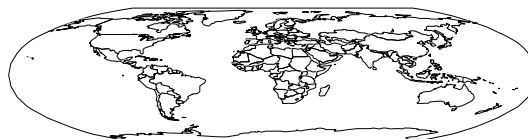


The Cable

Official Newsletter of the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association

IUSS / CAESAR



Alumni Association

NOVEMBER 2018

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)

Hello shipmates. For those of you who don't regularly frequent the IUSSCAA Message Board, I assumed Directorship of the Association in September. Becky Badder's health made it very difficult for her to continue as Director. I've had the good fortune of serving with hundreds of you and know many, many more by reputation and sea stories.

The Association exists today because of dedicated volunteers such as Russ Lownie, Mike Kilpatrick, and Jack Holdzkorn. Thank you, gents.

As you can see, the 2018 Cable is published! Many thanks to the folks who contributed great articles. Special thanks go out to Ellis Sutter, Dick Rentner, and Jack Holdzkorn who make the newsletter a reality.

The years are going by at warp speed and the 65th anniversary celebration reunion is scheduled for next September in Norfolk. Jim Donovan continues to be the only person who steps up to organize and pull-off our reunions and we owe him and his small group of volunteers a great deal of gratitude. I know he'd be grateful for any assistance from members in the Tidewater, Virginia area.

Jim and I will be visiting the Cold War Museum in Warrenton, Virginia in the coming months to do a presentation on IUSS and further discuss the possibility of establishing our own exhibit there. More details on that to follow. We're always open to suggestions and ideas so please contact us if you want to be involved.

Lastly, it's clear that interest in our association website isn't what it used to be. The rise in popularity of numerous other social media outlets is certainly one of the factors. I recognize that we can't compete with Facebook and don't intend to try. Rather, we will continue to be the repository for IUSS history...in pictures and text...host the Message Board, and provide our annual newsletter and member directory. With respect to the directory, I've decided to no longer record street addresses in the database and from now on will publish just City/State/Province/Foreign Country locations. If anyone needs another member's street address, contact me and we'll work it out.

Come and visit our website, www.iusscaa.org when you have a chance....plenty of us are still interested in what you're up to.

I hope you enjoy the newsletter. As always, feel free to send your comments to me at bogey20732@yahoo.com.

Nick

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IUSS 65th Anniversary/Reunion Celebration, Norfolk, VA

20 - 22 September 2019

By Jim Donovan, CAPT, USN (Ret)



Mark your calendars. The IUSS 65th Committee is planning to host the IUSS 65th Anniversary/Reunion celebration in Norfolk, VA the weekend of 20 - 22 September 2019. We have reserved the Norfolk Waterside Marriott Hotel ballroom for 200 – 500 guests. For comparison, the IUSS 60th Anniversary celebration hosted 288 guests in 2014. We will also block out several rooms (first come, first served) at discounted rates for attendees.

Traditional plans call for the following schedule of events:

- IUSS 65th Reunion Golf Tournament on Friday, 20 Sep 2019. Time and location TBD.
- No host "Happy Hour" at the Marriott on Friday, 20 Sep 2019 from 6 to 11:30 PM.
- Unspecified daytime events on Saturday during the daytime TBD - Informal BBQ lunch? Tours?
- Reception outside the ballroom on Saturday, 21 Sep 2019 from 6 to 7 PM.
- Dinner in the ballroom (top floor) on Saturday, 21 Sep 2019 from 7 PM until 11:45 PM.
- NOPF Dam Neck and/or CUS Open House on Sunday 22 Sep 2019, time TBD. (Tentative)

The following volunteers have agreed to join our IUSS 65th Committee to coordinate the event - Christine Buswell, Kathy Donovan, Steve Rose, Paul Heim, Ed Smock, Paul Banks, Pat Szewczak, and Jon and Peggy Chadwick. We plan to meet monthly starting in January 2019 to organize the weekend's events. Plan to go online with advertising, tickets sales, room reservations, etc. in March (6 months out).

As always, if you have suggestions and recommendations and are willing to help, feel free to contact me directly at Jim_Donovan53@yahoo.com or (757) 376-2019.

Please monitor the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association Website at iusscaa.org and/or Facebook for periodic updates throughout the year.



Ocean Surveillance During the Cold War: Sensing, Fusion, Exploitation – 2009

By David F. Winkler, Ph.D.

Foreword

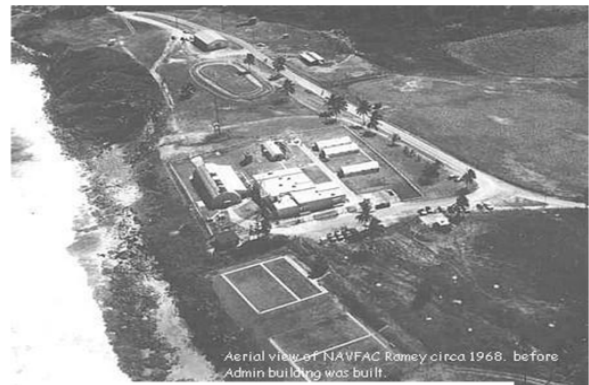
On the eve of our 65th IUSS Anniversary and my own 65th birthday, I thought you might enjoy reading an interesting account about how we as a “SYSTEM” contributed during the Cold War. The article comes from SEAPOW, the official publication of the Navy League of the United States. It reports on a presentation I participated in at the Navy Memorial in Washington DC in April of 2009. I have taken the liberty of inserting photos from my presentation into the article.

- Jim Donovan, CAPT, USN (Ret)

“Enlisting in the Navy in July 1973, a young Jim Donovan was enticed by a recruiter who sold him on the Ocean Systems Technician (Analyst) rating. Promised no sea duty and paradise-like duty stations along tropical beaches in locations such as Bermuda and Hawaii, Donovan also had been given the impression he was going to perform oceanography for the advancement of science. Instead, he recalled being taken behind locked doors at a facility at Key West, Fla., to learn that his new calling in life was to locate Soviet submarines.



SR (1973) and CAPT (2018) Jim Donovan, USN (Ret)



NavFac Ramey circa 1968

First NavFac Commissioned 1954

More than three decades later, Donovan retired at the rank of captain. As his career progressed, he gradually became a bigger cog in the U.S. Navy’s Integrated Undersea Surveillance System. Late in his career, he served as the Commanding Officer of the Naval Ocean Processing Facility at Dam Neck, Va.

U.S. Navy submarines, as portrayed in “The Hunt for Red October,” were the front line in the undersea hunt for “Ivan.” But they had a supporting cast that included Donovan and thousands of other men and women who dedicated much of their careers to this endeavor.

At a recent Naval Submarine League/Naval Historical Foundation seminar held at the U.S. Navy Memorial, a panel that included Donovan discussed “Ocean Surveillance During the Cold War: Sensing, Fusion, Exploitation.”

