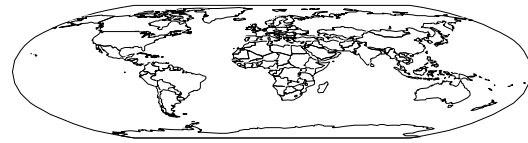


The Cable

Official Newsletter of the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association



Alumni Association

NOVEMBER 2013

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Jim Donovan

Hard to believe we are fast approaching the 60th anniversary of *The System*! Historically, the birth of the IUSS is celebrated coincident with the commissioning date of the very first active Naval Facility, NAVFAC Ramey, Puerto Rico on 18 September 1954. The 60th Anniversary Reunion will take place on September 20th, 2014. More about that later.

I hope you enjoy this 2013 edition of *The Cable* and as usual ask that you forward any comments, recommendations, and suggestions to further improve the publication, and the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association in general to me directly via email at Jim_Donovan53@yahoo.com or to my mailing address at 664 Rosaer Lane, Virginia Beach, VA 23464. We've incorporated many past comments into this edition.

The IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association stands at 658 active members with 33 new and returning members in the last 12 months. We have an archive of approximately 500 former members, most of whom have not responded to requests for membership renewal and, therefore, no longer receive correspondence, this newsletter, or the occasional "gee-dunk" that we provide. Please check our membership listing on the IUSSCAA website (iusscaa.org) or your new Membership Directory to determine your own membership status.

Sadly, we list 326 IUSS shipmates in our Memorial Section, with 28 names added in the past year alone. See that listing at the end of this newsletter and on our website, which is updated monthly. With respect to the passing of Association members, we have made a change in our procedures that I wanted you to be aware of. In the event an IUSSCAA member dies on Active Duty, association funds will be expended to provide an appropriate floral arrangement on behalf of the entire IUSSCAA membership. This had not been the case in previous years but we felt it appropriate this past year with the sudden, unexpected passing of long-time member CWO3 Tina Seitzinger, USN.

In recent years, as our membership has matured, we've noticed an increase in the numbers of folks who suffer various illnesses and serious medical procedures and often we are not aware of the situation until it is too late to respond. Our Message Board fills with praise and memories for those who have passed but far too often we wish we had been able to communicate with that person earlier. Certainly some will choose to deal with their situations in silence. If you or someone you know is involved in a life-threatening or serious medical condition please consider letting your shipmates

know. As always, personal and contact information will be treated as you desire. I bring this to your attention because it has crossed my mind several times in the past year and we have had numerous comments from Association members in this regard.

Plan on attending the **IUSS 60th Anniversary** dinner on **Saturday, 20 Sep 2014** at the Waterside Marriott in Norfolk, VA. We have received the go ahead from Commander Undersea Surveillance (CUS), CAPT Scott Rauch, USN and reserved the hotel for 250-500 people for the event. Scheduling and planning takes about one year and we expect invitations and ticket sales will commence in March 2014. If interested in joining our committee or helping in any way please contact me at Jim_Donovan53@yahoo.com or at my mailing address.

Note: We have \$2,818.00 in member donations set aside for the 60th anniversary celebration. If you would like to contribute, a donation button has been added to our website to allow PayPal/Credit card donations. The DONATE button is located in the upper right window of all the site main pages. In addition, a link to a list of current donors is provided next to the donate button. Donations can also be mailed directly to me c/o 664 Rosaer Lane, Virginia Beach, VA 23464. These generous donations help reduce the cost of tickets for our members, provide meals for the active duty Navy Color Guard and defray costs of table decorations, programs, and other expenses.

A couple of changes to the Association staff occurred in 2013. First, long-time IUSSCAA member and Association IT/ISP supporter, Russ Lownie relieved Rick Matthews as our Webmaster. As such, Russ is now also responsible for direct support of all facets of the IUSSCAA Website. Second, Dick Rentner joined our editorial staff coincident with construction of this edition of *The Cable*. A big "Thank You" to Russ and Dick! I would be remiss if I neglected to thank Rick Matthews for his 19 years of support to the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association. A charter member of IUSSCAA, Board member, and the creator of our Website and databases, Rick has been instrumental in keeping the Association together since 1994! We couldn't have done it without you, Rick. Thank you!

We've received a number of written contributions to this newsletter and for every one I am grateful. I trust you will find the 2013 edition of *The Cable* excellent in every respect.

On behalf of the IUSSCAA Board of Directors I wish you a safe and happy holiday season and wonderful, healthy New Year in 2014.

All the best, Jim

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DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN

by Russ Lownie, Ex-OT2, USN

It happened on a mid-watch at NAVFAC Centerville Beach sometime in late 1977 or early 1978. It was a dark and stormy night. Really, it was. I don't recall whether I was the plotter or the supervisor, but I was the one who had to go wake up the Duty ET in the middle of the night. It was more or less a routine watch during a storm. The coastal arrays were completely washed out while the deep-water stations were business as usual. Suddenly I noticed one of the coastal array stations was printing nothing but artifact. I took all the readings on the equipment cabinets and did all the required tests but still could not figure out what was going on. It was time to wake up the Duty ET. I knocked on the door and got exactly what you would expect from a maintenance guy at 3:00 in the morning. After he finally calmed down and my ears stopped burning I explained what was up. He then proceeded to repeat all the tests I had done and he too could not come up with an answer. None of us on watch had ever encountered this type of situation before.

Sometime the next day the decision was made to open up the cable terminal box. I don't recall how they got the cement cap off the terminal box, but once it was opened the problem was obvious. There was supposed to be a cable in there but all we could see was broken and shredded wires. The storm had put the final touches on years of wear and tear - the cable was gone. Divers were brought in to see if they could locate the cable. They located several pristine abalone beds and treated some of us to several wonderful abalone dinners, but they never found the cable. Eventually it was decided that the array would not be replaced.

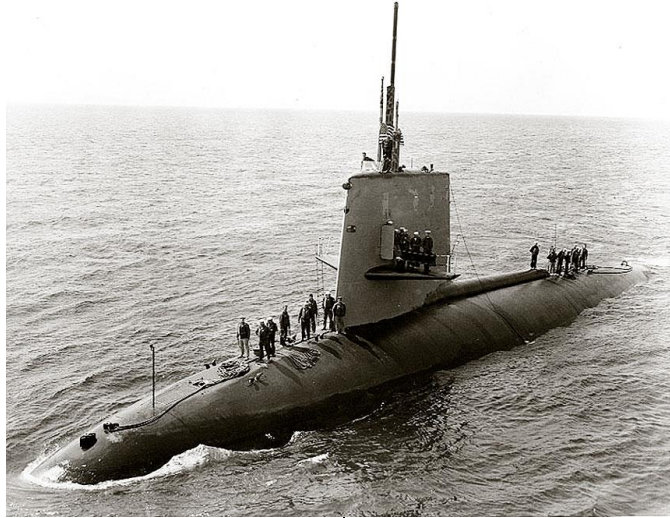
Fast forward a couple of years and I am the supervisor on a midwatch at NAVFAC Cape Hatteras and once again, it was a dark and stormy night. The arrays were washed out and once again, one of the arrays suddenly started printing nothing but artifact. I immediately knew I had seen this before so I didn't waste any time doing all the various equipment readings. I went right to the source, threw a meter on the cable and confirmed that we had no signal. Once again I had to go wake up the Duty ET at about 3:00 in the morning. I told him that we had lost the array and of course he let me know I was full of it. After calming down he asked why I thought the array was gone - and I told him that I had seen it before at Centerville. He proceeded to do all the recommended tests, getting no answers, and sometime the next day they opened the terminal box to discover that indeed the cable was gone. This time there was no discussion as to whether it would be replaced or not. NAVFAC Cape Hatteras was slated to shut down within the year, so it was obvious that it was not worth replacing the cable.

