



70th Edition



The Rolling Stone



February 2016

BATTLESHIP

These Days Are Long Past

Not only is the following picture awesome, but so are the statistics!



During the 3-1/2 years of World War 2 that started with the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor in December 1941 and ended with the Surrender of Germany and Japan in 1945, "We the People of the U.S.A." produced the following:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 22 aircraft carriers | 98,000 bombers |
| 8 battleships | 24,000 transport aircraft |
| 48 cruisers | 58,000 training aircraft |
| 349 destroyers | 93,000 tanks |
| 420 destroyer escorts | 257,000 artillery pieces |
| 203 submarines | 105,000 mortars |
| 34 million tons of merchant ships | 3,000,000 machine guns |
| 100,000 fighter aircraft | 2,500,000 military trucks |

We put 16.1 million men in uniform in the various armed services, invaded Africa, invaded Sicily and Italy, won the battle for the Atlantic, planned and executed D-Day, marched across the Pacific and Europe, developed the atomic bomb, and ultimately conquered Japan and Germany.

It's worth noting, that during the almost exact amount of time, the current Federal Government can't get the Veterans Administration working to efficiently take care of all the men and women that fight for the freedom of this nation.

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

Deceased Shipmates



*TAPS
the sun,
From the
lakes,
the hills
From the
sky
All is well,*

The names below are received from family and confirmed. Please advise if you know of anyone that may have passed that we need to add to our database of deceased shipmates

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 or (239) 768-1449.

We have been notified of the passing of the following shipmates since the October 2015 newsletter was published:

HM1 1956-57 John J. Lalla
GM 1950-54 Jimmy D. Freeman
CO 1963-66 Raymond Seabaugh

Jimmy D. Freeman (GM 1950-54)

Mr. Freeman was born /28/1931 in High Point,, NC. After graduating from High Point High School, he entered the US Navy in 1950 serving as a Gunner’s Mate during the Korean war. Later, he was Superintendent of Transmission Lines with Duke Energy, retiring after 38 years. He was preceded in death by 5 sisters and 3 brothers. He is survived by his wife of 61 years, Peggy, 4 children, Andrea , Tamsby, Russ and Wayne, 12 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren.



The Chaplain's Corner

Happy New Year everyone!!

This is election year so get ready for all the political ads, debates, etc. We pray God will place a God fearing person in this position. Our country needs to make a big turn around. Never forget that God knows the future! He understands the advantage of adversity and how it can be used to strengthen our faith, refine our hope, and settle our hearts into a place of contentment and trust. Without times of adversity, we would miss the powerful experience of God walking with us through the valley times of life.

Therefore, determine to keep the focus of your heart on Jesus. Don’t let the negative talk of others tempt you to get off course. Stay close to the Lord in devotion and prayer. Read His word. He will guide us through the greatest difficulties, and then we will know what it means to live in a broad place of blessing.

Matthew 8:24-27 -- Suddenly a furious storm came up on the lake, so that the waves swept over the boat. But Jesus was sleeping. The disciples went and woke him, saying, “Lord, save us! We’re going to drown!” He replied, “You of little faith, why are you so afraid?” Then He got up and rebuked the winds and the waves, and it was completely calm. The men were amazed and asked, “What kind of man is this? Even the winds and the waves obey him!” The storm terrified the disciples, but not the Lord. Why the difference? Jesus is God. He is over all things. A storm is no challenge to Him because He knows the wind and waves are subject to His command. So we need not fear because He is with us.

This is the year of our reunion. Jane and I look forward to seeing all of you again in September in Nashville, Tennessee.

God bless everyone.

Chaplain Marv Watson
(RM-3 1960-1963)

John J. Lalla (HM1 1956-57)

John J. Lallah, 87, Grand Junction, Colorado, was born 11/15/1927 and died 05/14/2015 at Hope-West Care Center., Grand Junction, Colorado. He is survived by his wife, Alice “Chris; his son, John and 2 daughters, Carol Chapman and Gina Lalla.



If God Didn’t Want Us To Have Guns, He Wouldn’ta Given Us Trigger Fingers

Yosemite Sam
USS Whetstone LSD-27
Mascot

**CDR. Raymond "Ray" Seabaugh
USN, Retired**

CDR. Raymond Seabaugh was born on 9/10/23 in Sedgewickville, MO. He passed away on 10/06/15 at Franke at Seaside in the Lutheran Hospice Center.

He is survived by 3 children, Quana S. Strong, Lara S. Northcutt and Karl R. Seabaugh, 4 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents, wife, Doris and brother Troy.

Raymond graduated from Missouri University at Rolla and was then commissioned as an officer in the U.S. Navy. He rose to the rank of Commander and was captain of the USS Whetstone (LSD-27). He was a veteran of World War II, the Korean war and the Vietnam War. Raymond was proud of his service to his country. After retiring from the military, he had a second career in banking at C & S Bank, becoming branch manager in Mount Pleasant, SC.