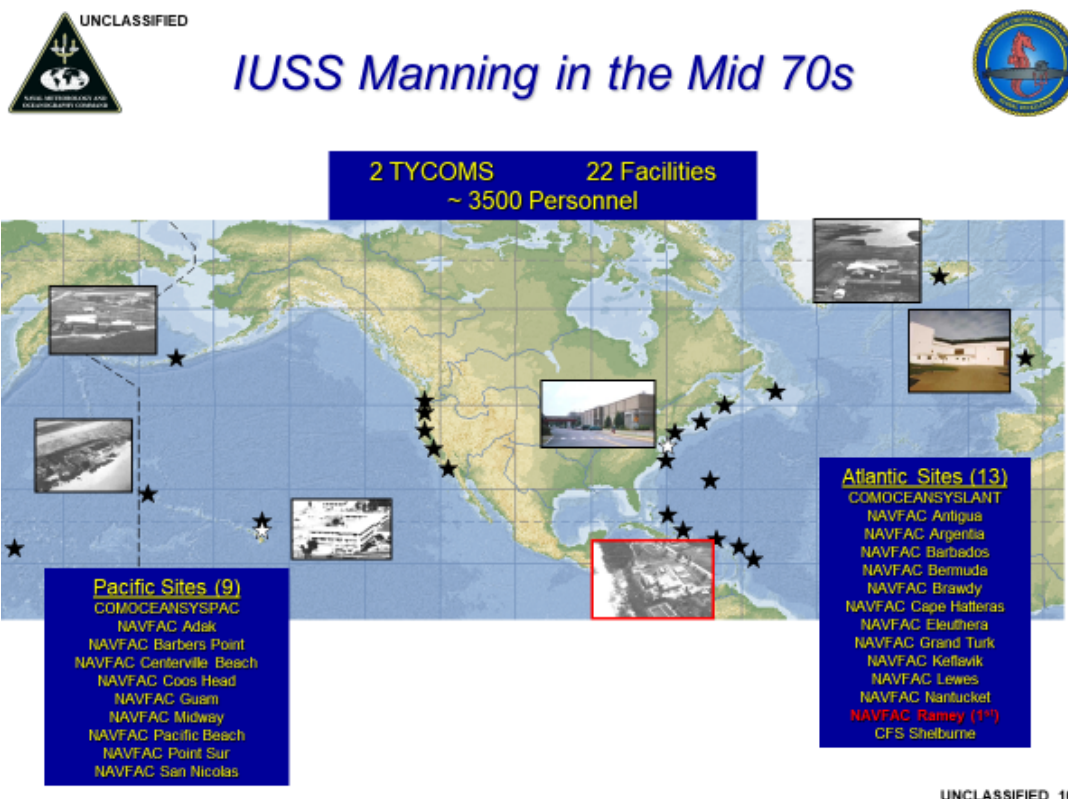
What made this annual submarine history seminar unique was that Donovan and his two fellow presenters were from backgrounds other than the submarine force. Retired Rear Adm. Thomas Brooks, former director of naval intelligence, addressed the challenge the Soviets presented as they began to forward naval forces in the 1960s. Of special concern were submarines capable of launching nuclear-tipped missiles against American cities and strategic sites.

As the Soviets' Hotel-, Yankee- and then Delta-class submarines deployed to sea, the need to detect the subs, process collected data and disseminate reports to commanders accelerated.

As Brooks described it, an attempt was made to counter the threat by fusion of information from multiple sensors to keep track of Soviet naval forces. It quickly became apparent that U.S. Navy flagships of that time period did not have the capacity to assimilate the data.

To support the Sixth Fleet, the Navy established Fleet Oceanographic Surveillance Intelligence Facility, Rota, Spain, in the late 1960s. The Navy later established four other facilities/centers to support other fleet commanders and these five nodes fed the National Oceanographic Surveillance Intelligence Center in Suitland, Md.

The remarkable aspect of the system was its decentralized nature. Its focus was to keep fleet commanders informed with real-time data. Brooks addressed the various sensors that fed data into the system, ranging from undersea listening arrays, communication and electronic interception capabilities from ashore, seaborne, airborne and space assets to American and allied submarines that trailed their Soviet counterparts.



Donovan discussed his role in monitoring the Sound Surveillance System recorders that captured undersea sounds on paper. Of particular interest were displays of some of these etchings that Donovan interpreted for the audience.

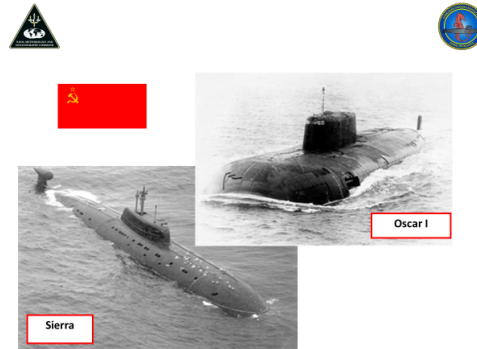
As the Soviets worked to quiet their submarines, the U.S. Navy strove to keep the oceans transparent. Eventually, the Navy deployed a Surveillance Towed Array Sensor System from a small fleet of Military Sealift Command manned vessels.

Retired Rear Adm. Eric McVadon offered an over-the-surface perspective of this mission as a former P-3 Orion commander. Using his personal experience as background, McVadon discussed how U.S. Navy antisubmarine warfare aircraft and submarines worked together to trail Soviet forces.

One example focused on the deployment of Soviet Echo II subs to Southeast Asia in the wake of the U.S. mining of Haiphong Harbor in May 1972. McVadon offered technical overviews of the effectiveness of the equipment the U.S. Navy deployed to track the subs, such as the Magnetic Anomaly Detection array that was built into the tail of the P-3.



Sample SOSUS LOFARGRAM



In summary, Brooks argued that the system worked and served the nation well. With the current need to track merchant shipping to detect potential terrorist threats, the individuals who once dedicated their careers to finding Soviet submarines can offer valuable assistance as the nation enhances its maritime domain awareness.”

- *Dr. David F. Winkler is a historian with the Naval Historical Foundation in Washington, D.C.*

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<https://www.navalhistory.org/2010/04/30/seminar-covers-cold-war-ocean-surveillance>

IUSS Short Stories

Who The Hell Is At The Gate - At This Hour?

By Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)

In the early winter of 1975 (I believe), CDR Mike Davidson (then ENS), me (OT2) and a Seaman whose name escapes me had a Sunday night mid-watch at NavFac Lewes. As most of you know, the Sunday Mid wiped down horizontals, laid wax and buffed as part of regular Sunday field day.

After we assumed the watch, I suggested to my two trainees that we get the field day accomplished first and then we could find something interesting to do for the rest of the watch. They readily agreed (as if they had a choice), so we took off our shirts, broke out the appropriate equipment and got busy.

So, my seaman is spreading wax and ENS Davidson is buffing. I'm standing there watching them with a cup of joe in one hand and a Marlboro Red in the other. Suddenly, the bell in Display rings signifying that someone is at the T-Building gate. I motion for them to keep working (had to motion because the stereo was blaring) and headed out to see what knucklehead was out at midnight on a Sunday.

It's pouring rain as I run to the gate, shielding my glasses from the rain. I get to the gate, look up and standing there is an Admiral in dress canvas and bridge coat. I almost peed on

myself. I'd never seen an admiral before much less talked to one.

I blubbered out something and he responded that he had a meeting with my CO in the morning but wanted to spend some time with the Mid. I had no idea if he was even authorized to be in the building but didn't think it wise to argue that point while standing out in the rain in a tee shirt.

I led the Admiral to the building and asked him to remain in the passageway while I checked his clearance. He smiled benignly and agreed.

The music was deafening and my ENS was buffing and singing. I hauled ass to the visit request clipboard and there it was....the approved visit request for RADM Paul Early....our Big Boss. I almost peed on myself again.

I turned the music down, showed the ENS the visit request and strongly suggested he put his khaki shirt back on and go escort the Admiral into display. He suggested I should leave him alone (well, not exactly) and kept singing and buffing. I grabbed his shirt off his chair and almost had to force him to put it on.

He suddenly realized I wasn't joking. I think he peed on himself.

Well, we got the Admiral in to Display, gave him a brief and a tour and he stayed all night with us. Turned out he was Chief Engineer on the USS *NAUTILUS* (SSN 571) when it went to the Pacific under the ice. That gent could tell some great stories.

The Admiral stayed until about 0600 and then headed down to the chow hall for breakfast and his meeting with our CO. We had not finished field day, prepared the brief, filed any message traffic, updated the status boards or done nearly anything we were supposed to do. I also sent the oncoming watch back to the chow hall so we could finish our responsibilities.

What a night. The Admiral told our CO we all needed haircuts. He was probably right.

Paybacks Are Hell

By Robert Hoffman, Ex-USN

In 1962 at Centerville Beach, I was walking the grounds of the Terminal Building and, as routine, I checked the cable vault. Looking down I immediately saw what appeared to be a bundle of dynamite strapped to the cable. I walked down the steps and found a note that read, "If this has not been found by 2400 hours, you have been blown to bits." Closer examination revealed cardboard tubes painted red with strings attached to a clock.

I recognized the handwriting of an ET, whose messages had come across my desk many times. I removed the "dynamite" bundle and put it under my Pea Coat and returned inside the Terminal Building. The ET was having coffee and asked me, "How's it look outside?" I said, "just fine, A-OK!"

