

The Cable

Official Newsletter of the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association

IUSS / CAESAR



Alumni Association

NOVEMBER 2015

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Jim Donovan, CAPT, USN (Ret)

Welcome to the 2015 edition of our newsletter, *The Cable*. Once again we have the opportunity to add new members (43) and catch up on news of current members and sadly we also include acknowledgment of shipmates who have passed away (35). I appreciate the efforts of Bruce Rule, John Curtis, Dick Rentner, Chuck Gagnon and Bill Lippard who have contributed articulate and very informative articles that I am sure you will enjoy reading. We've also added a new section to the newsletter under the label "Liberty Call". A special thank you to George Widenor for the suggestion. A number of members contributed Short Stories and Liberty Call inputs this year.

Several significant changes have occurred to the Integrated Undersea Surveillance System CAESAR Alumni Association (IUSSCAA) over the past year that warrant special mention here.

1 – BOARD CHANGE - The IUSSCAA Board underwent a significant change with Jack Holdzkom turning over membership and database management functions to Mike Kilpatrick and Assistant Director functions to Nick McConnell. Jack is a Plank Owner and original IUSSCAA Board member who has been with this organization since its founding. His contributions and support to this association and to me personally are immeasurable. But Jack is not going far. He still serves in an advisory capacity and he continues to maintain our IUSSCAA Memorial listing. Good luck to you in retirement Jack and Welcome Aboard Mike and Nick! Russ Lownie (Webmaster), and I (Director and Treasurer) continue in our current positions. Additionally, Ellis Sutter and Dick Rentner continue to provide necessary editing and formatting of our annual Cable newsletter.

2 – ELIMINATION OF DUES - Effective 1 October 2015 the requirement for dues (previously \$10 for 2 years) for membership in the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association was suspended. The Board of Directors determined that sufficient funding exists in the Association checking account to maintain the website, provide periodic "geedunk", assist with

IUSSCAA reunions, etc. Remaining funds will be used to install a permanent memorial plaque/mural at the Naval Heritage Center in Washington, D.C. in the next year. If additional funding becomes necessary in the future, requests for donations will be initiated.

3 – PAPERLESS ORGANIZATION - Commencing in 2016 the IUSSCAA will no longer print and mail paper copies of *The Cable* or our Member Directory. Cost of publication had risen to nearly \$14 per copy for about 50 members. We'll still be mailing this 2015 edition to approximately 50 households.

4 – MAINTAINING AN ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP - With the elimination of an annual dues requirement it is very important that members keep the Association updated on any changes to mailing address, email address, etc. This can be easily taken care of by submitting a Membership Data Update from our "Membership" page at iusscaa.org. That is the only way we can ensure the Membership Listing is accurate and we'll want to be sure to get the newsletters to the right email addresses.

Today the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association stands at **673** active members. We have an archive of **618** former members.

Sadly, we list **393** IUSS shipmates in our Memorial Section, with **35** names added in the past year alone. See that listing at the end of this newsletter and on our website, which is updated monthly.

Once again, the Association could not continue to exist without the hundreds of cumulative hours volunteered by **JACK HOLDZKOM, MIKE KILPATRICK, RUSS LOWNIE, NICK McCONNELL, ELLIS SUTTER, and DICK RENTNER**. Thank you gentlemen.

On behalf of the IUSSCAA Board of Directors I wish all of our members and their families a safe and happy holiday season and a wonderful, healthy New Year in 2016.

All the best, Jim

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Remembering NAVFAC Keflavik, 1976

By John M. Curtis, CDR, USN (Ret)

I reported to NAVFAC Keflavik in August 1976, assigned as Operations Officer. I was a LT at the time and although I had some pretty good experience in ASW as a P3 naval flight officer, this was my first tour at a NAVFAC. Before reporting, I had visited COSL and had been advised about problems at the NAVFAC. With uncertainty and trepidation I embarked on a new adventure. Upon arrival at the facility, I noticed there was a lot of good talent in Ops, but all of it was in the Quality Assurance Division. Most detections were found through post analysis and “timelates” were often measured in hours or even days. Moreover, we were burdened with having to produce huge volumes of post analysis narrative reports that consumed vast resources. I heard complaints from COSL on a daily basis

about one thing or another. The prestige of being a watch stander in the real-time operational environment was low and the best performers with the most potential wanted to get off watch section duty as soon as possible and become a day worker in QA. What had I gotten myself into? The Commanding Officer, CDR Harry Benter, was also new and also new to the system.

Then one day, a Chief reported to the command. His name was OTCM George Widenor. Before he arrived, I had heard a few things: I heard he was a hard ass. OK. I heard he was tough. OK. I heard he was one of the preeminent experts in

SOSUS operations. Now we're talking. But I was also aware that he was being billeted to the NAVFAC as the Command Master Chief, not as Operations Chief. Not OK. At that point my mission in life was to persuade the CO to let Master Chief Widenor come to Ops. I begged, I pleaded. It helped that OTCM Widenor himself wanted to come to Ops. Maybe he begged and pleaded too, I don't know. In any event, in one of the bravest and most astute decisions that I ever observed, the CO appointed OTCM Widenor to Operations. In a matter of months, we witnessed the most amazing turnaround.

With Master Chief Widenor spearheading the effort, we upgraded watch standing performance through increased training and sending the best performing OT supervisors back to the watch. New watch procedures, especially in plotting, were put in place that vastly improved accuracy and reliability. Our support to local P3 operations got much better. The new training program produced better qualified supervisors and analysts...it became the model for the SURTOPS program that was eventually adopted system-wide. We were finding targets on a real time basis, not through post analysis. Relations with COSL improved immensely, we even convinced them to cut back on the onerous post-analysis reporting requirements!

The success of the entire Command's efforts bore fruit in a few short months when we were confronted with one of the largest Soviet exercises ever conducted, Springex 77. We mobilized our best efforts and provided top quality, real-time information to our "consumers". Those of you who were there will never forget it; our performance during that time cannot be underestimated. It was a proud moment.

The changes instituted in 1976/1977, with OTCM George Widenor as chief architect, became a permanent part of the command environment that characterized Kef's premier status for the rest of its operational life. I was a beneficiary of this success later when I returned to Keflavik as CO (1986-1988). We simply followed the same recipe for success that had been developed earlier. It was a breeze. OTCM Widenor was gone; of course, he had long since retired from the Navy. But as I enjoyed my time as CO, it really felt like he was still there. After all, everything he had put in place was still followed. It was an honor to witness Master Chief Widenor receiving his award at the last IUSS reunion event. Any of us who worked with him know how truly deserved the award was.



The guys in the NAVFAC Keflavik Post Analysis division. IUSS 60th Reunion (September 2015 - 40 years later)

OPS Officer CDR John Curtis (2nd from left on bottom), OTCM Widenor (top left), and Analysis Officer CWO4 Dick Rentner (3rd from left top row). Others went on to make Chief, Senior Chief, Master Chief, Chief Warrant Officer or Limited Duty Officer following that tour (1976-78).

Left to right top – OTCM George Widenor, OTMC Barry Millard, CWO4 Dick Rentner, LT Randy Scott, OTAC Jim Wheeler and CWO3 John Pikow.

Left to right bottom – CAPT Jim Donovan, CDR John Curtis, CWO3 Sandy Sanborn and OTCM Dave Williams.

Also present at the reunion were OTACS Nick McConnell and CWO2 Mike Christy.

IUSS Short Stories

Base at Keflavik, Iceland

By John Cassidy, OTAC, USN (Ret)

In September 2015, news media reported U.S. government officials have expressed a desire to reopen aspects of the NATO base of Keflavik Naval Air Station, to cope with increasing Russian military activity around Iceland. "The Russians have long done transit flights where they pass close by Iceland and they've recently made several circumnavigation flights, flying completely around the island nation." As a result, Iceland is interested in increasing military cooperation. The US Deputy Secretary of Defense Bob Work did visit the former US military air base at Keflavik, which is still maintained by Iceland even though the last US forces left in 2006.

The US has had, and maintains, a long relationship with Iceland, and by treaty since 1951 continues to be responsible for the defense of the country. Iceland does not maintain any military, but the country's coast guard fulfills most military missions. The responsibility for maintaining Keflavik as a military installation does fall on the Icelandic coast guard. Senior Commander Jón Guðnason, commander of the airbase, stated, "We have continued to maintain this base."

The hangar built there to support P-3s is still there and could be modified to support the more modern US Navy P-8A Poseidon maritime surveillance and patrol aircraft.

This article caught my attention as I am married to an Icelander, Gudbjorg Pordis Baldursdottir, and we spend some time in Iceland each year. I used to be able to take "Space Available" travel when the base was active but Space "A" travel to Iceland ended early some time after 2000. It would be nice to use the Space "A" to go into Iceland again.

My first introduction to Iceland took place at Naval Facility Keflavik. The NAVFAC was commissioned March 1, 1966, and was closed after 30 years of service on December 30, 1996. I was stationed there in 1969 and 1970. At that time we were not very much wanted off the base as the Icelanders wanted to keep their culture pure. We were heavily restricted and passes were required if, for instance, you wanted to go dancing in Reykjavik's Loftleidir Hotel. We also had a curfew at 2200 on weekends and midnight on Wednesdays. Thor's Cafe was one of the main places to go in "Rinky Dink", our name for

the capital city of Reykjavik. On Wednesdays there was no TV in town and no TV for the month of August because of holidays. No one can forget the smell of the dry fish on the drying racks all over the town of Keflavik. Nor will we forget the Northern Lights on those cold, windy winter days when the skies were clear of snow. "Those were the days my friend, we thought they'd never end" as the song goes. Nothing is forever although memories do trickle back and bring a smile to our faces as we recall such places.

My US Navy career ended at NOPF Dam Neck, Virginia Beach, VA after 20 years of service. This did not end my connection to Iceland and its people though. I was fortunate to continue in the IUSS system by being the first OT hired for the SURTASS system as a ship rider when RCA was awarded the contract in 1982. I stayed with SURTASS until 1995.

