

# The Cable

Official Newsletter of the IUSS/CAESAR Alumni Association

## IUSS / CAESAR



## Alumni Association

NOVEMBER 2019

### DIRECTOR'S CORNER

*Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)*

Hello shipmates. Well, another fast year has passed. In September we celebrated the 65<sup>th</sup> birthday of our beloved System with a Golf Tournament at NAS Oceana, Happy Hour and a formal Dinner at the Norfolk Marriott, and tour of the Naval Ocean Processing Facility, Dam Neck.

Our profound thanks go out to VADM Richard (Commander, Submarine Forces) (and CAPT Luers, CUS) for a really great Dinner Keynote speech: "Yoku Dekimashita!"

We're also grateful to Captain Hasan and the NOPF crew for their hospitality and professionalism shown to us during the tour.

Many thanks go out to Jim and Kathy Donovan, Jon and Peggy Chadwick, Jerry and Gerry McDonald, Paul Banks, Greg Clarkson, Keith Stevenson, Chris Buswell, Ed Smock, Paul and Nancy Heim, Steve Rose, and Pat Szewczak for making the reunion a resounding success and the very best I've attended.

I hope you enjoy this year's newsletter. We received some pretty interesting articles which should make for some good reading. As has been the case for many years, Ellis Sutter, Dick Rentner, and Jack Holdzkorn make "The Cable" possible.

These gentlemen invest a ton of their time making the newsletter a professional product and I'm extremely grateful for their efforts. Thanks for stepping up, guys.

Russ Lownie (Webmaster), Mike Kilpatrick (Database Manager), and Jack Holdzkorn ("Association Historian") continue to do the heavy lifting that keeps the Association functioning. Thank you, gents.

As I discussed at the reunion dinner, none of us are getting any younger. Waiting five years to get together isn't working for me. So, starting next September, the Association will host a kid/grandkid/great-grandkid-friendly yearly picnic. None of the details are in concrete and I'm open to all suggestions. Standby for additional info on the Message Board and FB.

In case you haven't been paying attention, the Chinese and Russians didn't get the word that the Cold War is over. As VADM Richard pointed out, our System is alive, active, and doing stuff many of us couldn't have imagined in the past.

Lastly, thanks to all 900 of you - and especially those who submitted articles for the newsletter - who continue to support the IUSSCAA. As always, we solicit your comments and suggestions.

I wish I could do it all over again.

Warmest regards,  
*Nick*

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# IUSS 65th Anniversary Celebration

*By Dick Rentner, CWO4, USN (Ret)*

A great start for the weekend celebrating IUSS 65th Anniversary was the group of over 30 golfers that met at the Naval Air Station Oceana Hornet Course Friday morning. In addition to golfing the group also enjoyed a special lunch.



**IUSS 65th Anniversary Golf Tournament**

That evening over 200 IUSS guests were in Norfolk, VA, at the Waterside Marriott Hotel for a casual "Meet and Greet." Old friends and new acquaintances swapped "Sea Stories" and enjoyed the drinks and appetizers. Meeting and greeting the many friends from years ago made for a joyous time for all. Many wore their favorite IUSS shirt.



**John Ziegler, Jim Donovan, Jane Wright & Nick McConnell Amongst the Crowd at the Meet And Greet**



**Les Polk and Al Brandt Swapping Sea Stories at the Meet and Greet**

Saturday evening over 276 folks attended the Anniversary Dinner at the Waterside Marriott Hotel. VADM Charles Richard (Commander, Submarine Forces) was our guest speaker and his words were well received. Also in attendance were RADM James P. Waters III (COMSUBGRUTWO) and CAPT Scott Luers (Commander, Undersea Surveillance).

Mr. Inge Dahl was awarded the annual CAPT Joseph P. Kelly Award for Lifetime Achievement as a foreign partner providing critical support to the IUSS for more than 45 years (1974-2019).

OTCM Ed "Smoky" Smock, USN (Ret) was recognized and honored several times throughout the evening with standing ovations for his lifetime in the IUSS System. He entered SOSUS in 1954 and he continues working at NOPF Dam Neck.

The professionalism, friendliness, and great diversity of the active duty officers and sailors who attended the meet and greet and the dinner party was well noted. Those sailors proudly showed off their command. We are in good hands.



**CAPT Luers and CAPT Heim Presenting  
the CAPT Joseph P. Kelly Award  
to Mr. Inge Dahl**



**OTCM Ed “Smoky” Smock, USN (Ret)  
Acknowledging One of Many  
Accolades**

Over 125 guests attended an Open House at NOPF Dam Neck on Sunday afternoon. Tours of spaces in the new building included the front-end equipment and cable termination spaces, the server rooms, and the new Operations Display Room named “The Donovans Watch Floor”. Challenge Coins and other memorabilia were on display and for sale, along with finger food and desserts.



**NOPF Dam Neck New Addition on the Left**



**NOPF Logo on Building**

# IUSS 65<sup>TH</sup> Anniversary Keynote Address

## 21 September 2019

*By Charles A. “Chas” Richard, VADM, USN, Commander, Submarine Forces*



**Vice Admiral Charles “Chas” Richard  
Speaking at the IUSS 65th Anniversary Celebration**

### **Introduction and Special Recognition**

Fellow Admirals, Commodores, Commanding Officers, families, friends, international partners, active and past operators of the US Navy’s best secret – what an amazing gathering of so many who have contributed so greatly to the defense of our nation and our allies!

It is an honor to be with you tonight, as we celebrate the 65th anniversary of this incredible jewel we know as IUSS. I know, I know – the IUSS mission was declassified decades ago, but whether you’re operating the system now, or operated it 65 years ago like Mr. Ed Smock... let me digress a second. 65 years! Mr. Smock, I understand you have three children who have recently retired from successful careers? Yet you continue to work on in the system you love. That dedication is simply beyond words. You truly are the institutional knowledge we so badly need throughout our Navy. Let’s give him a round of applause...

But you and I all know that this very exclusive and covert society you are a part of remains little known to the American public. If only that were more true for our adversaries as well!

You know, I’ll tell ya, following the Cold War, the IUSS community and system as a whole was in flux – experiencing a significant reduction in focus and resources. But I am here to tell you, and Admiral Converse and Commodore Luers can attest to this, as our nation returns to Great Power Competition, now with two potential adversaries instead of one, IUSS and its value are absolutely well known to our nation’s top defense officials, your system is very much in the spotlight and on the ascendancy. But I get ahead of myself – let me reflect for a minute on the remarkable history which has brought IUSS to where it is today.

## **IUSS History and Importance**

In 1954, the same year Ed Smock graduated from sonar school and reported to IUSS, Naval Facility Ramey was commissioned under a program then classified as Project CAESAR.

The entire concept of the Sound Surveillance System, or SOSUS, was audacious – working to exploit low frequency sound waves that travel long distances in the ocean in order to track the growing Soviet ballistic missile submarine threat. It was also highly secretive – Sailors thought they were reporting to oceanographic research stations to learn about whales and conduct ocean floor surveys.

As the Father of SOSUS, CAPT Joseph Kelly, shepherded the system along, NAVFAC Ramey was joined by more acoustic processing facilities worldwide. Many of you in this room operated in these geographically dispersed places, like Keflavik, Iceland; Argentina, Canada; Guam; Brawdy, United Kingdom; and Adak, Alaska, just to name a few.

You contributed to the Fleet's anti-submarine prosecutions during the Cuban Missile Crisis, helped pinpoint USS THRESHER when that ship experienced catastrophic problems and perished on the ocean floor, as well as several Soviet submarines when they experienced similar fates, but, most importantly, you tracked numerous Soviet submarines on an almost daily basis, giving national leadership the confidence that we could locate and sink those dangerous units in time of hostilities. Your contributions played a significant role in our Nation's triumph in the Cold War, something for which you have never been given enough credit.

In the 1980s you added a fleet of Surveillance Towed Array Sensor System (SURTASS) ships to your arsenal. These assets provided a mobile capability to fill gaps where no fixed systems existed, and soon proved so invaluable that additional ships were added until they peaked at 14 operational SURTASS in the U.S. Navy.

At all points you were innovative, working with the acquisition community to develop and field new technology, better sensors, improved processing equipment, and smoother communications gear so you could make faster and more accurate reports to Fleet commanders.

Many of you started in this business by “walking the beams” – literally standing watch by walking down rows of graphite scrolling displays, resembling paper EKGs, with each piece of equipment accounting for one beam of the array. We eventually progressed to scrolling those beams at a computer terminal; but the acoustic analysis art you perfected – and it is still an art – remains the foundation of the excellent performance that we expect from IUSS.

## **The Future is Bright**

Today, that innovation continues. As I previously mentioned, senior leadership in our Navy and our defense department recognize the crucial importance of wide area maritime surveillance as the first step in the undersea kill-chain. As a result, we are seeing significant investment IUSS, something that has been unmatched since prior to the fall of the Berlin Wall. My own Submarine Force Commander's Intent, as well as other Pentagon resource documents clearly identify that expanding IUSS is one of our top priorities.