I then proceeded to his area and planted the fake bomb in his equipment! I changed the time it was set to "explode" and waited for him to secure his area. He was one hour too late in finding the "bomb" and came to my desk with bowed head and said, "You got me!"



Remembering Experiences Of Navy Can-Do Spirit

By Randy Scott, LT, USN (Ret)

One of the advantages of getting older is that we can reflect back and see things more clearly and, hopefully, with even more appreciation. Although at the time I had a strong sense of the quality and dedication of the people I worked with in the Navy, one can only fully comprehend those traits after retiring from that environment. We gain more life experiences, strive to be wiser, observe the world outside our Navy and either consciously or otherwise make comparisons. My 27 years of post-Navy life have been very good for my family and me, most notably with experiencing

the milestones of our three kids and seven grandkids. I am sure many of you can relate to that. That said, outside of my family my most cherished and significant memories in life are those from serving in the Navy, among people who daily performed heroic deeds with little fanfare. By being in operations the majority of my strongest recollections naturally consist of the many special events we dealt with, and even more so by the selfless efforts of the people involved. They know who they are and what they did, and I thank each of them for still being an inspiration to me.

But here is the specific point of this offering, which took place in Keflavik in 1982. Some of you may think I am crazy (a distinct possibility) and some of you will get it. I hope the latter wins.

One morning after the brief, our C.O., Commander Brady asked me if I wanted to go with him to the Admiral's brief on the upper base. We were pretty busy so I respectfully declined and went about my business. Not long after he left the snow started falling and the winds picked up. By noon it was pretty treacherous already and the NavFac sent everyone home, with the exception of watch sections, duty maintainer, etc. I elected to stay behind even though I was a dayworker, foolishly thinking I might get home that evening.

I didn't, of course, and we ended up being there until late the following day. The roads weren't passable and the whiteout effects alone would have made travel impossible. Commander Brady stayed in touch frequently and to add levity to the situation he jokingly told me with every call that I should have gone with him to the admiral's brief.

Some really good memories were made during that event. People worked hard, joked a lot, made do with some awful rations and I cannot recall a single person complaining. Watchstanders took turns getting some sleep, operations were well served and everything went smoothly. You would be hard pressed to find that kind of response outside of the military and it will always be one of those defining moments that I appreciate even more today than I did at the time. But as Paul Harvey would say, now for the rest of the story.....

Sometime the next day we got a call that the upper base was going to try to send a crew out to the NavFac, even though there were still whiteout conditions and it was dark, of course. I wasn't too optimistic they would make it but we posted lookouts to help guide them should they get close. After some time passed somebody said they saw lights in the distance and several of us stood out front to watch. There were indeed lights from a slow moving vehicle and they were bouncing up and down as they passed through and over snowdrifts. One of our sailors took a lantern out to the road to signal where we were. It took a while but they finally got close to the parking lot. The lead vehicle was one of those long Caterpillars with a scraping/plow blade and the second one was a 4wd truck of some sort, carrying food as I recall. What I saw on the Cat amazed me so much I can still visualize it easily. A young Seabee was strapped to the front of it and he had a large spotlight in his hands! He made the whole journey like that to look for the road and gave the driver hand signals for navigating! He was covered in snow

and ice and when he got off the Cat he had a huge grin on his face, knowing they had been successful. They were all received with cheers and handshakes and we probably saw it as the typical Navy “Can-Do” spirit taking place. It was that spirit, but in my mind so much more with what that young sailor did.

Thirty-six years later I see that event with more appreciation and awe than ever before. I have told the story a number of times over the years and on a couple of occasions I almost teared up reciting it. I think it comes down to my own sentimentality but more importantly it was young American sailors doing what needed to be done, finishing the job with big grins on their faces. “Can-Do,” indeed!

A Lesson In Welsh Culture On The Evening Train To Haverfordwest

By Dave Williams, OTCM, USN (Ret)

In the winter of 1974, a young First-Class Petty Officer with his wife and toddler son boarded an afternoon train at London’s Paddington Station, bound for the town of Haverfordwest in southwest Wales. After settling down for the journey ahead, it soon became apparent that the child, little Stephen, was restless, bored and determined to become a social butterfly among the other passengers. One middle-aged gentleman was patient and kind which only encouraged young Stephen’s advances. The Petty Officer in this story was, of course, me, and after I apologized profusely to the man, he assured me he was fine and loved kids. We continued to talk as we passed through the beautiful rural countryside which was the most vibrant green I believe I had ever seen.

I discovered my newfound friend, Albert Jones, was a retired Royal Navy Petty Officer who lived in Haverfordwest and was familiar with the base at RAF Brawdy. He asked if anyone was meeting me when I got in and I told him “no, but it really isn’t a problem, I’ll just call the base and they can call my sponsor or I’ll just get a cab and spend the night in a hotel or something.” You see, Navy Sponsors, this is why you must be brutally honest, even painfully complete in your communications with the people you sponsor. Albert Jones would likely have burst out laughing but as a former sailor he was a part of “the brotherhood” and knew what it was like to be a stranger in a foreign place.

He kindly informed me of a couple of realities I might not have considered. First, calling the base (if the phones at the station were actually working) would probably not help much because they were some distance away and it was likely they wouldn’t have a phone number for my sponsor, because “most of the chaps” didn’t have telephones. Secondly, there would be no taxis at that time of night; they were all home by then, watching the “telly”.

No problem, he says, we’ll get you settled. By the time we get to Haverfordwest it is dark and there is only a trickle of passengers left that get off the train. There are no crowds, little activity and sure enough, no taxis. Albert loads us up and drives us first to his home where he puts on the kettle and we have a cup of tea while he makes a few calls and arranges a hotel room for us. Then later he drops us off.

The hotel manager that night asked us if we had plenty of change. When I asked why, he said for the heaters in the room; you see, they were coin-fed. So, we put in a few pence and it’s off to bed. A couple of hours later I wake up shivering and to my chagrin, the heat is off. So, I add more change and the heat comes back on and it’s back to bed again. A couple hours later more change and the same drill throughout the night. Only in the morning did I find out that you could load up the heaters with enough change to last throughout the night. I had my first “Welsh Country Breakfast” in the morning and I thought I died and went to heaven. It was all smooth sailing after that.

Sadly, I never crossed paths with Albert Jones again. But don’t ever tell me the people of Wales are not friendly and gracious.

Fired As A Patient

By Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)

Unknown to my regular cardiologist, in August I had a little tune-up done to my ticker in the hospital, on short notice. About a month later, I got in to see my cardiologist to brief him on the procedure.

I arrived at the doctor’s office at high noon for a 12:15 appointment. I had to fill out four pages of forms even though none of the info had changed. Then I sat in the waiting room for about 45 minutes before the nurse called to take my vitals and move me to a secondary waiting room.

After another 45 minutes of waiting, my doctor leisurely strolls in and asks how I’m doing.

“Not worth a damn,” I replied in a quiet, non-aggressive tone of voice. “My appointment was scheduled for 12:15, not 13:45.”

He turned to me and said, “I think you need to see a new cardiologist.”

I never said a word.... though a few were itching to get out. I bit my tongue, picked up my paperwork from the chair, and just walked out.

When I got out to my truck, I sat there for a minute digesting what had just happened and realized that I’d been fired as a patient.... another first.

Stories From “OUR BOOK”

By Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret)

1954-1956 – NAVFAC RAMEY

I was in the first class to graduate from the Fleet Sonar School, Key West “green door”, and was sent immediately to NavFac Ramey AFB in Puerto Rico where the Seabees had just finished building the site. That was in the summer of 1954, I think August, but not sure. The next month the rest of the group, CO and the rest of the officers came aboard for the commissioning in Sept of ‘54. I spent the time before that painting, etc., in preparation for the big event.

(Howard Tilton, SOSN/SO2 NavFac Ramey)

1954-55 – FIRST NUCLEAR SUBMARINE

First nuclear submarine "USS *Nautilus* (SSN 571)" sea trials – they said we would not detect her, as she was nuclear She lights up the ocean...we couldn't believe it... We (USN) soon started our own submarine "quieting program."