During that time I was trained in the data processing and navigation paths but also helped maintain some communications equipment. I took missions on USNS STALWART, USNS BOLD, USNS VINDICATOR, USNS PREVAIL, and the SWATH USNS LOYAL. I was also a member of the field support team for several years.

During my time with SURTASS our Company was awarded the contract to maintain the VAX 11 780 computers at the NAVFACs and I volunteered to go back to the NAVFAC at Keflavik. I was there in 1987 and 1988 as the civilian Technical Representative. It was during this time that I met my wife, Gudbjorg. I called her Pippi, as her actual name was hard for me to pronounce.

Things have changed in Iceland. The NATO Base closed in 2006. I was working for General Dynamics at that time and removed the last of the communications equipment from the OPCON in October 2006. At that time all the US personnel had departed. The drying racks in Keflavik and the familiar smell are gone. The familiar dirt road to Reykjavik is now a lighted four-lane road.

The beautiful country and the amazing Icelandic people have not changed that much at all. Iceland has now become one of the most popular tourist destinations.

The “Save The Sackville” Competition NAVFAC Argentina 1985

By Peter N. Devana, Major, CF, (Ret)

Not many realize the contributions NAVFAC Argentina had in “Saving the Sackville” in the spring of 1985.

The HMCS SACKVILLE, K181, a Canadian Naval Memorial, is in fact the ‘Soul’ of the Canadian Navy. That ‘Soul’ was shaped and imparted to Sackville and to the Navy by the leadership, spirit and actions of men like Lieutenant Commander Alan H. Easton, RCNR, her very successful early captain, and the ship’s companies that they led. HMCS SACKVILLE is the last of Canada’s 123 corvettes, one of many convoy escort vessels built in Canada and the United Kingdom during WW II. She is Canada’s oldest fighting warship and has been our official Naval Memorial since 1985. It is very appropriate that the ship is in Halifax, Nova Scotia, as this “East Coast Port” was an important assembly point and destination for convoys during the “Battle of the Atlantic”.

Being a co-manned facility, NAVFAC Argentina had both Canadian and US Servicemembers on this Base in Newfoundland. One day, I, as the Commander of the Canadians and also the Operations Officer of the Facility, received a message from my Canadian HQ (Maritime Forces Atlantic) challenging all Maritime Units to run competitions to fund raise for the restoration of the last Corvette of WW2 and the “Battle of the Atlantic.” There would be a commemorative plaque awarded to the winner and subsequently mounted on the ship. I thought this would be great fun for my Department (Operations) and brought the idea up as a challenge to all the NAVFAC Argentina Departments at the next Department Head meeting. We would have a Command competition and a Command prize for the winner. Everyone was on board immediately and for the next month we all fund raised full force.

Operations made all its money selling donuts & coffee prior to all watch changes 24/7 and did those donuts and coffees fly out!!! As the Canadian Commander I had a regular daily run to St Johns for administrative reasons and on the way back we got free “day olds” from Tim Horton’s and this went on for a month. After the first few days we had to do two runs daily just to keep up with the demand. The Tim Horton’s outlet got involved and were caught up in the competition as we were and brought in extra “day olds” just to meet our needs! Tim Horton’s, for those that don’t know, is the most famous donut outlet in Canada and was named after its founder Tim Horton who was a famous Canadian NHL hockey player of the 1950s.

It was a fierce competition by all the Command’s Departments. However, in the end, Operations won our “on board” facility award over Administration by a small margin.

When the Maritime Command competition ended, NAVFAC Argentina, as a co-manned facility, won the overall Maritime Command competition beating out all Maritime Command Atlantic units and facilities and we were invited to Halifax to get the plaque honoring our achievement. If anyone visits Halifax I encourage all to visit the Sackville Memorial and you will see “OUR” Plaque displayed proudly on board the ship. It was a very proud moment for our Command and enhanced morale considerably.

In addition, that year NAVFAC Argentina, and our OPS Department, won the coveted Battle E award for the Atlantic for the second year running.

Just shows what good fun, great morale, combined with dedication to duty and expertise can achieve. I was very, very, proud of my Department and all my great staff both American and Canadian.

It was a job well done by the entire Command. It was truly “OUR” achievement.

"A" School, Key West, Florida Summer 1969

By Greg Dyer, OTA1, USN (Ret)

I arrived at the Fleet Sonar School in Key West, Florida, with orders to attend the Sonar school. Yes, I was on my way to becoming a “ping jockey” on one of those long, lean, grey things out of Newport, Rhode Island.

That wasn’t my plan when I joined up. I wanted to be a postal clerk (good work experience for working for the post office after my 4 years). However, the Navy in its infinite wisdom, and armed with the results of a baffling (to me) series of tests, had determined I was best suited to be a sonarman.

As I was walking down the hall after checking in, an office door opened, and a short rather pudgy (this was before the days of PT) Chief looked at me and said “You’re Dyer, right? Get in here!” I did what anyone in my place would have done, that is say “YES SIR” and snapped to attention.

I knew I was in trouble. I may only have graduated boot camp 3 weeks ago, but I knew that having a Chief know my name was bad, and having one want to talk to me alone behind closed doors had to be VERY bad!

The Chief replied with the standard “Don’t call me SIR, I work for a living.” He then said, “You’re supposed to be going to sonar school to become an STG, right?” And to my reply of “Yes Sir” I got another reminder that Chiefs

work for a living. He then asked me “How would you like to go to a different rating, one that is all shore duty?” He then added that he couldn’t tell me any more about it than that, but if I agreed I’d be placed on the waiting list for the next class “behind the green door” where everything would be revealed.

It took me all of 5 seconds to decide that shore duty was preferable to bouncing around on a destroyer, and I told him “Yes Sir” (some kids never learn!). He then told me it would mean having to wait several weeks before the next class started.

What a great day! I managed to get out of being a sonarman, and got a couple of extra weeks in Key West! I couldn’t wait to get to the beach and start working on my tan! Boy, was I naive!

Students waiting for classes had to do all sorts of duties including mess cooking, gate watch, and barracks cleaning. On top of which, the beach was off limits to students, and to go off base, you had to be in Whites (never much fun in 90% humidity) AND get inspected by the Marines at the gate before you could go into town. The marines really enjoyed those gate inspections, and were really picky of us swabbies. One of their favorite tricks was to check how many cigarettes you were taking into town. You were allowed one open and one full pack. No more. If you had more than that they had a big trashcan there that you had to throw your extras in...which they would then retrieve after you’d left. You earned their undying hatred if you stood there and broke each cigarette as you threw them in!

Once out in town you quickly discovered that your \$42 a payday didn’t go very far, and that the locals didn’t really like you much! I remember sitting in a restaurant on the main street waiting to be served. I was the only customer, and the waitress did a good job of ignoring me. After about 30 minutes, I asked her if she would bring me a menu. She told me “We don’t serve sailors in here.” On my way out I managed to tip over every saltshaker on every table.

This was going to be tough!

Off Base Contraband?

By Lorren Jackson, OTCM, USN (Ret)

Back in the day, E-4s with under 4 years of service were considered “non-career designated.” They were ineligible for many benefits, particularly when assigned overseas, such as at Keflavik, Iceland. The worst restriction? We were “unsponsored” - not allowed to take commissary or Exchange items off base. It must be explained that in Iceland, anyone could go “onto” the base, but to leave the base required going through “customs.” In order to survive, we had to be very creative. Here are some unique actions a young family, living on the local economy, had to take just to survive. Some of you may relate.

Before any “operation,” we’d check to see if a certain (civilian) gate guard was on duty. There was one we all tried to avoid. Time dims the memory, but I believe his name was “Sloni.” Older, wiser hands said he had mirrors taped to his boot toes so he could look under your car rocker panels for contraband, such as a can of soup. Because of his demeanor, Sloni was alleged to be a former Gestapo agent who escaped the Allied dragnet.

You may recall the old foul-weather jackets of those days. They were olive drab of course, and had an inner liner. We discovered that a pound of bacon would fit discreetly between the outer shell and the liner. That’s how we got part of our breakfast. The same jackets could hold a pack of cigarettes in the sleeve, as long as the elastic cuff was still snug.

We discovered that a Turkey or a ham would fit between the back seat of the car and the trunk space. That’s how we transported our Thanksgiving dinner and our Christmas feast.

A car has a lot of nooks and crannies that could hide a canned item or two, but they had to be secured! I suppose it was our equivalent to the clinking of dog tags in a battle zone. Nothing worse than a rolling tin can, as you seagoing types can attest.

There was something called a “picnic privilege.” By filling out the proper forms, even an “unsponsored” family could take a small amount of goods off base as long as it was going to be used on a picnic and it wasn’t raw meat. I think we could take off beer/wine as well. We had a lot of “picnics,” even in the middle of those &#%!@?! winters.

In retrospect, I suspect many gate guards knew we were just families trying to get by. We weren’t smuggling contraband for profit and I think they looked the other way on such transgressions.

All this happened nearly a half-century ago, but we look back fondly on that adventure.

Boot Ensign; NAVFAC Ramey 1960 – 1962

By Tom Wirkutis, ETN2, USN

I served as an ETN2 at NAVFAC Ramey AFB, Puerto Rico back in 1960 – 1962 and have many fond memories of my experiences operating with SOSUS personnel and also communicating with the Cape Canaveral Missile Range staff.

Back in the early 60s there was an upgrade to the Facility in the form of adding a large, underground diesel fuel storage tank. This necessitated excavation of a large pit near the WECO Electronic Equipment Quonset Hut and pouring a concrete floor and sides for the pit. For whatever reason, delivery of the fuel tank was delayed, so the open concrete pit remained uncovered.

At roughly the same time, a new, fresh out of OCS Ensign was assigned to the NAVFAC as one of the alternating Console Room Officers. The young Ensign was

not exactly appreciated by the Sonarmen Staff because he brought with him some annoying habits, one being forcing all the white-hats to listen to his taste in music on Armed Forces Radio during their entire watch. The Ensign's preference was heavy classical which, after a while, made some of the Sailors a little "nervous." The Ensign's other habit was to prowl about the Facility late at night to try to catch some hapless sailor in any kind of transgression. During one of these particularly dark night site walks, the unfortunate Ensign tripped and fell into the concrete tank pit and knocked himself unconscious. He was stuck in the pit for a couple hours before the site Gate Guard found him and provided extraction assistance.