We at the Whetstone, who served under his command, are sorry to see his passing. He is the last CO of the USS Whetstone. We cherish the time we were able to spend with him and listen to the stories of the "Stone" and his life in the military and we cherish the times we spent with him at our reunions in Las Vegas, Biloxi, Hampton and Charleston. We were privileged to know him and Doris and will always have fond memories of our times visiting with them in their home. To the right are a couple pictures of Doris and Ray. One at their home in Santee, SC, and a second picture of Ray and Doris with Charles and Edna Pierce aboard the USS Wisconsin at our reunion in Hampton.



Greetings from Your President



Well, here we are in the year 2016. My wife and I wish all members of the Whetstone Family a Happy New Year. Looking back, as time marches on, it is almost impossible to imagine that fifty eight years have passed since that day in 1958 that I left for the Navy with countless memories of friends and events along the way. Starting with Boot Camp, from there we go across the highway to MM-A school. Along the way can you remember filling out the so called wish list (where you would like for your next duty to be) so I fill it out for a Destroyer on the East Coast. Isn't too much to ask for? The day is here and we get our orders. I open up mine (LSD - San Diego). I'm devastated. They must have filled out a nightmare list by mistake. The US Navy has no right to do this to Mrs. Coakley's boy. Gonna call my Mother. She will straighten this BS out. Always has; why not now?

Well I report aboard on a Sunday night and Monday morning we are on our way to Formosa. This has got to be a joke, but no one is laughing. Six or seven months later the ship comes back to San Diego. I'm an old salt now. I settled into the life of a Bluejacket, mainly through the help of my new friends and crew mates on this ugly duckling called the Whetstone. Given the situation some deep thought, I realize the West Coast is not that bad, but the Whetstone is still an ugly ship. But it's my ugly ship and my home. Also had a little help from my Brother that was well on his way to doing 31 years in the Navy. Basically what he said to me was "shut your mouth and do what your told" and my answer was "Yes, Chief. Thank you Chief for your splendored advice." So here I am 58 years later. President of the Whetstone Association, my own page in the newsletter, all kinds of friends that served on the Stone, a reunion every two years with the opportunity to meet new members. If that isn't the American Success Story. What more could this man ask for. With that said, we will see you all in Nashville come September.

God Bless And Support Our Troops

Bill Coakley USN
1958-1962 (MM)



Voluntary Dues

Again, we **thank you** to all for your contributions (i.e., dues, donations and purchasing ship store items). Your support helps publish "The Rolling Stone," maintains the Website and assists with reunion events. Dues are \$25.00 a year, are tax deductible, and are **voluntary**. All dues are applied for one year (using date of check as beginning point (i.e., 01/01/16 check applies until 01/01/17). Dues received to date for 2016 are listed below. An asterisk designates additional year(s) paid. 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.

Alsleben, Keith L.	Bowhousen, Douglas*
Anderson, Robert*	Bradow, Russell*
Arata, Sil*	Bramyer, George
Barnes, Andrew	Brannigan, Christopher
Bell, Charles*	Brown, Beryle*
Berry, Dewey*	Bryan, Otto "Coy"*
Bommer, David R	Buchanan, Kenneth*

Carrell, Zane*	Kirby, Joe*
Carson, W. Grant	Klaus, Allan R.*
Cickavage, Joseph J.*	Klebacher, Gene*
Coakley, Bill*	Kreashko, Frederick
Conover, Jan*	Kuchynka, Ed
Croxton, Mike	LaRocque, Leo F.*
Dinda, Gerald F.	Lee, Romaine
Doerr, Gary T.*	Lister, Jerry L.
Dougherty, David.	McClellan, G. A.
Dowling, George*	McCray, David
Dunn, Jim	McDowell, Allen*
Durnil, Allen L.	McGrew, Joseph R.
Edwards, Homer*	McNitt, Russell
Fayard, Gary L.	McQuillen, Thomas*
Follick, Larry*	Merritt, John G.*
Fraser, Douglas*	Mezzanotti, Paul D.*
Fry, Stephen	Michels, James E.
Goble, Marion*	Milton, Douglas*
Gordon, Eddie*	Mitchell, Burley
Gross, Richard*	Moree, John
Grubb, Jack*	Mueller, James W.
Hager, Robert*	Myers, Warren*
Hall, Charles*	Nichelson, Joe*
Halvorson, Gunnard*	Nichols, Wylie D.
Hammons, Willis	Pearson, Ray
Harrison, Burlin C.	Pierce, Charles*
Henderson, Clark*	Piersee, Charles
Hickie, John H.	Pilgreen, Vince
Holleman, Jimmy	Raymie, Jerry D.*
Hoover, Fred	Reid, James P.*
Jones, Dale	Richey, Albert D.
Joyce, Jon	Richter, Herbert
Julian, Frank	Sandwich, Larry*
Junco, Hector*	Savala, Manuel
Keen, Charles*	Seaton, Walter*