I heard that there was some scuttlebutt about the extreme coincidence of my being on watch during two occurrences of what could only be called a rare situation, and I would bet there are still some people trying to figure out how I removed the cement caps off the terminal boxes all by myself.

THE SCORPION'S LAST ASWEX

by Harry W. Benter, CAPT, USN (Ret)

This story takes place in the Mediterranean Sea when I was in Patrol Squadron Twenty-Three (VP-23), an SP-2H Neptune squadron based at NAS Brunswick, Maine and deployed to Sigonella, Sicily. I was the Tactical Coordinator in Crew Four, responsible for the tactical prosecution of Search and Anti-Submarine Warfare (ASW) missions. We arrived in Sigonella on 20 April 1968, and four days later my crew began patrolling the Eastern Mediterranean out of Souda Bay, on the Greek island of Crete, looking for Soviet submarines. There were two crews in the detachment, one flying ten-hour day patrols and one flying nights. We drew the short straw, flying nights, and on our second patrol we hit pay dirt.



10 April 1968: USS SCORPION preparing to enter port at Naples, Italy (US Navy photo #NH 70305)

One of the great assets of the SP-2H was its powerful APS-20 radar, which was especially good at detecting small targets such as submarine snorkels and periscopes at considerable range. None of the successor ASW airplanes had a radar as capable. Our tactics were to map out a search area and lay a sonobuoy field while using the radar sparingly to avoid detection. We used it just enough to map the area and then take a sweep every three to five minutes to track what was out there and also looking for anything new. After about six hours, a small target appeared at a range of 45 miles located 25 miles off the south coast of Crete. We turned toward the target and descended to 500 feet, sweeping the radar once a minute and noted that he was on a westerly course at about five knots. When we got close, we lit off the searchlight and there he was, snorkeling along. We clearly caught the sub half-asleep because it took several minutes for him to react and try to evade us. We also had contact on our Magnetic Anomaly Detector (MAD) equipment, a device that detects disturbances in the earth's magnetic field, as we flew over the top and then executed a simulated attack dropping a sonobuoy pattern around the sub using MAD and even some active sonar buoys, mostly directional acoustic buoys that would give a line of bearing to the sound source. The acoustic signature determined that the submarine was a conventional Soviet FOXTROT class. We tracked the submarine for about 45 minutes before breaking off because of fuel considerations and headed back to Souda Bay.

We returned to Sigonella several days later, on the first of May and, because of our success flying out of Crete, we were rewarded with an ASW exercise (ASWEX) against a US Nuke to take place in two days. The USS SCORPION (SSN-589), a SKIPJACK-class nuclear submarine, had completed a three-month patrol in the Mediterranean Sea and would be departing Naples, Italy, heading west to Rota, Spain, before returning to its homeport of Norfolk, Virginia. They were persuaded to give us two hours of exercise time in the southern Tyrrhenian Sea off the southeast coast of Sardinia.

In late morning on the third of May, we launched out of Sigonella and flew to the operating area. It was a good-sized area about 20 miles on each side. There was a lot of merchant shipping transiting the area so we knew that it was going to be a noisy hunting environment. Use of acoustics was problematic due to the sea noise and the relatively shallow water in the Mediterranean. We arrived on station about 15 minutes early so we began plotting and tracking the various contacts in the area. About five minutes before start time, a small radar blip was picked up in the southwest corner of the exercise area. We headed for the target, descending to 200 feet altitude and immediately put the radar on standby

to avoid detection. A minute later we took one radar sweep and, yes, the target was still there. Preparations were made for a simulated torpedo attack and moments later the MAD operator in the nose of the aircraft got a visual sighting of the periscope and its wake. We had MAD contact when we passed over the top, did a simulated torpedo drop and began putting passive, directional acoustic sonobuoys by the target. We managed to get the SCORPION's acoustic signature, but the acoustic range was only about three miles at best. Through a combination of MAD and both active and passive-directional sonar buoys, we managed to track him for a while. As soon as he thought we were tracking him, he went into a series of turns and kicked his

speed up to at least 15 knots. It didn't take very long for us to lose him. We picked him up again by laying an arcing buoy pattern that he passed through. Once, after we had lost him again, we accidentally flew over the top of him and got a MAD contact that enabled us to get back in the hunt.

Now, I had flown lots of ASW exercises against conventional submarines and even on a number of Russian subs all of which were much slower, but I never experienced anything like this. The SCORPION would turn very rapidly and accelerate to over 15 knots and steam away from us before we could do anything about it and then slow to a crawl and go silent. We expended a lot of sonobuoys in trying to track and contain him but we were always behind in our efforts to catch him.

At the end of the exercise the SCORPION partially surfaced and began heading out of the area. He then went to periscope depth heading west at about 18 knots and we practiced tracking him by making a "mark on top" and dropping a smoke signal. We would mark on top, and then do a "90-270 degree turn" that took about two and a half minutes to accomplish. At the next mark on top, the sub was about a half a mile down range. Soon, we had a long line of smoke markers, each a considerable distance apart. It was great working with the talented crew of the SCORPION who appeared to be able to evade us at every turn. This was an experience that I never got the chance to repeat.

This was probably the last training ASWEX the SCORPION ever participated in. Some reports indicate that after leaving Rota, Spain, the submarine was diverted to observe Russian naval exercises near the Canary Islands and then proceed home. The SCORPION never made it back to Norfolk; it was lost at sea with all 99 hands, 400 miles southwest of the Azores on 22 May 1968. The Navy's Court of Inquiry finding was that nothing conclusive about the loss could be determined, stating: "The certain cause of the loss of SCORPION cannot be ascertained by any evidence now available". Many possibilities have been suggested, including speculation that an explosion of one of the SCORPION's own torpedoes caused the loss of the sub, but nothing definitive has been determined. There is considerable evidence that the Navy's underwater Sound Surveillance System (SOSUS) was involved in determining the time and location of the sinking. Whenever there is mystery or inconclusiveness as to a loss or a tragedy, speculation and conspiracy theories arise.

HOW THE IUSS CAESAR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION WEBSITE MESSAGE BOARD ENABLED THE FIRST NAVFAC NANTUCKET REUNION

by Dan (Murf) Murphy, Ex-STG3, USN

U.S. Naval Facility Nantucket Shipmates Reunion November 1, 2 & 3, 2013 Nantucket, MA

The first NAVFAC Nantucket reunion will take place on November 1, 2, & 3, 2013 on Nantucket Island, MA at the newly opened VFW – Sidney and Robert Henderson Post 8608. The club on the base was the VFW until taken by the sea.

It all started when I decided it was about time to locate some NAVFAC Nantucket shipmates from 1964-1966. At the time it had been 43 years since I had seen or heard from shipmates. As I was thinking about our NAVFAC Nantucket days I recalled many good times both on watch and off duty (2-2-2-80). So I took to the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association website Message Board on January 22, 2009 and placed a message with the title ‘Searching for NavFac Nantucket Shipmates 1965 & 1966’. I received a response from Dick Moran (NAVFAC Nantucket 71-75); however, since Dick was stationed there after me, he did not know the shipmates I was searching for. I also received a reply from Paul Lester who said he had seen a dress blue jumper with a 3rd Class Sonarman crow on it in an antique store (wow, has it been that long?) in Plymouth, MA, but it wasn’t mine. In May and June 2011 I received replies from Bob Marchegiano (65-66), who was trying to locate several shipmates, and Vince Ford (65-66) who mentioned the names of several others.