The next day, the pit was decorated with a hand-written sign that said; "NO TRESPASSING – OFFICERS' COUNTRY." That Ensign tried for weeks to find out who had posted that sign, but he never did.

“OUR BOOK” Excerpts

by Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret)

1962 NAVFAC SAN SAL – A “FLASH” TO REMEMBER

There it was: a knee start–abrupt stop–short duration–single beam–hot beam–expected part of the spectrum–long range–etc., and it repeated over and over again. What more could we want. We had to “FLASH” it. We received negatives from the adjacent NAVFACS, which meant we were on our own. We continued to report this “FLASH” for about two days with its identical in and out pattern and duration. We stirred up a lot of interest and attention for San Sal.

Then it happened: the paper on the SDR (Sonar Data Recorder) was running out and had to be changed. In the course of changing the paper it was a requirement to also clean the roller. That is when we saw it: an eyelash on the roller. It was the exact length, in and out duration, as our “Target Of Interest”. Yes, we had been FLASH-ing an eyelash stuck on the rotating roller. Our outgoing “downgrade” message was rather embarrassing.

1963-65 PROJECT HARP - BARBADOS, W.I.

It was no secret when the HARP (High Altitude Research Project) large gun was fired in Barbados. We could hear it from all over the island. On the twentieth of January 1963 the big gun roared for the first time as it fired its first test shot into the clear blue sky. With a cloud of flames and smoke, a 315 kg (695 lbs.) test slug was hurtled into the air. This incredible 16-inch gun weighed 100 tons and initially measured 120 feet long. It was later extended to 176 feet long. This was the first time in history that a gun of this caliber had been fired at an angle of near vertical. Project HARP was officially publicized as a means to develop an alternative method to launch payloads into space (instead of using rockets).

In June of 1967 HARP was dead. The program was cancelled before the objective of “gun launch to orbit” was attained.

Read an account of Canada’s 1960s project to launch satellites from a 16-inch gun at: <http://www.astronautix.com/articles/abroject.htm>

Also watch the video at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m-6B6pj5aYo>



Firing the HARP 16 inch gun

1972 -73 COSL "OIL FILLED - IRON FILING" CONTINUOUS LOOP REUSABLE LOFARGRAM PAPER EXPERIMENT

An experiment to save money on Timefax paper was presented to COSL for evaluation. Instead of burning the paper, the electrical current from the styli caused the iron filings to become magnetized and "bunch-up" where a normal "line" would be. Get the picture? Then, hours later, the continuous loop paper passed a degaussing device where the filings were demagnetized and scrambled for reuse. They said they could make the continuous loop of a length to cover a 24-hour period.

What they didn't have answers for were: How do we save grams, we normally cut the paper and send segments to CNO; how do we preserve a signature library; how do we process data packages; etc. How could we do all this with this Continuous Loop System? They had no answer. If it tears, then what happens? Answer: oil and filing pour out. They were not doing so well at this point. The kiss of death came when I went to write a target number on the gram with a ballpoint pen. All the filings jumped to where my pen point was and the signature disappeared.

The Commodore, CAPT Charles E. Woods, looked at me and asked, "what do you think Master Chief?" I told him exactly what I thought. Then he told them to leave and take their device with them. They never came back and we kept the Timefax paper for another 20- plus years.

CIRCA 1972 - COMOCEANSYSLANT OT1 WILLIAM ("BILL") TILLEY "ONE-ON-ONE" WITH THE ADMIRAL

It was during a mid watch of high tempo operations that CINCLANTFLT, Admiral Ralph W. Cousins, decided to stop in on the COSL Main Evaluation Center, unannounced, and have a first-hand look at what is being reported to him. Bill Tilley was at the ECDAPS 3100 (light pen and all) doing what Bill did best. He was "on watch" and doing his magic like only Bill could do. The Admiral instructed the Watch Officer not to call our Commodore at this hour and that he would be fine working with Bill.

Bill invited the Admiral to sit next to him for some "SOSUS 101" training. They spent hours there as Bill worked the Admiral through the process of evaluation, localization, reporting, etc. The Admiral was still there in the morning when the Commodore came in. Bill Tilley was truly an expert and he was highly respected by all who knew him.

Ed Haney said it best at Bill's funeral; "When (if) we get to the big NAVFAC in heaven, Bill Tilley will be there, and he will have the best trained watch section that you can imagine, and he will make all of us re-qualify."

Bill was my friend. May he and his wife rest in peace.



Liberty Call

Grand Turk - 1961 – 1962 Life And Liberty And The Pursuit Of The Jezamonster

By Nick VanHerpen, OTCM, USN (Ret)

Grand Turk was touted as a friendly tropical island that included 1500 "picturesque" natives. It was a very liberal interpretation of picturesque. The main village was Cockburn Town and as you skirted the edge of town, the "fragrance" of the drying salt flats assailed one's nostrils. These flats provided employment for many of the islanders. On the "liberty" truck ride from the base to town, there was a surprising occasional "rumble-strip feeling" caused by the cattle guards that kept the donkeys and cattle from invading the populated areas.

Did someone say liberty???? It is the only place that I ever actually heard an XO say, "No more liberty till morale improves." His name was LT Lou Torres (LDO ex-SO1). He spent a lot of his liberty time playing poker in the enlisted barracks.

Liberty was the same for both married and single. There were exceptions when one could prove that there was a "safe place" (shack up) in town to stay. This had to be "approved" (wink-wink) by a department head or the XO. We did actually have what was called liberty. Some people, those that had actually spent some time overseas aboard a ship, would remember it as "Cinderella Liberty" since it was usually terminated at Midnight every day of the week. At Midnight, the 2½-ton "liberty" stake truck would pick up those that did venture off base at the usual location, a bar called "El Tropicale." It was always a fun time trying to get the really drunk ones up into the bed of the truck.

Ah yes, the El Tropicale. Bottled beer (we called them "greenies") and some nightly "entertainment?" The first thing one learned was to NEVER leave the mouth of the beer bottle uncovered ("Not to worry, mon"). Even a ten- second mistake guaranteed that a half-dozen flies would find a home in your bottle. Disregard your beer for longer by being distracted, and it disappeared. Of course, then you just had to buy another ("nuh"). Then there were the gastronomic delights from Mazie, who ran a street-side "snack bar." There was always some Cow Foot soup, Conch fritters, or Conch Stew. Remember, "Conch ain't got no bone."

For those who didn't venture into town for an evening of fun and games, one might cross the fence by the T-Building, go across the road, and sit at the base of the lighthouse with a bottle or two of some beer. Occasionally, there might be a surprise local visitor, who would have walked from town and

would gladly share your beverage with you. No Cinderella liberty at the lighthouse!

However, with some exceptions mentioned above there was no overnight liberty. Occasionally, one might strike up an acquaintance with a PANAM rep, and their club offered some variety over our base beer hall.

For those newly arriving on Grand Turk, you were informed that your first opportunity to get off the island was after 90 days. This might be either leave or liberty. Then, if you were lucky enough to get a seat on the Rangeline, often a C-54 with paratrooper jump seats, you had the chance to either go to Patrick Air Force Base or San Juan for a weekend liberty. Rumor was that a fifth of some sort of liquid could get you extended at PAFB till the next flight, which meant several more days of liberty. After the first off-island liberty, you then had the opportunity to leave every 6 weeks for a weekend.

The barracks were NOT air-conditioned and they were open-bay with 2-4 men to a cubicle. I'm sure some studied for advancement; I know I did. Lots of the crew learned to play poker, cribbage, pinochle, and acey deucey, and other assorted games. There were always some real boisterous Hearts games. Someone always got stuck with the "BITCH", the queen of spades.

Most recreation was snorkeling, sailing, beach-combing, shelling, drinking, and swimming in our freshwater pool. The pool was fresh water till we ran short of fresh water and then it was drained and refilled with salt water. Of course when the base water supply was really low, we went on water hours. Just think, the water that you swam in yesterday, you're drinking today.

We had every other day off from standing watches in the T-building. The Watch rotation was 6 on, 6 off, 6 on, and 24 off, 6 on, 6 off, 6 on, and 36 off. Interesting rotation. There was also a break at 9:30 every weekday morning called soup break. I think most people really liked that. If you were on watch someone would go up and get a bucket-full of soup and a thermos of cold lemonade.

The days passed at varying rates of speed. Strangely enough, some men actually extended for a second tour, so, it couldn't have been that bad.

Liberty at NAVFAC Pt. Sur in the 1970s

By Michael K. Hein, Ex-OT2, USN

Although NAVFAC Pt. Sur is semi-remotely located on the California coast south of Carmel, it was a gateway for me to the rest of California during our three days off between watch strings. Soon after arriving on base, I realized that to get anywhere (besides out the back gate to see the Monarch butterfly migrations in the woods) would require a vehicle of some sort. So I bought my first car, a new 1971 Volkswagen squareback for about \$2600, from the VW dealer in Seaside, CA. I was set! Let the adventures begin!

Almost every “liberty” between watch strings I was out the front gate to explore another part of California. During my two years at Pt. Sur I traveled to most of the state and national parks from one end of the state to the other. At first I started out more locally seeing Point Lobos State Park, Carmel Mission, 17-mile drive, and Pfeiffer Big Sur-, Pfeiffer Beach-, Limekiln Beach-, and Julia Pfeiffer Burns State Parks. Then I started getting braver and expanded my travels to Pinnacles, Yosemite (six trips), Death Valley, Joshua Tree, Sequoia, Kings Canyon, Devils Postpile, Cabrillo, Redwood, Lassen Volcanic, and Lava Beds national parks and monuments. I also saw McArthur-Burney Falls, Mt. San Jacinto Wilderness, Bodie, and Hearst San Simeon state parks and even Forestiere Underground Gardens. Finally I got so brave that I made it to Crater Lake National Park in Oregon! Somehow I always made it back before my next watch so I didn’t get in trouble with our CO - LCDR Ed Dalrymple! (Ed – aren’t you glad you didn’t know where I went so you didn’t worry?)

