arata, Sil | Caffey, Irby R. |
| Barrett, Marvin* | Caldwell, William R. |
| Bisping, Neil A.* | Campbell, Hershel |
| Bommer, David R. | Carson, Cpt. Grant |
| Boren, Ben | Chidester, David |
| Brannigan, Christopher | Cickavage, Joseph * |
| | Coakley, Bill* |

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Coldren, Wayne* | Mezzanotti, Paul D. |
| Conover, Jan | Mitchell, Burley* |
| Costello, Charles L. | Moore, Lane* |
| Croxton, Mike C. | Moree, John E. |
| Dinda, Gerald F. | Myers, Warren* |
| Doerr, Gary T.* | Needy, Cliff* |
| Driskell, Fred L. | Oremus, Vern C. |
| Dunn, Jim | Paine, John M. |
| Durnil, Allen L.* | Pearson, Ray |
| Edney, Edward L.* | Peters, Lester* |
| Edwards, H. "Sonny" | Pierce, Charles* |
| Engelken, Ralph L. | Piersee, Charles* |
| Fox, Sebastian | Pilgreen, Vince* |
| Fraser, Douglas* | Proft, Ed |
| Fry, Stephen | Raymie, Jerry D.* |
| Fulghem, Richard* | Reid, James P. |
| Goble, Marion* | Remington, Richard |
| Gordon, Eddie* | Richey, Albert D. |
| Green, Larry | Sandwich, Larry* |
| Gross, Richard* | Savala, Manuel |
| Grubb, Jack* | Seaton, Walter* |
| Hager, Robert* | Sharkey, Robert L.* |
| Hall, Charles* | Shimmell, Thomas* |
| Haueter, Hylton* | Shrader, Daniel L. |
| Holleman, Jimmy | Smith, Clinton R. |
| Holmes, Robert A. | Smith, Don |
| Hoover, Frederick | Smith, Harry J. |
| Johnson, Merrill* | Stanford, Roy* |
| Jones, Dale | Stief, Bernard |
| Julian, Frank | Stratton, Douglas M. |
| Kirby, Joe* | Sylvester, Kim |
| Kircher, Vincent | Tanner, Terrell |
| Klebacher, Gene | Teske, Glenn |
| Kuchynka, Ed | Van Guilder, David |
| Kuehn, Melvin* | Ward, Everett* |
| Lister, Jerry* | Watson, Marvin* |
| Manatt, Jim | Weigt, Earl |
| Maness, Jack | Weston, Keith |
| McClellan, G.A. | White, David |
| McCray, David | Widrig, Lewis* |
| McGrew, Joseph R. | Wilson, Bud |
| McManus, Peter* | Winslow, Leonard |
| McNitt, Russell* | Worman, John |
| McQuillen, Tom* | Yedowitz, Joe |
| McVicker, Eugene C. | Yoder, Gail |
| Meisner, J.C. | Young, Robert |



The Chaplain's Corner

Thank you for your phone calls, get well cards and prayers as I continue to recover from my automobile accident. You have encouraged me so much.

What did the apostle Paul mean by "pray without ceasing" (1 Thes 5:17)? How is it possible to carry on with normal life if we do so?

First, the apostle did not mean that we should walk around all day mumbling to God. Rather, He taught that we can live in a constant attitude of intercession, even as we go about our daily routine. Of course, some days we'll pray much more than others. But regardless of the particular items on our "to do" list, we can maintain a natural ongoing conversation with the Lord that encompasses our whole lives.

Should we pray about insignificant or mundane matters? Yes, God listens to every prayer. Since He is interested in every aspect of our life, He invites us to talk to Him about whatever concerns, interests, confuses, frightens, challenges, or in any way touches our life. We should ask Him to help us with the small things like finding lost glasses or retrieving forgotten information. It is through such requests we learn that God is our gracious heavenly Father and we are His much-loved child. John 14:14 says: "If you ask Me anything in My name, I will do it". We need to cast ourselves wholeheartedly on His grace and mercy.

God has called us to be people of prayers, and regular communication creates intimate fellowship with our Savior. Through our time with Him, we discover His goodness, faithfulness, and wonderful directions for our lives. When we develop a prayerful outlook, eventually our communication with the Lord becomes our first instinct in every situation, not just when we face a challenge or encounter a difficulty. We will want to worship Him and thank Him every day. And in time, it will never occur to us not to pray.

May God bless each one of you. I look forward to seeing you next year at our annual reunion in Portland, Maine.

Marv Watson (RM 3, 60-63)

Heaven is: German cars, British police, French food, Italian romance and Swiss organization.

Hell is: German police, British food, French cars, Swiss romance and Italian organization.

Advice

Clean it, if it's Dirty.

Oil it, if it Squeaks.

But: Don't Screw with it if it Works!

US Navy Electronic Technician



Greetings from Your President



Attention all hands, this is your President speaking.

It has been one year since Branson, MO and one year to go before we invade Portland, ME.

Recently I was ordered by our Supreme Commander (Kay Goble) to scope out a couple of hotels in Portland for our next reunion. After a thorough tour of each hotel and a thousand and one questions to boot, I reported my findings to Kay.

When the time came to make a decision as to the hotel we would be staying at, I kind of sided with Kay and her superior judgment. (what do you think I'm a GD nut?) I was right there answering all the questions she put to me. yes Miss Kay/ certainly Miss Kay/ absolutely Miss Kay/your so right Miss Kay / why of course they will all agree with you Miss Kay.

The conversation went on and on, and Miss Kay will be filling all of you in. You can rest assured that as usual she will put together a package that every one that attends will be very pleased with. So people do not hesitate start making plans for a great time in Portland Maine.

Until the next time, God Bless and Support Our Troops

Bill Coakley
USN 1958 /1962



Lilbourne E. "Rusty" Draper

Lilbourne E. "Rusty" Draper-- 07 Dec. 1926 – 09 Aug. 2013. . Born in Little Rock, Ark., -- died at Odem, Texas, after a period of declining health. Immediate survivors are daughter, Becky Castro (Clementine)— caregiver and home keeper for ten years , and daughter Krissy Engleka; brother, William Draper; grandchildren, Rani, Cory, and Allysa; great grandchildren, Jason and Jaxon.