Nautilus was the world's first true submarine. She demonstrated her capabilities in 1958 when she sailed beneath the Arctic icepack to the North Pole and broadcast the famous message "Nautilus 90 North."

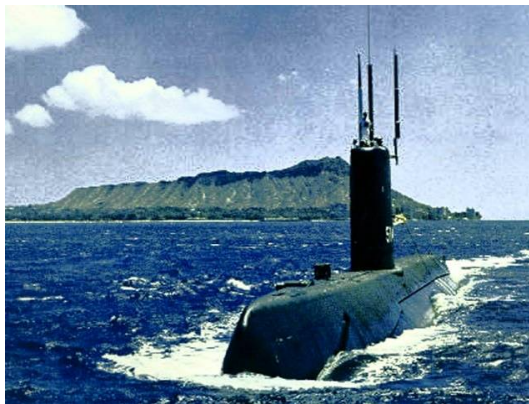
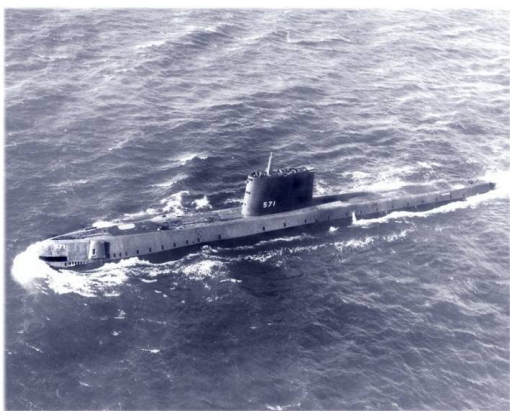
(Ed Smock, SOSN/SO3 - Shelburne)

1954 – USS NAUTILUS (SSN 571)

The first nuclear-powered submarine went to sea: the 323-foot, 3,674-ton "*Nautilus*." Surface speed 18 knots, 23 knots submerged. On her shakedown cruise, she steamed 1,381 miles from New London, Connecticut to San Juan, Puerto Rico – submerged all the way at an average speed of 15 knots. She was so fast that, in her first exercise with an ASW force, she outran the homing torpedoes.

Note the use of the term, "steamed." The nuclear plant finally made a steam-powered submarine practical: the reactor generates heat that turns water into steam to drive the main-propulsion turbine. Two different reactor configurations were proposed: one used pressurized water to transfer heat from the reactor to the steam plant; the other used a liquid sodium potassium alloy.

Rickover built one of each; the first (pressurized-water type) was installed in *Nautilus*, the other in the second nuclear boat, USS *Seawolf* (SSN 575) where it proved to be difficult to maintain and not as effective as the *Nautilus* plant. It was replaced a few years later.

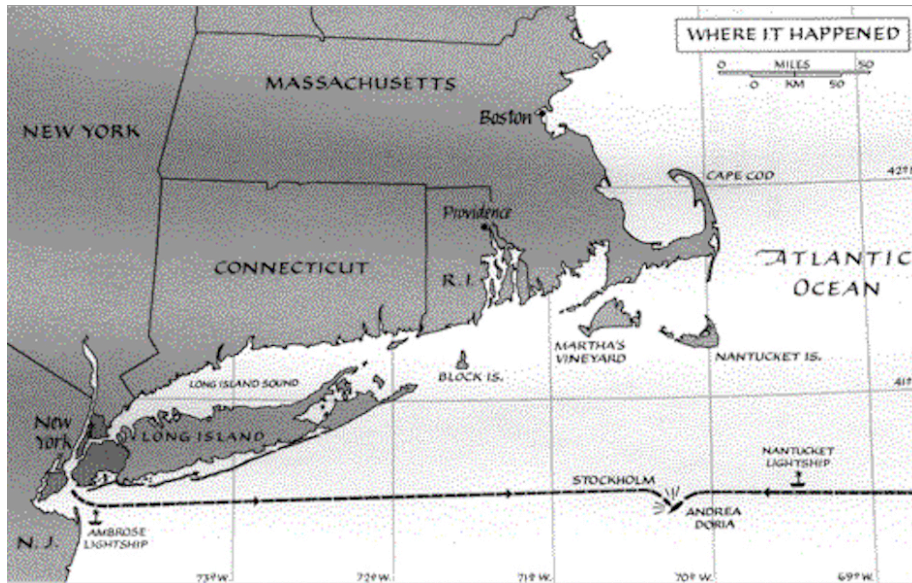


(Ed Smock, SOSN/SO3 - Shelburne)

JULY 1956 – OCEAN LINERS SS ANDREA DORIA AND MS STOCKHOLM COLLIDE

Andrea Doria and *Stockholm* collide in heavy fog 45 miles off Nantucket, Massachusetts at 11:10 PM on 25 July 1956. *Stockholm*'s reinforced ice-breaking bow slices into the starboard side of the *Andrea Doria* at nearly 18.5 knots.

At Shelburne in the AM of 26 July we saw a total blackening (heavy burn) of the grams that lasted 12-15 minutes or more. We thought that we had experienced a hardware problem, most likely a cable fault. As we prepared to report this to headquarters, the grams slowly returned to normal. Hours later we were advised that other sites had experienced the same gram disturbance. We later learned that this was the *Andrea Doria* breaking up and sinking - at 10:10 AM, 26 July 1956.

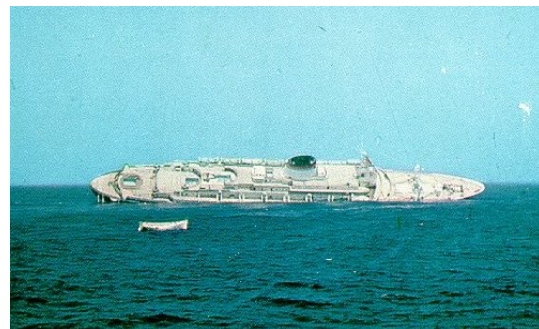


<http://www.andreadoria.org/TheEncounter/Default.htm>

USS *Edward H. Allen* (DE 531) and USNS *Private H. Thomas* (AP 185) rescued more than 200 passengers from *Andrea Doria* and transport them to New York after the Italian liner collided with Swedish MS *Stockholm* off Nantucket on the New England coast. Forty-six people died from the collision, but 1,600 passengers and crew were saved, including 753 by the liner, *Ile de France*.



MS *Stockholm*
Its bow sheared off.



SS *Andrea Doria*
Awaiting her inevitable fate the morning after the collision in the Atlantic Ocean.



SS *Andrea Doria*
Seen in better times.



SS *Andrea Doria*
At the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

Fourteen-year-old Linda Morgan was the "miracle girl" of the tragedy. She was traveling with her family to New York for a vacation on July 25, 1956, when the *Stockholm* rammed the *Andrea Doria* in the area where Linda's family's cabins were located.

Linda's mother, Jane Cianfarra, and stepfather, Camille Cianfarra, a correspondent for the New York Times in Spain, were in cabin 54. Linda and her stepsister, Joan Cianfarra, 8, were in the adjoining cabin 52. Joan and Camille Cianfarra were killed in the accident. Jane Cianfarra was severely injured.

For a few minutes, in the turmoil and wreckage, Linda was missing and feared dead. Her father in New York, Edward P. Morgan, a well-known ABC radio broadcaster, was assembling news of the crash for a broadcast when he was told she was dead.

The ships, temporarily fused by the accident, separated. Moments later a Spanish-speaking sailor on the *Stockholm* heard a voice calling, "Donde esta Mama" ("Where is my mother?"). It was Linda.

In his book, "Collision Course," Alvin Moscow wrote: "She was alive because the *Stockholm* bow miraculously had swooped beneath her bed and had catapulted her from Cabin 52 on the *Andrea Doria* to the bow of the *Stockholm*."

(Ed Smock, SO2 - Shelburne)

1956 – NOVA SCOTIA HOSPITALITY

It was the week of the Queen's birthday celebration. A 3rd Class Seabee mechanic by the name of Larson asked me and SOSN James to accompany him and share expenses on a trip to Sydney, Nova Scotia and on around the Cabot Trail on Cape Breton Island. Off we went, heading toward Sydney.