The acquisition community is continuously working on a whole host of new technology. They recently perfected the most advanced man-made acoustic sensor ever fielded, and that sensor has been incorporated into our first new fixed systems in this century.

As these new systems provide us a larger quantity of data – i.e., making a larger haystack, so to speak – we are simultaneously working on artificial intelligence to create machine filters so that our analysts have a greater chance of finding the needle – allowing them to apply their acoustic expertise to finding submarines and not tracking biologics or surface merchants.

We are also standing up a deployable family of sensors as a full program of record in this next fiscal year – taking some of the great prototype work which has been done to expand the IUSS toolkit with a series of expeditionary passive, active, and mobile sensors.

As we speak, we are experimenting operationally with an expeditionary SURTASS concept by which we take a twin line passive array similar to what is deployed in our SURTASS Fleet, and place it on a contracted vessel of opportunity.

Frankly speaking, we simply have not had the quantity of SURTASS ships we would like to cover all the gaps we need. SURTASS-E, as it is called, should add capability and alleviate that quantitative shortfall while we work to build the next version of SURTASS ships in the late 2020s.

In addition to SURTASS, we are working to network the ocean floor, taking advantage of our IUSS infrastructure by adding active capability, nodes to charge and communicate with a fleet of unmanned undersea vehicles (UUVs), and improve communication with all undersea assets. The future of IUSS is bright, and I am excited for, and look forward to seeing the progress we make as we reinvest in this crucial system.

## **Importance of Our People**

But regardless of any technology we bring to bear, or the amount of money we invest in new systems, our people remain the backbone of our IUSS capability.

Since 1954 you have stood the watch, seeing us through the many long decades of the Cold War. Now, as we face this, our era of Great Power Competition, we are grateful for the leadership of the people in this room – Mr. Ed Smock, former IUSS Commodores and Commanding Officers, CAPT Kelly award winners, our international partners, and all who have walked the beams – either literally or figuratively.

That leadership has produced today's IUSS masters of the undersea domain – a talented mix of young Sailors through senior civilian warriors who recognize their vital role in improving the lethality of our anti-submarine forces by leveraging their acoustic expertise and vigilance.

As I prepared for tonight's event, I was impressed to see how many women have been a vital part of the IUSS leadership team. Long before women were significantly integrated into our Navy, they were taking commanding roles within the IUSS community. Women like Norah Taylor-Brown, one of the first women assigned to an IUSS operational billet, at NAVFAC Eleuthera in 1972.

LCDR Peggy Frederick, who became the first female Commanding Officer of a NAVFAC when she took command in Lewes, Delaware in 1977.

CAPT Marnee Finch, who was the first female IUSS Commodore when she relieved as Commander, Undersea Surveillance, Pacific, in 1993, back when we had two Commodores, one on each coast.

In an unprecedented first for both IUSS and the U.S. Navy, then CDR Kathy Donovan relieved her husband, then CDR Jim Donovan, as Commanding Officer of Naval Ocean Processing Facility Dam Neck in 2001.

Tonight I'd also like to recognize the first Intelligence Officer to command a NOPF, CAPT Charleese Hasan, who currently serves as the Commanding Officer at NOPF Dam Neck.

Thank you to CAPT Hasan and all of our IUSS leaders for your dedication to providing "continuous maritime surveillance for homeland security 24/7/365."

The women and men of the IUSS community share in a proud heritage of undersea expertise. When I relieved as the Submarine Force Commander last year, I told our team to Prepare for Battle. Our Navy must be ready for combat today. When the shooting starts, no one gets a few more years, months, or even days to prepare. We fight with what we have. That includes our level of training and expertise.

So, my challenge to those of you operating the system today is to prepare well, as our time may be short. Work to ensure that your systems and your people are at the highest levels of preparedness possible. Think creatively, as you always have, and work to optimize new technology as it comes to you. Take pride in the global excellence for which IUSS is renowned, but be on guard for any slips from that high standard.

I am confident we will prevail in any conflict, but the sacrifice which the American people and military are forced to make will be inverse to the quality of the preparations we make today.

## **Closing**

Let me close by saying that I am extremely proud of the IUSS community. Thank you for your hard work, dedication and support of your shipmates.

I'd like to extend a special thank you to CAPT Jim Donovan and the rest of the unsung heroes of the anniversary committee for putting together such a splendid event. The IUSS heritage that is represented by the people in this room is simply remarkable.

You do yourselves and your nation a service by conducting these events and keeping alive such a unique community and camaraderie. Thank you for the opportunity to join you tonight, and my best wishes for the continued success of the CAESAR Association.

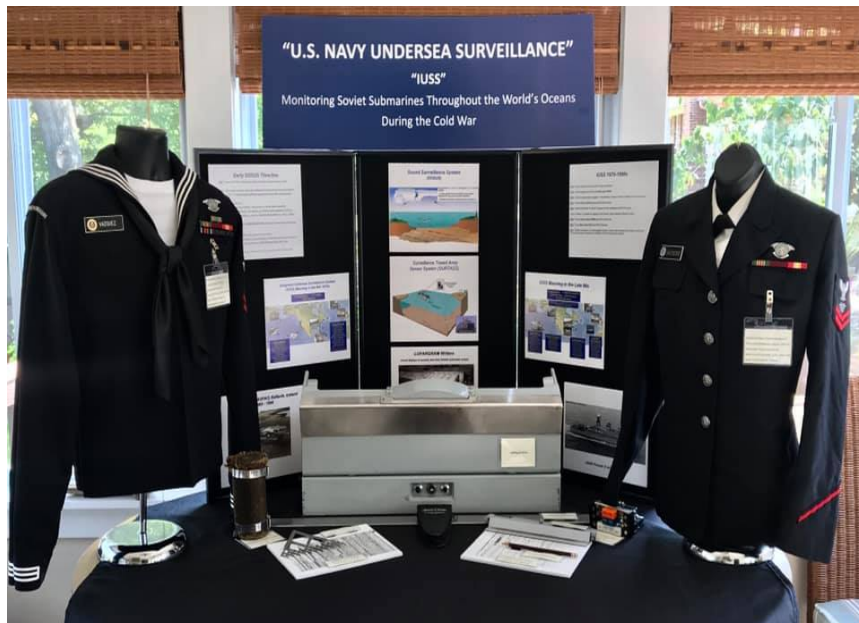
You are truly Masters of the Undersea Domain! God bless the Submarine Force, all Undersea Warriors, and the United States. Thank you – good night.

# IUSS Cold War Display

*By Dick Rentner, CWO4, USN (Ret)*

The IUSS Cold War Display, titled "U.S. NAVY UNDERSEA SURVEILLANCE", was popular at the IUSS 65th Anniversary Celebration throughout the weekend of September 20 - 22, 2019. It was first on display at the Marriott Hotel on Friday evening at the "Meet and Greet", then at the Saturday evening "65th Celebration Dinner", and finally at NOPF Dam Neck on Sunday afternoon at the Open House. It will remain at NOPF Dam Neck until being put on display at its permanent home at the "Cold War Museum" located on the grounds of the Vint Hill Craft Winery in Vint Hill, VA.

The Vint Hill Farm became the home of the Army's Signal Intelligence Service (SIS) Station during World War II. Named the Vint Hills Farm Station (VHFS), the facility served as a cryptography school and as a Monitoring Station MS-1. It was one of the most important intelligence gathering stations during the war, eavesdropping on intercepted enemy communications. After the war it was an Army training school for crypto analysts and repair technicians in addition to continuing as a Monitoring Station, intercepting Soviet communications during the Cold War. With the end of the Cold War, the Army closed the station on September 30, 1997 and the property was finally sold in 1999. The area is now home to several engineering and technology companies, and the home of Vint Hill Craft Winery. The Cold War Museum opened on the property of the Winery in a two-story building in November of 2013. The Winery also is home to a brewery, a café, and a gymnastics school.



**Cold War Museum Display**



**One Of The Many Displays In The Cold War Museum**

# **NOPF Dam Neck New Watch Floor and Conference Room**

*By Dick Rentner, CWO4, USN (Ret)*

In January 2019 Jim Donovan was approached by the then-NOPF Dam Neck Commanding Officer, CDR Aaron Holdaway, USN, about naming the recently finished, state-of-the-art Integrated Undersea Surveillance System (IUSS) Operations floor expansion “THE DONOVANS” Watch Floor, after both CAPT James Donovan and CAPT Kathy Donovan. The Donovans had both been Commanding Officers of NOPF Dam Neck, Kathy relieving Jim in 2001. The plan was for the Dedication Ceremony to take place coincident with the Official Opening of the Operations Center on 24 January 2019.