Reporting aboard Whetstone at Long Beach, Calif., in 1967, from Navy Recruit Training Command, San Diego, Calif., Lt. Draper assumed the primary duty of Chief Engineer, and continued in that capacity during two intensive Vietnam deployments. The first, while a Lt., involved Amphibious Ready Group Bravo service before, during, and after the Tet Offensive of early 1968; the second, in 1969, as a LCDR, and part of Amphibious Ready Group Alpha, when the ship set new naval engineering records for on- line steaming time without yard service, earned a Navy Meritorious Unit Citation Award, and for him the nick name, "Super-snipe." His last Whetstone task culminated with him as Officer in Charge of the 1970 Whetstone decommissioning process, essentially making him the last Whetstone captain.

Everett Ward served with Mr. Draper (as Everett addresses him) and considered him to be a good man, an honorable man, a respected officer and an understanding person. Everett has initiated a memorial fund to the USS Whetstone Association in memory of LCDR Lilbourne E. Draper and has engaged a project to post a LCDR L. E. Draper memorial page at the Naval Memorial Navy Log in Washington, DC.

Vincie Lee Pilgreen

Vincie was born July 8, 1935 in Wilhite, LA to Alva and Mary Pilgreen. He passed away on June 2, 2013 in Greenwood. Vincie proudly served his country in the U.S. Navy during the Korean Conflict. He was an Electrical Engineer and retired from the Bell System after 54 years of service.



Left to cherish his memory are his wife, Myrtle Ory Pilgreen; sons, Kenneth Lee Pilgreen, Alva Marc Pilgreen, Henry Steven Pilgreen, and John Stephen Aucoin, Jr.; daughters, Denise Aucoin Mersmann and Judith Aucoin Malmay; grandchildren, Jennifer Pilgreen, Danielle Aucoin, Sarah Sprayberry, Danette Bertrand, Michelle Simons, Adrienne Brasseaux, Stephanie Hollifield, and Joseph Russom; 8 great-grandchildren; and siblings, Mary Pilgreen Durham, Robert Charles Pilgreen, and Irvin Wayne Pilgreen.

Vince and Myrtle at the Branson Reunion



Richard Fulghem

Richard Fulghem, a MM1 who served on the Whetstone from 1963—1966 Passed away last year.

He left no survivors.

Valerian (Larry) J. Throener

Larry (EM3—1960-64) passed away August 28, 2013 at the House of Dove Hospice in Marshfield, WI. He had battled lung cancer for five and one-half years.

Larry is survived by his wife of 44 years, Alona, and one son.

Visits to the XO

By John Worman

While I was aboard the Whetstone, I had a motorcycle. In those days motorcycles weren't favored by the Navy, and they weren't allowed on base.

The San Diego Harley Davidson shop came up with a unique solution. They offered "Live Storage" for your machine as well as a locker club plan. You could store or retrieve your bike from 0800 to 2400 daily.

A sailor could walk in wearing his Cracker Jack uniform, and soon a full fledged biker could roar out the door. And, of course, vice versa.

This situation worked out very well for me as I could roam all over southern California on weekends and go quite a ways on weekday liberty nights.

There were a couple of other shipmates that also had motorcycles, so we occasionally rode together.

From time to time I would commit an infraction of the law. All too often the deed was witnessed by California's finest patrolman. Invariably, they would issue a summons for me to appear in court. While I was still trying to figure out how I was going to get time off to appear, I'd get a letter in the mail saying "Never mind, you don't have to show up".

I thought that was awful nice of them until I found that if you were under 21, you didn't have to go to court, your parents were notified instead. In my case, my parental stand in was the ships XO.

One day out of the blue I get the word to report to the XO's quarters. This concerned me as I had no recollection of the traffic ticket and had no idea he would be involved. This was soon cleared up. We talked, and it was cordial and I was much relieved to leave.

As it turns out, this happened again... and again. The third time I made the journey to the XO's cabin, I knew what was in store. The XO had lost a bit of humor about these meetings, so I was told, fairly forcefully, that he didn't want to see me again under these conditions. I readily agreed and within 3 weeks I had removed the motorcycle to my parents home in New Mexico. It was waiting for me when I got out of the Navy.

One day we had a full dress inspection on the flight deck. Somehow I had not wormed my way down into the fire room, so I shined my shoes and found my best dress blues. We were in line when a first class BM walked up to me and barked "This is a full dress inspection! Where are your medals?"

"I don't have any medals" was my reply.

"What?? You're a 2nd class Petty Officer and you don't even have a good conduct medal?"

"Nope"

He just stomped off as only a BM-1 can do.

That did get me thinking. I had never been written up; I'd never had a Captain's Mast. I wondered why I didn't at least get a good conduct medal?

Ah! I wonder if 3 XO interviews count towards a demerit?

Perhaps.

The Shap Wells Hotel

The Shap Wells hotel is now a Best Western Hotel, located north of Liverpool in England.

Shap wells served as a prisoner of war camp during world war two, known as camp 13 or 15 (camps had the same numbers as others and some had more than one number!) ,the hotel housed up to 260 ,mainly senior naval and Luftwaffe officers who lived on the top 2 floors of the hotel. The sketch below by German prisoner Heinz -Georg Moellenbrock shows Shap Wells as it was during the war. It is recorded that hotel linen and crockery were used for the prisoners!.

The camp was protected by 2 rings of barbed wire and searchlights, guards lived in Nissan huts in the gardens(I don't know who sounds better off, the prisoners or the guards !!) the prison camp was closed in 1947.



In 1941 it saw a daring escape by two Luftwaffe officers, on the 24th of November ,fighter pilot Heinz Schnabel and heinkel pilot Oberleutnant Harry Wappler*, armed with forged identification papers which had them down as Dutch airmen ,escaped by either hiding in a laundry basket or simply giving their word to return before walking out (accounts vary) and then stowing away on a train to Carlisle, upon reaching Carlisle wearing flying jackets over their German uniforms, they made their way to RAF Kingstown and bluffed their way into the camp where they persuaded a mechanic to assist them in starting up and taking a miles magister aircraft used for training purposes.