About 20 miles before reaching Sydney, a loud noise and smoke started coming from the old Chevy engine. We were out of commission. As luck would have it we broke down within sight of a small single-bay old fashion garage. We pushed the car in and asked for help. The owner of the garage, Mr. McDougal stated that he was already closed due to the late hour and that we could leave the car there and he would drive us into Sydney where we could seek lodging. He said that when we returned the next day we could use his garage, lift and tools, however, it being the Queen's birthday he would not be able to help us.

Into Sydney we go to get a room. We then went to the local dance hall and had a good old fashion clean liberty. (Three U.S. sailors in uniform had no problem meeting girls at a dance hall – those were the days...)

The next day we took the bus back to Mr. McDougal's garage. He looked and listened to the car and said that we had blown a piston. Lawson said that he thought it was something else however he could not be sure until he broke it down. Mr. McDougal said he would bet that it was a blown piston. Lawson said "how much?" - "25 cents" was the reply from Mr. McDougal. Lawson broke the engine down and decided yes, it looked like a blown piston. Mr. McDougal drove us to the local junkyard where we were given a used piston – free to the Yanks (could not sell it on the Queen's birthday).

Back to the garage - the rest of the day was spent putting the car back together. When we were near done Mr. McDougal came out and said that dinner was ready. Inside his home we went, where the family was waiting to share a fine roast beef dinner with us. Before we could eat, the three of us sailors had to don McDougal tartan hats and became honorary McDougals.

As we parted this fine family, Lawson asked Mr. McDougal how much we owed for all he had done for us. The reply again was "25 cents" – the bet. We paid the 25 cents and left with a priceless memory. (I finally got to tour the Cabot Trail in 1995 – 40 years later.)

(Ed Smock, SOSN – Shelburne, Nova Scotia)

Why The USS *Scorpion* Was Lost A Revised Assessment

by Bruce Rule, GS (Ret)

As lead acoustic analyst at the US Office of Naval Intelligence for 42 years. I have testified before the *Thresher* Court of Inquiry in April 1963, published major assessments of the losses of *Thresher* and *Scorpion*, and contributed to numerous books and articles on the losses of Soviet submarines including the GOLF II-Class SSB *K-129* which was lost because two R-21/D4 missiles fired to fuel exhaustion within the pressure hull. (For access to more than 100 articles that discuss submarine-related subjects including a probable Russian SSBN “dead-man” launch capability and the characteristics of the BOREI-Class Russian SSBN hybrid propulsion system, use the link at the end of this article.)

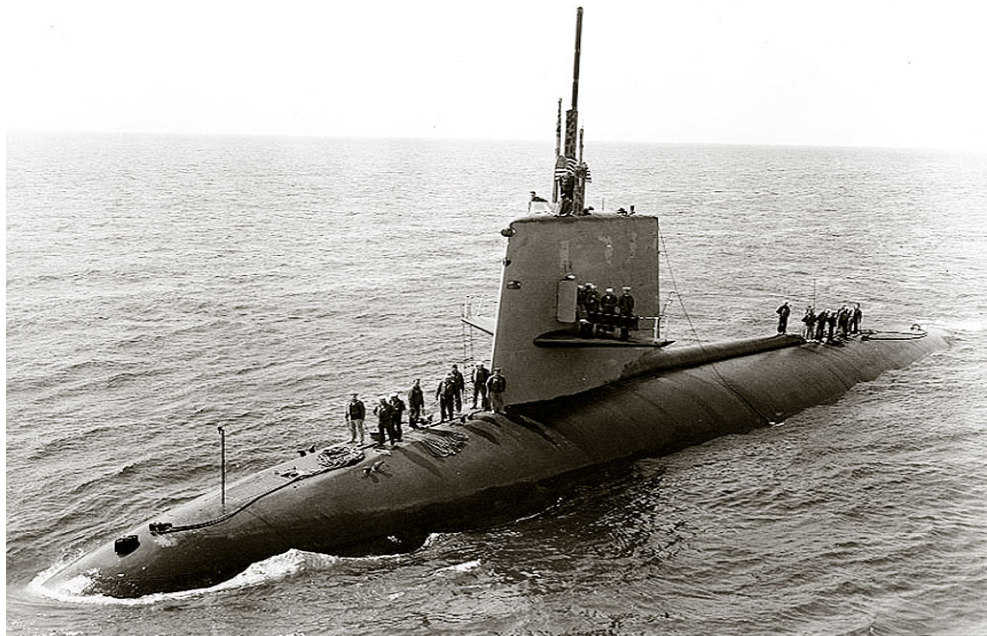
Critical contributions by senior submarine officers and three civilian resources - including a consulting engineer - to the development of three assessments not previously provided in earlier editions of this document, are gratefully acknowledged. These contributions consisted of *Scorpion* bulkhead, escape trunk, and hydraulic system design characteristics, the *Scorpion* Structural Analysis Group report - without which this assessment could not have been written - and collapse-depth and compressive-force calculations. These new assessments are summarized and are discussed in detail in Section V entitled “**Analyses of Imagery and Visual Observations of the SCORPION Wreckage**” found at the link below. The article, written in August 2018, elucidates the cause of - and the temporal dynamics and forces associated with - the loss of the USS *Scorpion* 50 years ago. The article Summary assessment states:

“The US nuclear submarine *Scorpion* (SSN 589) was lost on 22 May 1968 because an explosion at 18:20:44 Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) of hydrogen out-gassed by the main battery created over-pressures that were substantially more than the 100-percent-fatal level in spaces forward of the reactor compartment and at lower, survivable levels in spaces aft of the reactor compartment. *Scorpion* was at periscope depth when the battery explosion - which did not breach the pressure hull - occurred. At least one member of the crew successfully exited the submarine through the after escape trunk.”

The entire revised technical assessment based on metallurgical analysis of recovered wreckage, analyses of acoustic detections of the event, and imagery/visual observations of the wreckage by the crew of the US submersible *Trieste* can be found at the article presented at:

http://www.iusscaa.org/articles/brucerule/pdfs/why_the_scorpion_was_lost_updated_august_2018.pdf

(Other articles of interest by Mr. Rule may be found at: <http://www.iusscaa.org/articles/brucerule/>)



Scorpion Arriving at Naples April 1968.

SOSUS In The '50s . . . A Seabee's Perspective

By Bob Cochrane, Ex-Constructionman, USN

Perhaps the best way to construct a SOSUS facility with an aura of secrecy about it is to ship out a battalion of clueless guys to build it. Such was the case with Mobile Construction Battalion Seven (MCB 7), as we had only the most superficial knowledge of the purpose of our mission which was to erect a self-contained facility tasked with tapping into a network of like commands and tracking Soviet sub movements. Much of this, however, became more evident after our arrival at the site and work commenced.



For me, it started in November 1956, at Construction Battalion Center (CBC), Davisville, RI when I volunteered for the Barbados deployment. I had been assigned to the Seabees out of boot camp, presumably because of my prior land survey experience and education as an aspiring professional forester in the Pacific Northwest and my continued interest in surveying. On my prior deployment to Bermuda, I had been assigned to compartment cleaning and had ridden that mule about as far as it would take me, so I was looking forward to finally getting behind a surveyor's transit. The fact that it didn't work out that way is a story for another day.

At this point it might bear mentioning that I had never heard the term SOSUS until I joined Facebook in 2010 and connected with those of you who staffed those facilities; a connection that I have come to enjoy immensely.

On this deployment, MCB 7 was approximately 300 strong and once we dispensed with the preliminaries, we set about the task. Security wise, we were told not to talk to anyone off site about what we were doing, nor to mention it in letters. The Cold War was serious business and I believe most accepted that fact. There was a sign erected near the main gate that mentioned "Oceanographic Research." It may have been a smoke screen, but it gave us a buzzword to come back with.

The configuration of the facility was basic cookie cutter with poured concrete structures - simple in design and functional. While the facilities may have replicated other commands, the site plan had to be adjusted to fit the particular locale. The plans were issued by the Bureau of Yards & Docks in D.C. and were in some cases a little fuzzy, as the desired building locations would not have fit on the given parcel of land. Adjustments were easily made since there were no set-back requirements and certainly no code enforcement. The specs had also written in the requirement to allow for a frost line for any buried cables or utilities. This was ignored for obvious reasons.