Unfortunately, they were unable provide an unclassified venue for the Dedication Ceremony to occur on the same day as the Official Opening, given the number of American and British Flag officers scheduled to attend the Opening.

Because the Donovans no longer had active clearances it was decided to hold the Watch Floor dedication and naming at a later date. The IUSS 65th Anniversary weekend, to be held in September 2019 was proposed since there would be many SOSUS/IUSS personnel from the past in town for that celebration. Then, not wanting to detract from the 65th Anniversary, it was decided to hold the dedication ceremony a few days later, on 1 October, which was coincident with the 10th anniversary of the British contingent at the Command.

Speakers for this dedication included the NOPF Commanding Officer CAPT Charleese Hasan, USN; CAPT Kathy Donovan, USN (Ret); CAPT James Donovan, USN (Ret); and OTCM Ed Smock, USN (Ret). Also in attendance was the first CO of NOPF DN, CAPT Paul “Scratch” Hryskanich, USN (Ret).

“The Donovans Watch Floor” occupies the second deck of the new building annex, which also houses Equipment Rooms, and replaces the original Operations Watch Floor. The new Watch Floor contains multiple rows of three-headed, state-of-the-art computer displays that are organized by geographic areas and watch positions. All guests who took the NOPF tour on 22 September 2019, arranged by the 65th Anniversary Committee, had a walk-through of some of these equipment rooms and received a very informative briefing in “The Donovans Watch Floor” by five of the leading military personnel who supervise operations in this space.

Immediately following the watch floor dedication, the dedication of the new “EDWIN K. SMOCK Conference Room” was conducted on the first floor of the new addition. The original Conference Room named for Master Chief Smock, and the previous Watch Floor, both located in the original building, are slated to be renovated and used as Command Training Rooms.



**The Donovans in the Doorway to the Watch Floor  
with NOPF Dam Neck CO, CAPT Hasan**



**OTCM Ed Smock, USN (Ret) with CAPT Charleese  
Hasan at the Re-dedication of the Conference Room**

# **Request For IUSS Items Of Historical Significance**

*By S. C. Luers, CAPT, USN, Commander Undersea Surveillance*

The Integrated Undersea Surveillance System (IUSS) began in 1954 with the commissioning of Naval Facility Ramey, Puerto Rico as the nation's first dedicated broad ocean listening post. Designed to provide U.S. Navy and allied anti-submarine commanders with superior acoustic cueing against adversary nations' submarine threats, the undersea warriors of IUSS – and those who support them – have been providing this invaluable service ever since.

Originally, IUSS was a clandestine effort operating under the code word CAESAR, and only recently were these operations brought to light at the end of the Cold War. Because of the extreme secretive nature of these operations, few artifacts of significance have survived or been retained.

The U.S. Navy has a vast and proud heritage. The Chief of Naval Operations has directed subordinate commands to preserve and cultivate that history. Those of us associated with IUSS have a similar obligation by assuring that the historical exploits and challenges faced by our community for over 65 years are preserved for future generations to appreciate.

Over the next few years, and in conjunction with the construction of our new building, Commander Undersea Surveillance (CUS) will develop the IUSS Heritage Center. We are collecting documents, equipment, photos, and other items of significance that support the story of IUSS and those who have contributed to its mission. In support of that effort, I request all commands and personnel currently and formerly associated with IUSS review their unclassified equipment and records and provide these to the IUSS Heritage Center project prior to destruction or disposal. CUS will assume responsibility to accurately account for and effectively preserve these items while also documenting the contributing person(s) and/or command(s).

My Points of Contact for this matter are the CUS Public Affairs Officer or N6 Department Heritage Coordinator, who are available at (757) 492-5166 or (757) 492-5149 respectively. Additionally, I am available for any questions or concerns at (757) 492-7110. I appreciate your support in this important endeavor.

# IUSS Short Stories

## Reminiscing

*By Lou Haskins, NCC, USN (Ret)*

When I was stationed at NavFac Nantucket it was an innocent time relative to today, as you will see. For many this story will be a trip down memory lane. For those under age forty it will be hard to imagine this event happening today.

The Woodstock Rock Festival of 1969, held on a 600-acre dairy farm in New York, wouldn't occur for another nine years; but the "Flower Power" movement was underway. Hootenannies were popular and my Uncle Bob was an amateur musician and singer. He was visiting me in Nantucket that summer and heard there were impromptu sessions at different places in town.

I wish I could remember the name of the bar we were in, but after a couple of nights he became a favorite there. So, on the second night, as the bar was closing, I made an announcement; "Ladies and gentlemen, after the bar closes tomorrow night, everyone is invited over to my place for a continuation party. Bring some booze and food and stay as long as you like." (I'm paraphrasing here.)

So, the next night, while he played at the bar, my wife Mary and I, and the neighbors set out tables laden with food under some beautiful oaks in the yard, along with some speakers and chairs, and waited for the bar to close and for Uncle Bob to come home.

When the bar closed, (can't remember the time) people with booze started to pour in. I have no exact figure, but there were at least a hundred.

Everyone drank and sang to the music. Uncle Bob played, and we sang along to songs from the Kingston Trio, (Tom Dooley, M.T.A., Where Have all the Flowers Gone?), The Brothers Four, (Green Fields, Yellow Bird, I'm a Roving Gambler) and so, so many more. We drank and sang until everyone crashed - all over the lawn, on the porch, on the couch, on the floor, everywhere.

And here's the most amazing part: I left my house completely open. Nothing was locked. There was not one fight, not one argument, nothing was broken, and nothing was stolen! One guy apologized the next day for falling off the porch and bending the branches on a bush.

Young people listen to us old folks reminisce about the "Good Old Days" (I'm 80). Times like this are the reason; they were the norm.



## Intelligence Man

*By Robert Hoffman, Ex-SO3, USN*

When I was at NavFac Centerville Beach in 1961, I went on liberty one day and had a beer in a seaside bar in Eureka. A man came in and sat on the stool next to me and began a conversation. I was looking toward the floor, and right away I noticed his nice shiny black USN shoes. When I looked up toward the voice, I saw a man dressed in shabby fisherman clothes. He began asking me questions about the NavFac, like, "How many men are stationed there?" and "What's your job there?"

I was laughing inside because this obviously Naval Intelligence man was trying to get classified information from me, an E4. I told him we had about three thousand men stationed there and my job was to stand on the cliff and count the shrimp boats.

After several other ridiculous questions and my equally ridiculous answers, I excused myself and went toward the Men's Room and out the back door. I was tempted to talk to the Captain at the NavFac and suggest he tell that Ensign in intelligence to wear old clothes AND old shoes! Also, to buy the "target" several drinks before the questions began!



## Beer Ball in Barbados

*By Jim Wheeler, OTAC, USN (Ret)*

I was stationed at NavFac Barbados from 1971-1973 where we played what we called "Beer Softball". This was done with what else, **Banks Beer**. I played the position of catcher and our main pitcher was a SEABEE, if I remember correctly, named Emris Hurst. He was left-handed and was really good. The game was played by placing cups of beer at every base including home plate. If you got a hit, you had to drink the cup at home plate before you could run to first base. Then if you could advance to second, you had to drink the cup at first base, and so on. The defenders also had to drink a cup before they could throw the ball in. These were interesting games that we played for a fun couple of years.



## **A Good Prank...At Ron's Expense**

***By Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)***

I was the Ops Chief at Guam in 1988. My good bud, CWO2 Ron Rising was the Training Officer. As those of you who served at one of the small 'Facs will remember, every khaki suit had several collateral duties and routinely in-briefed new arrivals.

One day, a young, undesignated female SN from X-Division appeared at my office to check in. She hailed from the south and had that sweet, Georgia drawl. After just a few minutes with her, I could see that she was really bright and knew that I wanted her to strike for OT. After briefing her on all the stuff I had responsibility for, I solicited questions. She had a few, and then we were finished.

Ron was next on her check-in sheet and I was about to take her to his office when I had a good idea. I asked her to help me play a joke on Warrant Rising. She asked for details and I explained the plan as follows.

I said that after the good WO finished with his briefings, he'd ask her if she had any questions. At that point, I suggested she should ask...."Mr. Rising, is there any truth to the rumor that right after you were promoted to Chief Petty Officer, the Navy realized what a terrible mistake they'd made but, since you'd already bought all your uniforms, it wouldn't be fair to make you go back to first class....so they made you a Warrant Officer?"

I explained that Ron and I were great friends and no harm would come to her, but she was adamantly opposed to doing what I suggested. I told her to forget about it and took her to Ron's office, introduced her and bade her good day.

About 20 minutes later, there's a knock on my doorframe and she pokes her head in, flashes me the thumbs up sign and runs. My day is made.

Thirty seconds later, my phone rings and the message is, "I'll get you, you SOB!"

In no time at all, our young Seaman was an MA2 LPO running X-Division and Ron and I had a fun memory....at least that's the way I remember it.