Time lapsed with no further results in my search for shipmates. Then in October of 2012 I received an email from Dan Blaney (Sonarman 65-66) who had made a Google search on NAVFAC Nantucket and found my posting on the IUSS Caesar message board. We subsequently spoke by telephone and talked of old times and a reunion. Well, hunting season was on in the northeast and I got distracted until December 12, 2012 when I posted another message on the message board, this time looking for ‘all shipmates stationed at NAVFAC Nantucket’. Well, in three weeks it took off. By January 2, 2013 I had the email addresses or telephone numbers of over 30 shipmates. As we found more shipmates I started sending out email updates (19 so far) asking shipmates to help find more shipmates. I also included spreadsheets of Found, Missing, and Deceased Shipmates.

I included information on a possible reunion which brought more interest. During this time I spoke to many shipmates via telephone and most calls lasted an hour or more as we recalled our time on the island and laughed about good times when we were young.

One call was particularly great: I was out with my wife and received a call on my cell phone at about 5:00 pm. I recognized the area code as North Carolina (my daughter lives there) so I answered and got a “MURF”, (most people don’t call me Murf anymore) “this is Phil Sellers”. I had been looking for Phil in my initial posting on the message board. What a great feeling! I told



Phil I had been looking for him for 47 years and he said he had been looking for me as well. Then he said “Do you know how many Murphy’s there are in Massachusetts?” Someone had passed on one of my email updates to him that always included my contact information. Phil and several other close shipmates who have been found since then are attending the reunion. I can’t wait!

Today September 10, 2013 we have a Found listing of 102 shipmates, a Missing (still looking for them) listing of 266 shipmates and sadly a Deceased listing of 63 shipmates. We have 42 shipmates who have made reservations to attend the reunion and I expect we will have a great time. The reunion includes a “Shipmates Only” get together at the VFW to tell sea stories, BS and reminisce, a trip to the old base site (the T Building is gone and the beach eroded by the ocean), and a catered banquet with spouse/significant other at the VFW. A good cross section of Rates/Ranks and disciplines from the base are represented. The attendees come from Nantucket, NJ, VA, NH, IN, ME, CT, MA, NY, NC, MN, GA, WA, SC, FL, MI, IL and PA. We have attendees who represent all but one year the base was open, from 1955 through 1975. The last base commander - CDR John Dooley (74-76) had hoped to attend, but will not be able to. However, he sent me the ‘Ships Bell’ that hung in the base club. The 35 pound bell and brass mounting plate will be presented to the VFW for display and safe keeping. CDR Dooley stated “I wished I could be there to walk in ‘covered’ so I could buy a round for my shipmates”. I’m sure many of us have walked into the base club ‘covered’, heard the bell ring and had to buy a round.

I would like to thank two shipmates who live on Nantucket and have been instrumental in organizing the reunion: Steve Comatis (64-66) and Ray Moores (64-66). Also the many shipmates who have volunteered to help and those who have found shipmates.

So, if you would like to find shipmates or are considering organizing a reunion the best place to start is the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association website Message Board. Had it not been for the message board this reunion would not be taking place. If you aren’t a member already please consider becoming a member of the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association. If you would like to know how we went through the process, email me at bamdmm@verizon.net. I would be happy to help in any way I can. I would ask all IUSS Alumni and those who read this article to please contact me with any information on NAVFAC Nantucket shipmates.

Who knows, maybe we will have another reunion next year.

OCT 1969 - VIETNAM WAR "AMPUTEE" DEER HUNT

by Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret)



- **Of all my memories of kindness and love that I have experienced while serving in SOSUS/IUSS, none will rank higher than this one.**
- **To the people of Eureka, Fortuna, and Ferndale CA, I want to apologize for not having the ability to adequately articulate the true meaning of your act of Kindness and Love. Let me continue then with my meager effort.**

Nearly every year during the Vietnam War, the fine people of Eureka, Fortuna, and Ferndale sponsored an appreciation weekend celebration and deer hunt for returning Vietnam War Veteran amputees from Oak Knoll Naval Hospital, Oakland, CA.

LT Angus McLean and I had the honor of participating in this moving event in October of 1969. The weekend started with the arrival of a couple of large Navy aircraft with doctors, nurses, corpsmen, medical equipment (MASH-type unit) and about "twenty honored guests". The entire group plus local helpers (about 100 people, including me and Angus) were taken to Lazio's Sea Food restaurant in Eureka for an "anything goes" full-menu luncheon.



Two of the Twenty-Truck Caravan

We were then taken to a ranch outside of Eureka for the deer hunt and festivities. Forgive me; I do not remember the name of the man who donated his property every year - the only hunt he allowed each year. He had his barns made up with medical beds and necessary equipment, trailers, campers, etc. A large BBQ was being prepared for later in the day, with tons of steaks, and the usual refreshments; in other words the whole works. A band was also setting up for the evening entertainment.

It was now early afternoon and we proceeded to the deer hunt. The governor had given special permission for the veterans to ride in the backs of pickup trucks and shoot while sitting, an act normally against the law. The locals had mounted barbershop-type chairs, or installed mounting brackets for

wheel chairs, in the trucks. They also provided a hunting license for each of the Vets. The pickup trucks formed a caravan and we proceeded into the rolling hills of the ranch, looking for deer.

The privileged volunteers like Angus and me "played dog." Our job was to walk the woods, yelling and making noise, etc., to push the deer out of their cover. The Vets, sitting in the trucks, would then have the opportunity to "down" a deer. This they did with great expertise. When darkness fell we returned to the barn area and everyone had "one fine BBQ", long into the night.

While back at the camp Angus and I had the opportunity to talk to "our hunter". The young man was only 19 years old. He said he was hit within 10 minutes of jumping from a helicopter, and in 30 minutes he was back on the helicopter, leaving behind an arm and both legs - Lord have mercy!



Honored Guest and Ed Smock

(Angus and I could hardly respond - and I am having a hard time writing this for you.)

In the morning, breakfast was equally as great as supper was. Then it was back to the hunt until 1300. All told the "hunters" got 21 deer, which we dressed and immediately sent to the quick-freeze plant in Eureka. The deer would be prepared and served later at the hospital. The group then headed to the Eureka Inn for an evening banquet and farewell.

I will always remember the comments made by one of the "Honored Guest" hunters. This young man said: "Two of the strongest words we know are "Love" and "Thanks" and we "Thank" you for the "Love".

And I thank you Eureka, Fortuna and Ferndale for this memory.

KACKOS KAPERS

by Emil E. Kackos, Ex-OT3, USN

It was 1968. I had turned 19 in August, passed my draft physical and was classified as 1A, i.e., "available immediately for military service". They were drafting into the Marine Corps at the time and though I love and respect my Marine brothers, I didn't want to join them. I knew I was ripe for selection by the Selective Service so in November I went down to the Navy recruiter and signed my name. The recruiter said there were a couple of other guys from my high school and we could all be in the same boot camp company if I was willing to wait till January. I told my family what I had done at Thanksgiving dinner and in January 1969 I was on my first plane ride from JFK to Chicago's O'Hare Airport. The airport was named for Butch O'Hare, a hero who flew off the USS ENTERPRISE (CV 6) in WWII. Little did I know that one day I would be on a destroyer also named O'HARE.