They took off and headed south but running out of fuel they were forced to land at another airstrip where they continued their bluff and fuelled up and took to the air again, this time they headed out across the north sea towards Holland but because the magister had a limited range they realized that they were not going to reach their goal and they were forced to return to England where they landed near great Yarmouth, they were then taken to the RAF bomber airfield at Horsham St Frith in east Anglia still pretending to be Dutch airmen,

Their luck though, had now run out because the theft of the magister had been reported and they were detained and sentenced to 28 days in solitary confinement for their escape attempt and they were later shipped to Canada to serve out the rest of their internment there. so ended one of the, if not the most audacious escapes in German prisoner of war history(I couldn't find out what happened to the mechanic!!).

A CIC Trilogy:

Part II--- Skunks and Angels

By Everett Ward

There was a ladder leading below to Officers' Country just aft of the DRT walkway. The landing recessed to a door which opened to a passage alcove adjacent to the XO's quarters and formed part of a companionway which ran athwart-ship. This passage accessed the forward wardroom door, the first lieutenant's quarters and the rest of "Officer's Country," including the officer's pantry---that being a significant piece of information. The Captain and other officers used the ladder from time to time, especially in times of foul weather. The ladder's rail stanchions extended to the overhead and provided vertical support on which was fastened an air plot board—a plexiglas thing with lots of circles which was used to plot bogies if we should ever be attacked by airplanes. Manning of the air plot required a plywood platform which would be taken from its railing lashing and lowered over the cavity of the ladder well. The plotter stood there and wrote backward on his side of the translucent plastic. Symbols, bearings, and altitudes of supposed air craft appeared correctly on the front.

The Whetstone CIC air plot looked good, "tough," it could be said. And it sounded good during fleet refresher training. Calls of bogies, angels, and splashes were very dramatic as the bad guys were plotted and detailed as "closing fast" bearing such and such at such and such altitude and then at the last minute "splashed" by a group of "angels." Such drills had good endings and everybody lived happily ever after. The consensus of the CIC crew was that the air plot effort was a joke, left over from the Korean War and the waning days of propeller driven aircraft. Its function in the jet age was out of touch with the reality of modern speed and time. This was further perpetuated by the belief in a doomsday prophecy such that, with an LSD under a strafing attack, the life expectancy of CIC was judged to be thirty seconds into the attack. During the 1968 Tet that concept was a primary thought when then ship went to general quarters, steaming emergency fashion out of DaNang for an air attack coming in from the north. The USS Pueblo Crisis was in full swing at that time which gave urgency to the alarm as the United States and North Korea squared off in a different corner of Asia. The prospects of another war were real and several days passed before the brink subsided. Years later, scuttlebutt carried a story about a guided Missile cruiser that had, indeed, shot down a Mig winging its way over the DMZ. Prior to that, the Israeli attack on USS Liberty (AGTR-5) on 8 June 1967 seemed to confirm the plausibility of such theory.

A visitor would have questions about the DRT. It had a thick, clear, glass top which revealed the gears, dials, and shafts of the mechanism used to track the ship's motion. In its younger days it connected to feeds from the gyro compass and after several inputs and adjustments involving courses, speeds, position co-ordinates, and chart scales; it would mechanically compute ship movement and produce a lighted "bug" that would trace the ship's track over a chart. It was called a "Dead Reckoning Tracer" because it would generate a position at any time without the benefit of such things as set and drift. Without set and drift, the position indicated was a good educated "guess" or reckoning that would give a latitude and longitude

close to an actual position, but not exactly. It could also plot radar feeds and keep track of other ships. It was a valuable instrument but it never worked, at least in the last three years of the ship's commissioned life. A key component called a pith log that provided speed input was located on the bottom of the ship. Sometime in Whetstone's later years it was rendered inoperative by some act of omission, probably in dry-dock, and was never repaired---no speed input, no DRT. At least that was one thing wrong with it. Age and budget restraints probably handled the rest. Though it must be said, during one particular cruise it apparently worked perfectly.

Once, two ship mates jumped ship a few hundred miles west of Hawaii in a life raft. When they didn't appear for a morning muster, a search was made and a life raft was found Missing. The mathematics of one---two Missing crewmen, and two---one Missing life raft, spelled trouble. Whetstone made a reciprocal turn and, with the Dead Reckoning Tracer tracing, steamed back right to the exact location of the miscreants and they were picked up. Some close work by the navigator could have done the same thing, but a working DRT would have simplified his chore. Note the term is picked up, not rescued. Sometime after that, beginning in 1967 or so, it had definitely ceased to work and was dead, dead, dead. Instead, it served its final years singularly as a chart table for radar navigation and piloting.

While the DRT was the biggest object in CIC, the most important tools were the two radar repeater consoles. Fed off the revolving surface search radar transponder at the mast head, they served as the distant eyes of the ship. With them Whetstone could see beyond a 360 degree horizon, displaying formations of ships, lone vessels, boats, land masses, and other objects. One unit was for close range---anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five miles, sometimes less; the other set received reflections from twenty five to fifty nautical miles. Like everything else they were old but they served the intended purpose of maintaining that all important function aboard a LSD, the Combat Information Center.

A two man watch section was usually present. Watches were sometimes arranged in three sections, with six to eight hour durations, which allowed a "full night in the rack" about every third night. Most of the time the leading petty officer was a first class, but on one deployment time Radar boasted a first class and a second class at the same time. The watch force consisted of usually one or two E-4s, and about three nonrated strikers. Ranks and numbers varied from time to time but hovered in the six to eight range. During General Quarters and special details CIC would be manned by everybody with an officer thrown in. To say the least, the compartment was tight.