## **Ego Deflation....A Life Lesson**

***By Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)***

In 1973, I was stationed in Bermuda and my driver's license had just been suspended for six months, for the heinous crime of speeding over the Somerset Bridge. I needed to teach my girlfriend (a wonderful woman who became my wife) how to drive my manual-transmission VW bug so we would have transportation on the island.

We practiced for many days on the unused Annex seaplane area just down the road from the NavFac barracks. All was going well but I knew that, ultimately, she'd have to master the fine art of managing the clutch after stopping on a hill.

Those of you lucky enough to be stationed on Bermuda will remember the steep hill and stop sign at the end of the Port Royal Golf Course Road (NavFac Road). Merging into the heavy traffic on Middle Road could be difficult and was not for the faint of heart, especially if you had to manage a manual transmission.

NavFac Road practice day came, and we were both nervous. I did my best to hide my apprehension, but I was a young knucklehead and probably didn't do a good job of it. I could tell Donna would rather have been going for a root canal, but she was a trooper and off we went to master that stop sign.

The first several attempts went as expected. She stalled the engine and the car drifted back a few feet. Not a big problem until a taxi pulled up behind us. The smart thing for me to do was to get out and explain the situation to the taxi driver and ask him to go around. That didn't happen.

She tried several more times and the VW kept getting closer and closer to the taxi. He finally tired of waiting, honked his horn several times and drove around us. As he went by, I yelled something that won't be repeated here. He pulled onto Middle Road and I saw his brake lights come on. I knew then that I was in big trouble.

Unfortunately for me, the very largest man I'd ever seen, so large I thought he would tear the top off of his taxi as he slowly emerged, came lumbering across the road with fire in his eyes.

As I had only seconds to formulate a plan, I quickly reviewed my options. I could start crying and beg for mercy. I could get out of the car and run and let Donna deal with him, or I could just put up my dukes and get beaten to a bloody pulp. None of these seemed like good ideas so I just sat there preparing to be yelled at but hoping to escape with my life.

The driver took pity on me and just gave me a serious tongue-lashing. I sat very quietly as he apologized to Donna for upsetting her, and then he was on his way. Occasionally, I still think I should've jumped out of the car and taken that beating..... nahhhhhh.... that woulda been just stupid.

Donna was a good sport and didn't rag me about what a dumba\$\$ I was, and I never again let my big mouth write a check that my butt couldn't cash.

# Stories From “OUR BOOK”

*By Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret)*

## **26 OCT 2017: CREATION OF THE ACOUSTIC TECHNICIAN WARRANT OFFICER**

NAVADMIN 259/17 announced the establishment of 25 billets specifically designated to provide acoustic experience and leadership to IUSS per the NAVADMIN. This program provides a deliberate means of identifying and commissioning technically proficient Sailors to provide superior acoustic analytical support to Fleet and Task Force Commanders, primarily via the Integrated Undersea Surveillance System (IUSS). Once approved, nine Warrant Officers currently or previously assigned to IUSS immediately transferred to the designator.

(CWO3 Eric Heim, USN, COMSUBPAC N362, IUSS OPS/Plans, SURTASS Officer)

## **7 NOV 2018: FROM ONE OF THE FIRST ACOUSTIC TECHNICIAN WARRANT OFFICERS**

To: Mr. Donovan and Mr. Smock,

First, thank you both for providing a great deal of knowledge on the IUSS Community. It has been helpful in my endeavors to explain to the folks at the uniform board the origins of the new Acoustic Warrant Officer specialty device (below). I think as we move forward building this community we must honor those who have served before us and laid the very foundation of what we are.

I was offered the honor to be one of the first few Acoustic Warrants when the program was opened up. I knew I was joining a rich history that has come a long way over the last 65 years. I challenge myself and my fellow Acoustic Warrants each and every day to keep the history of our system alive and venture into the future. I look forward to keeping contact with you both and sharing the growth of the acoustic community.

Again thank you for enhancing my knowledge of the past to help build the future!

(CWO3 Eric Heim, USN, COMSUBPAC N362, IUSS OPS/Plans, SURTASS Officer)

## **7 NOV 2018: THE NEW ACOUSTIC TECHNICIAN INSIGNIA**

The **globe** represents our dominance of the global undersea environment.

The **trident** represents the Ocean Systems Technician rating (OT) which spanned from 1970 - 1997 and was merged with the Sonar Technician rating from which it originated. OT was the core rating of the IUSS when the rating was established. IUSS is the core career path for an Acoustic Warrant. The trident also represents the three disciplines of IUSS - fixed, mobile, and deployable systems.

The **seahorse**, or Hippocampus has been associated with the IUSS since the first NavFac was opened in 1954. All of these NavFacs had in their command crests one or more elements displayed by this collar device. Many included the seahorse as a predominant feature.

(CWO3 Eric Heim, USN, COMSUBPAC N362, IUSS OPS/Plans, SURTASS Officer)



## **24 JAN 2019: NOPF DN RIBBON CUTTING CEREMONY**

A Ribbon Cutting Ceremony was held at which the Naval Ocean Processing Facility Dam Neck (NOPF DN) officially transitioned into its new Integrated Undersea Surveillance System Facility.

Officiating at the ceremony were CDR Neil Botting, Senior British Officer, NOPF DN; CDR Charleese Sampa, XO, NOPF DN; CDR Aaron M. Holdaway, CO, NOPF DN; CAPT (RN) Nicholas Wheeler, JFC C4I SR Dep. Head; CAPT Scott Luers, Commander, Undersea Surveillance; and Commodore Andrew Betton, OBE, Naval Attaché British Embassy, Washington, D.C.

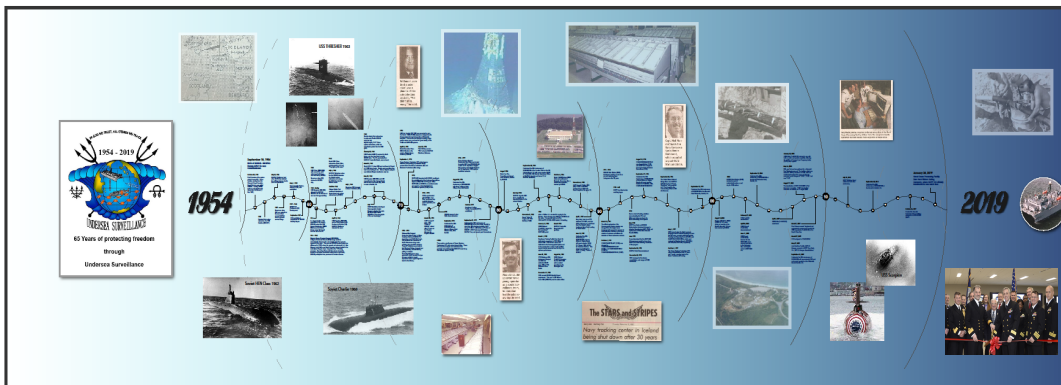
Guest Speakers were Rear Admiral E. Andrew Burcher, Vice Director Navy Staff, Deputy Commander Submarine Forces, Atlantic and Pacific; and Rear Admiral Paul Halton, OBE, Commander, Operations Royal Navy.



In addition, Ed Smock was honored by Commodore Andrew Betton, OBE, Naval Attaché British Embassy, Washington, D.C., who presented him with the British Defense Staff coin in appreciation for his 65 years of service to Undersea Surveillance.

(Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret))

## 20 SEP 2019: 65 YEARS OF UNDERSEA SURVEILLANCE



NOPF Dam Neck installed a 30-foot, time-line mural recognizing a few highlights (from “Our Book”) of the first 65 years of Undersea Surveillance.

(Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret))

## **1 OCT 2019: DEDICATION OF NOPF DN WATCH FLOOR & CONFERENCE ROOM**

NOPF Dam Neck began its 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration with a ceremony dedicating the new “Watch Floor” in the names of CAPTs Jim and Kathy Donovan, both previous Commanding Officers of NOPF DN, and the naming of the “new” Ed Smock Conference Room. Also in attendance was CAPT Paul “Scratch” Hryskanich, USN (Ret), the first CO of NOPF DN.

(Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret))

## **21 SEP 2019: CAPT JOSEPH P. KELLY AWARD**

A highlight of the IUSS 65<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion was the presentation of the CAPT Joseph P. Kelly Award to Mr. Inge Dahl by Commander, Undersea Surveillance (CUS), CAPT Scott C. Luers, USN.