Events along the way? You bet! I got my first warning from a California highway patrolman on my first trip to Yosemite. Ascending the mountain road into the park ahead of me was a little old couple doing about 15 mph in a 50 mph zone. I decided to pass them on a clear stretch; not realizing my 4-cylinder VW engine didn’t have the pickup of cars with larger engines on mountain roads. It took a little longer to pass than I thought it would but luckily the patrolman let me off with a verbal warning for driving on the wrong side of the road. (Even if I was back in my lane before he got to me from the opposite direction)

During one of the trips to Death Valley I was expecting to see lot of desert and sand. Instead the whole valley floor was covered in wildflowers! The valley had received more rain in the previous two weeks than in the previous five years total! I spent the night parked at a valley overlook in the mountains on the east side of the park, in a sleeping bag in the back of my squareback (remember, this was back in the 1970s). I awoke the next morning to see an inch of snow on the ground around me and on top of my car!

Sometime during the two years at Pt. Sur I defaced government property by putting photos and a map up on my barracks wall showing all the places I went. Reflecting back

on it now, maybe that is why our room always passed barracks inspections. The inspectors were too busy looking at the photos to notice any mess in the room! I can’t remember if I ever took them down when I left for Adak or not!



Barracks wall with map and photos

Liberty in Pacific Beach, Washington 1961-1962

By George Widenor, OTCM, USN (Ret)

This is a story about how a small rural community in the rugged Pacific Northwest welcomed a generation of sailors in the early 1960's. Milton Fontenot and I arrived at NAVFAC Pacific Beach in the spring of 1961. The day we arrived, the command was celebrating the third anniversary of its commissioning, and it was noted by some “old-timers” at the command that in the 36 months since commissioning, there had been exactly 36 vehicles “totaled” on the 30 mile stretch of twisting 2-lane highway connecting the Naval Facility to the towns of Aberdeen and Hoquiam. The good news is that there had been no fatalities.

Although the “lure of the big towns” of Aberdeen and Hoquiam continued to draw a steady stream to various nightspots, there was no shortage of local distractions within minutes of the base. From fishing in local rivers and streams to clamming on the beach, or camping in nearby parks, outdoor recreation was plentiful. In addition, the sailors were warmly welcomed by the local residents and merchants in the small seaside town of Pacific Beach. Against a backdrop of overcast skies, near constant rain and evergreen forests, this friendly town was within a few minutes walk of the main gate, which made it easy to get around without a car. At the beginning of the “main drag” was the Lighthouse bar and restaurant. Popular with tourists, the Lighthouse was also a great place to get that late night snack on the way back to base. Burgers and fries were the popular choice of course. Heading further into town, Millie’s Laundry was on the left,

and the Surf House bar on the right. The Surf House had a small but steady stream of base patrons, although most of the younger enlisted did not spend a lot of time there. Millie's Laundry was very popular among the majority of single sailors. She would do "wash & rough dry" for 25 cents a pound, and also did ironing for an extra charge. You could drop your laundry off, and then pick it up on your way back to the base. Millie was always good for a quick \$5 or \$10 loan. She, like other vendors on the main drag, knew all the sailors by their first names, and kept a "tab" for them. Payday was when the towns' business owners would actually see cash for their wares.

Next on the right was Bob's Texaco. Now Bob was a real friend to base personnel. He was one of those honest and capable small town mechanics that you hear stories about. Bob would drop what he was doing to check out your problem, and if you needed a wiper blade, a bulb replacement, or some sort of adjustment, he would get right on it, and you would soon be on your way. Of course everyone had their "tab" with Bob also, and usually it was just a quick fill-up, and off you go.

Kelly's amusement Center was on the left, an enormous two story building with only the bottom floor for public use. There was a long lunch counter on the left side of the huge room, with pinball machines along the right. Being introduced to Kelly might just as well have been on the base "check-in sheet", because it seemed to be an unspoken requirement to meet Kelly. A warm and friendly sort, it wouldn't be long before he knew your favorite food choice, and how you liked to have it served up. A brief wave as you entered, and Kelly would swirl around to the grill and get it started. If you didn't want to eat, you had better tell him, because he would assume that you did. Your burgers (best in town) and fries would be served up "exactly" the way you liked. Add that cherry-coke and you had the full meal, and of course it automatically went on your tab.

Just past Kelly's on the right side of the street was the Spot Tavern. Every town has a "favorite watering hole" and, in Pacific Beach, the Spot was the place. Norm and Millie Vick owned and ran the Spot, and they lived in a house behind their tavern. You never "rocked the juke box" without first rolling dice with the bartender to see if the house would spring for the tunes. It was three songs for a quarter or seven for a half dollar and the jukebox never seemed to stop. Draft beer was 15 cents a glass, and pitchers were 65 cents. The pickled polish sausage and boiled eggs were always on the bar and very popular. Washington State authorized "punch boards" for casual gambling, and there were always a few boards on the bar. The shuffleboard was in constant use, and the dance floor in the rear got a lot of use on Friday and Saturday nights. Come payday, you would "discover" how much enjoyment you had at the Spot, because of course, they kept a tab.

Next on the right was the favorite eatery in town, Babe's restaurant. It was the place to eat, hang out, play the jukebox, play pinball, and hang out some more. If you needed that extra \$5 or \$10 to make it to payday, this was another place to get it.

No interest - just add it to the tab. Need money for the pinball? Add that to the tab as well.

On payday came that stroll down Main Street. Millie was always first to visit, since clean clothes were a priority. If someone was going to have to be skipped, it would not be Millie. The "rules" were clearly understood, keep your tabs clear, and you never needed to have money in your pocket to have good liberty in Pacific Beach.

The beach was also within walking distance and many a night following an eve watch, there would be a gathering around a beach fire. Cases of Olympia or Carling Black Label would be purchased at the Spot on the way to the beach. If the tide was right, razor clams could be dug, with the limit in those days being 18 per person per trip off the beach. On more than one occasion, I remember Norm and Millie Vick opening their home to a handful of "happy" sailors at 2:00AM to clean and fry up a mess of razor clams.

Norm and Millie were special people, as were all the locals, which made for great liberty in this small town called Pacific Beach.

Liberty at San Nicolas Island – New Years 1962

By Irv DeMatties, OTCM, USN (Ret)

Myself and three other guys were on a "96" hour liberty, Saturday to Tuesday, from NAVFAC San Nicolas Island for the New Year's weekend of 1962. We had plans to really do it up right by getting a rental car and drive to Pasadena for the Rose Parade and the Rose Bowl game. Since I was the only one over the age of 21, I signed for the car. That rental car turned out not to be the best idea we ever had.

We picked out a brand spanking new 1962 white Chevy Impala convertible with a red interior, and drove from Ventura, CA, to Pasadena on Saturday afternoon. Arriving there we found that parking was a problem, but received permission from the owner of a gas station to park the Chevy on his property. He assured us it would be perfectly safe for the weekend. We took turns in the gas station men's room, changing into our civilian suits to make a good impression with the ladies we hoped to meet, and then "hit the town" looking for chicks. That Saturday and Sunday were filled with hours of "bar hopping" that remain pretty much a blur in my memory as we gave a whole new meaning to the "drunken sailor" perception.

Much to our surprise, in order to get prime viewing spots for the parade, people had actually started camping out on the

streets of Pasadena on Saturday in preparation for the Rose Parade to be held on Monday, January first. After the parade, we made our way to the Rose Bowl and watched the Minnesota Gophers beat the pants off the UCLA Bruins (21-3).

When the game was over we headed back to the gas station, but our car was nowhere in sight! At first we thought we might be at the wrong gas station, but after an hour of searching we gave up and caught a bus to Oxnard. I was sweating bullets all the way back, since I was on the hook for the car. I believe it was a Hertz rental car and trying to explain how we managed to "lose" their car was not the easiest thing I ever had to do. Bottom line, after a bunch of paperwork, they let us go and I never heard from them again.



We made it back to SNI the next day and that is one liberty that I can honestly say I'm glad it was over. Needless to say, this was not the proudest moment of my Navy career. I will always remember that white Impala, with its red interior, as one of the nicest cars I ever drove, and despite the misfortune of its loss, remains one of my favorite cars of all time.

The following spring, as the four of us had also been stationed at Pacific Beach prior to our SNI tour, together we drove to Pacific Beach for its anniversary celebration, but this time not in a rental car.

Ramey Puerto Rico 1967 - 69

By Ron Doke, Ex-RM3, USN

There was always something to do while stationed at NAVFAC Ramey, because Ramey Air Force Base was so huge. However, there were many other options available off base too, such as "rum-shacking", partaking of the drink at the local bars. The "Crazy Cricket" was a favorite rum shack for many of us. There were also day trips to Aguadilla, just south of Ramey, where the young boys in town would run along beside you while you were walking in the town square, and try to polish your shoes for a few cents. That is if you weren't wearing sandals, which was usually the uniform of the day for footwear when not on duty.

One time on an 80-hour liberty, a Seaman in my Communications duty section and I decided to go to St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, which was about a 40-minute flight from San Juan. The airline we flew on was called PRINAIR, which stood for "Puerto Rico International Airlines" and they flew to several of the islands close by and to other towns on the island of Puerto Rico. The planes were small twin-engine turboprops and held about 16 passengers. On our flight leaving San Juan, after everyone was aboard and belted in, the copilot started to get into his seat. Then he remembered that he had forgotten to give the safety speech you hear on any plane before takeoff. So, he stood back up, turned to the passengers and said: "I'm supposed to give you this safety speech, but we not going to crash". Those were his exact words! Then he turned back around, got into his seat, and pulled the curtain across the doorway to the cockpit. Then we taxied out and took off.

The rest of the trip to St. Thomas was very enjoyable, and our return flight to San Juan was uneventful, but I will never forget that "safety speech" given by the copilot!