Sharkey, Robert L.
Shimmell, Thomas*
Shrader, Daniel
Smith, Donald
Smith, Harry J.
Stanford, Roy*
Stevens, William
Stief, Bernard D.*
Sylvester, Kim
Ward, Everett*
Watson, Marvin*
Weight, Earl*
Winslow, Leonard*
Wood, Gerald W.
Zetner, Mike

Recently Located

GMG3 1961-64
Clark Henderson, Jr.
Cordele, GA

WHETSTONE MEMORIES Don J. Smith (MM2 1962-66)

I remember growing up in a small town. We had one theater, two hardware stores, two grocery stores, and six bars. No stop lights in town. Population about 500. Did not know an African-American or Hispanic. Had no idea there were people with different sexual needs. Yes I was a farm boy in rural America. Graduated from High School and joined the Navy. First two days in boot camp I knew what a gay was. I knew every dirty word that wasn't in the dictionary. I knew people carried knives for protection. Let's just say I grew up real fast the first week of boot camp. After boot camp I went to MM school in Great Lakes. Was then assigned to the USS Whetstone. I tried to find out what ship it was, but to no avail. Sent to San Diego to board the ship, but not in port. Nobody could find out where it was or even heard of it. Finally two days later they found it. Off to shipyards in Bremerton, Washington. Boarded in January 1962. I was a wet nosed kid. Didn't know anything and I was kind of scared of the older petty officers.

Soon I became one, and these wet nosed kids would come aboard...Jack Grubb, a skinny little kid, Shimmell, MacGavock, Goble and others. They still had wet marks behind the ears. Somehow young men two years younger than you were inferior. Sometime along the line these inferior kids have passed me up. I must be idling.

HITLER CRUSING ON CHEMISTRY

(Submitted by Bill Coakley, MM
1959-62)

Was Hitler a meth head ? What is now known as crystal methamphetamine was among 74 drugs injected into the dictator by personal physician, Theodor Morell. Other ingredients in the Fuhrer's pick-me-ups included bull semen and morphine, reports British documentary "Hitler's Hidden Drug Habit." The producers based their assertions on the contents of an American military dossier dated November 29, 1945. According to the documentary Hitler was likely loaded on meth in July 1943 when he raged for hours at Axis partner Benito Mussolini at a notorious meeting in Feltre in northern Italy.

*Article from World War II Magazine

Where did they go?

(Submitted by Ron Hnatovic EMC 1965-66)

They were famous throughout the Navy. The Gut in Barcelona; East Main Street in Norfolk, Flatbush Ave. in Brooklyn (Fulton & Lafayette), the Combate Zone in Boston, the Pike in Long Beach, Market Street in San Francisco, Bank Street in New London, Broadway Street in San Diego, Hotel Street(s) in Honolulu, the Honcho In Yokosuka, China Town and Sakuragi-cho in Yokohama, Wanchai in Hong Kong, Buggis Street in Singapore, Magsayay in Olongapo and all the other places where fleet sailors congregated.

People ask: "Where did they go?" Well shipmate, they didn't go anywhere. You are asking the wrong question. You should ask, "Where did all the fleet sailors go?" Long ago, on payday night and in the nights following, these streets were a paradise to the North American Blue Jacket. A person could look down the street and see neon signs advertising beer and bars and a sea of white hats bobbing up and down as sailors made their way from bar to bar. At liberty call these became the shopping center for intoxicating beverages and sex.

And in some places, a PO2 could get that new First Class crow sewn on or that old Third Class crow sewn back on. No need for crows these days. It is all collar and hat devices. Heill, I' don't see much need for dress canvas these days. The only time I see it worn is when the ship is leaving or returning from deployment.

With all the straight sailors and females, the gays and lesbians and "don't knows" aboard these days, I figure sailors are shopping for sex closer to home. The smoking lamp is cold and probably over the side or being saved for recycling or Mary Soo (forget her, CumShaw is Fraud, Waste, Abuse and misappropriation of government property. I'll tell a story about the consequences of CumShaw some time). Instead of trading useless gear to Mary Soo for painting the ship, the Navy now recycles and lets a multi-thousand dollar contract get the job done. Smoking is now frowned upon. Surface ships limit smoking to a tiny, uncomfortable topside space. My shipmates in the Bubble Head world can no longer smoke anyplace aboard the boat. Municipalities and states have also jumped on the bandwagon and banned smoking in bars and restaurants. Drive past any bar or lounge and you will see a group standing on the corner smoking and no, they cannot bring their drinks outside. It is against the law to drink in public. Drinkers are now pariahs in our modern Navy. The clubs are closed. They no longer exist or have been converted to MWR game rooms where the strongest drink available is a lousy Red Bull.