(Ed Smock, OTCM, USN (Ret))



**Mr. Inge Dahl Holds the CAPT Joseph P. Kelly Award**



**CAPT Kelly Award Recipient Lapel  
Pin Seahorse-Gold, Trident-Silver**



**Also in attendance were six previous CAPT Kelly  
Award Recipients: (left to right)**

**Inge Dahl (2019), Jim Donovan (2018), Ed Smock  
(1995), Ragnar Schaug-Pettersen (2000), John Parrish  
(1994), Jerry McDonald (2004), and Tim Cornett (2017)**

# Why the ARA *San Juan* (S-42) Was Lost: An Assessment of 4 August 2019

*By Bruce Rule, GS (Ret)*



**Argentine Submarine ARA *San Juan* (S-42)**

This assessment is based on the content of messages sent by the ARA *SAN JUAN* on 15 November 2017, and on analysis of the Comprehensive Nuclear Test-Ban Treaty Organization (CTBTO) Report of 29 November 2017, detailing the characteristics of a powerful underwater acoustic signal the detection of which was time- and position-coincident with the loss of the *SAN JUAN*.

## **I. Note to Readers**

Readers concerned only with the basic conclusions about the loss of the ARA *SAN JUAN* should read Sections III and VII of this report. Those readers concerned with the analytical methods and collateral knowledge used to derive those conclusions should read the entire report, especially Section VI.

## **II. Preface**

Any assessment of why the ARA *SAN JUAN* was lost should be based on known information and conclusions that can be logically derived from that information. It is not useful to conjecture about alternate possibilities such as how a decision to continue surfaced operation rather than to submerge at about 1152 Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) on 15 November 2017 would have altered the outcome for the *SAN JUAN*. There are variables of unknown impact involved in the conjecture that continued surfaced operation in very heavy seas (6-7m wave height) would have permitted the *SAN JUAN* to reach Mar del Plata. That conjecture cannot be demonstrably proven probable.

## **III. Summary Assessment**

The explosion of hydrogen generated by the forward battery group –acknowledged by the *SAN JUAN* to have been water-damaged by flooding through the snorkel mast and experiencing short-circuits– instantly killed the entire crew at about 1330 GMT on 15 November 2017; they never knew there was a problem. That explosion – which occurred about one hour and 40 minutes after the *SAN JUAN* submerged - did not breach the pressure-hull.

The *SAN JUAN* – still intact - then slowly sank from an intended operating depth of 40m (130-feet) to collapse (implode) at 1351 GMT at a depth of 468m (1535-feet) in 35 milliseconds (ms) with an energy release equal to the explosion of 5216 kg (11,475 lbs.) of TNT at that depth. That force was created by the essentially instantaneous conversion of potential energy ((sea pressure of 46.5 bars (684 psi)) to kinetic energy, the motion of the water-ram which entered the *SAN JUAN* pressure-hull with an estimated velocity of 900 m/s (2000 mph). The acoustic signal produced by the collapse (implosion) was detected by CTBTO underwater sensors as a major source at distances as great as 7730 km (4175 nautical miles).

Collectively, the content of the *SAN JUAN* messages – the last of which was sent at 1152 GMT - and the CTBTO acoustic data are consistent with a single cause for the tragedy: the explosion of hydrogen generated by water-damaged batteries in the forward group.

#### **IV. The Potential Threat of Lead-Acid Batteries to Submarine Safety**

During the writer's research into the 1968 loss of the US nuclear submarine *SCORPION* (SSN 589) from a battery explosion, a senior US nuclear submarine officer (a former Commanding Officer) provided the following statement: “The free hydrogen–oxygen explosive potential of Lead-Acid batteries has been an operational risk for submarines for almost a century.”

A major threat from Lead-Acid batteries arises when such batteries are exposed to water and short-circuit. These uncontrolled direct electrical current discharges (effectively electrolysis) disassociate (separate) water that may be present into free hydrogen (an odorless and colorless gas) and oxygen. When the hydrogen content of an enclosed space exceeds about four-percent, the presence of an electric spark from any source will create a hydrogen fire. If the hydrogen content reaches about 18-percent, there will be an explosion, the flame-front/pressure-pulse of which will propagate through that enclosed space with a velocity of about 1400 m/s (3130 mph).

In the case of *SCORPION*, analysis of damage to battery components recovered from the wreck-site at a depth of 3380m (11,100-feet) indicated the pressure-pulse associated with the hydrogen explosion that killed most of the crew instantly had a value of 10.2-13.6 bars (150-200 psi) in the battery well with lower but still fatal levels beyond the well in areas forward of the nuclear reactor compartment. The battery explosion occurred while *SCORPION* was at periscope depth.

#### **V. What the US Naval Ships Command Did Upon Learning That a Battery Explosion Caused The Loss of the US Nuclear Submarine *SCORPION***

Ten months after the US Naval Ships Command learned that microscopic, spectrographic and X-ray diffraction analyses of fragments of the *SCORPION* battery recovered from the wreck-site confirmed a battery explosion had occurred, a change to NAVSHIPS Technical Manual, Section 9623.718 - that discussed “Submarine Storage Batteries” - was issued.

That change stated the following: “Do not enter the battery well of ships having open tank ventilation systems while a charge is in progress.” The Section further stated that “Experience has shown that all individual (battery) cell explosions (as of 1968) have occurred while personnel were working in the battery tank during charge.”

While the *SAN JUAN* was not conducting a battery charge after submerging at about 1152 GMT, the acknowledged flooding and short-circuits to batteries in the forward group was at least as capable of generating free hydrogen as a charging cycle. Further, in messages, the *SAN JUAN* stated the intent to send personnel into the forward battery space to report on conditions and assess the possibility of repair. Specifically, the message sent by the *SAN JUAN* at 1019 GMT on 15 November 2017 is reported to have stated that “the commander ordered the vessel to submerge (to) 40 meters underwater in order to both repair the submarine’s batteries, and to rest (the crew).”

There are many possible sources of a spark that could have ignited hydrogen in the *SAN JUAN* forward battery space and elsewhere: a static spark from activities by a crewmember or electrical systems operating in that space or adjacent spaces.

The following information is provided as it may be useful when images of the *SAN JUAN* wreck debris field are examined: “Section 7.1.3, page 72 of the *SCORPION* Structural Analysis Group Report of 29 June 1970 stated: “....the general battery damage is violent. The high-velocity intrusion of pieces of the flash arrestor into both the inside and outside surfaces of the retrieved plastisol (battery) cover attest to violence in the *SCORPION* battery well. Battery cell debris is in evidence over the entire *SCORPION* debris field.”

## VI. Analysis of the *SAN JUAN* Collapse (Implosion) Event Acoustic Signal

The CTBTO Report of 29 November 2017 provided time-vs-amplitude graphs of detection of the position-associated *SAN JUAN* acoustic signal, the time-of-origin of which was 1351 GMT on 15 November 2017. The initial very high amplitude acoustic signal was followed by two additional signals of lower amplitude. The mathematical relationship of the diminishing period between these pulses identified them as bubble-pulse energy produced by the collapse (implosion) of the *SAN JUAN* pressure-hull. The frequency of that bubble-pulse signal was 4.68 Hz, i.e., it oscillated from compression to expansion and back to compression 4.68 times in the first second following the time of origin.

The empiric relationship that exists between the volume of an air-filled structure and the number of times in the initial second the pressure differential created by collapse (implosion) of that structure cycles from compression to expansion back to compression – the bubble pulse frequency – can be used to determine the depth of the collapse event. The derived depth value can then be used to determine the energy required to produce the acoustically-detected bubble-pulse frequency at the derived depth.

In the case of the *SAN JUAN*, the measured bubble-pulse frequency of 4.68 Hz indicates collapse occurred at a depth of 468m (1535 feet) with an energy release equal to the explosion of 5216 kg (11,475 lbs) of TNT at that depth. It is stressed that although the energy release derived for the *SAN JUAN* signal is expressed in kg of TNT, that event was an implosion ((a collapse induced by hydrostatic pressure of 46.5 bars (684 psi)), NOT an explosion.

The formula for this derivation is provided on page C4 of the following document: USS *SCORPION* (SSN 589) RESULTS OF NOL ANALYSIS (U) NOL LTR SER 69-160 of 20 January 1970, Robert Price and Ermine Christian.

The extremely high signal-to-background noise of the *SAN JUAN* implosion acoustic signal – as detected at ranges (distances) as great as 7730 km (4175 nautical miles) - indicates the signal could have been detected by underwater acoustic sensors at ranges greater than the circumference of the earth ((40,075 km (24,900 statute miles)) if an unobstructed (not occluded by bathymetry) deep-water transmission channel had existed. The very fact that the signal was detected by CTBTO sensors at ranges as great as 4175 nautical miles with that enormous signal-to-noise ratio made it immediately apparent it was an implosion. If not blocked by the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, the *SAN JUAN* implosive source - or its reflection by the South Georgia Bank - should have been detected by every IUSS sensor in the mid- to eastern North Atlantic. Note: the South Georgia Bank reflection was detected by the CTBTO Ascension Island hydrophone 14 minutes and four seconds after the direct path signal.