I learned a lot at Great Lakes boot camp. I didn't know bed sheets had a front and back, but after failing inspection I learned the difference by undergoing several hours of drilling with a rifle. When it was time to fill out my "dream sheet" I put Sonar Technician at the top because someone had talked about sailing the oceans on a destroyer chasing submarines. I got my wish and had orders to Great Lakes BE&E school and then to Key West for sonar school. At Key West they took all us four-year guys and asked, "How would you like to take a class that guaranteed shore duty at exotic locations like Bermuda, Hawaii, Alaska?" I was in! While waiting for that class I was assigned as the gofer in the submarine school and those guys were really great. The salty old chief taught me how to make a good pot of coffee and led me through the steps I needed to make rate.

Oceanography school was hard. We went to school all day and then returned at night if our grades weren't high enough. It was like learning a new language. The only good thing was we didn't get homework because it was all classified secret. Upon graduation I got orders to NAVFAC Bermuda. I was again a gofer while waiting for a billet to open in a Watch Section, but I managed to sneak in some time on the beams while cleaning the floors. Finally I was assigned Section 3 on Easy array. I worked my way up to array supervisor when my mentor was transferred.

Computing Devices of Canada had set up a computer reader on "my" array and with CDC were some ex-Canadian WRENs to set up and operate the computer, one WREN to each watch section. They were like us, they worked hard and played hard and were completely professional. George was the CDC overseer of this system and the two of us got into many lively discussions. George thought everything was a flash target, but I knew better and we argued constantly. Luckily he was only there on day watches. Their computer wasn't worth very much in my opinion, disagreeing with almost everything I did. To give it its due, though, one time it did find a surface target before I did. I don't know what happened to this experimental equipment, as I left before the evaluation was completed. I never heard of it again. In July 1970 they lit off Easy 2 and there was a YANKEE SSBN on it right from the get-go, and I then thought maybe they should have installed the CDC computer on Easy 2!

In September 1970 we finally got our own rating, OT, and we had our STG crows replaced with the trident and waves. It was a big step for us, since we never identified with ST's anyway. Then I received orders to NAVFAC Keflavik and landed there in December 1970, just before Christmas. My first impression was that Iceland looked like the moon with snow. One of the things that happened in Iceland that stands out was during an ORI. The ORI Team started playing drill tapes but we had several live targets running, so we asked them to rate us on the live stuff not the drills and they did! It made everyone feel better, doing our normal best.

In June 1971, a friend and I took 30 days leave and toured Europe. It was great! When we reported back we found that the whole Russian fleet had deployed south. The normal watch sections had been dissolved and were now in augmented port and starboard sections. The chief took one look at the two of us and said "You're no good to me like this, take a couple days off and get some rest." By the time we recuperated and reported for duty the sections were back to normal. Later on in 1971 we detected an unusual signature. You won't read this in any history, but in my opinion we had the first DELTA-class SSBN on its sea trials.

Just before Christmas, 1971, I had my orders changed from NAVFAC Grand Turk to IUWG MU23 in Little Creek, VA. It was a mobile amphibious unit, which would go in after the Marines landed and protect the beachhead with radar, sonar and other sensors. Imagine my surprise when I was issued greens and told we were boarding an LST and going to Panama! I thought I had been guaranteed shore duty and told that to the chief. He said "This is the Navy not the Sea Scouts! Now go pack your sea bag and get aboard that ship!" I did. We spent several months in Panama at Fort Sherman, training reserves and ourselves. I got used to eating C-rations, which at times were better than what the Army chow hall served. The only sonar we had were old sonobuoys set up offshore and made waterproof so they wouldn't sink. All our equipment was in a trailer called the Midas Hut. Listening to the underwater fish noise was interesting, but the only targets I acquired were a ski boat and one noisy fisherman. We camped in the jungle, checking our boots and bedroll each morning because poisonous snakes were wont to crawl in; anyway, that's what I was told. I never did see one. From Fort Sherman we convoyed to Coco Solo Naval Air Station. The chow there was fabulous: two entrées for every meal plus hamburgers, hot dogs, ice cream; quite a change from that Army chow. We boarded the ship again for the trip home, stopping at Guantanamo Bay, where no one was allowed off the ship, and then on to Andros Island where some of us almost missed the ship and had to climb up the anchor chain.

When we returned to Norfolk, I had orders to basic JEZEBEL School. None of the STs passed the course, so they wanted to see what an OT could do. I aced it of course and wound up helping the instructor. Truthfully, any OT would have done the same. They then sent me to Advanced Jezebel School and I aced that too. In September 1972 they decided to send us out on a destroyer for reasons unknown. We loaded the Midas Hut on the Helo deck of the USS O'HARE (DD 889) and joined with the USS JOHN F KENNEDY (CV 67) Battle Group. We did not have many good days at sea, getting hit by two of those downgraded hurricanes and taking 35-45 degree rolls. We sailed past Iceland to the Arctic Circle, then back south into ports in Norway and England. On the way back to the U.S. the ship held gunnery practice and all the delicate electronic equipment in our hut was destroyed by the concussion from the aft 5-inch guns. We returned to Norfolk before Thanksgiving and according to tradition threw our white hats at the seabuoy on our last voyage.

I saw no reason for an OT to be stationed in an amphibious unit, gave no further thought to reenlisting, and was mustered out in December 1972.

I am very proud and honored to have served with the best submarine hunters in the world. To all the ST/OT men and women who served before, with and after I did, I say "Well Done!" We were young and full of ourselves, took on the whole damned Russian Navy without blinking an eye, and we won!

ASSIGNMENT NANTUCKET 1958 - 1962

by Dick Rentner, CWO4, USN (Ret)

Less than three months after I reported for duty at NAVFAC Cape May, a request was received from an SO2 wanting a Humanitarian Assignment, a swap, to Cape May. Being discontented and willing to transfer to anywhere, I was elated and accepted immediately. Within a few days I was on my way to Woods Hole, MA, where I would board the ferry to the beautiful island of Nantucket, nicknamed The Little Grey Lady of the Sea.

Driving off the boat into the crowded streets was a complete surprise that beautiful July Sunday afternoon. The streets were already bustling with "off-islanders" walking around reading their little maps of the town and trying to avoid the other off-islanders on rented bicycles. I had no idea how to get to the NAVFAC, but I did know it was located at Tom Nevers Head on the other end of the island. Driving my '54 Merc further up the cobblestone Main Street, I noted the famous houses called the "Three Bricks". Keeping to the right around the Civil War Monument in the center of the road, I then took a sharp left on to Quaker Road where many ancient headstones in the Friends Burying Ground were weatherworn and crumbling. The Old Mill showed a lack of upkeep, obvious from the overgrown weeds and the missing blades.

I then continued driving on through the worst traffic control device ever devised by man – the "traffic circle" (not a "roundabout") at the First Milestone. Fortunately, this was 1958 and Nantucket traffic was not yet so brutal. Tourists on bikes who hadn't ridden in years were the dominant menace. I was now on Milestone Road and heading east toward the cutoff to Tom Nevers Head.

As I drove around the last curve at the end of Tom Nevers Road, I saw the NAVFAC for the first time. The lush, green, well-manicured ball field was between the small cement block Transmitter Building and the cluster of Quonset Huts glistening in the bright sunshine on the far side of the compound. The huge Quonset Hut Terminal Building built next to the cliff overlooking the ocean was identical to the one on Grand Turk where I had served for a year. The little 3' x 3' Gate Guard Shack stood proud at the entrance to the NAVFAC, painted pure white and housing a Seaman in dress whites with a .45 on his waist. To the south were the tennis courts and then the "Missile Silos", as the locals believed; they were actually septic tanks. Down a separate road along the cliff was the cement block WECO building concealing its super-secret experimental equipment; only select personnel could enter that structure.