Something about the immediacy of a large cable on the beach turned our attention to quickly forming up the Terminal Building, tying in the rebar and commencing with the concrete pour. Once the forms were stripped, we were told to never go in the building unless so ordered. Since I was neither an electrician nor a plumber, I stayed out. A replenishment Navy Landing Ship, Tank (LST) eventually delivered the "guts" (I can't even name the equipment) for the Terminal Building and a crew from Western Electric arrived to install it. Deeper into the project, the ship's company began to arrive and they could always be spotted by their pale skin color, crisp dungarees and, in some cases, a look of bewilderment.

Upon completion of various companion structures and after nearly a year, we sailed home. Again, security wise, we were told to forget about what we had done and not to discuss it. Further to this, there was a lighthouse adjacent to NAVFAC 505 and I've often wondered how many times "Ivan" climbed the stairs to check us out.



Memories of Eleuthera, 1951-53

By William M. Clark, LT, USN (Ret)

In 1951, Ensign Joe Kelly was assigned as BUSHIPS Code 849 to oversee two high-priority projects called JEZEBEL, a Bell Labs effort, and MICHAEL, a parallel Columbia University effort. Both projects focused on exploiting long-range acoustics in the ocean. In July of that year, negotiations were completed with the British to acquire a seashore site at Eleuthera in the Bahamas.

Also in 1951, I received orders to report to Patrick Air Force Base, Cocoa, Florida for transportation to the US Naval Experimental Facility, Eleuthera, British West Indies. I reported in to Patrick where there were 6 to 8 other Navy enlisted at the transit barracks who would be part of the crew. After a few days we boarded a C47 cargo/passenger plane where the seats are pipe racks with nylon straps, designed to carry troops. We landed at Rock Sound Airport, Eleuthera, located at the south end of the island. Two station wagons and a jeep were waiting to transport us the 40 miles north to the Navy Experimental Facility. The jeep was driven by LCDR Woods, an LDO who had been my OinC at Great Lakes "A" school in 1948-49. He was wearing khaki shirt and shorts and knee-high socks and reminded me of a Naval Officer from an old British movie. On the way we stopped at the Auxiliary Air Force Base facilities to have a meal and get some rest.

After that we drove up a dirt road and over a hill for our first sight of the facility we would call home. It consisted of a white wooden laboratory, a generator building, and two tents. One of the tents was the radio room housing the 25-watt transceiver. This experimental facility was to help develop what was to become the SOSUS system.

The crew consisted of LCDR Woods, MMC Crowthers, CS1 Frenchie Latoure, an HM1, MM2 Browning, an EM3, ME3, an SO, a couple RMs, and of course me, an ET1. In the next few weeks we welcomed our XO, LTJG Martin, and the Communications Officer, ENS Stanford Tappen Crapo, III.

During our first month on the island we slept and ate at the Air Force Auxiliary Facility. Occasionally we would remain at our facility overnight in a tent where, attracted by our light, we trapped huge moths in a GI can. They made quite a racket flying around inside that can, trying to escape.

We were told, "Here is the base, you have to build it." There were five Quonset Huts lying in pieces around the cleared area and we found a new radio transmitter underneath a galley range. A Seabee detachment soon arrived to construct the green Quonset Huts. One of the huts would be designated the Navy EM Club that

eventually sold Heineken and Beck beer at two for a quarter; Rum was 92 cents, and Coke 35 cents a bottle.

The Governor of Eleuthera asked if we could also fly the Bahamian flag at the base. We then added a yardarm to our single flagpole and he supplied the flag. That flagpole can be seen in the photo below.



Typically, Navy "cumshaw" (other than ethical means of procurement or to steal military equipment for unauthorized use on one's ship) was employed many times in our endeavor to improve our living conditions. For instance, fresh water was a big problem because our wells produced brackish water that was only slightly better than seawater. The Air Force had two Beach Head Evaporators that they no longer needed because they had built a catch basin to collect rainwater. They crated up the two evaporators and positioned them on the beach for pickup and delivery to the States by the weekly run of the LST to the US. For some reason one of the crates was empty when loaded on the ship and our facility suddenly and mysteriously had a good supply of fresh water.

I was the senior Electronics Technician and also in charge of boats, vehicles, generators, evaporators, and the electrical system. There were only ten of us and cross training was a must. I also was assigned to the Lab where I learned what the facility was really about. What I learned and what I did was highly classified to the point that I was not assigned combat duty for the rest of my 23 years in the Navy.

The British brought a cable layer in to drop the first Eleuthera array and Murphy's Law prevailed. When the

cable that was “figure-eighted” on the deck suddenly got loose and started to go overboard, a British Bosun jumped into this very dangerous situation and threw a stopper on the rapidly unfettered deploying cable. He saved the day and that first experimental array. Six hydrophones were installed, three in 40 feet of water, two at 960 feet, and one at 1,000 feet. (Much later, the first deep-water array, a 40-hydrophone linear array, also was installed off Eleuthera. It was 1000 feet long and was laid in 240 fathoms of water.)

The dry-end of the cable was dragged up to the Lab, our Operations Center, and connected. I was to assist the Western Electric engineers to turn on the underwater amplifiers. We brought the vacuum tube filament voltage up to normal operating voltage half a volt at a time over a 72-hour period. The first SOSUS facility was now on line.

Early in 1952, two important events occurred. In January, now-Lieutenant Kelly became Project Manager

of JEZEBEL. Then, on April 29th a group of Flag Officers including the CNO, COMSUBLANT, and the head of ONR visited the island. After arriving they ate with the crew and visited our four-hole outhouse. Ironically, toilets were delivered the next day.

That Flag contingent came to observe the operation of the equipment tracking a submarine. The target sub was to maneuver in the vicinity of the array, performing a scripted course, speed and depth. Then it was to open the range seaward making a box maneuver every 25 miles. The visitors had seen the LOFARgrams and were convinced that the detections were real and the equipment showed great potential. They headed back to Washington to make Project CAESAR happen. Our Experimental Facility later became the US Naval Facility Eleuthera.

My two years on Eleuthera were exciting, challenging, and educational. An experience I will remember throughout the remainder of my life.

Grand Turk 1971 – The Arrival

By Stephen Lechowicz, ex-OT2, USN

It was the summer of 1971 and my first tour with the system was up. I felt Cape Hatteras had been a good duty station, where I made quite a few friends and ultimately enjoyed my job. Oh sure, there were a few undesired details that I rather leave unvisited, such as mess cooking, barracks cleaning, etc., but all in all Cape Hatteras was an enjoyable experience.

There is an old adage that says all good things must come to an end. That was most certainly my initial sentiment when I received orders to Grand Turk. I’d heard all about isolated duty stations and to my knowledge they didn’t include wives, TV, or typical modern amenities. However, I was assured that on the 7-mile-long by 1½ mile-wide island I’d have access to Cuban Radio. The blunt, descriptive discussions I had with Chief Miley left me with a pretty grim picture of my future at NavFac Grand Turk. Ironically, Chief Miley would learn to live the description, as he himself would receive orders to Grand Turk a few months after I did. I vividly remember greeting him upon his arrival and thought to myself that the karma for mess cooking and cleaning assignments was manifesting itself--and so it goes in the Navy.

So, after two full weeks of leave, I headed to Patrick AFB located in Cocoa Beach, Florida, TAD on my way downrange. I settled in at the “temp” barracks, which was thoroughly enjoyable. I particularly took pleasure in the ice-cold AC units and sinking money into the vending machines, which dispensed Falstaff beer. I arrived there on a Friday and after a weekend coming to grips with my

new orders I boarded the infamous “Range Liner” for the flight downrange.

The old-prop driven DC 6 (I believe) had me airborne by 0700. After stops in Grand Bahama and Eleuthera we finally touched down on Grand Turk. Upon stepping off the “Range Liner” the palpable tropical air hit us hard and the RM2, OT3, ENSA, and I suddenly realized we were not stateside anymore. A quick passing through customs brought about a few memorable images, such as a John Glenn monument and a few satellite dishes, which I believe were used by the Air Force and Pan Am for telemetry. We were then met by the duty driver and briskly taken to the opposite end of the island where the NavFac resided. When we finished being processed by admin we proceeded to the BEQ and were assigned a cubicle with two other sailors in it.