The room was always darkened when underway; the only exception being the desk light and one over the DRT. Green glowing radar screens with the ever present circular sweep that extended from the center to the round edge of each cathode ray tube pulsated emerald shadows. In all, the space was dark which intensified any blips or

other shapes that appeared on the screens. Occasionally, a green glowing blip would appear on the outer ring of the scope, pulsating as the sweeping radius strobe hit a reflected target. That would be a contact and for a while the watch in CIC would be plotting course and speed of the target. First, the contact was reported to the bridge as a "skunk" designated as such with a phonetic letter along with its bearing and range. Then, using a set of small, round, gear handles the radar man would place his "bug" on the pulsing image on the screen, and call out the range and bearing to his watch companion who would plot the object on a maneuvering board. After several "marks" at timed intervals, the maneuvering board would yield the target's course and speed, the range of its closest point of approach to our ship (CPA) and the compass bearing at that point. The CPA bearing, range, and estimated time of the closest approach point would be passed to the Officer of the Deck as it blipped away, or, in some instances, appeared to be on a constant bearing and decreasing range (CBDR). In that case the OOD had to inform the captain and make adjustments to our own course and speed to avoid a collision. In due time a skunk would be "scrubbed," that is, it would cease to be of any concern.

Skunks were always designated by a phonetic letter. Usually they were few in number and the alphabet never reached half down the list of letters before the change of the day and a new track. A typical track would be Reported: "Bridge, Combat: Contact: bearing 085, course 185, speed 12; CPA 10,000 yards, at such and such angle, at 0330: Designate 'Skunk' Echo." If there was any change Combat would plot an update for the bridge. Anything that got into a range of five to ten miles was watched very closely. Sometimes there might be several contacts being handled at once. The Phone Talker on the bridge would pass the information and keep track of everything being reported at his station with a plexi-glass status board, writing down the information with a yellow wax pencil. Once, a nervous, well---- perhaps we should say, very conscientious, Officer of the Deck, passed the word that he wanted all contacts to be reported in and near the shipping channel as the ship was entering Hong Kong, a harbor known for hundreds of junks, san pans, ferries, yachts, ships, and anything else that floated. The alphabet was exhausted and started anew with double letters for each designation. Contacts were identified as Skunk Alpha Alpha; Skunk Bravo Bravo; and Skunk Charlie Charlie; and so on, until the Petty Officer of the watch in Combat reached Zulu, Zulu, and then he had to start again with new contacts beginning with Alpha, Alpha, Alpha and so until the ship finally anchored. The log did not contain all the language that went on in Combat on that grand entrance to Hong Kong Harbor. Nor did the deck log say anything about any JV phone talkers on the bridge that may have burned out that day with the aberration of so many skunks.

Sometimes watch stillness would be would be split suddenly with a blaring radio communication over the OTC net---something like: "HOOKER WHISKEY THIS IS PLATIUM! ---SIGNALS FOLLOW! ---EXECUTE TO FOLLOW!-BREAK!—ZULU!—ZULU!-CHARLIE!—CHARLIE!—EXECUTE! ---OVER!" There would be a grab for a radio handle and a group of code books, maneuvering board pads, fresh pencils, and parallel rules. Whetstone would answer with something like: "THIS IS HOOKER WHISKEY! ROGER! OUT!" In short order a radio drill would be underway. It usually involved a change of station, a rendezvous, or some other steaming maneuver which, in real life

would have meant speed and course changes to be conducted with exact precision. An evaluation would follow and then CIC would fall silent again. There would be no collision or close calls. Any wrong maneuvering recommendations would be forgiven as lessons learned. There would be no wrecked ships and no drowned sailors. Budding officers of the decks would be better trained as they advanced to higher OOD underway watch-standing qualifications. Such was not the case one night as Whetstone steamed to Subic from DaNang. It was 03 June 1969. The ship passed near a joint task group of US and Australian ships conducting fleet maneuvers during a mid watch. The CIC crew picked up on some radio traffic and listened in. Somehow, at 0300, USS Frank E. Evans (DD 754) made a hard port turn when it was supposed to turn to starboard. It crossed the bow of an air craft carrier, HMAS Melbourne, and was cut in two. Seventy five sailors were lost.

On another occasion Combat had reported a ship coming up from astern as we had just departed Subic Bay headed back to Vietnam. Its course and speed were plotted and the information dutifully reported to the bridge. The ship was on the same course as Whetstone but its speed was about five to six knots faster. At the time it was about ten miles astern, maybe less. The approaching ship was reported as CBDR; in other words, a possible collision course or a close overtaking-passing situation to be completed according to international rules of the road.

As such, Whetstone was to maintain course and speed as the overtaken vessel was legally positioned as the "privileged vessel." The vessel coming from astern and in a passing position would be the "burdened" vessel. It was obligated to keep well clear of Whetstone. As the two were in open waters, the overtaking ship was not required to sound any signals of intention unless it changed its course. In that case it would have sounded on blast of its whistle to indicate a change of course to starboard; or, in the event of a change of course to port, two blasts. Whetstone was obliged to maintain its course and speed as the privileged vessel with no signals being required.

Had the waters been confined or "inland," another set of rules would have applied. Inland rules would have required a blast from the burdened vessel and a response from Whetstone if in agreement. The passing ship would have passed to starboard. Two blasts would have indicated a passage to Whetstone's port and a subsequent agreement whistle signal from the overtaken ship of two blasts. Should there have been any uncertainty of safety or disagreement of signals; it would have been the Stone's responsibility to sound five short blasts from its whistle, indicating danger. Ship to ship radio contact was frequently used in such circumstances. Another common means of communication was with flashing lamp, very often accompanied by the waving of semaphore flags by the signalmen. That's the way it was supposed to be.