The *SAN JUAN* hydrogen explosion was not acoustically detected by CTBTO sensors. This is not surprising because that event would have produced a very low signal level compared to the implosion. The hydrogen explosion that resulted in the loss of the USS *SCORPION* was acoustically detected as a very weak signal at a range of 1520 km (821 nautical miles). The distance of the CTBTO acoustic sensor nearest the position of the *SAN JUAN* was 6040 km (3262 nautical miles).

The estimated time of the *SAN JUAN* hydrogen explosion (1330 GMT) is based on the assessment that the *SAN JUAN* sank from the depth at which the explosion occurred (40m) to collapse depth at the same rate as the USS *SCORPION* under the same conditions: 1.1 m/s (67 f/m) (0.66 knots). The *SCORPION* and the *SAN JUAN* collapsed at almost exactly the same depth, respectively, 466m (1530-feet) and 468m (1535-feet).

## VII. Conclusions

The apparent inability of the *SAN JUAN* crew to either surface to send a message or to release an emergency signal buoy is consistent with the conclusion that the event that prevented those actions was instantaneously fatal to the entire crew.

That event is assessed to have been the explosion of hydrogen released by water-damaged batteries in the forward group which built-up to explosive levels over a period of about one hour and 40 minutes from about 1152 to 1330 GMT while the *SAN JUAN* was submerged and unable to ventilate: exchange the air within the pressure-hull for outside air.

The fatal heat and pressure from the hydrogen event would have been transmitted throughout the entire *SAN JUAN* pressure-hull in about 30ms (0.030s). The minimum human cognitive recognition time is between 80 and 100ms under optimum conditions.

As previously stated, the crew of the *SAN JUAN* died instantly without knowing there was a problem. They did not experience pain or anxiety; they did not suffer.

# NAVFAC 106...The Early Days

*By Richard L. Ehrenberg, Ex-LTjg, USNR*

In the Fall of 1954 I was an Assistant Communications Officer aboard the USS *MOUNT OLYMPUS* (AGC-8) when I received orders to report to COMSERVLANT Little Creek for further transfer to NavFac 106, San Salvador, BWI. (At this time I knew little to nothing about communications and even less about crypto). No one knew where San Salvador was nor what a NavFac was. I recall driving to BUPERS in Washington in a blinding rainstorm in a futile attempt to get the orders changed. I was told I had all the requisite qualifications: I was single, Reserve, had communications experience and one year left to serve. No way in hell were they going to send “one of theirs” to that island “paradise”!

Finally, after a couple of weeks of pitifully inadequate training at Little Creek I was shipped to San Sal in September, 1954. (How could they train me: they didn’t know what it was?)



**Me with LTjg Joe O’Hara at  
Columbus Monument**



**Me In Khakis**

I was the fourth officer to arrive on station, while the CBs (MCB-2) were still putting the finishing touches on the base. The main road was still dirt-paved and there was no running water yet, since they were still paving the roads and the catch-basin, which would eventually serve as the source of all water. The Head was an open latrine overlooking the water, with a great view. Food was served on compartmented metal trays and washed in a garbage can full of “clean” water. All buildings were Quonset Huts of WWII vintage that were poorly ventilated. One of the huts was the BOQ - half barracks, half dining and recreation.

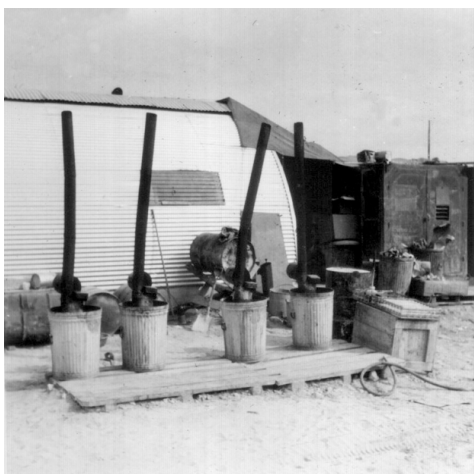


**Me with Jeep on the Beach**

I was the Communications Officer, but my knowledge of SOSUS technology was virtually nonexistent; yet, I managed to handle the communications end of the detail reasonably well. Tom Clancy taught me more about SOSUS in “The Hunt for Red October” than the Navy did in my Little Creek training and indoctrination. It occurs to me that the reason for the inadequacy of the SOSUS training in Little Creek was that they didn’t know anything about it. The only folks who were really in the know were those at Bell Labs.

One of my collateral duties was recreation officer, so I bought a pool table (shipped “Knocked Down” and assembled on site) and some snorkeling gear. Afternoons were spent spearing longusta for the cocktail hour snack.

Evenings were spent playing bridge and watching Western movies, the same ones over and over. We adopted a black mutt as Wardroom pet and named him “shitcan”.



**Cans Outside Mess Hall for  
Washing Mess Trays**



**Newly Erected Quonset Huts**



**Open Air Latrine Overlooking  
the Water**

Sometime in early 1955 the Coast Guard sent two trailers, one officer, and around 9 enlisted men to join us. They were setting up a new-fangled thing called "LORAN". I finally learned what they were up to when I bought a LORAN-equipped boat in 1980, or so.

As I recall, there were two churches on the island, one Anglican and one Catholic. The Catholic priest was the only Caucasian resident of the island. If you lived on one end of the island you were Catholic, if you lived on the other end you were Anglican. There was a bar in Cockburn Town at the end of the island near the airstrip, but nothing else.

The NavFac was Commissioned on December 18, 1954, with LCDR C. L. Redman, Commanding. The Executive Officer was LT Jim Fiorello, along with 1st LT, LTjg Larry Lavin, Supply Officer LTjg Joe O'Hara, and me as Communications Officer. Ensigns Smith and Brantley, and one other, were the Watch Officers. All the other names have faded from my memory.

My tour of duty ended in September of 1955 and I separated from the Navy in October 1955.



**Me and My Sand Maiden**

# One Wild Night At NavFacKef

*By Dick Rentner, CWO4, USN (Ret)*

It was an unusual evening watch that night at NavFac Keflavik in 1977. Nothing was happening, no action on the grams, and all the usual chores were accomplished. It was a very infrequent happening, and the Watch Standers were bored. I, too, was getting restless for something, anything, to happen to make time go by faster. With about an hour and a half left on this watch, I decided to take a walk around the inside of the building. That normally doesn't take long, but it would kill a few minutes and also help me to stay awake. To some extent I yearned for a normal, wildly busy watch.

After checking to see if the Marine guard on watch was awake, I slowly worked my way back toward the Display Room. I decided to check to see if the Communications Technician (CT) on watch in Crypto, called "the vault", had any interesting news. Upon opening the door, time suddenly stood still. Inside was the new CT, a young, thin, Petty Officer who stood a few inches taller than me. His eyes were wide open and staring right through me. In his right hand was a ball-peen hammer, which appeared to go up and down with each of his quick breaths. We both stood there, frozen for what seemed like hours, anticipating some type of action on the other's part. I was first to acknowledge and asked him, "What is going on? Do you need help?"

Nothing! He just stood there for a long while, finally mumbling something that I couldn't quite understand. I asked him again if he needed help and after several requests I finally understood what he was saying. Wildly swinging both arms around, with that hammer still in his hand, he said he saw someone in the vault who was not cleared and that person was trying to kill him. I asked him if he knew who it was and he mentioned a name that I didn't recognize.

I asked him to put the hammer down, but he said he was going to fix the door to the vault because it was broken. He said, "The guy used a screwdriver to

break into the vault." Then suddenly he turned, raised the hammer, and started pounding on the door. This unexpected movement caused me to back off rapidly, not knowing what to expect.

I hadn't noticed, because of my concentration on that hammer, that he had been holding a small piece of plywood in his left hand. He was now attempting to hammer it onto the vault door over the area of the cypher lock. Of course there was no way he could achieve that, but he kept pounding that little board like it just might stick if he pounded it enough times. I just stood there, wanting to laugh at his ridiculous action, but also relieved that he wasn't coming at me.

The Communications Supervisor heard the pounding and, out of curiosity, cautiously approached the area. I quickly explained to him what was going on. I told him to call the Operations Officer and he quickly departed, hopefully complying with my instructions.

After the CT gave up on trying to hammer that board onto the door I retrieved the hammer and hid it behind me on a bookshelf in the sparsely lit vault. I then closed the door to the vault and the CT sat down cross-legged on the tiled floor like nothing had ever happened. The Communications Supervisor returned and we both just kept an eye on the CT while he mumbled and nervously crossed and uncrossed his legs.

The night suddenly got very busy with the many vehicles that came speeding to the NavFac. The Ops Boss, the XO, the Division Officer, and the CO all came to see what was transpiring. I had to explain the situation to each individual as they arrived one at a time. Finally, two Hospital Corpsmen came and carted the CT off wrapped in blankets, still muttering unintelligently. He was never seen again at NavFacKef.