Still trying to wrap my head around my new duty station, I sat on my rack and made note of a few things. First, there were no windows, only shutters. Secondly, and more startling to me, was the absence of running water in the showers and the sinks. I asked an OT2 in my cube about the lack of water and he simply replied “Water Hours.” Apparently “Water Hours” was the solution to a severe lack of fresh water on the island and fresh water to the sinks and showers was turned on only twice a day for two very short periods of time. The latter was one of many sincere realizations I had about the vast luxuries of the country I was serving and had all too often taken for granted.

All of it seemed bizarre and unreal, but I resolved to make the best of my time on Grand Turk. It was shortly thereafter that the aforementioned OT2 notified us about an off-base party that was being held at a place called “The Tiki Hut” and there was transportation available to take us. So we all figured a party at “The Tiki Hut” beat sitting around in a cubicle. The three new arrivals hopped in back of a flat bed and headed off base in search of a good time.

“The Tiki Hut” was a small shack right on the beach. It consisted of four walls and a roof comprised of corrugated metal, which provided much needed shelter from the intense tropical sun. The party was far from intense, but just the break I needed. There were about 10-12 guys enjoying some cold beer, hot dogs, hamburgers, and conversation. The R&R lifted my spirits quite a bit and I remember subtly telling myself that this wasn’t going to be as bad as I initially had thought.

One thing I’ll never forget is experiencing the absolute clarity and crystal light-blue hue of the Caribbean. I recall talking with an Engineman about the water and what it would be like to swim in it. I didn’t have a swimsuit and didn’t want to get my clothes all soaked, but the Engineman seemed like there was no time to waste and

decided to take a dip in his shorts. I briefly considered changing my mind, but was glad that I didn’t. A few moments later I found out that there are some things that have the ability to hide in the crystal clear water off Grand Turk’s beaches. There was a commotion stirring at the shoreline and a scream of writhing terror echoed through the areas surrounding “The Tiki Hut.” It turned out that the Engineman had stepped directly on top of a spiny sea urchin and was experiencing the brutal after-effects.

He was carried off the beach and taken to Sick Bay. This prompted a discussion about sea urchins and how you had to wait for the spine to dissolve by itself, which is an excruciatingly painful experience. Hence, as inviting as the water was, I made up my mind to not go in it for the duration of my stay.

After 2½ years I came to really enjoy duty at Grand Turk. Great seafood, cheap beer, 96-hour liberties, good friends, and of course there was Chief Miley. We came to be good friends by the end of our respective tours, despite the fact he truly loved harassing me from Post Analysis. I guess he didn’t like my sloppy annotations and occasional missing of targets - and he made sure everybody knew it.

People News – November 2018

News from active members of the IUSS-CAESAR Alumni Association

Ex-OTM1 TIM COYLE – Is in Lakeland, FL. Served at NAVFAC Brawdy from 1988-1991, NOPF Dam Neck, VA. from 1991-1993, and OTM/OTA A and C Schools from 1993-1995.

Ex-OTA1 JULIANNE HART – Lives in Sun City, FL. Served from July 1980 to May 1991.

OTACS JACK HALLOWELL (USN RET) – Checked in from Milton, DE.

OTA1 LINDA WILLIAMS (USN RET) - Resides in GA. Served from 1978-1998 at FLEASWTRACENLANT, NAVFACs Centerville Beach, Adak, Brawdy, Antigua, USS *Assurance* (T-AGOS 5), COSP/NOPF Hawaii, Okinawa, and NOPF/RTF Dam Neck, VA.

Ex-OTA2 STANLEY PRZYTULA – Reported in from Walton, KY.

STG1 WILLIAM D. SHOPE (USN RET) – Resides in Gainesville, GA.

OTCS ROBERT FARVER (USN RET) – Lives in Hemet, CA. Bob served at NAVFACs Argentia (twice), Barbados, Centerville, Coos Bay, and at Naval Intelligence Support Center.

Ex-OT2 CRAIG BARNHART – Lives in Winneconne, WI. Served in the System from 1975 to 1981 at OT A School Norfolk, VA, COSP Ford Island, NAVFAC Midway Island, and NOPF Ford Island.

Ex-OT2 MILTON S. JONES – Lives in Prosper, TX. He is retired and served from 1974-1979 at NAVFACs Adak and Pacific Beach.

Ex-STG3 GARY R. ETSCHIED – Lives in Martinez, CA. Served at NAVFAC Pacific Beach from 1965-1967. He is now retired.

Mr JERRY OLIVARES (Ex-USN) – Checked in from Bandera, TX. Jerry served from 1979-1993.

OTCM/STGCM FORREST BAXTER (USNR RET) – Lives in Boise, ID.

Ex-OT2 JOHN M. SPOTTS – Lives in Atlanta, GA. Served at NAVFACs Antigua and Point Sur.

LT RANDY SCOTT (USN RET) – Resides in Pinehurst, NC.

STG2 MITCHELL BARRON (USN) - Served at NOPF Dam Neck, VA.

Mr LEE SCHILLINGER (Ex-USN) – Lives in Downers Grove, IL. Lee served from 1974-1979, is retired from the Special Education District of Lake Co, IL, and loves to play bridge.

PO1 CHERYL L. JOHNSON (CF RET) – Resides in Duncan, BC, Canada. Cheryl served from 1983-2010 at NAVFAC Argentina, CFS Shelburne, and NAVFAC Whidbey Island.

CWO4 MIKE LAMCZYK (USN RET) - Reported he's alive and well in Yokosuka, Japan.

OTM1 JOEL MIZE (USN RET) – Lives in Largo, FL.

MR ROBERT B. COCHRANE (Ex-USNR) – Lives in Beaverton, OR. Bob served with the SEABEES from 1956-1957. Many thanks for his great story about the construction of NAVFAC Barbados.

Ex-OTC RICH J. UMLOR – Lives in Buckeye, AZ. Served at NAVFAC Pacific Beach (1972-1974) and NAVFAC Guam (1975-1977). He is a retired VP of Sales and Marketing in healthcare capital equipment.

Mr CHESTER H. POELVOORDE (USN RET) – Lives in Aiea, HI. Herb served at NAVFACs Eleuthera, San Salvador, Lewes, Brawdy, and Keflavik, 1964-1984.

Ex-OT2 LARRY L. CARREL - Currently resides in Butler, MO.

CAPT GERRY R. ZANUSSI (CF RET) – Lives in Vernon, British Columbia. Served at NAVFAC Argentina from 1980-1983. Happily retired... “close to our children and very much enjoying our grandkids.”

Ex-OT1 RICHARD E. SCHMIDT – Checked in from Aurora, IL.

Ms REBECCA L HOUDE (USN RET) – Currently living in Sanford, ME.

Mr ROBERT J. PRICE (USN RET) – Reported in from Cincinnati, OH.

OTMCS DAVID VALLERY (USN RET) - Park Falls, WI. Dave attended OT A School Key West from June to Oct 1976 and served at NAVFACs Midway Island and Bermuda, OTM A school, and NOPF Ford Island.

OTCM BERTRAND SOUCY (USN RET) – Lives in Melbourne, FL. He served in IUSS 1961-1984. Bert and wife Betty have 8 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren.

LCDR GREG CLARKSON (USN RET) – Living in Highlands, NC,

OTA1 TOM DUFFY (USN RET) – Checked in from Warrensburg, NY.

Ex-RM HAROLD A. MYERS – Sumiton, AL. was a Comm Supv. at NAVFAC Eleuthera from 1969-1972.

Ms CATHLINE SHAY (Ex-USN) - Served at NAVFAC Argentina from June 1983 to April 1984 and NAVFAC Keflavik from April 1984 to Oct 1986. Cathline is an Analytical Chemist employed by Thermofisher Scientific.

Mr ROBERT C. STROTHARD (Ex-USN) – Lives in Rochester, NY. He served at NAVFACs Pacific Beach, Adak, and San Nicolas from 1967-1970. Bob retired from the U. S. Postal Service in 2003.