After the report the usual routine resumed and time passed. Suddenly it became apparent to the OOD there was a ship astern and close enough that it seemed about to nudge up to the stern gate. Five blasts from the Whetstone whistle were sounded---danger! There was a flurry of rudder orders and speed changes. The captain rushed to the bridge and the OOD was calling to Combat as to why the ship had not been reported. Visible close aboard the starboard quarter was indeed a 15000 ton naval Victory class cargo ship, run by the Military Ship Transport Service. MSTs ships were manned by civilian crews. This one was probably steaming on its automatic pilot (iron mike), keeping a steady course while gathering speed. Apparently there had been no whistle signal, no radio contact; no flashing light or semaphore contact and the ship was bearing close aboard Whetstone's starboard side at full speed.

In any case, the OOD was starting to ream the second class petty officer in CIC when the second class read back to him the CIC log entry which had recorded the earlier report. The bridge fell silent and the watch resumed its routine. We soon resumed our original course and speed. We never learned from the bridge watch how the report was possibly either ignored, not passed along, or simply not followed up. The lack of communicating, visual or otherwise, between us and them was unusual. The danger signal seemed to suggest we almost had a collision that day. It is equally possible the bridge watch reviewed pertinent rules and quietly considered passages dealing with open waters, signals, course changes, the need thereof, or the no need thereof, between the burdened and the privileged.

Was the overtaking ship within the specified 22 degrees "aft of the beam" of ship being overtaken, making it dead astern, and burdened to change course? Was it outside that bearing range, required only to pass safely in accordance of the "open waters" navigation rules? Was it obliged to sound a signal to indicate a course change? Was Whetstone's danger signal prudent? Had there been a collision or near Miss that day those would have been the key questions. The argument will be left for the proctors of admiralty law to debate. The resolution that day was with the watch below left wondering again, "What is going on up there?" End Part Two. Next: Chores and Disasters

Japan Maritime Self-Defense Force Ships Visit Pearl Harbor

Japan Maritime Self-Defense Force (JMDSF) ships, landing ship tank JS Shimokita (LST 4002); destroyer JS Atago (DDG 177) and helicopter destroyer JS Hyuga (DDH 181) departed Pearl Harbor May 20 following a five-day port visit.

During the visit JMSDF sailors conducted wreath-laying ceremonies at the USS Arizona Memorial, National Cemetery of the Pacific, Makiki Cemetery and Ehime-Maru Memorial, and offered ship tours, while senior leaders conducted office calls with local military counterparts.

"These opportunities to renew relationships with our JMDSF counterparts are always valuable and rewarding," said Adm. Cecil D. Haney, commander of U.S. Pacific Fleet. "The stop of the ships here and our frequent operations together are reflective of the strong relationship between the U.S. Navy and JMSDF that is such an important underpinning of the U.S.-Japan alliance."

Rear Adm. Hideki Yuasa, commander of Escort Flotilla 2, hosted a reception aboard Hyuga where guests, in addition to Haney, included Adm. Samuel Locklear, commander of U.S. Pacific Command; Consul General Toyoei Shigeeda, and other senior U.S. and Japanese commanders.

Yuasa noted that the partnership between Japan and the U.S. is beneficial to maintaining stability throughout the region.

"The Japanese, U.S. alliance is vital to secure Japan's peace and security," said Yuasa. "Our alliance is also important for us to participate in multilateral security operations to effectively respond to global security challenges."

All three JMDSF ships are en route to San Diego to participate in multilateral exercise Dawn Blitz. Dawn Blitz is a scenario-driven exercise led by U.S. Third Fleet and I Marine Expeditionary Force that will test participants in the planning and execution of amphibious operations through a series of live training events.

How to argue with a woman

A flowchart



No thank you

There were protesters on a train platform handing out pamphlets, on the evils of America.

The elderly woman was getting off the escalator and a young (20-ish) female protester offered her a pamphlet, which she politely declined. The young protester put her hand on the old woman's shoulder as a gesture of friendship and in a very soft voice the young lady said, "Lady, don't you care about the children of Iraq?"

The old woman looked up at her and said, "Honey, my father died in France during World War II, I lost my husband in Korea and a son in Vietnam. All three died so someone like you could have the right to stand here and badmouth our country. If you touch me again, I'll stick this umbrella where the sun don't shine and open it."

~ God Bless America ~

A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN

Consumed by my loss, I didn't notice the hardness of the pew where I sat. I was at the funeral of my dearest friend - my mother. She finally had lost her long battle with cancer. The hurt was so intense; I found it hard to breathe at times.

Always supportive, Mother clapped loudest at my school plays, held a box of tissues while listening to my first heartbreak, comforted me at my father's death, encouraged me in college, and prayed for me my entire life. When mother's illness was diagnosed, my sister had a new baby and my brother had recently married his childhood sweetheart, so it fell on me, the 27-year-old middle female child without entanglements, to take care of her. I counted it an honor.

'What now, Lord?' I asked sitting in church. My life stretched out before me as an empty abyss. My brother sat stoically with his face toward the cross while clutching his wife's hand. My sister sat slumped against her husband's shoulder, his arms around her as she cradled their child. All so deeply grieving, no one noticed I sat alone. My place had been with our mother, preparing her meals, helping her walk, taking her to the doctor, seeing to her medication, reading the Bible together. Now she was with the Lord. My work was finished, and I was alone. I heard a door open and slam shut at the back of the church. Quick footsteps hurried along the carpeted floor.

An exasperated young man looked around briefly and then sat next to me. He folded his hands and placed them on his lap. His eyes were brimming with tears. He began to snifle. 'I'm late,' he explained, though no explanation was necessary.

After several eulogies, he leaned over and commented, 'Why do they keep calling Mary by the name of Margaret?'

'Because, that was her name, Margaret. Never Mary, no one called her Mary,' I whispered.

I wondered why this person couldn't have sat on the other side of the church. He interrupted my grieving with his tears and fidgeting. Who was this stranger anyway?

'No, that isn't correct,' he insisted, as several people glanced over at us whispering, 'Her name is Mary, Mary Peters.'

'That isn't who this is.'

'Isn't this the Lutheran church?'

'No, the Lutheran church is across the street.'

'Oh.'

'I believe you're at the wrong funeral, Sir.'

The solemnness of the occasion mixed with the realization of the man's mistake bubbled up inside me and came out as laughter. I cupped my hands over my face, hoping it would be interpreted as sobs. The creaking pew gave me away.