"We not going to crash"

Assignment Keflavik 1975 - 1977

by Dick Rentner, CWO4, USN (Ret)

Completing a fantastic four and a half year tour at COMOCEANSYSLANT in Norfolk, VA, I was looking forward to my next duty station as a CWO3 at NAVFAC Keflavik, Iceland. It was a typical spring morning in May 1975 when I said goodbye to my wife and four children. They would be coming to join me in Iceland the following August. I boarded a contract commercial airline plane at Norfolk Naval Air Station but, unlike half of my fellow passengers, I knew what to expect at the other end of the journey. I had been dispatched to Iceland several months prior for a week of data gathering along with OT1 Phil Shanley. We accomplished a successful several days of work and then spent some time in a rental Volkswagen Beetle sightseeing around the area. It was a great visit, but this time my journey would be for over two years.

Completing the usual reporting in procedures I headed out to the NAVFAC, where the Commanding Officer, CDR Jerry Fogle, welcomed me and assigned me as the Analysis Officer, commonly called the QA Officer. I immediately went to work getting to know the Watch Officers I would be working with: ENS Scott Clausen, ENS Pam Rantz, ENS Cheryl Zenewich, ENS Susan Bulfinch, and others. I met the Chiefs like Frank Harwood, Barry Millard, Stan Carmin, and Bill Gessner, to name a few. I also got to know those very important people, the mat-pounders, like Billy Howard, Frank Gendusa, Fred Hurban, Don Krause, Tony Martucci, and all those who analyzed and documented the grams. In the QA Shop there were also the hardworking OTs like Randy Scott, Bob Wisdom, Rick Hoffman, and Mike Christy, to name a few who did the dirty-paper work unrolling and hanging up the previous day's grams everyday, day-in and day-out, looking for missed contacts and smoothing out the tracks. I couldn't have asked for a better crew. Later on the CO gave me the additional assignment as Research Division Officer, which meant that all the OTs, except those in the Maintenance Division, were now my responsibility. I would have preferred to remain exclusively the QA Division Officer and concentrate on that function, but it was not for me to say, and I appreciated the trust placed in me.

The NAVFAC was about 3 miles away from the Main Base where the barracks and housing areas were. Riding the bus back and forth to the NAVFAC was quite an experience. Underway, all one could see was "Navy Issue" parkas sprawled in the seats. Once the bus arrived

at the NAVFAC the dilapidated folding door would open, heads would emerge from the parkas, and the sailors would depart from the bus and slowly walk into the building, down the long passageway in single file and on to the Operations floor. No words would be spoken until they dispersed around the consoles to relieve the watch where very little discussion took place. It was all matter-of-fact and in all fairness, very professional. The off-going watch would then don their parkas one or two at a time and head out the door into the waiting bus where they would submerge into their parkas and to eventually return to the Main Base.



NAVFAC Wardroom "Dining-In" shortly after my arrival

Back in those days, I was still using a slide rule, or as commonly called a "slip-stick", to do my mathematical calculations. This was all before hand-held calculators were cheap enough for most sailors to purchase. Some of the sailors would keep their slip-stick in a back pocket and occasionally sit on it, which proved to be costly. Later that year the Navy finally issued small plastic circular slide rules that fit one's shirt pocket, but I had already broke down and bought the least expensive handheld calculator I could get at the Exchange for \$89.00. All it did was add-subtract-divide-multiply, but that was all I needed. On top of the high cost of the calculator, I had to replace the double-A batteries quite often.

A few weeks after arriving in Iceland, I received word that I should report to the transportation office for a ride to Reykjavik to pick up my car, which had come by ship from Norfolk. An Icelandic native drove four of us the 35 miles to Reykjavik and he never took the car out of second gear. I kept thinking he would notice, but

he never did and the engine just whined all the way. Arriving at the terminal I witnessed my brand new bright yellow 1975 Jeep Wagoneer come off the ship and get placed in a line of vehicles on shore. I stood there proudly while one Icelandic gentleman, with great difficulty, poured gas in my tank (gas tanks were drained before being loaded on the ship) from a beat-up can with a lot of it draining down the side of my vehicle. He kept cussing out the car's tank filler location and I never did understand his problem. A second man placed the oversized Iceland license plate on the back of the tailgate. He had to bend both ends of the plate to form to the small area on the car made for a US size license plate. A third man retrieved my hubcaps from inside the car and commenced to place them on my rims. He had a very difficult time getting the fourth one to stay on and cussed it out vehemently. Even without knowing a word of Icelandic, I could figure out what he was saying. Finally, turning his back to my beautiful new four-wheel drive vehicle, he kicked his heel through the center of the hubcap. Ten years later I still drove with one hubcap missing its center. After signing for the vehicle I headed back to Keflavik using a mimeographed hand-drawn map provided to each car owner, hoping that I would make it back to the base on the little bit of gas in my tank.



My bent-up Iceland license plate. All NATO personnel plates began with the letter "J".

A few months later, just prior to my family arriving, I arranged for temporary furniture for the housing I was assigned. I also decided to check out the accommodations before officially signing for the housing. As I entered the first floor I was very pleased to see that two men were painting the kitchen and dining room walls on the first floor. A couple plumbers were working on installing a new water heater located on the second floor landing. The place looked great and surely my family would be happy here. The plumbers finished up their work and one of them went outside to turn on the water to the house. Suddenly, water squirted out from the water heater connection drenching the newly painted walls and the painters below, producing all kinds of yelling and screaming. I discreetly decided to leave and come back in a few days to visit the second-floor bedrooms and bath.

My family finally arrived in August and we moved into the newly refurbished duplex with slightly used

government furniture. Our furnishings arrived weeks later after the children were settled in school. Getting used to the daylight hours was their immediate obstacle and then they hunkered down for the long winter ahead.

In the summer of 1976, I volunteered to be the NAVFAC slow-pitch softball Manager-Coach-Player. We didn't win many games but we had a great time at each game. If you showed up, I put you in to play. One week we made the headlines in the base newspaper with "NAVFAC Snags Upset 4-3 Win". It was described as a "12-inning Marathon". The article was short, but it started out with, "NAVFAC took a 1-0 lead in the fifth on hits by Dick Rentner and Gary Drinkwater". Further down it described that hits by NAVFAC's Ralph Speakman and Mike Comstock tied the game again in the eleventh. Then in the twelfth, hits by Allen Day, Allen Labott and Ralph Speakman ended the game in NAVFAC's favor. If I remember correctly, the winning pitcher was Stan Carmin with his "hi-rise" style pitch.

In the fall there were "flag" football games. I didn't play on a team but I did participate in the league by holding the yard marker. I shivered in the cold temperatures through the whole game, as OT1 Robin Hood, officiating some of the games, would tell me where to place the yard-marker after each play.

But things were not always fun and games. My wife is a great hostess and throughout our Navy life we quite often enjoyed inviting folks over for dinner, especially the single enlisted and officers during the holidays. When the Commodore, with the COSL Inspection Team, came to Keflavik, she had arranged a dinner for him, the CO and his wife, the XO and his wife, and several others. Late that afternoon, the second day of the inspection, the Commodore was reported missing and panic ensued. No one knew where he was and a widespread search of the base was initiated. With almost everyone making phone calls and searching the main base, I called my wife to let her know that her dinner might have to be delayed since the Commodore was missing. She laughingly told me that he had called her about 2pm and asked if he could come to the house early and was now taking a nap in my Living Room chair.

During our two-year tour in Iceland, I took my family on R&R flights to England, Germany, Spain and Scotland. Seeing Europe was a great experience that will never be forgotten. On our first R&R, a week in London, England, my family befriended a young OT who was traveling alone on his first R&R excursion. Touring London he became like a member of our family, staying very close to my 15 year-old daughter. I stayed close also.

On the Germany trip we brought sleeping bags and a tent with us and, in a rented Volkswagen bus, toured the country staying at campgrounds each night. When we reached Berchtesgaden, we decided to stay for a few nights at the US Armed Forces Recreation Center in the General Walker Hotel, which boasted “opulent accommodations and sweeping views of the Bavarian countryside and Alpine scenery”. While there we took a ride on a ski lift where I got the scare of a lifetime. My youngest son and I, sharing the two-seat lift, were about to start up the mountain when the seat suddenly came off the cable. The entire lift system came to a stop as we dangled for what seemed like hours, but was really only several minutes while the maintenance crew scrambled to re-attach the chair. My son enjoyed all the excitement along with the rest of my family.

On the trip to Spain we toured the country in our tiny rented car, a SEAT 127, with all four kids in the back seat and our luggage in the back “boot”. We went on a drive-thru Safari, had a tour of a bullfight stadium, and saw a lot of southern Spain countryside. We also discovered that 1977 was a politically charged year in Spain. In Seville we found ourselves in the middle of a labor strike/riot while riding a city bus and in the outskirts of town got chased by gun-wielding military men when I went to make a U-turn by using a deserted-looking driveway. Then back in Rota our children were escorted off the beach by the gardia and delivered to my wife and me, at our beachside hotel. We had no idea there was a curfew at sundown.

In addition to our four trips abroad, we were able to explore quite a bit of Iceland as well. Both my mother and my mother-in-law were able to make short (separate) trips to visit us, when we explored Geysir, the wonderful waterfall at Gullfoss, and many other spectacular natural sites of the Icelandic landscape. One day, as my family and I toured the Island north of Reykjavik, we came upon a cove in the coastline popularly known as Whale Bay, where we witnessed the stripping off of the blubber of a whale. Several men were peeling long strips of the thick layer of fat from the whale’s body. The sight and smell didn’t go over too well, so we didn’t stay long.



Camping on the way to Akureyri 240 miles north of Reykjavik via the “Ring Road”

Many people assigned to Keflavik often counted down the days until their departure. My family enjoyed every day we were there and in August of 1977, after over two years of being stationed at the NAVFAC in Iceland, I was transferred back to COMOCEANSYSLANT in Norfolk, which would provide me with another four and a half years of operational bliss.

Snapping Shrimp?