Quarterdecks of ships, in addition to a podium, log books, long glass and weapon are now equipped with a

Breathalyzer and probably a watch stander to operate it. Many commands are requiring that sailors refrain from drinking the day prior to duty day. Back in the day, a sailor ashore knew that his shipmates had his back. Whether in a confrontation with a sailor from another ship, marines or Limeys, he knew his shipmates would stand with him. Too much to drink? A shipmate would help you back aboard and even help you to your rack. You would do the same for him. These days, you are assigned a "Liberty Buddy." You are to stay together and, I guess, keep each other from drinking or smoking.

With the repeal of "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," I guess a dalliance with a "Rump Ranger" would be okay. But, before you go ashore, you have to formulate a "Liberty Plan" and get it approved by your Department/Division Liberty Coordinator. If during your liberty, you or your Liberty Buddy change your plan, you must contact your Liberty Coordinator and get the change approved. I surmise that, "I'll be in the Barrio some place getting screwed would not be acceptable liberty plan. Always worked for me!

They were more than streets and bars. First and foremost, they were the repositories of small bits and pieces of the history of America's forces afloat. They were the unofficial clubhouses of those who went to sea on old gray steel under the flag of the United States. They were places where a thirsty bluejacket could go and park his butt, where sailors of earlier fleets had parked theirs. They were the poor man's Valhalla, where lads who plowed deep salt water could go and share fellowship and sea stories with fellow practitioners of the nautical arts... a place where well-intentioned exaggeration and bulls**t-gilded flawed recollection were readily forgiven and accepted. They were places where lonely strays could tie up alongside a warm feminine fanny on a cold night. For a few bucks, and sometimes love.

Where did the streets and the bars go you ask? Where the hell did the real sailors go?



Visiting Nanna
in 2016



USS BENNINGTON (Excerpt of Article) A Day of Valor

(Submitted by Everett Ward - YN3 1967-70)

Following is a story that Everett Ward has been working on for several months. It is about a boiler explosion on the USS Bennington in San Diego in 1905. The article is very good and we think it will be of interest to all, especially the BTs. Everett did a lot of research and used information off the internet, from two books, and an old Audels Marine Engineering Guide for references. This article is quite lengthy and we are unable to print the complete article in a single newsletter so we are printing a couple pages and will direct you to the website to view the whole article or, if you prefer, you can request a copy from Kay Goble via e-mail (mariongoble@comcast.net) or regular mail (6200 Emerald Pines Circle, Fort Myers, FL 33966). A full copy will also be available at our reunion in Nashville. In order to get as much of the article as possible, we have taken liberties and removed all paragraph breaks from the original article that Everett sent.

A Day of Valor, Part One

I. Noguera's Monument

This story has a beginning in 1968 in Whetstone's CIC. It began during a mid-watch as the *Stone* maintained station in its nighttime operating square. The previous day had been busy, just like the one before and the one before that. We had been operating along the coastline of the DMZ, off-loading supplies for the Marines ashore, working with other amphibians in Ready Group Bravo during the Tet Offensive. The coming day would see more of the same, more troops, more equipment, helo details, Condition One Alpha, runs to and from DaNang and back up to the DMZ for repeats of the same. Days were long, nights were long, and the work was long and seemingly unending. There was a war on and we were part of it. Conversations were part of the necessities of life in "Combat." They kept you awake. Midwatches could be quiet times in CIC, though that was not always the case. Often there would be underway ship to ship replenishments for refueling or highline transfer of critical supplies and ammunition. Sometime there would be vertical replenishment-- supplies by air, via helicopter; sometimes both, at the same time. This night, it was quiet. Somehow banter had settled to the Navy and about the how things were being questioned by citizens, and how sometimes information did not add up as to how the war was going—good or bad. Stars and Stripes and Navy Times seemed to expand on glowing reports of great accomplishment in Vietnam, while at the same time, media sources such as Time Magazine, Newsweek, and others, carried conflicting versions that depicted events which did not match what was being presented as official sanctioned information. That being as it was, RD2 Noguera and I drifted into talk about with cover-ups, what could or should not be believed and taken as truth and generally questioning the state of world affairs. In this vein he mentioned a discovery he had made in San Diego one day when on liberty. While gadding about one weekend he had visited the National Cemetery located at old Fort Rosecrans on Point Loma. Curiosity had drawn him to a large stone monument. It was a granite obelisk and it stood over fifty feet high, on a base about eight or ten feet wide. It was the only marker of its kind in the whole cemetery and it commanded the field overlooking San Diego Bay. When he viewed the monument he noted a commemoration, "The Bennington Dead," and what appeared to be a mass grave for a number of sailors. He thought it peculiar-- a mass grave; all enlisted; all with the same day of death in 1905. His conclusion was that the ship had entered San Diego with some fatal contagion on board that had resulted in the sudden demise of part of its crew. He also surmised the Navy had downplayed the incident and it was one of those things that was not talked about and thus forgotten in time. I made a mental note about our conversation and resolved to visit the monument myself when our Westpac deployment was concluded. I never did. I never forgot, either. It was almost forty years later while researching ideas for a model that I discovered the answer to Noguera's mystery. While looking up fire tube boilers, a search led me to a type known as a "gunboat" boiler. Reviewing the construction characteristics, I found an article that described an accident that took place aboard USS *Bennington* in San Diego harbor on July 21, 1905. It was a calamity of epic proportions that roiled the city for some time. Citizens followed events on a day to day basis with rapt attention until the conclusion of several investigations and court martial proceedings that ensued. Then, following that high drama, findings were overturned by naval authority and causative fault readjusted to members of the dead crew. As one reporter spoke, "A mountain was in labor, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the region the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a mouse." However, from all that, the incident produced at least three monuments, two navy ship names, and eleven Medal of Honor awards, presented for actions taken in San Diego Bay July 21, 1905, a fearful day, blotched on the brow of navy history.