Sharp looks from other mourners only made the situation seem more hilarious. I peeked at the bewildered, misguided man seated beside me. He was laughing too, as he glanced around, deciding it was too late for an uneventful exit. I imagined Mother laughing.

At the final 'Amen,' we darted out a door and into the parking lot.

'I do believe we'll be the talk of the town,' he smiled.

He said his name was Rick and since he had Missed his aunt's funeral, asked me out for a cup of coffee.

That afternoon began a lifelong journey for me with this man who attended the wrong funeral, but was in the right place. A year after our meeting, we were married at a country church where he was the assistant pastor. This time we both arrived at the same church, right on time.

In my time of sorrow, God gave me laughter. In place of loneliness, God gave me love. This past June, we celebrated our twenty-second wedding anniversary.

Whenever anyone asks us how we met, Rick tells them, 'Her mother and my Aunt Mary introduced us, and it's truly a match made in heaven.'

Actors With Fake Guns Bring Police With Real Ones

LOS ANGELES - College filmmakers were using fake guns to shoot a robbery scene at a suburban Los Angeles coffee shop when the movie took a scary twist that wasn't in the script.

Eight police officers were descending on the masked actors. The police were real, with very real guns drawn, and had no idea this was a movie.

"Drop the gun! Drop it! Drop it!" one officer yells on an audio recording police were carrying.

One of the actors immediately let go of his fake assault rifle. But another held onto his replica handgun, forcing officers to make a life-or-death choice. An officer knocked the gun from the actor's hand and handcuffed him, drawing a peaceful climax to what could have been something far worse.

"One of the officers made the decision that had the man moved, he would have been killed," said Glendora police Capt. Tim Staab. "It was just milliseconds from a tragedy."

Police said it showed the dangers of movie-making for amateur film crews who don't get permits and follow proper steps before taking to the streets.

"I can't think of a situation more dangerous than having a gun in your hand with cops responding," Staab said. "It was much closer than we ever want to get close to."

Attempts to reach the film's director were unsuccessful. The students declined to tell police what college they were from.

The officers responded to the shop after receiving a 911 call from a woman who reported seeing an armed, masked gunman inside Classic Coffee in Glendora, a suburb east of Los Angeles that rarely sees Hollywood film crews.

Police said there was nothing to indicate a short movie was being shot. No one was outside to warn customers, there were no signs, and no permit had been pulled.

When officers arrived, there was no question in their mind that a robbery was occurring, Staab said.

It's rare "to go into a coffee shop and see someone carrying an AR-15 rifle and wearing a mask," he said.

Under normal filming protocols, weapons carried by the actors have orange markings to indicate they are replicas. But the markings on the guns used by the students had been covered by a black pen, presumably to make the weapons

(See *Movie* on page 12)

(Barb from page 1)

"Just like cracking walnuts," he explained. To complete the circuit [detonating the 55-pound charge] we hook in a micro switch... and mounted it between two ties, directly under the steel rail.

"We don't set it off... the TRAIN will." Not only did Hatfield have the plan, he wanted to go along with the volunteer shore party.

After the solution was found, there was no shortage of volunteers; all that was needed was the proper weather... a little cloud cover to darken the moon for the sabotage Mission ashore.

Lucky Fluckey established his criteria for the volunteer party :

[1] No married men would be included, except for Hatfield,

[2] The party would include members from each department,

[3] The opportunity would be split evenly between regular Navy and Navy Reserve sailors,

[4] At least half of the men had to have been Boy Scouts, experienced in handling medical emergencies and tuned into woods lore.

FINALLY, Lucky Fluckey would lead the saboteurs himself.

When the names of the 8 selected sailors was announced it was greeted with a mixture of excitement and disappointment.

Members of the submarine's demolition squad were: · Chief Gunners Mate Paul G. Saunders, USN; · Electricians Mate 3rd Class Billy R. Hatfield, USNR; · Signalman 2nd Class Francis N. Sevei, USNR; · Ships Cook 1st Class Lawrence W. Newland, USN; · Torpedoman Mate 3rd Class Edward W. Klingsmith, USNR; · Motor Machinists Mate 2nd Class James E. Richard, USN; · Motor Machinists Mate 1st Class John Markuson, USN; and · Lieutenant William M. Walker, USNR.

Among the disappointed was Commander Fluckey who surrendered his opportunity at the insistence of his officers that as commander he belonged with the Barb, coupled with the threat from one that "I swear I'll send a message to ComSubPac if the Commander attempted to join the demolition shore party."

In the meantime, there would be no harassing of Japanese shipping or shore operations by the Barb until the train Mission had been accomplished. The crew would 'lay low' to prepare their equipment, practice and plan and wait for the weather.

Waiting in 30 feet of water in Patience Bay was wearing thin the patience of Commander Fluckey and his innovative crew. Everything was ready. In the four days the saboteurs had anxiously watched the skies for cloud cover, the inventive crew of the Barb had crafted and tested their micro switch.

When the need was proposed for a pick and shovel to bury the explosive charge and batteries, the Barb's engineers had cut up steel plates in the lower flats of an engine room, then bent and welded them to create the needed digging tools.

The only things beyond their control were the weather... and the limited time. Only five days remained in the Barb's patrol.

Anxiously watching the skies, Commander Fluckey noticed plumes of cirrus clouds, then white stratus capping the mountain peaks ashore. A cloud cover was building to hide the three-quarters moon. So, this would be the night.

MIDNIGHT, July 23, 1945

The Barb had crept within 950 yards of the shoreline. If it was somehow seen from the shore it would probably be mistaken for a schooner or Japanese patrol boat. No one would suspect an American submarine so close to shore or in such shallow water. Slowly the small boats were lowered to the water and the 8 saboteurs began paddling toward the enemy beach. Twenty-five minutes later they pulled the boats ashore and walked on the surface of the Japanese homeland.