By Chuck Gagnon, LCDR, USN (Ret)

In the very early days of SOSUS, LOFARgrams were giant puzzles. What does a diesel engine look like on paper? What about an engine driven by gasoline? How does a diesel engine on a merchant vessel differ in appearance from those on submarines?

After many trials and with the assistance of engineers, signatures of those targets of interest were identified. Training programs were established and eventually a Navy "A" School was established in Key West, Florida. I had the pleasure of attending this school in 1971 before assignment to my first duty station at NAVFAC Bermuda.

During the winter of 1971-1972 I spent a lot of time on station Easy II. A few seasonal signatures appeared which we only knew as biologics. One signature created a strong, fuzzy band at 20 Hz, which we referred to as the "Jezmonster." Another biological signature created those "commas" around 19.5 Hz. I remember seeing commas, which were so close to Easy II that seven harmonics were presented on the gram.

About 20 years later, the Cold War ended and senior Navy leaders tasked the System with investigating alternative uses of SOSUS. One program was called Whales 93. As the QA Officer for NOPF Dam Neck the CO tasked me to assist some visiting experts and senior Navy Officers from DC. Their major tasks were to look at marine mammal detection and seismology. Dr. Christopher Clark, an expert in marine mammal acoustics, was eager to search the grams for signatures of mammals that rely on the aquatic environment for feeding. His earthquake counterpart, Dr. Clyde Nishimura was equally anxious to look for signatures of T-phases, the third principal seismic sound arrival after an underwater earthquake.

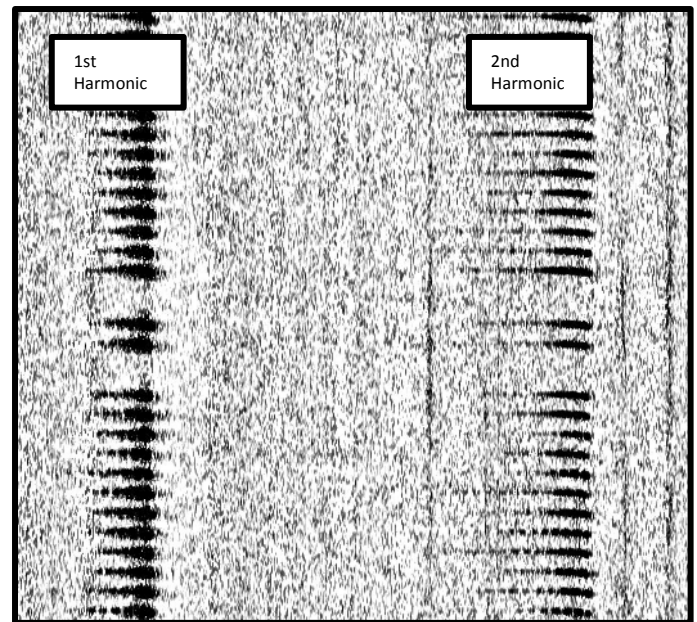
Over the next few days and during follow-on visits, the three of us learned a lot about our grams. On one memorable exchange, Chris asked about the source of the commas. I quickly stated what I remembered from A School 20 years earlier that those commas were from snapping shrimp. The three of us were standing there looking at the signature in question and Clyde asked me a question: "Chuck, how big do you think snapping shrimp would have to be to generate a signal near 20



It wasn't me!

Hz?" We laughed as I realized how stupid my statement was.

There were many rumors as to the source of the Jezmonster and the commas. Was the Jezmonster the natural resonance of the earth or perhaps the ocean waves slapping the shore? It was neither. Nor was it the myriad of other rumors as the source. It ended up being fin whales that emit a 20 Hz pulse about every 12 seconds. With many hundreds of these animals within detection range, the aggregate sound creates the Jezmonster. The source of the commas was discovered to be the largest animal ever to call planet earth home; the blue whale.



Signature of a close aboard Atlantic Blue Whale showing first and second harmonic

The mating pulses of these two ocean giants, the fin whale and the blue whale, get lower each year by a small amount. Those commas from the blue whale that we grew up with have gone from over 19 Hz in 1970 to 17 Hz now. Other marine mammals have also been identified. We have identified and regularly track humpbacks, minke, sei, Bryde's, and sperm whales. We've identified two different signatures of blue whales in the Pacific, Western and Eastern.

Clyde did find his T-phases. We found many thousands of them over the following months during Whales 93. One day I called him at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, DC and informed him that I thought in addition to T-phases, we were also detecting P-phases and S-phases (Primary and Secondary). He wasn't sure I was correct and drove down the next day. He confirmed my suspicion and I was quite proud of my discovery.

Over the last several years we've also identified lightning strikes, tracked hurricane eyewalls, identified hydrothermal venting, plotted low-pressure atmospheric systems, detected some fish species, and even identified the sound of sea urchins.

There are still many mysteries to solve regarding the sounds in the oceans. As our equipment and processing improves, so does our understanding of the ocean soundscape. I suspect we are on a never-ending path of discovery for ocean sound. I will never forget my quick response regarding the snapping shrimp and will always investigate the wide range of possibilities before opening my mouth as to the source of a particular signature.



Blue Whale

WECO Trip To Ascension Island

By Bill Lippard, WECO

I became involved in the SOSUS program in 1978 as a new employee with Western Electric (WECO). I started out riding cable ships doing acoustic surveys and later was involved in data collection and analysis for the Long-Term Noise program. I spent more time at sea during my first year with WECO than I had done in 4 years of service with the U.S. Coast Guard.

One of the most interesting and mysterious assignments I had was a sudden trip to Ascension Island in the South Atlantic about half way between South America and Africa. I had just returned from a six-week acoustic survey on the USNS NEPTUNE (T-ARC 2), a cable-laying and -repair ship, over Thanksgiving of 1980. Like many of the WECO Field Force ship riders, I was looking forward to using all of the vacation that I hadn't been able to take during the year due to the constant travel. Many of us took off most of December, as there were few operations planned for the end of the year.



Georgetown, the largest settlement (pop. 450) and seat of the British government on Ascension Island.

On my return to the Guilford Center in Greensboro, NC, my boss briefed me on my next assignment. I would get Christmas Eve and Christmas day at home, and then would be back in the field. We were to assemble a portable recording system, ship it to Ascension Island, and attach it to the hydrophone arrays that had been installed years before to monitor splashdown of missiles fired from Cape Canaveral during the early days of the space program. This was part of the Atlantic Missile Impact Locator System (MILS). Then we were to set a watch and ensure continuous recording of whatever

came in through the array until we were notified to secure.

John and I rented a Ryder truck and picked up a few pallets of equipment from the calibration lab in Burlington, NC, then drove to Cheatham Annex in Williamsburg, VA, to remove some additional gear that would be needed from the USNS MIZAR (T-AGOR 11), an oceanographic research vessel. Once this was done, we drove through the night to deliver the equipment to the Military Airlift Command office at Patrick AFB in Florida.

John turned in the rental truck and flew back to Greensboro while I stayed in Cocoa Beach for the next couple of days until the equipment was packed for air shipment and on its way to Ascension Island. Once our gear was in the air, I returned to Greensboro to spend Christmas with my family.

The day after Christmas, our team left for Ascension Island. The team consisted of Wilson (EIC), Everett, John, Rick, Mike, and me. We flew to Cocoa Beach and then presented ourselves at the MAC office at Patrick AFB. I had logged many air miles on commercial flights, but this was my first flight on a military cargo plane. There were several rows of what looked like normal airline seats at the back of the plane facing a huge pile of cargo held down with giant cargo nets. The Air Force stewards handed out earplugs prior to the engines being fired up.



The author (Bill - much thinner and with more hair) with John, and Rick on a hike to the top of Green Mountain, the highest point on Ascension Island at 2,818 feet.

For more information and photos at Green Mountain, see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Green_Mountain

We landed in Antigua for refueling and were transported to the mess hall for a meal, then back to the plane for the long leg of the flight. Many hours later, we landed on Ascension Island and were met by the resident RCA representative. RCA had the contract to operate and maintain the MILS equipment attached to the hydrophone arrays. He got us settled in our assigned quarters (a Quonset Hut) and then took us to the MILS building and showed us where we could set up our gear.



The MILS building on Southwest Bay. This is where we installed our monitoring system. At night the beach was populated with turtles laying their eggs.

We spent the next couple of days setting up the Sangamo Sabre 6 recorder and multiplexers and getting the system calibrated and attached to the host system. Once we got the word to start recording, we set round-the-clock watches until we were notified that the operation was over.

My grandfather passed away in mid-January and I was being pulled off to return home for his funeral. The rest of the team finished up the operation and returned to Greensboro a few weeks later.

We were never told why we were recording, but we did know that another WECO team had put a similar recording system on a "ship of opportunity" and sailed out of Recife, Brazil to record from the other side of the Atlantic.

Years later I heard that the Soviets had launched a new submarine and towed it through the Denmark Strait all the way to the South Atlantic before lighting it off, to prevent us from getting an acoustic signature of the new boat.* I'll never know for certain, but I hope that we foiled their plan!

***Editor's Note:** We are aware of no evidence to support this conjecture.

What If the Soviets Had Deployed Nuclear Submarines During the Cuban Missile Crisis; Bill Tilley to the Rescue

By Bruce Rule – GS (Ret)

Unsure, for good reason, of the operational reliability of their nuclear submarines, especially during deployments to areas as distant as the Western North Atlantic, Soviet Naval Authorities decided not to deploy these units during the October 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis.

But what if the Soviets had decided otherwise and deployed nuclear units in addition to the four FOXTROTs? How would SOSUS have performed?

The following conjecture assumes the deployment of four NOVEMBER Class SSNs, one to accompany each FOXTROT, at least upon arrival in the Western Atlantic. (Note: no ECHO-II Class SSGNs were operational in October 1962.)

It is probable the FOXTROTs would have deployed, as they did, about 1 October. To reduce the anticipated duration of their deployment, the NOVEMBERs would have deployed 7-10 days later to rendezvous with the FOXTROTs in the mid-North Atlantic. Transit speeds by the NOVEMBERs on the order of 20 knots would have been probable through the Norwegian Sea, the GIUK Gap and into the North Atlantic. (Sustained transit speeds as high as 24 knots had already been employed during a return of a NOVEMBER from Arctic operations.)