II. Gunboat Boilers and Such

Everyone alive in the 1900s would need no explanation as to what a fire tube boiler was. For that matter, most would have known that a "gunboat" boiler was another type of fire tube boiler similar to those found on railroad locomotives. In trite terms, they were a dime a dozen. A typical specimen registered about 41 tons and measured about seventeen feet in length and ten feet in diameter. In 1905, USN gunboats were propelled by four of them, snuggled into two compartments, separated by watertight bulkheads. They satisfied the call for limited space and other requirements that factored toward a steady gun platform--shallow draft, fast steam, and desired speed. Key parts of a gunboat boiler were the furnaces, the firebox or combustion chamber, and the shell. They were rolled, shaped, and fastened by thousands of rivets driven and flattened into holes, drilled or punched-- though punching was not the preferred method. While cheaper than drilled holes, which were countersunk, punched holes were not. Some considered this method inferior in strength than drilling and countersinking. White hot rivets would be inserted and held in place as one end was flattened against bare metal with hand driven sledges. The process demanded great strength and required large teams

of workers. When the rivet cooled, it contracted and drew one plate of steel to another with a sealing force of thousands of tons. Later, riveting would be assisted by the advent of the air hammer or rivet gun. In a move for economy, *Bennington's* boiler holes were punched. There were three tubular furnaces or flues, fabricated as corrugated tubes for maximum heat surface. They were about forty inches in diameter, thirty seven inches long; arranged somewhat in a pattern of two above and one below, and recessed into the combustion chamber. Components consisted of the grate area—the bed, and an ash pit. The top was "the bed," and beneath it was "the pit." Ash, clinkers, and unburned particles of coal fell or were forced down into the pit as waste to be raked out and disposed. Brickwork inside was arranged to keep unheated air from entering the combustion chamber from beneath the bed. Instead, air was blocked off and entered from the ash pit beneath and through the grates to the burning top surfaces and then into the chamber. At the head of each grate was a firebrick mound called "the bridge," which directed fire and gases up and into a rectangular, box-like cavity. This was the firebox or combustion chamber. They also served as a kind of stop that allowed fuel being shoveled to accumulate and remain on the grates without falling into the combustion chamber ahead. The combustion chamber took a space forty five inches deep, lengthways in the boiler, nearly nine feet wide and arched upward approximately nine feet, leaving about twelve inches from its top, or crown, to the top shell and rounded side portion of the boiler. The front side was a wall which formed the entry area of the furnace flues. The top was the crown. Backside flanges—the top, sides, and bottom closed the box—were butt riveted to the face of the boiler cylinder. This formed an interior cavity which opened to banks of horizontal fire tubes which led to the smoke box at the opposite end. The chamber resembled a rectangular box lying on one end, with round flues extending out of one side. The other wide side pressed up to the flat surface of the boiler wall, or face, open to the many tubes. Flues and combustion chambers made the boiler characteristic of being internally fired which meant that all interior surfaces exposed to fire were surrounded by water. Part of the brickwork inside divided the chamber into three parts, one for each furnace end, with a traverse arch and a longitudinal wall between the nests of flues. Essentially, the chamber was bricked similarly to a refractory which segregated the ends of the furnaces like the tip of a blowtorch that directed fire and superheated gasses to the fire tubes. Combustion was completed there and, when managed as intended, temperatures inside could reach up to 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

Bennington's forward boiler room--number one, bedded boilers A and B, situated longitudinally and parallel to the keel; A being to port; B to starboard. Firing ends faced forward. Uptakes for A and B joined above the smoke boxes at the back end which faced aft. Forward of number one fire room was a coal bunker and forward of it was a powder magazine. Boiler room number two was the next compartment aft. In it were boilers D and C; C being to port; D to starboard--both situated parallel to the keel. The firing ends of C and D faced aft with combined uptakes rising from forward facing smoke boxes. These united with those of A and B boilers above a separating bulkhead to exhaust up a single stack. Immediately aft of number two fire room was another bunker and a bulkhead that separated it from the port and starboard engine rooms. Hand dogged watertight doors provided access to the spaces. Even today boilers are in use. Now, as then, they have safety devices to keep things going without such things as BLEVES. The most prominent thing that most of us already know is the safety valve. In some