OTACS CHUCK MATTHEWS (USN RET) – Checked in from Dixon, MO.

Mr FRED KEITH (USN RET) – Lives in Pleasant Shade, TN. Served in IUSS from 1966-1987.

OT1 WALLACE MAYBERRY (USN RET) – Resides in Virginia Beach, VA.

OT2 NICK STANFIELD (Ex-USN) – Reported in from Versailles, KY.

OT2 MARY BURKE (Ex-USN) – Lives in Chantilly, VA. Served from 1976-1981.

OTCM BART HIGGINS (USN RET) - Checked in from Ventura, CA.

OTAC LEA BOLIN (USN RET) – Lives in Virginia Beach, VA.

Ms JEANETTE F. WHITTEN (Ex-USN) - Served at NAVFACs Adak and Brawdy, and COSL from 1981-1985 and is currently employed by the IRS in Eustis, FL.

Ex-STG3 ROLAND MEYER – Lives in Myrtle Beach, SC. Served at NAVFAC Ramey from 1963-1966. He's also a retired NY Law Enforcement Officer and South Carolina Zoning Administrator.

Mr RONALD J. DOKE (Ex-USN) - Checked in from Elkhart, IN.

OTCM DOUG DEVERS (USN RET) - Resides in Hopkinton, NH.

STEVE AND STACIE ROSE - Checked in from Virginia Beach, VA.

Mr DAN SHERMAN (GS RET) – Living in Lake Placid, FL.

CAPT LYNN PUCKETT (USNR RET) – Lives in Billings, MT, the “last great place.” Retired in 2012.

OTA1 STEVEN ISHERWOOD (USN RET) - Retired from Centerville Beach in 1989 and went on to complete a 21-year career as a Correctional Deputy in Humboldt County. Amazingly, he cycled the West Coast from Port Angeles, WA to San Diego, CA. What an accomplishment!

CWO3 DON WRAY - Retired in 1997 and works in the cyber security industry in Michigan.

OTA1 BOBBY RAY EDMONDSON (USN RET) – Lives in Blackshear, GA. Retired in 1999.

CDR PATRICK DENNIS (USN RET) – Lives in Lake of the Woods, VA. He completed IUSS tours at NAVFAC Keflavik (January 1969 to June 1970), NAVFAC Eleuthera (July 1970 to June 1972) and was CO of NAVFAC Cape Hatteras from April 1980 to June 1982.

ETC JOHN HEIZER (USNR RET) - Checked in from Pittsburg, KS.

OTACS RICK PROUTY (USN RET) - Reported in from Tyler, TX.

OTACS/STGCS CINDI (KING) ADAMS (USN RET) - Now living in Sioux Falls, SD.

AMC JAY ELLIS (USN RET) - Checked in from Woodland, WA. Jay served in the System from 1991-1995 before cross-rating to AM.

Ex-OT2 ARTHUR LAFARO - Lives in Hertford, NC. Art is a retired mechanical engineer who served at NAVFACs Lewes and Argentia from 1971-1974.

Ex-OTM2 DEBRA GARRETT - Served at NOPF Dam Neck, NOPF Ford Island, and FLTASW Norfolk from 1986-1996 and currently resides in Pelzer, SC.

Ex-PO2 (CF) PATRICIA HENNESSEY - Lives in Bathurst, NB, Canada.

Mr JOHN GLASS (Ex-USN, GS RET) - Served at NAVFAC Barbados from 1969-1971; lives in Boyd, MD.

CAPT JASON VOGT (USN) - Checked in from Honolulu, HI.

CWO ERIC HEIM (USN) - Reported in from Honolulu, HI. Eric is one of the first six Acoustic Warrant Officers selected. CONGRATULATIONS, Eric....Well Done!

In Memoriam

We regret to report the passing of 40 “shipmates” from our IUSS Community, whose names have been reported to us since the November 2017 issue of The Cable. They’ve been added to our website IN MEMORIAM page, which now contains 510 names. The full list may be viewed at <http://www.iusscaa.org/memorial.htm>. That page also contains a link to the WECOSUS-Field Engineering Force Memory List, compiled by Mr. E.L. “Buddy” Frazier.

Last Name	First Name	Middle/AKA	Rank/Rate/Title	System Affiliation	Deceased
ANTHONY	Timothy	G. "Tim"	OT	USN 1970s	Mar 2013
ATKINS	Ronald	W.	LCDR	USN 1970s	Feb 2017
BALL	Harry	D. "Doug"	DK1	USN 1970s	Jul 2017
BANNING	Ronald	"Tex"	OT1	USN 1975-1988	Oct 2015
BARRON	Norman	A.	LT	USN 1964-68	Feb 2018
BLOCKER	John	W.	ET/Civilian	USN/GS/Contr 1959-1994	Apr 2007
BRADY	James	H. R. "Jim"	CDR	USN 1964-1984	Aug 2018
BRZOZNOWSKI	Lorraine	A.	OT3	USN 1975-79	Oct 2012
BYRON	Henry	Thomas, Jr. "Tom"	LT/DVM	USN 1968-1972	Sep 2000
CARMODY	James	A.	LT	USN 1969-1971	Dec 2014
CASTILLO	Ernest	III "Ernie"	LCDR/Civilian	USN/GS 1960s-1995	Feb 2018
DITTLER	David	D. "Dave"	OTCM	USN 1950s-1981	Nov 2018
DIX	Mark	J.	LT (OTACS)	USN 1975-1998	Sep 2018
EATON	James	D., Sr. "Jim"	OT2	USN 1970s	Mar 2016
FAISON	Lenward	A. "Lenny"	OTA1	USN 1974-2000	Jun 2018
FALL	Robert	H., III	CDR	USN 1960s	Jul 2016
FELLINGHAM	Robert	W., Sr. "Bob"	CAPT	USN 1976-78	Jan 2014
FOGLE	William	"Jerry"	CAPT	USN 1970s-1980s	Jul 2018
GILLAM	Harold	R.	CDR	USN 1959-1960	Nov 2013
HOWARD	Gene	E.	OTC	USN 1960s-1986	Dec 2017
HOWELL	Christen	F.	OT	USN 1973-78	Jun 2011
HUGHES	Robert	L., Sr.	CDR	USN 1962	Jan 2008
KIMMEL	Carl	E. "Buffy"	Civilian	WECOS/ATT/LU 1960s-90s	Nov 2017
KOLBASOWSKI DUNLOP	Teresa	"Terry"	OT2	USN 1977-1981	Sep 2018
KOPANSKI	Glenn	E.	RM1	USN 1977-1982	Jan 2016
LICKFOLD	Frederick	R., III "Fred"	CAPT	USN 1970s	Mar 2018
MARTIN	Kenneth	M.	CAPT	USN 1970s	Jul 2017
MAY	Robert	C. "Bob"	CAPT	USN 1960s	Mar 2013
McWETHY	Robert	D. "Bob"	CAPT	USN 1965-68	Jan 2018
MYERS	Dale	P.	CAPT	USN 1980s	Jan 2018
OWEN	William	L. Jr. "Bill"	CAPT	USN 1960s - 1980s	Jul 2018
PEEBLES	Baker	L.	CAPT	USN 1968-1980	Jul 2018
POPE	James	B. "Jim"	ENC/CWO3	USN 1970s	Mar 2018
RIGSBEE	John	"Taylor"	CAPT	USN 1968-1971	Sep 2017
RUTEMILLER	Oren	G., Jr. "Skip"	CDR	USN 1970s	Nov 2009
RUTKOWSKI	Edwin	G.	LCDR	USN 1970s	Jun 2012
SORENSEN	Jon	M.	OT1	USN 1960s-1970s	Nov 2015
TENNANT	Harry	R., Jr.	OTA1	USN 1978-1998	Dec 2016
TUCKER	John	M.	SCPO	USN 1970s	Aug 2007
WRIGHT	Thomas	G.	LT	USNR 1965-1970	Jul 2015

Compiled by Jack Holdzkow, OTCM, USN (Ret)

IUSS / CAESAR



Alumni Association

IUSSCAA Staff

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