Based on the performance of NAVFAC Barbados against a NOVEMBER Class operating at speeds as high as 21-24 knots in 1962, at exceptionally long range, and additional detections against a NOVEMBER-class in 1965, it is probable that at least Barbados and possibly Antigua and Ramey would have detected several of the NOVEMBERs at very long ranges.

The “picture” could have been very confusing because of multiple blade-rate detections; however, based on the still very current memory of Bill Tilley’s classification of a Soviet nuclear submarine detected on Barbados’ array, the Evaluation Center (EC) – which agreed with the Barbados classification of a Soviet nuclear submarine -- would have “bitten the bullet” and called those detections valid. Not enough can be said about Tilley’s contribution even though – in the real world – it was not confirmed for two years. Tilley’s target would have been the “Rosetta Stone” in October 1962 had the Soviets deployed NOVEMBERs.

The most probable call by the Evaluation Center (EC), at least in the first several days after initial detection, would have been “multiple Soviet nuclear submarines.” Subsequent to rendezvous with the FOXTROTs, the speeds of the nuclear units would have been reduced to match the diesels. Target continuity would have been lost from the SOSUS perspective. By that time, collateral intelligence probably would have confirmed the presence of four NOVEMBERs.

It is conjectured that two NOVEMBERs would have transited into the Western Atlantic by passing north of Bermuda at relatively slow speeds intermittently detected by

SOSUS – as was the case with an ECHO-II in 1966 - while the other two would have continued southeast of Bermuda and then turned west to pass midway between Bermuda and Puerto Rico to arrive in the FOXTROT operating area coincident with the arrival of the two NOVEMBERs that passed north of Bermuda. The most easterly deployers would have employed speeds sufficient to provide SOSUS track continuity and confirmation that there were two units to the east.

By this time, the EC – swamped with telling messages – would have done what it had to do in 1965 when a NOVEMBER entered the Western Atlantic: report bearings only. It is probable that SOSUS positions in the areas west and southwest of Bermuda could have been accurate enough to vector P2V ASW surveillance aircraft to the NOVEMBERs which, dependent on frequent situation updates from Moscow via support broadcasts, would have come to periscope depth to copy those broadcasts and would have been sighted by aircraft. Counter-detecting the aircraft, they would then have dived and used high speeds to evade, enabling SOSUS to maintain contact and refine subsequent target positions.

The probable coincident detections of US nuclear submarines would have complicated the issue. The grams would have been a real challenge but by that time SOSUS would already have provided not only early warning but also a general tactical picture.

Assuming the Crisis played out as it did, the NOVEMBERs would have departed the Western Atlantic at relatively high speeds and would have been tracked by SOSUS at least intermittently during their return transits through the North Atlantic.

SOSUS, with watch personnel exhausted and the supply of tapes also exhausted, would have settled back to review the enormous collection of new signature intelligence that had been gained, and to be not-so-secretly amused by the impact those data would have had on those within the Naval Establishment who had previously maintained the Soviets were not capable of building and operating nuclear submarines. Then, of course, there is also the possibility that one of the NOVEMBERs could have suffered either a fire or the failure of steam-generators - their most frequent problems - and would have had to be towed home by a surface ship, further demonstrating the inability of the Soviet Navy to meaningfully project power beyond their own local waters in 1962.

***Editor’s Note:** Recently, OTACS William Edward Tilley III, USN (Ret) was posthumously selected as a recipient for the prestigious CAPT Joseph P. Kelly Award for significant lifetime achievement in the Integrated Undersea Surveillance System (IUSS). The award will be presented to his family in the near term.

PEOPLE NEWS – Winter 2015

673 active members, 618 in archives, and 393 on the Memorial List.

*New Members

***MR. THOMAS ARGYELEAN, USN (Ret)** – Sioux City, SD. Served at NAVFACs Bermuda 1972 - 1974, Pacific Beach 1974, Centerville Beach 1975-76 and 1980-83, COMNAVFORJAPAN 1983-85, USS KOELSCH (FF 1049) 1985-86, USS Compte De Grasse (DD 974) 1986-88, Instructor FLEASWTRACENLANT 1988-91. Spends summers in Beverly, MA, spring and fall in Virginia Beach and winters in Florida.

***MS. KATHLEEN (SANTANGELO) BACKSTROM, Ex-USN** – Columbia, MD. Served at NAVFACs Centerville Beach and Adak.

***MR. CARL and MS. ERIKA (KOHLER) Benkovich, Ex-OTs** – Windermere, FL. Served at NAVFACs Argentia, Keflavik, and Bermuda. Main home in Windermere, FL; living and working in Annapolis, MD.

***MASTER CHIEF JAMES BLACK, USN (Ret)** – Norfolk, VA. served on COSL Staff in the mid-1960s and on the COSL ADMIN Inspection Team in the early 1970s.

***OTC DANNY BOYD, USN (Ret)** – Eufaula, OK. Served at COSP Treasure Island, CA 1967-68, COSP Ford Island, HI 1968-69, NAVFACs Adak 1969-71, Argentia 1971-72, Pacific Beach 1974-77 and at Naval Reserve Centers in Phoenix, AZ and San Antonio, TX 1977-97. After active duty, I worked in retail management with 7-Eleven, Circle-K and Pilot/Flying-J from 1979 to 2012. Retired from the military in 1997 and retail in 2012.

***RMCS (SW) GARY BRANSON, USN (Ret)** – Crestview, FL. Served at COSL 1981-83 as a Communications Watch Officer and USNS ALBERT J MYER (T-ARC 6) 1983-84 as Leading Radioman.

***OTMC DUANE BROSDAHL, USN (Ret)** – Colorado Springs, CO. Served at NAVFACs Pacific Beach, Guam, Lewes, and Barbers Point. Also served at COSP San Francisco, FASW Norfolk, and in Oslo, Norway.

***MR. ROBERT BUTLER, WEC** – Greensboro, NC. Twenty-eight years (1967 - 2006) service with WEC, AT&T, Lucent, and General Dynamics in the areas of sea ops, project engineering, and training for underwater systems. Retired, volunteer for Interactive Resource Center for the homeless.

***MR. WILLIAM COLLIER, Ex-OTA3 and MS. DORA (PERALTA) COLLIER, Ex-OTASN** – Blossburg, PA. Served at NAVFAC Keflavik 1988-89 and NOPF Dam Neck 1989-91.

***MR. JAMES CONKLIN, USN (Ret)** – Tacoma, WA. Served in the IUSS 1968-1984 at NAVFACs Argentina, Bermuda, and Coos Bay. Also served at ASWOC Sigonella, Naval Underwater Warfare Unit 2122, and Fleet ASW Training Center Norfolk. Married to Eva Marie Conklin. We are retired now – Eva from a 36 year County job and I from the Navy, a Government contracting job, and self-employment in the estate sales business.

***MR. JOHN CONLEY, Ex-RM** – Chester, MD. Served at NAVFAC Grand Turk 1967-68. Also served on USS NORTHAMPTON (CC 1) and USS CHARLES H. ROAN (DD 853).

MR. LARRY DIMMICK, WECO/AT&T – Greensboro, NC. SOSUS engineering and program management 1977-95. Married with 3 grown sons; retired.

***MRS. SHERYL DUNN, Ex-USN** – Fresno CA. Served at NOPF Ford Island 1984-87.

STG1 (SW/IUSS) ROBERT FELLER, USN (Ret) – Chesapeake, VA. Served at NAVFAC Pacific Beach Oct 1982 - Oct 1984, USS GARCIA (FF 1040) Nov 1984 - Aug 1986, USS CONNOLLY (DD 979), COSL, Norfolk, VA Oct 1986 - Jul 1989 and COMUNDERSEASURV, Virginia Beach, VA Jan 2000 - Aug 2003.

***MR. ERNEST (BUDDY) FRAZIER, WECO/AT&T** – Supported SOSUS program 1971-89. Retired from AT&T (WECO) December 1989.

***MR. CRAIG FRENCH, Ex-OT1** – Spokane Valley, WA. Served at NAVFACs Antigua 1979-81 and Point Sur 1981-83. Married 43 1/2 years and retired Civil Engineering Technician from the City of Spokane. AA in Civil Engineering Technology, Walla Walla Community College.

***MR. RICHARD HARVEY, Ex-PFC, USMC** – New Castle, PA. Served at Marine Barracks Argentina, Newfoundland 1953-57.

***MR. BOB INNOCENTI, Ex-OTA1 and MS. MARGARET (TALBOT) INNOCENTI, Ex-OTA1** – Ocala, FL. Bob served at NAVFACs Brawdy 1981-84 and Centerville Beach 1990-92, at COSP 1984-87, and CNFJ 1987-90. He is a retired educator (M.Ed) Math/Science/Gifted. Margaret served at NAVFACs Argentina 1981-83 and Brawdy 1983-84, and at COSP 1984-87. She is also a retired educator (Ed.S) with 32 years teaching in GA, CA, and Japan.

***MR. JIM JOCHUM, AT&T/WECO/LUC** – Greensboro, NC. Thirty-eight years' service to the U.S. Navy in support of the Undersea Surveillance Mission. Last duty assignment: Senior Engineer on Special Project 1987-92. Jim and his wife, Frances, have an Air Purification business for home and industry using high-tech components to breathe better air every day.

***MR. GERALD KIRWIN, Ex-USN, NAVELEX/SPAWAR** – Burke, VA. SURTASS: NAVELEX, SPAWAR Washington, D.C.; San Diego, CA. Retired, volunteer with Fairfax County Police Department and Fairfax County Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court.

***OTA1 JOEL KINISON, USN (Ret)** – Waldorf, MD. Served at NAVFACs Argentina 1980-83, Pacific Beach 1983-86, Adak 1989-92, NOPF Ford Island 1986-89 and ONI Washington, D.C. 1992-95.

***MR. CHRISTOPHER KOOKEN, Ex-USN** – Virginia Beach, VA. Served at NOPF Whidbey Island 2007-10 as Tactical Coordinator/Lead Analyst. Currently employed by Commander Undersea Surveillance.