Stumbling through noisy waist-high grasses, crossing a highway and then into a 4-foot drainage ditch, the saboteurs made their way to the railroad tracks. Three men were posted as guards, Markuson assigned to examine a nearby water tower. The Barb's auxiliary man climbed the tower's ladder, then stopped in shock as he realized it was an enemy lookout tower... an OCCUPIED enemy lookout tower.

Fortunately the Japanese sentry was peacefully sleeping. And Markuson was able to quietly withdraw to warn his raiding party.

The news from Markuson caused the men digging the placement for the explosive charge to continue their work more quietly and slower. Twenty minutes later, the demolition holes had been carved by their crude tools and the explosives and batteries hidden beneath fresh soil.

During planning for the Mission the saboteurs had been told that, with the explosives in place, all would retreat a safe distance while Hatfield made the final connection. BUT IF the sailor who had once cracked walnuts on the railroad tracks slipped or messed up during this final, dangerous procedure... his would be the only life lost.

On this night it was the only order the sub's saboteurs refused to obey, and all of them peered anxiously over Hatfield's shoulder to be sure he did it right. The men had come too far to be disappointed by a bungled switch installation.

1:32 A.M. Watching from the deck of the submarine, Commander Fluckey allowed himself a sigh of relief as he noticed the flashlight signal from the beach announcing the departure of the shore party. Fluckey had daringly, but skillfully guided the Barb within 600 yards of the enemy beach sand.

There was less than 6 feet of water beneath the sub's keel, but Fluckey wanted to be close in case trouble arose and a daring rescue of his bridge saboteurs became necessary.

1:45 A.M. The two boats carrying his saboteurs were only halfway back to the Barb when the sub's machine gunner yelled, 'CAPTAIN!' There's another train coming up the tracks! The Commander grabbed a megaphone and yelled through the night, "Paddle like the devil!", knowing full well

(See Barb on page 10)

(*Barb* from page 9)

that they wouldn't reach the Barb before the train hit the micro switch.

1:47 A.M. The darkness was shattered by brilliant light . . and the roar of the explosion ! The boilers of the locomotive blew, shattered pieces of the engine blowing 200 feet into the air. Behind it the railroad freight cars accordioned into each other, bursting into flame and adding to the magnificent fireworks display. Five minutes later the saboteurs were lifted to the deck by their exuberant comrades as the Barb eased away . . slipping back to the safety of the deep.

Moving at only two knots, it would be a while before the Barb was into waters deep enough to allow it to submerge. It was a moment to savor, the culmination of teamwork, ingenuity and daring by the Commander and all his crew. Lucky Fluckey's voice came over the intercom. "All hands below deck not absolutely needed to maneuver the ship have permission to come topside." He didn't have to repeat the invitation.

Hatches sprang open as the proud sailors of the Barb gathered on her decks to proudly watch the distant fireworks display.

The Barb had sunk a Japanese TRAIN !

On August 2, 1945 the Barb arrived at Midway, her twelfth war patrol concluded. Meanwhile United States military commanders had pondered the prospect of an armed assault on the Japanese homeland. Military tacticians estimated such an invasion would cost more than a million American casualties.

Instead of such a costly armed offensive to end the war, on August 6th the B-29 bomber Enola Gay dropped a single atomic bomb on the city of Hiroshima , Japan . A second such bomb, unleashed 4 days later on Nagasaki , Japan , caused Japan to agree to surrender terms on August 15th.

On September 2, 1945 in Tokyo Harbor the documents ending the war in the Pacific were signed.

The story of the saboteurs of the U.S.S. Barb is one of those unique, little known stories of World War II. It becomes increasingly important when one realizes that the [8] eight sailors who blew up the train near Kashiho, Japan conducted the **ONLY GROUND COMBAT OPERATION** on the Japanese homeland during World War II.

[Footnote : Eugene Bennett Fluckey retired from the Navy as a Rear Admiral, and wore in addition to his Medal of Honor . . [4]FOUR Navy Crosses . . a record of heroic awards unmatched by any American in military history.]

In 1992, his own history of the U.S.S. Barb was published in the award winning book, **THUNDER BELOW**. Over the past several years proceeds from the sale of this exciting book have been used by Admiral Fluckey to provide free reunions for the men who served him aboard the Barb, and their wives.

P.S. : He graduated from the US Naval Academy in 1935 . . lived to age 93 .

Navy Bids Farwell to Last BTCM

VIRGINIA BEACH, Va. - A retirement ceremony was held at Naval Amphibious Base Little Creek to bid farewell to the Navy's last master chief boiler technician.

In June 1979 in Eastwood, Ky., a young, 17-year-old boy decided to enlist in the Navy. Thirty years later the Navy bids farewell and following seas to Force Master Chief Jerry Haueter.

In attendance was Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy Rick West as the guest speaker, Haueter's wife Cindi, daughter Tiffany, granddaughter Tegan, as well as almost 300 guests, including 40 family members who traveled from Kentucky to attend Haueter's retirement.

"I am a very blessed man to have been a part of this organization, and for the support and understanding that I have received from my family during my career," said Haueter.

From the start of Haueter's career he was committed to the Navy, doing the best job he could and giving back to the organization.

"He just never stopped working, never stopped thinking about ways to make this Navy even better than it is," said West. "He never stopped caring about his Sailors. He didn't know how to turn that part of his life off and that's what made him one of the best master chiefs of our generation."

Right before becoming Force master chief for Naval Surface Force, U.S. Atlantic Fleet, Haueter was 30 days away from starting his terminal leave for retirement. His family and respected friends encouraged him to apply for the position of Force master chief.

"So at the urging of my wife and my admiral I threw my name in the hat," said Haueter. "Low and behold I was selected."

From the beginning of his career Haueter knew he wanted to complete at least 20 years. That changed the longer he was in the Navy.

"The Navy was never a job for Jerry and it was more than a career, it was a vocation, a calling," said West. "He's had the Navy in his soul, and you know it's never going to leave."

As he reflects on his time in the Navy, Haueter's advice for Sailors is simple: work hard and don't be afraid to make mistakes.