After checking in, I was introduced to several shipmates (NAVFACs were all-male in 1958) and met some I had already served with. I was assigned a bunk in the Research Division Quonset Hut which held 10 or 12 double bunks around the perimeter, one oil stove on each end for heat during the winter, a head and shower room on one front corner, and hanging garment bags for civilian clothes on the other front corner. I was informed that we all had to buy our own garment bag through the Sears catalog store on Main Street; the clerk would know the style and color required.

In the summer the sailors mingled with the multitude of tourists. Evenings on Main Street were carnival-like, with pedestrians in the streets and many groups of musicians on the sidewalks, surrounded by singing college age kids. The bars and restaurants were so full it was almost impossible to get inside. The island's only two drugstores were located on Main Street next door to each other where you could get sodas, ice cream, sandwiches, etc. In the evening, Washington Street was almost impossible to drive down due to the lines of people trying to get into the movie theater for the one show of the day. The evening boat also drew crowds to just people-watch those arriving and leaving the island.

The NAVFAC hosted many scientists and engineers from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, whose ideas and theories required the use of our equipment. They probably did great things but, being sailors, we just made fun of the way they wore a coat and tie with sneakers and ratty-looking pullover sweaters. The late fifties and early sixties were the beginning of the dress code style that rejected conformity and similarity. Yet ironically these non-conformists blended in well with the similarly dressed throngs of tourists, all conforming to their own new dress code.

Then Labor Day came and the tourists left. Life on Nantucket changed abruptly into empty streets, closed bars, one movie-night a week, wind, rain, and fog. Camaraderie flourished as the NAVFAC Club filled up at night.

The happy-go-lucky life on the island was tragically interrupted when a Northeast Convair passenger airplane crashed in the woods just short of the airfield runway. Over twenty passengers lost their lives that night and ten others were hospitalized. For several days I was assigned as Petty Officer in charge of a small group of armed sailors guarding the wreckage area to keep the public away and to protect the evidence and personal property strewn about the forested area. It was gut wrenching seeing the intimate personal items such as rosary beads and clothing scattered throughout the forest undergrowth, along with airplane parts from seats to engines. Trees were sheared off and the scrub brush was all crushed, and everywhere there was the unmistakable smell of death. It was an assignment I will never forget.

In 1959 the new rating SOO, Sonarman (Oceanography), the SOSUS specialist, started reporting aboard. The SOOs, (commonly called "Susans" because most of them reported aboard as SOOSN) did not get any electronics training. The NAVFAC-trained SOs were sent to seagoing billets on DDs where there were no LOFARgrams. It was also determined that the SOSUS SOs lacked supervisory experience, therefore BM, CS, SK etc., ratings were dispatched as SOSUS Supervisors. These senior enlisted men played an important role in guiding the young SOOs in the "Navy way." During one mid-watch, my BM1 watch supervisor decided to teach our section how to clean a .45 weapon. As he disassembled the Watch Officer's gun, the recoil spring shot the plug into the overhead where it remained somewhere among the steel girders. He had some explaining to do to the Gunner's Mate

ASSIGNMENT NANTUCKET 1958 – 1962
(continued)

early the next morning prior to turning over the watch. Lesson #1 – make friends among all your shipmates as you may someday need them. That outstanding BM1 subsequently retired from the navy as a Captain.

Watch-standing duty in the T-Building was a boring job. We had no idea what we were looking for. We knew what the signature of our diesel boats looked like and had some experience with our nuclear boat signatures, but we had no idea what a Soviet boat's signature looked like. We were told it would be a diesel engine that built up speed for a few minutes, suddenly dropped speed as a turbocharger kicked in, and then rapidly accelerated to a higher steady speed for about 20-30 minutes to charge batteries. This also described the signature of hundreds of fishing trawlers off the New England coast. Occasionally we would coordinate with a P-2 aircraft from NAS Quonset Point in hopes of getting a common contact using the experimental HFR equipment. A huge amount of time was expended just trying to sync-up with the aircraft's equipment to send them our data. This new equipment sounded just like the future dial-up Internet modems of the 1980s.

In 1960 I was assigned as "Photo Petty Officer". The only means of communicating our raw data with COSL was by taking a photograph of the LOFARgram and mailing it to COSL. I still get a chuckle out of the Government- issued 35mm camera that had engraved on it "Made in USSR Occupied Germany".

The Bay of Pigs disaster in 1961 required heightened security of the NAVFAC, which included implementing roving patrols and rifle practice for the troops. Shooting an M1 rifle from the tennis courts towards the ocean between the T-Building and the WECO building was also a fun time for the crew. It was the first time firing a military rifle for most of us, and there were a lot of sore shoulders for several days after each practice session. In 1962 the Cuban Missile Crisis required us to again get rifle-firing practice. We also patrolled the perimeter of the NAVFAC day and night armed with these rifles in case the island was invaded. The T-Building watches were beefed up and put in a three-section watch cycle looking to gain contact on the FOXTROT's heading to Cuba.

I arrived broke, single, and downtrodden in 1958, yet during my four and a half years on Nantucket Island I found new direction in my life. Not only because of the great shipmates I had, but because of a girl named Joanne who became my wife, and our first two children who, like their mother, were born on The Little Grey Lady of the Sea.

In April of 1962 the Navy Housing Project named after a local 'Sconset boy, Admiral Marcel Gouin, was completed and my growing family moved into Unit D-1. But we didn't stay long, because within six months we would leave for Class B and C School in Key West and subsequently on to the destroyer Navy, where I advanced to STCM and then earned a commission as Chief Warrant Officer. Requesting a return to duty in the SOSUS system, I was assigned to the Analysis Division on COMOCEANSYSLANT Staff in October 1971.

A TOAST TO RED OCTOBER

by Craig Vroom, Ex-OTI, USN

Sergei Kreshkov likes his boat.
It's sleek and fast and mean.
He drives a new Akula -
A Red Banner submarine.

It's full of high-tech gadgets
And a crew of 82
Who listen to the Zampolit
'Cause what he says is "true".

The year is 1988 and Sergei's got 'The Conn'
As Captain of a death machine,
It's time to get it on.

He's off for 50 days and nights
In waters always dark.
Slipping through the ocean
Like a silent, stalking shark.

WE'RE HUNTING RED OCTOBER
WE'RE HUNTING RED OCTOBER

Sergei Kreshkov watches
As his sub is in repairs.
His country, since the coup,
Is in a sad state of affairs.

More rubles, he is told,
Are non-existent for his boat.
In fact, they will be lucky,
Just to keep the thing afloat.

His periscopes are rusty
And his conscripts never work.
The johns don't flush.
The crew eats mush.
The Zampolit's a jerk!

His ageing submarine is in an awful starboard list.
And, worst of all, OH Godsky!
Lenin don't exist!

WE'RE HELPING RED OCTOBER
WE'RE HELPING RED OCTOBER

Sergei Kreshkov watches
As the champagne strikes the keel.
His brand new sub's been christened.
She's a beauty! What a deal!

He's got a brand new uniform.
He's got a brand new crew.
He's got a brand new horn
Which in the fog goes WHOOOOOOO! WHOO! WHOO!