old fire tube boilers, there were such things as fusible plugs that were supposed to melt if overheated and allow a small jet of steam to extinguish the fire if water got too low over the firebox crown sheet. Fire tube boilers were fitted with another device, the sentinel valve, which in essence was a smaller safety valve whose purpose was to blow off excess steam if boiler pressure began to approach that for which the main or "big" safety valve was calculated to "lift off," as the term goes. If the sentinel valve "popped off" as a warning, main safety valve relief could be avoided by draft control, water injection, rearranging fires over the grates, or using a manual "blow off" valve. By lifting off, pressure was relieved before boiler pressures exceed desired levels. Those who have ever cooked with a pressure cooker can tell how this is accomplished. As might be expected, ship boiler safety valves were somewhat more sophisticated. They could be adjusted up or down depending on a variety of things concerning the function and operation of the boiler. However, reaching a point of main safety activation was considered poor operation. If it happened, it did so as a loud proclamation of wasted steam, wasted fuel, wasted water, and wasted effort—blown away in a roaring cloud of white vapor—an offensive display of unacceptable thermodynamic inefficiency. The only exception was an unexpected stop or slow bell to the engines. For such, the officer of the deck was accountable to the captain.

In its early days, *Bennington's* boilers were designed to carry a maximum safe working load of around 160 psi. That suggests that hydrostatic fail-test pressures were probably calculated at two hundred or two hundred fifty psi. The difference between the two left a margin of safety. Later, the spring loaded safeties were adjusted to activate at 145 psi. That pressure was judged to give another margin of about fifteen psi before maximum working load was reached. Sentinel valve activation pressure would therefore have been fixed to release in the range of 140 psi, maybe slightly more. That being the case, main boiler gauges would have been marked with a red zone beginning at 145 psi. Needles would have been "taken to the line," or "in the blood," when steaming at top speed.

To view the whole article, please go to the USS Whetstone website:

<http://usswhetstone.us/cruises.htm>

Re-commissioning of USS Whetstone December 1, 1950

(Submitted by John G. Merritt SK2 1950-53)

My first sight of Whetstone was dock-side in San Diego Naval Base. A large contingent of recent graduates from San Diego Training Center was assigned to the Whetstone to put it back in commission from the Moth Ball fleet. Naturally many of us soon learned we had our work cut out for us scraping and repainting the ship from bow to stern. I reported on board as a FA thinking I was going to be working down in the engine room. However there was a big need for sailors that could type. Having had two years in high school in typing classes qualified me to perform the task of typing up all of the inventory sheets for the engineering spare parts inventory to be brought onboard or stored (if already onboard). Supply Officer LT Don Larsen eventually asked if I would like to work in the supply department. That sounded better to me than being stuck down in engine room or the boiler room. The rest is history.

The new crew consisted of Regular Navy personnel, Navy Reserve personnel recalled at the start of the Korean War, and all of us green horns coming onboard from the Naval Training Center. Following are pictures taken of the Officers and Crew taken during the re-commission ceremonies on December 1, 1950.

In looking at the obits today it appears that just about all of the officers and enlisted I served with on the Whetstone between 12/1/1950 and June or July 1953 are now deceased. Crew members that were there can clearly recognize those that they may know or have known. Of the many I served with most are now deceased including the three Folks brothers, Arlie Joe, Tracy and Macy. Also Millard (Ed) Edwards and Cleveland Gilliam (Gig) were in the Supply Department with me. Lt. Don Larsen was the Supply Officer. We all had great times together on the ship as well as on liberty. The experiences on the Whetstone are still very fresh in my mind and I value all of the personable sailors that served together on the Whetstone during the forgotten war. My wife and I were married after the first cruise to the Japan-Korean area. The day we landed in Japan in December 1952 my wife and I had a very sad experience. After carrying our son for a full term pregnancy, the baby was still-born. Naturally this was a sad day for she and I. This prompted me to apply for a transfer back to the States as soon as possible. Finally in May I was assigned to the PAC Reserve Fleet in Astoria, Oregon reporting there August 3, 1953 where I would stay until August 2, 1955. I was an SK6 at the time of my discharge from active duty. I still appreciate the typing skills learned in high school because the skills helped me get promoted in the Navy and is still a valued skill I enjoy today in this high tech world.

Following are three photos of the re-commissioning of the Whetstone. One is a picture of Commander Zinn and the other higher-ranking officers as he took command. The other two pictures include most of the other officers and



MILITARY SERVICE

(Submitted by Larry Sandwisch GMG2 1963-65)

This article sums up military service quite well. Occasionally, I venture back to NAS Patuxent River or NAS Jacksonville, where I'm greeted by an imposing security guard who looks carefully at my identification card, hands it back and says, "Have a good day, Senior Chief."

Every time I go back to any Navy base it feels good to be called by my previous rank, but odd to be in civilian clothes, walking among the servicemen and service women going about their duties as I once did, many years ago.