***MS. BETH MACY, Ex-USNR** – Newbury, MA. Served as a RECWO at NAVFAC Brawdy 1976 – 78.

***YNCS THOMAS MADDEN, USN (Ret)** – Marathon, FL. Served at NAVFAC Brawdy 1973-77. Retired Navy June 1993. Retired Allegheny County Detective August 2006. Moved to Florida Keys September 2012. Wife is a former Navy JAG Commander.

***MR. DOUGLAS McALLISTER, Ex-OT2** – Hilliard, OH. Served at NAVFACs Brawdy 1975-76, Grand Turk 1977-78, and Lewes 1978-79. Left the Navy in 1979.

***CAPT SHEILA McCOY, USN (Ret)** – Centreville, VA. Served at NAVFAC Cape Hatteras 1975-78 as OWO/COMMO, and NAVFAC Coos Head 1986-87 as Commanding Officer. Working part time as Director of Continuing Education for Armed Forces Communications and Electronics Association (AFCEA). Making jewelry and exploring Virginia wineries. Having fun.

***MR. DOUGLAS MENDENHALL, Ex-OTA2** – Roseburg, OR. Served at NAVFAC Whidbey 1994-96.

***OTM1 JOEL MIZE, USN (Ret)** – Largo, FL. Served at NAVFACs San Nicolas Island 1978, Keflavik 1980, Bermuda 1986, and Adak 1989-92. Retired from Navy in 1992, graduated from DeVry 1998 BS CIS, currently working as a consultant in the security industry (not IUSS) - but all electronics is related - light, sound, and electronics are wave forms!

***LT JAMES MORGAN, USN (Ret)** – Augusta, GA. Served at NAVFACs Pacific Beach 1976-79 and Argentia 1981-83, and at NOPF Ford Island 1983-85. Retired from the Navy in 2003. Currently a Clinical Social Worker for the US Army. Has had MS for 37 years, however has run 13 marathons and 3 ultra-marathons in the last 37 years.

***CDR CLARENCE PARSONS, USN (Ret)** – Idaho Falls, ID. Served as NAVFAC Pacific Beach, Commanding Officer, January 1983 - June 1985

***CAPT CHARLES RAUCH, USN (Ret)** – Chesapeake, VA. Served as Commodore, Commander Undersea Surveillance, Dam Neck, VA October 2010 to May 2015. Currently working in the Advanced Programs Division of L-3 Communications.

***CDR JOHN REID, USN (Ret)** – Sanibel Island, FL. Following Sonar School Key West, FL in 1966, served at NAVFACs Grand Turk, and Keflavik; Liaison Officer to Norway; XO at NAVFAC Bermuda; Assistant Ops and Director of Training at COSL; and CO at NAVFAC Centerville Beach. Also served as XO at Naval Undersea Warfare Center. Currently retired living on Sanibel Island, FL in the winter and Manakin Sabot, VA in the summer.

CWO4 RICHARD (DICK) RENTNER, USN (Ret) – Virginia Beach, VA. Served at NAVFACs Grand Turk 1957-58, Cape May 1958, Nantucket 1958-62, Keflavik 1975-77; COSL 1971-75 & 1977-80; USS BROWNSON (DD 868) 1964-68, and USS BELKNAP (DLG 26) 1968-71. Worked in ship repair and design for several companies 1980-98, and as Quality Control Manager for a naval architect 1998-2010 designing sport fishing boats, luxury yachts, and military vessels for US and foreign countries.

***LCDR ADRIENNE RUBINKOWSKI, USN (Ret)** – Rolling Meadows, IL. Served at NAVFAC Eleuthera 1975-77, COSL 1977-80, NAVELEX PMW-124/180 1984-87 and CTF-66/COMAREAASWFORSIXTHFLT 1987-89. First female commissioned through NROTC (1975). Retired as a LCDR in September 1994. Still working as office manager for a small manufacturer in northern Illinois (20 years). Owner, HealthCraft Wellness; Regional Affiliate with VeMMA Nutrition Company (7 years). Health & Wellness Coach. Next up: studying to be a Dietetic Technician (used to be called Nutritionist).

***MR. GERALD SAUNDERS, Ex-SOG2** – East Falmouth, MA. Served at NAVFACs Ramey 1956 and Bermuda 1957-58. Married with 4 children and 10 grandchildren.

***SAC ANDY SHARKEY, RAF** – Virginia Beach, VA. Presently serving at NOPF Dam Neck since October 2012. Qualified Sensor Operator, Tracker and Watch Supervisor.

***LCDR MICHAEL SHEPARD, USN (Ret)** – Kirksville, MO. Served as Commanding Officer NAVFAC Ramey/Punta Borinquen 1972-74 and as COSP Readiness Officer 1977-81.

***MR. NICK STANFIELD, Ex-OT2** – Versailles, KY. Served at NAVFACs Coos Head 1969-70, Guam 1970-72 and Midway 1972-73. Retired after 30 years with GM and 8 years with Civil Engineering Company

***MS. STEPHANIE STORRS (DAVIS/HAYMAN), Ex-OTA2** – Bryan, TX. Served at NOPF Dam Neck 1987-90 and 1993-95 and at NAVFAC Keflavik 1990-93. Currently a student at Texas A&M....double major Spatial Sciences and Rangeland Ecology and Management. I have 3 grown children. My middle child is a STG3 stationed in Norfolk.

***MR. THOMAS THOMASSEN, Ex-OT** – Sandefjord, Norway. Served at NAVFACs Bermuda 1981-82 and Keflavik 1982-86. Works for Kongsberg Simrad located in Horten, Norway in support of their Underwater Navigation department.

***MR. PAUL TOMPKINS, Ex-OT2** – Bethany, OK. Served at NAVFACs Argentia 1968-69, Grand Turk 1969-70 and Ramey 1970-71. Married to Cheryl and employed with Department of Neurosurgery, University of Oklahoma, Health Sciences Center.

***MR. DEWEY WHITE, Ex-OT** – Raleigh, NC. Served at NAS Jacksonville 1974-76, NAS North Island 1976-77, NAVFAC Keflavik 1977-78 and RTF Centerville Beach 1978-81.

***MS. JULIE WILLIAMS, Ex-OTA1** – Lancaster, NY. Served at NAVFAC Adak 1979-1980 and COSP Ford Island 1980-84.

In Memoriam

We regret to report the passing of the following 35 “shipmates” from our IUSS Community, whose names have been added to our website IN MEMORIAM page since the November 2014 issue of *THE CABLE*. Sadly, that page now contains 393 names. The full list may be viewed at www.iusscaa.org. Our IN MEMORIAM page also contains a link to the WECO SOSUS-Field Engineering Force Memory List, compiled by Mr. E.L. “Buddy” Frazier.

Last Name	First Name	MI/aka	Rank/Rate/Title	System Affiliation	Deceased
BAECHLE	John	R. “Bob”	Civilian/ PhD	BTL 1967-1989	Feb 2014
BATSON	Kenneth	F.	OTAC	USN 1970s-1990s	Apr 2015
BEMBRY	Anthony	M.	STS2	USN 2006-2009	Jun 2015
BENNETT	Robert	“Bob”	OTC	USN 1967-1987	Apr 2015
CANADY	David		OT1	USN 1960s-1970s	Jul 2014
CORNISH	George		OTC	USN 1960s-1979	Sep 2014
DANGERFIELD	Ralph	E.	Civilian	WECO/LU 1960s-1980s	Apr 2015
FONTENOT	Milton	J.	SOO2	USN 1959-1963	Jul 2015
GAMBINO	Frank	T.	Civilian	GS 1958-1996	Aug 2015
GUILLORY	Jimmie	Ray “Jim”	OTC	USN 1960s-1970s	Jan 2007
HAETINGER	Robert	D.	STG1	USN 2000s	Mar 2015
HARDING	Glenn		OTA1/STG1	USN 1983-2003	Oct 2015
HEFFNER	Charles	E.	OTC	USN 1958-1979	Dec 2014
HETRICK	Joe	A.	CE1	USN 1980-1984	May 2015
HOWELLS	Lewis	W.	OTC	USN 1970s-1992	May 2011
HUGHES	Gordon	B.	Civilian	WECO 1960s-1980s	Feb 2015
KIMBALL	Everett	V.	CS ?	USN 1958-1961	Oct 2014
KULCZYK	Peter	R.	OT1	USN 1970s-1980s	May 2015
LOWERY	Charles	D. “Chuck”	LCDR	USN 1974-1981	Feb 2015
MacNUTT	Lyman	G.	OT2	USN 1970-1973	Nov 2014
McMILLIN	Daniel	L.	Civilian	BTL 1950s-1990s	Mar 2015
MINIX	Aron	W.	YN3	USN 1978-1980	Oct 1987
OLKOWSKI	Walter	P.	LT (Ex-OTC)	USN 1960s-1990s	Aug 2015
RACHAU	Guy	H.	SO1	USN 1950s	Feb 2007
RICKETS	Barney		OT1	USN 1970s-1993	Jul 2015
SABIN	Michael	A.	OTACS	USN 1970s-1990s	Oct 2015
SHELTON	Earl	D.	Civilian	WECO/ATT/LU 1950s-1980s	Jan 2015
SMITH	Van	A.	ST ?	USN 1960s-1971	Mar 2015
STALTER	James	E. “Jim”	LCDR (Ex-SOC)	USN 1956-1974	Oct 2015
STROUX	Peter	Max	CDR	USN 1965-1967	Dec 2014
TETREAULT	Eugene	J.	BUC	USN 1950s	Jul 2006
VON KAMPEN	Donald		BUC	USN 1960s	Jan 2013
WILSON	Gary	M.	Enlisted	USN Early 1960s	Feb 2015
YATES	Tony	W.	SWCS	USN 1955	Jul 2012
ZUBERBUHLER	William	J. “Bill”	CAPT	USN 1979-1981	Dec 2014

Compiled by Jack Holdzkom, OTCM, USN (Ret)

IUSS / CAESAR



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