But Sergei's boat is not a sub for sub-mar-ine-r purists.
'Cause Sergei's brand new boat will operate for 40 tourists.

Sergei Kreshkov mellows
As he listens to the band.
For in two weeks, he'll navigate,
His boat in Disneyland!

WE'RE TOASTING RED OCTOBER.
WE'RE TOASTING RED OCTOBER.

*Editor's Note: "Zampolit" is a Russian word meaning "political commissar."
In the Soviet Union, every military unit had two commanders: the military
commander and the commissar who enforced political conformity.*

FRED JONES, THE BRIDGE SITE IN NORTHERN NORWAY, AND A COUPLE OF SEA STORIES

by Bruce Rule, GS (Ret)

Upon returning from involvement with the THRESHER Court of Inquiry in late April 1963, the writer was told to be prepared to depart for Norway with zero advance notification. LT Fred Jones, RCN, would be in charge of a team of two: he and I. As previously discussed in the article of SOSUS vs. The Type XXI German Submarine, the writer was to handle the technical/instruction/analysis end of the assignment while Fred was in charge of what was expected to be delicate negotiations with the Norwegian Defense Research Establishment (NDRE). The NDRE had been operating the Project BRIDGE site on the island of Andoya using their own detection system (LYDIA) installed prior to the arrival of the FQQ LOFAR system earlier in 1963. Which system would be pre-eminent would be an issue. As it developed, LYDIA had a superior bearing determination capability but did not provide a useful classification capability, which meant that when the site went operational on 1 June 1963, it was as a SOSUS installation.

After we had left for Norway, COMASWFORLANT, upon learning that a Canadian officer would be representing the USN in bilateral discussions with Norway, "registered" objections. CAPT Arch Gordon, then COSL, responded that he had sent the best man on his staff for the assignment and that Canadians on his staff were fully integrated with USN programs. End of discussions. Fred's assured manner, quiet competence, and ability to deal with the Norwegian activities and personnel fully justified CAPT Gordon's confidence in him. Fred's nationality was never an issue with the Norwegians, especially because he liked to fish.

In late May, with the expected zero advance notification, we flew to Keflavik and then to Norway on a P2V which made a mail-drop at Jan Mayen while en route to Andoya. Jan Mayen, about 450 nm northeast of Iceland, made the Keflavik area look like a tropical paradise. The island is dominated by an 8,000-foot, occasionally active volcano: nice neighbor. If the ice-line advanced far enough east from Greenland in the winter (as it used to do), polar bears would arrive on Jan Mayen where the only thing ashore to eat were the men who operated the Norwegian weather station. No one went out unarmed.

After 12 hours in the air, we arrived over Andoya but were diverted south to Bodo because of fog. We flew back to Andoya the next morning. "Morning" was a strange term since it had never been "night." Since the BRIDGE site on Andoya was at 69-15N, the sun had not set since circa 20 May and would not set again until circa 20 July. Nice, but at the other end of the year, you paid a terrible price (more on that later).

The BRIDGE site, a rambling, unobtrusive, one-story building at the end of a gravel coastal road (up against an 800-foot cliff on one side (to the east) and the Norwegian Sea 200 yards to the west) had the village (a cluster of perhaps 20 houses) of Stave as an address. The structure had a large equipment room, several small bedrooms, a living room and kitchen. We stayed at the site and prepared our own meals.

Very early on, NDRE personnel arrived to maintain – and represent their interest in – the LYDIA system. LCDR Stig Mylander from the Military Aid and Assistance Group (MAAG), which served as the in-country USN activity, also arrived.

Contentious discussions between USN reps and NDRE personnel were avoided; however, not so among the Norwegians who one day withdrew to one end of the living room at the site and began arguing among themselves – safely they thought – in Norwegian while the

Americans waited at the other end of the room for whatever resolutions the Norwegians would achieve. Then the phone rang and Mylander, being closest, picked it up and responded to a question in fluent Norwegian. From the other end of the room there was dead silence as the NDRE personnel tried to remember what they had been saying about whom. Later, Mylander, who had grown up in Oslo to the age of nine and spoke Norwegian with a slight Oslo-area accent, would always be introduced with a statement: "Be careful, he speaks Norwegian."

All went well and whatever small issues arose were handled by Fred. The trip was a great success and BRIDGE was launched on the way to becoming an enormously valuable source of ASW intelligence.

Later, in August, the writer returned to the site to provide additional instruction and review data collected since the first trip. Those data confirmed the SOSUS detections made during the Cuban Missile Crisis were NOT an anomaly; they were entirely consistent with the BRIDGE data and characteristic of what we could expect to see. (More trips in 1964 and 1965 added enormously to our data base.) It was in 1964 that I met Ragnar Schaug-Petersen and, about 1970, Inge Dahl, both of whom came to Louisville, KY with the Commodore last May; acquaintances and events I shall never forget.

On 24 November 1963, two days after the Kennedy assassination, I left again for Norway to evaluate three contacts reported by the site as southbound GOLFs. The timing of those detections – during the weeks just before the assassination – had raised concerns. It was a relief when those detections turned out to involve "UNK SURFs."

The trip did, however, provide more extremely useful data accumulated during the August to early November period. The trip also gave the writer the opportunity to see the "other end of the year" when the sun did not clear the southern horizon for about 60 days; however, if it was clear, there was a strong twilight for 3-4 hours; the sun was only three degrees below the horizon at solar noon. The weather along the coast never got terribly cold – seldom below 20°F; however, like Adak, "It didn't snow much but a lot passed through (horizontally)."

It was during that early winter trip that I heard a story about a Great Norwegian Hunter (GNH) who also was one of the watch-standers. He had been after geese which periodically fed in an open field near the site. One day, when the GNH was getting a few ZZZZZs in the living room before going on watch, another on-coming watch-stander, who had just driven by the field and had noted the geese were feeding, burst into the living room to tell the GNH about the geese. The GNH jumped up but rather than getting his gun, which was standing in a corner, he connected two wires together; he had ringed the field with dynamite. There was also a story about hunting snowshoe hare with machine guns but note that the objective of these forays was to put food on the table. They were not "sporting" adventures.

For many of us there have been pivotal events that shaped the course of our entire lives. For the writer, it was being selected to go to Norway with Fred Jones in May 1963, the assignment that was the reason I was hired by the Office of Naval Intelligence and where I remained for more than 40 years. It was a great ride.

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658 active members, 518 in archives, and 326 on the Memorial List.

* New Members

***Ex-OTA PAULA ANDERSON** - Armuchee, GA. Served at NOPF Dam Neck 1987-90 and NAVFAC Brawdy 1990-92. **CMSGT WALTER BARBKNECHT, USAF (Ret)** - Michigan City, IN. Served at NAVFAC Nantucket in X Division Facility Dispensary 1962-63. Retired after 30 years active duty service in the Air Force and 15 years in Medical Marketing Sales. ***Ex-STG JOHN BURRELL Jr.** - Parkville, MO. Following Fleet Sonar School in Key West, FL served at NAVFAC Argentinia 1966-69. Retired from manufacturing as purchasing mgr, John has three grown children and six grandchildren. ***Mr. GEORGE CLYDE** - Marshall, CA. Did not serve in the IUSS but is conducting historical research on SOSUS in the 1960s through 1980s in Northern California at or near Cordell Bank.