The military is a comfort zone for anyone who has ever worn the uniform. It's a place where you know the rules and know they are enforced - a place where everybody is busy, but not too busy to take care of business. Because there exists behind the gates of every military facility an institutional understanding of respect, order, uniformity, accountability and dedication that becomes part of your marrow and never, ever leaves you.

Personally, I miss the fact that you always knew where you stood in the military, and who you were dealing with. That's because you could read somebody's uniform from 20 feet away and know the score. Service personnel wear their careers on their sleeves, so to speak. When you approach each other, you can read their name tag, examine their rank and, if they are in dress uniform, read their ribbons and know where they've served.

I miss all those little things you take for granted when you're in the ranks, like breaking starch on a set of fatigues fresh from the laundry and standing in a perfectly straight line military formation that looks like a mirror as it stretches to the endless horizon. I miss the sight of troops marching in the early morning mist, the sound of boot heels thumping in unison on the tarmac, the bark of drill instructors and the sing-song answers from the squads as they pass by in review.

To romanticize military service is to be far removed from its reality, because it's very serious business -- especially in times of war. But I miss the salutes I'd throw at officers and the crisp returns I got as we passed.

I miss the smell of jet fuel hanging heavily on the night air and the sound of engines roaring down runways and disappearing into the clouds. I miss the flight line where 10 beautiful P-3 Orions are lined up in military perfection with the scream of their APU units powering the airplanes on the ground. I even miss the hurry-up-and-wait mentality that enlisted men gripe about constantly, a masterful invention that bonded people more than they'll ever know or admit.

I miss people taking off their hats when they enter a building, speaking directly and clearly to others and never showing disrespect for rank, race, religion or gender. Mostly, I miss being a small cog in a machine so complex it constantly circumnavigates the earth and so simple it feeds everyone on time, three times a day, on the ground, in the air or at sea.

Mostly I don't know anyone who has served who regrets it, and doesn't feel a sense of pride when they pass through those gates and re-enter the world they left behind with their youth/

I wish I could express my thoughts as well about something I loved – and hated sometimes. Face it guys - we all miss it...Whether you had one tour or a career, it shaped your life.

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his or her life, wrote a blank check made payable to "The United States of America," with no restrictions."

Remember Thomas Jefferson's thought ---"Peace is that brief glorious moment in history, when everybody stands around reloading"//





**USS WHETSTONE LSD-27 ASSOCIATION REUNION
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE
September 7, 2016 -- September 11, 2016
Holiday Inn Opryland Airport
2200 Elm Pike, Nashville, Tennessee 37214**

The Holiday Inn Opryland Airport is in the process of renovating their hotel. and we can expect spacious up-to-date guest rooms for our reunion. The hotel is conveniently located in the Opryland/Airport area of Nashville and has 14 floors with approximately 385 guest rooms which include handicap accessible rooms. There are a number of amenities available for guests which include a relaxing 5-story atrium with an indoor fountain, along with wireless internet connection and a business center. There is a whirlpool, indoor pool and children's pool available, along with a sauna and fitness room. A full service restaurant with breakfast, lunch and dinner is available at Jackson's Veranda. The Ivories lounge features live entertainment nightly for your enjoyment. Complimentary parking and shuttle service to and from Nashville International Airport (2 miles from the hotel) is available. The shuttle runs every 20 minutes from 5 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. A block of rooms (2 queen beds) at the affordable rate of **\$125.00** per night plus prevailing city and state taxes for single or double occupancy has been arranged. A deluxe breakfast is included in the room rate and the rate is available 3 days prior and 3 days after the reunion based on availability.

When you make reservations, call **866-871-1171** and use the name **U.S.S. Whetstone Reunion** so you receive the special rate. You may begin making reservations **November 1, 2015**. 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 7, 2016. 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
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.
YOU ARE GUARANTEED A GREAT TIME!***

We are very excited about our reunion in Nashville, Tennessee. The city and area offer a variety of venues for you to enjoy.

We have contracted with Gatherings Plus for this reunion and based on our reunion in Branson, Missouri, we feel confident that Pam Brown will provide a great reunion for our group. The following page provides the registration form for you to complete and forward to Gatherings Plus. A reunion website is available (www.reunionpro.com) for you to click onto and view list of attendees. The registration sheets must be completed and mailed with a 50% deposit prior to July 7, 2016, with final payment due on August 15, 2016. We highly recommend renting a vehicle so you can take in events in the city that are not being provided by the Association.

Bill Coakley, President; Gene Klebacher, Vice

REUNION ITINERARY

Wednesday, September 7:

Hospitality Room Opens at 12:00 pm
Registration: 3:00 p.m.
Welcome Aboard Reception: 6:00 pm.

Thursday, September 8:

Hospitality Room Open 8:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m.
Explore Music City Tour: 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.
(Historic RCA Studio B Admission & Guided Tour
and Country Music Hall of Fame & Museum)

Friday, September 9:

Hospitality Room Open 8:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m.
Dinner at Sante Fe Cattle Company: 5:30 p.m.
The Grand Ole Opry: 7:00 p.m.