My watch section was no longer bored after hearing what had transpired. The remaining time of our watch went by quickly. When our reliefs appeared everyone was relaying the news of what had occurred on this slow, boring evening watch that turned into one wild night.



# Reagan Comes to Iceland

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



**President Reagan Speaking in Hangar 851**

I was Commanding Officer at NavFac Keflavik, Iceland in October 1986, when the infamous summit meeting between U.S. President Ronald Reagan and Soviet General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev took place at Hofdi House, a residence in Reykjavik, about 40 miles from the base. Reagan and Gorbachev arrived separately at the Naval Air Station under extremely tight security. I saw AK-47s poking out of car windows when Gorbachev's motorcade drove by enroute to Reykjavik.



**Reagan and Gorbachev at 1986 Summit**

Their meeting was intended to reach an arms-reduction agreement.

These events took place at a time of turmoil aboard the base. The admiral in charge of the base had just been relieved of duty as a result of travel claims abuse and a new Commander, RADM Eric McVadon, had just arrived. Imagine showing up for a new job only to have a visit from the President of the United States!

The summit meeting dragged on for a few days and was scheduled to end on Sunday, October 12. It was announced that Reagan would return to the base at the conclusion of talks and speak to military personnel and families; we learned that he would be there by mid-afternoon. So, my family and I headed out to Hangar 851 around noontime, went through the strict security, took our seats, and waited. Three p.m. came and went. Soon we learned that the talks had continued well past the deadline. Indeed, it was after 8 p.m. when we learned they had ended, and that the President was on his way.

During all those hours of waiting, it turned out that restrooms and food were outside the security area. Each break meant having to go through security again. My wife recalls that each time through security, Secret Service would shoot a picture on your camera to be sure it was really a camera...we ended with lots of pictures of the

wall! As a side story: Air Force One was parked in the same hangar where we were seated - quite a backdrop.



### Gorbachev Leaving Reykjavik

Finally, Reagan was here! His arrival at the hangar was greeted with raucous cheers from a truly appreciative crowd. The atmosphere, however, became subdued when Reagan announced that the Summit had ended in failure. The two most powerful men in the world had come to the brink of an historic agreement on nuclear arms reductions

but had backed away at the last minute. You could see disappointment in Reagan's eyes that they had come so close. Yet, he gave a powerful speech to the military that were present, very uplifting and very motivating. I was proud to be an American and I was proud to be serving my country in the military at this remote base in Iceland.

Although the Summit Conference was technically a failure (i.e., no agreement), I think it was a turning point in the Cold War. The Reagan military buildup of the 1980's and the economic changes going on in the Soviet Union persuaded Gorbachev that the USSR simply could not keep up with the U.S. In fact, American persistence and determination in maintaining military superiority led to the collapse of the Soviet Union less than five years later.

As I think back on those days and reflect on the role of NavFac Keflavik (and all of IUSS), I believe that our vigilance in "walking the beams" and doing our jobs on a 24/7 basis day in and day out over all those years was truly part of the catalyst for U.S. victory in the Cold War. My hat is off to all of you who made that happen. Based on current events, it seems we may have to do it again. I don't believe I need worry about how we'll respond.

## I Am Going Where??

*By Karen A. Tsiantas, CAPT, USN (Ret)*

How many of us asked that question upon receiving our first set of orders within the IUSS Community? Prior to being "read in" who had heard of the U.S. Navy having any reason to be in locations such as Argentia, Centerville Beach, or Eleuthera?

In the spring of 1987 I found myself asking our stashed Ensign, ENS Steve Cobery, on a daily basis, "Where am I going?" Every day, I would drop in to the Navy ROTC Unit at The College of the Holy Cross asking the ENS if my orders were in. Most days he told me, "Not yet". One particular day, though, things were different. He said, "Yes" and brought a stack of papers over to me, my orders. First he pointed to and read to me "Fleet ASW Training Center, Atlantic, Norfolk, VA with my reply being "Ok, where am I really going?" Then, he pointed to Readiness Training Facility Dam Neck, VA eliciting the same response from me. There may have been one or two more schools when he finally said, Naval Facility Adak, Alaska". As tears welled up in my eyes, my



question was about my closest friend, Kara Jacobson. "And where is Kara going?" Steve was quick to reply "Bermuda".

Wow! How long ago that seems. Yet, as I went through a few photo albums in preparation for the 65th Reunion in Sept I saw photos of the good times on Adak. Say what you want about Adak, Alaska. Now, I know it was a great place for a brand new baby ENS.

After I arrived on the Rock, I appreciated our strategic location. Eventually, I realized the experience I was gaining was to my benefit as a Naval Officer. "Misery Loves Company" so, many friendships were made in Adak.

Two months after arrival, single officers were given the opportunity to move into some old family housing. ENS Roberta Peabody and I became roommates in close proximity to LCDR Dale Mitchell, the OB/GYN and LT Bob Wassel, the base Comptroller. Dale was the big brother I never had and to this day, when I am in San Diego, I visit with him and his wife. The other doctor on island was the general surgeon, LT Rick Bessette, who was from MA and had graduated 10 years before me from

Holy Cross. He and his wife hosted all of us on numerous holidays. It was Rick who decided we were going to hold our own "Academy Awards" in spring 1988. My movie team did a take on the movie, *The Big Chill*, and somehow, I won Best Supporting Actress. Later, Rick organized the First annual St. Patrick's Day Parade in March 1988 where Roberta and I marched in the Precision Scalpel Team along with some of the staff from the Medical Clinic. It was with this group that I attended my first Seabee Birthday Ball in the base gymnasium. It was quite wild.

I am pretty sure that I had Watch Section Four and Roberta had Three, giving us a few days off of overlap. We rented cross-country skis and skied around our deserted neighborhood. I hadn't seen Roberta since leaving Adak in Feb 1989 until earlier this year, but we stayed in touch over the years. This past March, while visiting Tulane University with her youngest daughter, she managed to break away and we spent an entire morning together. Roberta has been Roberta Wassel for some time, an Adak romance that lasted over the years.

The XO of NAVFAC Adak, LCDR Mary Ann Duff, or Ma Duff as we called her was the best XO. She negotiated my orders with the detailer and got me a Communications School in Newport, RI, allowing me to leave Adak 2 months early and before the O.R.I. I felt like I hit the jackpot. Years later, when I was the XO of NSA La Maddalena, Italy, I tried to model myself after her, helping my junior officers obtain orders. Mary Ann made it down to Norfolk in Oct 2014 for my retirement ceremony which was awesome.

My Watch Section...OTAC Walter Hogge was my chief during Xmas 1988. While we were on watch on Xmas Eve he asked me if my home was going to get a visit from Santa Rat. Yes, Roberta and I had been having some issues and the traps were set. My section had to hear the details of our ongoing saga at the beginning of each watch. All I could think of Xmas Morning, while driving home was Chief Hogge and Santa Rat paying me a visit. Yes, we did have a visit and we took care of it. Lots of laughing took place that evening when I went back for watch, reporting all the details to OTAC Hogge.

OTA3 Julie Spratling from Missouri took me salmon fishing when the salmon were running with an MWR fishing pole and a piece of red yarn on the hook. She made

me laugh. Her husband, Curtis, worked for the contractor who shipped our household goods. I left the Rock early Feb 1989 bound for Hawaii. My Xmas tree was in the front yard and Curtis thought it would be funny to cut up my tree and put it in a box in my shipment. I still wonder if some weird fungus from Adak found its way to Oahu on my Xmas tree.



OTA1 Linda Seekings was in my watch section. She was so sharp and had such an infectious smile. She was friends with OTA1 Sharon Burzer, who had a good sense of humor, very dry. She used to tell the members of our team to be careful, because Ensign "Tsunami" liked to come up from behind the banks of arrays and scare watch standers during the mid-watches. If I did that, it was probably because I am so short and running behind the banks of arrays kept me warm. The nickname ENS Tsunami did not stick, not even when Sharon and Linda showed up at COSP/CUSP after I arrived there. OTA1 Joe Utterback joined our section before I left Adak. Now, there was someone with a sense of humor. He made us laugh and laugh.

I had heard about Linda's passing soon after she passed and was saddened. I did not realize that Walter Hogge and Joe Utterback had passed until earlier this year as I started reading through our website and thinking about attending the 65<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. The Thursday night prior to the first party, Nancy Rickman, Danny Sadoski and I went through my numerous photo albums, bringing back some very fond memories.

There are many of our shipmates who have passed listed on the Memorial webpage. There are probably a few others from my sections who I may have missed, but Chief Hogge, Linda Seekings and Joe Utterback have been in my thoughts. I am grateful that I had the opportunity to work with them and am grateful that Adak was my first duty station. May the memories of Walter Hogge, Linda Seekings, and Joe Utterback be Eternal.