OTCM IRV DeMATTIES, USN (Ret) - Queensbury, NY. SOSUS/IUSS 1959-81. TRW (IUSS Logistics Support) 1982-85. Owner, Country Bumpkin Gifts and Home Remodeling 1985-89. Curtis Lumber Co. (Contractor Sales/Millwork) 1989-2009. Three daughters, 9 grandchildren, 9 great-grandchildren (soon-to-be 10). Classic car collector/enthusiast, woodworker, and history buff. ***Ex-USNR RUSSELL ELLIOT** - Springville, PA. Served at NAVFAC Brawdy 1982-85. Following naval service Russell received a B.S in Industrial Engineering from Rutgers University and a B.S. in Environmental Science from Stockton College. He worked for Exxon 1989-99 and is currently working at Proctor and Gamble. Married with 4 children, Russell is also a member of the 24th Connecticut regiment militia re-enactment group and a member of Sons of the American Revolution. His primary hobby, however, is restoring his family's 1827 colonial home.

OTMCS GEORGE FAUSEL, USN (Ret) - Virginia Beach, VA. Served at NAVFACs Point Sur, Argentinia, Coos Bay, Adak, and Brawdy. Also served with SURTASS and at COMOCEANSYSLANT. Following retirement attended college and taught Electronics and Computer Repair; assisted students in obtaining CET, A+, and Networking certifications. George is married to Mary Anne. He has two daughters and two stepsons. ***STG1 (SW/SS/IUSS) JOHN GALLIHER, USN** - Portsmouth, VA. Serving at NOPF Dam Neck as Tactical Watch Officer (TACWO) and Tactical Coordinator and Lead Analyst. Married with 5 children, Petty Officer Galliher has been stationed at NOPF Dam Neck since 2010. ***Ex-OTA2 ROSA GARCIA-DOW** - San Elizario, TX. Served at NAVFAC Centerville 1989-91 and COSP 1991-94; Naval Reserve Units Honolulu, HI 1994-95 and El Paso, TX 1995-98. Employed in the Ysleta Independent School District from 1998 to present. Currently a Special Education teacher.

***LCDR (Ex-OTA) CAMELLIA GWEN GATLIN, USN (Ret)** - Virginia Beach, VA. Served at NAVFAC Pacific Beach 1983-85, NAVFAC Bermuda 1985-88, REDTRAFAC Dam Neck 1988-90, and NAVFAC Argentinia 1990-92. Commissioned under the Medical Enlisted Commissioning Program (MECP) and retired as a LCDR in 2009. Previous names - Linderman and Kozloski. Currently the Regional Manager of SENTARA Hyperbaric Medicine Clinics in Tidewater area of Virginia.

***OCEAN OP GRAHAM GOSSE, CF (Ret)** - Kingston, Nova Scotia. Served at CFS Shelburne, NAVFAC Argentinia, and CFIC Halifax (Trinity). Also served in the CF Reserve Force as an Acoustic Sensor Analyst at 14 Wing Greenwood, Nova Scotia, Canada. **LT MARY GRIFFIN, USN (Ret)** - Norfolk, VA. Served at NAVFAC Brawdy 1979-81, COSL/NOPF Dam Neck 1981-83, NAVFAC Guam 1983-85, ASWOC Brunswick, ME 1985-89, COSL 1990, NOPF Dam Neck 1991, NAVFAC Keflavik 1994-96, RTC Great Lakes 1996-97, NOPF Dam Neck 1998-2000 and CUS 2001. Mary retired from the Navy in 2002. ***Ex-USN KRIS HELKE** - Charleston, SC. Served at NAVFAC Brawdy 1988-92 and NOPF Dam Neck 1992-96. ***OTA1/STG1 ROBERT (BOB) JOHNSON, USN (Ret)** - Jacksonville, FL. Final duty station was JMF St Mawgan.

***Ex-OTA1 ROBERT LAURIA, NCCS, USN (Ret)** - Trempealeau, WI. Served at NAVFAC Eleuthera, NAVFAC Argentinia and NOPF Dam Neck 1978-88. **Ex-OTA1 MICHAEL LEVINE** - Dexter, MI. Served at NAVFAC Centerville Beach 1976-78, NAVFAC Brawdy 1981-83, COMNAVFORJAPAN 1983-86, and Naval Intelligence Support Center (NISC) 1986-89. Mike also served as a civilian Operations manager in the NAVFAC Brawdy Acoustic Lab 1989-92.

***Ex-OTA3 RONALD LOEWENTHAL, USCG (Ret)** - League City, TX. Served at NAVFAC GUAM 1984-86. Retired USCG. Licensed Coast Guard Captain and currently Compass Adjuster US Gulf Coast. ***LT DOUGLAS LYONS, USNR (Ret)** - Menifee, CA. Served at NAVFAC Midway as OWO 1980-81. Retired in 2005 from California Army National Guard as E-6 Intelligence analyst. Served during OIF2 in Taji, Iraq.

***OTAC ROBERT "GLENN" MEADE, USN (Ret)** - Oak Harbor, WA. Served at NAVFAC Keflavik 1979-81, NAVFAC Centerville Beach 1981-83, NAVFAC Argentia 1983-85, ASWOC Adak 1985-89, and COMPATWINGSPAC Moffett Field/Barbers Point 1989-94 as Command LCPO. Currently works for Summit Research Corp as the Lead/Senior Analyst for AAAT - 19 years. Married to Lois Meade (38 years), Glenn has two grown children and four grandchildren. ***CDR JASON MENARCHIK, USN** - Newport, RI. Served as Watch Officer at NOPF Dam Neck 1999-2001. Currently attending the Naval War College. ***Ex-STG3 DANIEL "MURF" MURPHY** - East Falmouth, MA. Served aboard USS ESSEX (CV/CVA/CVS-9) 1962-64 and FSS Key West/NAVFAC Nantucket 1964-66.

CWO3 RON RISING, USN (Ret) - Orlando, FL. Served at NAVFACs Ramey, Eleuthera, Grand Turk, Keflavik, and Guam. Also served at COSP and NOPF Dam Neck. ***Ex-STG2 RAY RONALD** - Boring, OR. Following Sonar "A" School San Diego, CA in 1966 and Fleet Sonar School, Key West, FL 1966-67, served at NAVFAC Argentia 1967-68, NAVFAC Midway 1968-69 and NAVFAC Adak 1969. Retired surveying/mapping Bonneville Power Administration. ***Ex-OTA2 DAWN ROSS** - Framingham, MA. Served at NAVFAC Argentia 1983-85 and COSP Ford Island 1985-89. ***Ex-OTA1 NATHAN ROSSETTI** - Haverhill, MA. Served at NAVFAC Midway 1969, NAVFAC Barbers Point 1970-73, NAVFAC Keflavik 1974-75, RTF Centerville 1976, NAVFAC San Nicolas Island 1976-78, COSL 1979-81. Honorable discharge from Active Duty on 16 December 1981. Employed as a Drinking Water Treatment Facility, Grade 3 Operator in Haverhill, MA from 2003 to present.

Mr. BRUCE RULE, GS (Ret) - Louisville, KY. SOSUS 1959-1963, ONI 1963-1992, 1996-2007. "Happily retired, and married (in 2003) to the girl I should have married in 1958. Still involved with pro bono support of films and books that discuss acoustic data. Hope to make it to 14 July 2015 when the NEW HORIZONS spacecraft flies past Pluto." ***Ex-OTA2 JOSLYN RUSK** - Navarre, FL. Served at NAVFAC Keflavik 1979-80 and NAVFAC Bermuda 1980-82. Served in USNR until 1991. A Certified Pharmacy Technician, Joslyn has two grown children. **OTA1 CHRIS SCHNEIDER, USN (Ret)** - Virginia Beach, VA. Served at NOPF Ford Island 1982-86 and 1998-2000, NAVFAC Pacific Beach 1986-88, NAVFAC Argentia 1988-90, ASWOC Azores 1990-92 and NOPF Dam Neck 1992-98 and 2000-02.