Saturday, September 10:

Hospitality Room Open 8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Memorial Service: 9:00 a.m.
Business Meeting and Women Meeting: 10:00 a.m.
Final Evening Banquet: 6:00 p.m.

All tours, meals and banquet are included in the \$275.00 fee per person. All fees are paid to Gatherings Plus as indicated on the following page. **DO NOT SEND ANYTHING TO KAY GOBLE** (although you may contact Kay with any questions at 239.768.1449 or sec-treas@whetstone.us or mariongoble@comcast.net).

**USS WHETSTONE
Nashville Reunion
September 7-11, 2016**

NAME _____
GUEST/SPOUSE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
TELEPHONE _____
EMAIL _____
Any physical disabilities? _____
Any dietary restrictions? _____

HOST HOTEL:: THE HOLIDAY INN OPRYLAND AIRPORT
Call 866-871-1171 for room reservations and mention you are with the USS WHETSTONE Reunion. The room rate is \$125.00 per room per night plus tax. A deluxe breakfast is included in room rate and rate is available 3 days prior and 3 days after the reunion based on availability. Rooms not reserved by AUGUST 7, 2016 will be dropped from the group block.

Reunion Activity Package: \$275.00 per person

_____ # of Attendees x \$275.00 per person = \$ _____

Banquet Meal Choice: ___ Chicken ___ Salmon ___ Sirloin

TOTAL DUE: \$ _____

A 50% deposit is requested by July 7 with final payment due August. No refunds can be given on activity package after August 15, 2016.

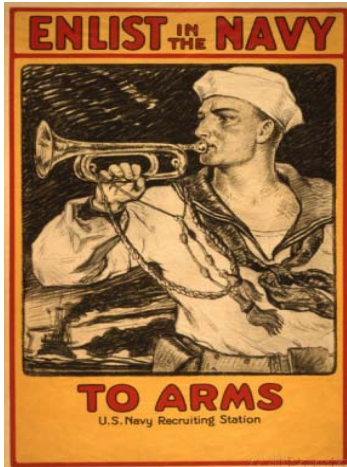
**MAIL REGISTRATION FORM AND CHECK PAYABLE TO;
GATHERINGS PLUS
P.O. BOX 1023, BRANSON WEST, MO 65737
417-338-4048...pam@gatheringsplus.com**

Reunion Website: www.ReunionPro.com, click on "reunions" link, type in USS Whetstone, enter, then click on your logo to get to the reunion website. You can order discounted tickets to additional shows and attractions as well as see a list of attendees!!!!



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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 mariongoble@comcast.net When submitting an order, please make checks payable to **USS Whetstone Association**. All jackets and golf shirts are navy blue with gold lettering. T-shirts are navy blue with gold lettering. 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)	25.00
Cruise Books (57, 61,66,67/68 & 69)	20.00
DVD of Reunions	5.00
Golf Shirts (S,M,L,XL)	43.00
T-Shirts (S,M,L,XLG, XXL)	32.00
Jackets (S,M,LG,XLG)	57.00
Jackets (XXL & XXXL)	59.00
Yosemite Sam Patches	8.00
Zippo Knives w/Ship Silhouette	15.00
Zippo Lighters w/Ship Silhouette	15.00
Whetstone Picture on Canvas	25.00

Note: All Prices Include Shipping

Mid-watch With Mr. Winkler *Submitted by J. W. Conover (MM2 1955-58)*

Always enjoy the newsletter and the happenings amongst the crew. I saw your plea for some sea stories and thought I might add one...

While cruising, the rest of the ship dogged the watch daily but the Engineering Dept only dogged the watch once a week on 4 to 8 Saturday evening. I guess it was felt it would give the watch stander some degree of routine. At the time I was top watch in Main Control which was the Starboard Engine Room. Main Control was the liaison of all engineering spaces to the Conn. As it was the "Eng Command Center," in addition to the regular watch crew we also had the Eng Dept Watch Officer and the Eng Chief of the Watch. While the M and B Division stood a 4 & 8 watch, the officers rotated among 5 or 6 and the chiefs rotated a different number so Main Control watch standers never knew who the officer or chief would be on watch. When Mr. Winkler knew he had the mid-watch, he would contact me and give me a shopping list of items he would need **ON THE SLY!!!!** Potatoes and onions were always available on the open air thwartship crossover, a can of condensed milk from the galley, salt and pepper and maybe saltines removed from the mess decks. All items were confiscated and securely stowed in Maim Control. Shortly after all settled down after the change of the mid-watch Mr Winkler set upon his mission...the art of making potato soup. After an hour, the engine room aroma never smelled this great. All were aware as to what was coming down the pike. After a couple of hours Mr. Winkler would partial out our rations. To have a cup of freshly made soup was a delight. I've stood many mid-watches but can only remember the ones with Mr. Winkler.

P.S. Were other Main Control watches similar and is Mr. Winkler still with us?