"I'd like to think that leadership would let Sailors make some mistakes along the way. I learned more from the mistakes I made in my career than I have in any school I ever went to," said Haueter. "But, if you show up on time, work and try hard, chances are you are going to be successful in this organization."

That advice has served Haueter well for 30 years

How Much?

How much do dead batteries cost?

Nothing! They are free of charge.



USS WHETSTONE LSD-27 ASSOCIATION REUNION -- PORTLAND, MAINE

September 11, 2014 -- September 14, 2014
Clarion Hotel
1230 Congress Street, Portland, Maine

The Clarion Hotel has recently renovated spacious, non-smoking, guest rooms with pillow top mattresses, free wireless internet access, hair dryers, coffee makers, iron and ironing boards, 72 cable channels, HBO and in-room movies on new flat screen TVs, free local and 800 Number access calls. Refrigerators are available in **some** of the rooms. (*Pet designated guestrooms are available for an additional fee*).

The hotel offers a full service restaurant at Pete and Larry's Restaurant, as well as room service. A full service or a la carte breakfast is available (15% discount for Association). Happy Hour from 4-6 p.m. includes modestly priced beer and wine, as well as other drinks. In addition, you can take an invigorating swim in the indoor pool, luxuriate in the spa or recharge your body in the well-equipped fitness room.

Complimentary parking and shuttle service to and from Transportation Hubs are available. Taxi service to the wharf and downtown area is available for \$7.00 to \$10.00.

We have reserved a block of rooms (2 queen beds) at the affordable rate of **\$99.00** per night for single or double occupancy, plus prevailing city and state taxes (currently 7%). There is a \$15.00 charge for each additional person up to 4 people in a room. Rollaways are available at \$10.00 per cot. King bed rooms and suites are available for an additional cost. The room rate is good for three days pre and post reunion. **A refrigerator and microwave are not available in every room. If you need a refrigerator and microwave, please request when you make your reservation. In addition, there are 3 handicap rooms (2 with roll-in showers). If you will need this type of room, please reserve your room as soon as possible.**

When you make reservations, call **207-774-5611** and use the name **U.S.S. Whetstone Reunion** so you receive the special rate. You may begin making reservations **October 1, 2013**. All individual guestroom reservations must be guaranteed. For guarantee of an individual reservation, the hotel will accept an advance deposit (by cash, certified check, cashier's check or money order) or acceptable credit card number with valid expiration date at time of reservation.

RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE BY AUGUST 11, 2014 and rooms after that date will be provided on a space available basis at prevailing rates.

**MAKE PLANS NOW TO ATTEND THE
USS WHETSTONE REUNION IN
PORTLAND, MAINE. YOU ARE GUARANTEED A
GREAT TIME!**

We are very excited about our reunion next year in Portland, Maine. The city and area offer Naval history, Lighthouses, Museums, Specialty Shops, Boutiques, Art Galleries, along with a large number of restaurants of all descriptions. Downtown Portland's best feature is that it is walkable with the waterfront always just a few blocks away. Old Port (the center of the city along Congress Street) offers a number of museums, shops and restaurants and one could spend a day exploring. There are a number of trips that the Association could plan; however, we are anticipating two trips, along with the Welcome Reception and Banquet. The Hospitality Room, of course, will be available, as always, throughout the reunion. We would appreciate you bringing any items to share that others might find of interest.

If you are flying to Portland, a shuttle is available to the airport. In the event you do not wish to rent a car, taxis are available to Old Port and/or the wharf area from the hotel at a reasonable cost. If you are planning on a rental car, the hotel suggests that you call Enterprise Rent-A-Car on Marginal Way (207.772-0030) as the cost is somewhat less than renting at the airport. If you are driving, there is ample parking space at the hotel and the city is relatively easy to get around.

Portland has something to offer everyone. We encourage you to attend. Meet once again with shipmates, share a few stories and see one the most beautiful coastal areas in the U.S. We welcome a large turnout for the reunion and look forward to renewing friendships.

Bill Coakley, President; Gene Klebacher, Vice President
Kay Goble, Secretary/Treasurer

Noah's Ark : Everything I need to know, I learned from Noah's Ark .

1. Don't miss the boat.
2. Remember that we are all in the same boat!
3. Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.
4. Stay fit. When you're 60 years old, someone may ask you to do something really big.
5. Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.
6. Build your future on high ground.
7. For safety's sake, travel in pairs.
8. Speed isn't always an advantage. The snails were on board with the cheetahs.
9. When you're stressed, float awhile.
10. Remember, the Ark was built by amateurs; the Titanic by professionals.
11. No matter the storm, there's always a rainbow waiting.



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SHIP'S STORE



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

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
Golf Shirts (S, M, L, XL)	\$37.00
T-Shirts (S, M, L, XLG, XXL)	\$27.00
Jackets (S, M, LG, XLG)	\$52.00
Jackets (XXL & XXXL)	\$54.00
Whetstone Picture on Canvas	\$25.00
Yosemite Sam Patches	\$ 8.00
Zippo Knives w/Ship Silhouette	\$20.00
Zippo Lighters w/Ship Silhouette	\$13.00

Note: All Prices Include Shipping

(Movie from page 8)
look more realistic.

Staab said one of the masked men, apparently startled by the real-life response, held the fake gun by his side, pointed toward the ground. When he didn't drop it, Staab said, an officer did something unusual - he stripped it from the man's hand and sent the gun falling to the floor.

After the man was handcuffed, the officer is heard on the audiotape asking what was going on. Somebody says a film was being made.

"You are shooting a short film?" the officer asks. "In a store with a man with a gun?"

The students were allowed to keep the fake weapons and weren't facing any charges. They were given a lecture by officers about the dangers they created and went on their way.

Exercise?

1. If walking is good for your health, the postman would be immortal.
2. A whale swims all day, only eats fish, only drinks water, and is fat.
3. A rabbit only eats vegetables, runs and hops all day long, and only lives 5 years.
4. A tortoise doesn't run and does nothing energetic, yet it lives for 450 years.

And you tell me to exercise! I don't think so.