***Ex-OT2 JAN SCOW** - Sherman Oaks, CA. Served at NAVFAC Argentia 1973-74 and NAVFAC Cape Hatteras 1975-76. ***CAPT CATHERINE SPERRY, USN (Ret)** - Antigo, WI. Served at NAVFAC Midway 1973-74, COMOCEANSYSPAC 1974-77, COMNAVFORJAPAN 1977-79 and Office of Director of Naval Warfare - IUSS Branch - AWW Division 1979-82. ***OTM1 GUY STRICKLIN, USN (Ret)** - San Antonio, TX. Served at NAVFAC Bermuda 1975-76, NAVFAC Brawdy 1976-78 and 1982-86, NAVFAC Barbers Point 1978-82, JMSDF 1986-90 and FLTASWTRACENLANT 1990-95. Retired from the Navy 1 September 1995. ***EWC THERESA THURMAN, USN (Ret)** - Phoenix, AZ. Served at NAVFAC Keflavik, NOPF Ford Island, NAVFAC Bermuda, COSL, NAVFAC Brawdy, and NOPF Dam Neck from 1882-94 as an OTA. Cross-rated to Electronics Warfare Technician (EW) and retired as EWC in 2002.

***NCC (IUSS) MARISOL TORRES-SANDLIN, USN** - Jamaica, NY. Served at NOPF Ford Island 1989-91, NOPF Whidbey Island 1991-94 and 1998-2000, and at NAVFAC Kef 1994-97. Chief Torres-Sandlin is currently serving at Navy Recruiting District, New York City. ***LCDR NIGEL TURL, CF (Ret)** - Frankford, Ontario, Canada. Served at CFS Shelburne 1985-88, COSP 1988-90, NAVFAC Whidbey Island 1990-93, CFIC Trinity 1993-95, and NOPF Whidbey Island CANDET 1998-2002. "I'm retired from the Navy now (as of November 2006). My twins, who were born while we were assigned to COSP, are grown, graduated and out on their own. Sandy and I aren't grandparents yet, but we hope to be one day. We've traveled a bit over the past few years, I've tried to show Sandy some of the places I got to visit before, but without her. We're now retired and living the good life in rural Ontario, unfortunately too near too many Air Force folks! I stumbled across this site and looked at the "In Memorium" page and was staggered by the number of names of shipmates on the list I actually knew. I guess I want folks to know I'm still alive and kicking and often reminisce very fondly of my time and experiences in IUSS."

***Ex-OTA3 GREG UNDERWOOD** - Riverton, UT. Served at NAVFAC Whidbey Island 1988-93. Currently employed as an Information Systems Manager for Client Field Services at Intermountain Healthcare, Salt Lake City, Utah. ***MR. GREGORY WEAVER, WEC** - Mocksville, NC. Gregory worked at WEC Winston-Salem and Greensboro, NC as a Field Engineer for bathymetric/hydrographic/oceanographic surveys and project management for CAESAR and FDW-UWS programs. **CDR MICHELLE WEDDLE, USN and Ex-OTA1 JEFF WEDDLE** - Virginia Beach, VA. The Weddles recently returned from a tour in Twenty-nine Palms, CA where Michelle provided medical care to the family and active duty Marines while Jeff attended a local college and earned an associate degree in Business Administration. Michelle is currently an NP at Oceana Branch Medical Clinic in Virginia Beach. Jeff has applied for a position at Naval Medical Center Portsmouth and is awaiting a government budget. Their daughter Meagan is glad to have mom and dad home and is taking the semester off from school to spend time as a family.

***PO1 SONAR OP HEATHER WHITE, CF** - Lawrencetown, Nova Scotia. Served at CFS Shelburne 1976-80 and 1983-87. Since 1987 Heather has been assigned to 14 Wing, Greenwood, Nova Scotia where she serves as Senior Acoustic Sensor Analyst for the Canadian P3 Aurora Long Range Patrol Aircraft. In 2008-09 she completed a tour in Afghanistan at the Kandahar Airfield in the TFK, assisting with air troop support and medical evacuations. After 38 years of faithful service in the Canadian Forces, Petty Officer Heather White will be retiring from the Canadian Forces in August of 2014. "I will be going to Proud Manta for the last time this year. I still have a COSL Level 1 Name tag and a COSL IUSS coffee cup."

In Memoriam

We regret to report the passing of the following 28 “shipmates” from our IUSS Community whose names have been added to our website IN MEMORIAM page since the November 2012 issue of *THE CABLE*. Sadly, that page now contains 326 names.

Last Name	First Name	MI/aka	Rank/Rate/Title	System Affiliation	Deceased
APPLEBY	Donald	J.	AWCS	USN 1960s	Dec 2012
BARBA	Thomas	Salvatore	CWO4 (ex-CEC)	USN 1970s	Sep 2013
BLECK	Dennis	S.	OTA1	USN 1975-95	Oct 2013
COLTRANE	Mark	B.	OT1	USN 1974-82	Nov 2010
CONLEY	Richard	"Dick", "TC"	OT1	USN 1966-79	May 2013
COOK	Harold	K. "Hal"	OTACS	USN 1960s-90s	Jul 2013
CORBITT	Gary	L.	Civilian	CF; Contractor 1975-99	Mar 2013
EARLY	Paul	J.	RADM	USN 1970s	Oct 2008
FEGLEY	Mark	A.	OT3	USN 1980s	Aug 1989
HENKE	William	C. "Chuck"	OT2	USN 1970-73	Jun 2012
HONEY	Nancy	E. (KELSO)	CAPT	USN 1970s-80s	Jun 2013
JENSEN	Harold	"Hal"	Civilian	Hughes AC 1970s-2000s	Oct 2012
JOHNSON	Charles	O.	CAPT	USN 1970s	Sep 2013
JOHNSON	Paul		STG3	USN 1964-66	Dec 1970
JOHNSTON	Glen	A.	OTA2	USN 1982-94	Jun 2013
KIMBRELL	Michael	S. "Mickey"	OT3	USN 1967-71	Aug 2007
MAPLES	Randall	L.	OTC	USN 1960s-80s	Jul 2013
MARIE	Frank		Civilian	AT&T 1988-94	Sep 2012
MARTIN	Raymond	W. "Ray"	CWO (ex-OTC)	USN 1970s-80s	Sep 2010
MICHALAK	Stefan	Joachim	OT3	USN 1971-74	Jul 2012
NORBY	Merlin	R.	CAPT	USN 1959-61	Jun 2013
PRATT	Michael		EA_ (CB)	USN 1990s	Apr 2013
ROBINSON	Constance	J.	OT2	USN 1980s	Jul 2013
SEITZINGER	Kristina	L. (MERTZ)	CWO3 (Ex-OT)	USN 1989-2013	Sep 2013
SHEVLING	Robert	L. "Bob"	CWO3	USN 1970s	Jun 2012
VERCRUYSSSE	Donald	E. "Don"	Civilian	WEC Co 1960s-90s	Nov 2010
WHIPPLE	Raymond	F.	OTCS	USN 1963-81	Jul 2006
WILSCAM	Gregory	J. "Joe"	OTACS	USN 1975-89	Apr 2013

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