# Grand Turk 1967-68

*By John L. Conley, Ex-RM2 1966-70*

When I got my orders at Radio School in Bainbridge, Maryland in 1967 to report to US Naval Facility, Grand Turk, BWI, I quickly had visions of an island paradise and my parents were surely relieved I was not headed to Viet Nam. Then I met a student from Radio B School who had just served on Grand Turk and reality began to settle in, the more he talked about "The Rock." There was a reason that it was a one-year tour without dependents.



**Me in Front of the T-Building in 2015**

Nevertheless, I was pretty full of myself as I arrived on the base in the beautiful turquoise waters as an RMSN, until my new chief informed me that my first stop would be several weeks in the galley. It was probably a good way to start my tour and I still tell my wife and daughters I washed more dishes there than they have in their lifetimes. We were very fortunate to have a dedicated Supply Officer named LT Wilkerson. He was a "Mustang" who insisted on high-quality food served on real plates and coffee served in the same type cups as in the wardroom. We not only served the food, but joined all the other E-3s and below to go unload the supply ship when stores arrived for the base.

We were on tropical hours and served four meals a day. While I was able to spend some time in the radio shack in the T-Building to start learning the ropes, galley duty gave me a chance to meet the other 115 or so sailors from the base. It also was an opportunity to meet some of the island residents who prepared great meals in the kitchen. It also gave me a chance to see daily a sailor who was being held in the makeshift brig for murdering a local island girl. He was so mild-mannered that it did not seem like he could have committed the atrocity for which he was eventually convicted.

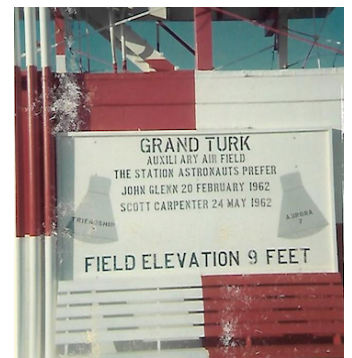
Radiomen, Sonarmen and our officers worked three rotating shifts of two day-, two evening-, and two mid-

watches, the last of which ran from 9:30 pm to 5:30 a.m. We then had 32 hours off after the final mid-watch. This was probably a fortuitous schedule since it did not allow many hours off in an environment where there was not much to do and the same movies were played night after night. I especially enjoyed getting off my final mid-watch and then taking a long walk on the isolated beaches. I still have pieces of sea glass, shells, and glass fishing balls I picked up on those walks.

Softball was a year-round sport given the weather, and we had games every day. On weekends we would travel to the Pan Am/Auxiliary Air Force base to play their team. We usually won. We liked going there since they had more food and store options. I played third base alongside a great shortstop, Jim Jacek from Illinois. As part of our occasional efforts to interact with the island residents, we invited them to play softball with us one day. They enjoyed it, but had the rather peculiar habit of throwing their borrowed gloves off whenever they were under a pop-up. They don't use gloves in their more familiar game of cricket.

There were other off-duty diversions, not the least of which was The Enlisted Club. I "learned" to drink Crown Royal and coke, which I recall was about 25 cents a glass. Once back stateside, I learned a dollar went a lot further when ordering beer. Fortunately, The Club was just across from the barracks which required only a climb up the ladder to the first cube on the right, which I shared with three other guests of the Navy. Later, that accommodation seemed luxurious compared to a destroyer compartment and Port and Starboard watches.

We also had a radio station, which was run by volunteers while off duty. I doubt our signal made it much past the Pan Am base some seven miles away, but I do remember something about "harmonics" in radio school, so maybe a few of my Mamas and Papas, The Supremes, and The Association tunes skipped across a few waves to San Salvador or Castro's Cuba.



**Sign at PanAm Base**

I thought I would look into being a DJ at the station, so I asked SM2 Harv Maxwell if I could watch how he did his show. He gave me a quick education on the board, put a record on and said, "When that record is over, your show begins," and got up and left. I started grabbing "Records at Random" and that became the name of my show. That was OJT and it worked.

One of the things I did not expect to do on Grand Turk was shoot a rifle. I thought I had joined the Navy. For some reason, we had to qualify on a rifle (maybe an M1 Garand) to be eligible for promotion. So, as ordered, I reported after getting off the mid-watch to the Second Class Gunner's Mate who showed me the target and said I had to score 120 to pass. I had never even fired a BB gun, but scored 118 on my first try. Sadly, I never broke 100 again in my many visits with Gunner. He finally told me, "Conley, I am sick of seeing you and am going to pass you, but don't you ever pick up a .45." (Alas, when I served on a Tin Can a few years later, I spent a lot of time in the radio shack crypto vault which came with its own .45. What would I have done if the Russians boarded us?)

The Gunner must have liked me a little bit since he sometimes let me take part in the late-night drills when someone was supposed to have tried to gain access to attack the T-Building or off-shore equipment. We had one large scale "attack" where the British Officer from in town put together a large team of local lads to see how we would react to a "real" attack. We knew it was in the works, but were not sure when. I recall mentioning to one of the junior officers that I thought it was strange that we allowed that since the locals were rarely allowed on base and we were probably not that popular with some of them. "What if they decided to make it a real attack," I asked. He suggested I read too many books. They did attack and ran through the barracks with "weapons," but we did survive. I still think there is a book plot in there somewhere.

On another occasion, the "defense horn" sounded and we all ran to our stations, which for some (not me) included gathering at the arsenal to be given rifles. Alas, no one had alerted Gunner about the drill that night, so he issued live ammunition. Upon learning that, the XO called an immediate halt to the drill.



**Typical Houses**



**Main Street**

There were three especially key events that I remember from my year on Grand Turk. The first was the loss of the USS SCORPION (SSN-589), which went down in May 1968. The Sonar boys were glued to their stations and all messages handled in the radio shack were FLASH or IMMEDIATE precedence. By ingrained indoctrination, I never talked about this or any other event because the one thing that was made very clear to all of us was that the mission of our NavFac was never to be discussed outside of the T-Building—EVER. It was not until I read *The Hunt for Red October* many years later that I would even think of mentioning why Grand Turk existed. It was all in that book and I could not believe I was reading the word SOSUS and other "to the grave" details.

The second key event was really three in one—the assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr. and later Bobby Kennedy, and the tumultuous Democratic National Convention in Chicago. For all practical purposes, Grand Turk was in a news vacuum in the turbulent year 1968. Newspapers were always at least a week old when you received one (my parents mailed to me the Sunday Washington Post, which was widely circulated) and you could sometimes pick up a U.S. radio station for brief periods. However, someone in the radio shack had managed to connect to the Associated Press wire service and we had a constant feed on our teletype machine. I was glued to it for both news and baseball scores. We would compile some of the stories and route them to the officers' quarters and the officers also were frequent visitors to our "news central."

I will always remember the response of the Watch Officer on duty when I came out of the radio shack and told him that Senator Robert F. Kennedy had just been assassinated in California. "What kind of gun did they use?" was his response. My father liked Robert Kennedy (I did not) and I knew he would be sad. My main interest in the King assassination was the impact of the riots that followed in Washington, DC so close to my home in Silver Spring, Maryland. I followed the Chicago convention and election

news closely and was able to cast my first vote for Richard Nixon onboard the USS NORTHAMPTON (CC-1) later that year. Again, since we were on a virtual news desert, there was not a lot of discussion about these events on the base, at least among the enlisted men.

The third memorable event was the Court Martial/Trial of the NavFac sailor accused of smothering a local girl by pushing her face into the sand on the beach. The trial brought many senior officers, including four Captains and three Commanders and their staff to our little base where our C.O. was a Lt. Commander. Grand Turk was part of the British Commonwealth and I recall the British officer who commanded the local police force smartly stepping into the Recreational Center/Court Room in his tropical uniform, giving a sharp but odd salute to the Court, and then presenting damning evidence. The sailor had been seen with the girl earlier and his wet, sand-caked dungarees were found in his locker. He was found guilty and, as I recall, sentenced to Leavenworth. It was an unfortunate distraction but a totally fascinating event for a 19-year old who grew up watching Perry Mason, and I attended every minute I could.



**Victoria Public Library**

Like so many others, I am sure, I also discovered the beauty and learned some of the history of Grand Turk. I enjoyed climbing the stairs to the top of the lighthouse and was amazed that the original log was still located in the lighthouse. It held information from visitors on the beautiful trees and flowers visible across the island. Of course, I could see very few trees and flowers since they were cut down when the island became, for a brief time, a source of salt for Great Britain. Removing the vegetation made the island hotter and rain clouds would go around the island rather than drop water into the salinas where salt was drying.

We had a pool which was used more than the beach, as well as tennis and basketball courts. The tennis court was once used for a “greased pig” contest with real pigs. Grand Turk apparently did not have a PETA. We had stables for horses which those of us in the riding club could take out for a ride across the island in exchange for feeding the horses and cleaning up after them. We rarely went into town, but I did enjoy visiting the Victoria Public Library there. I often wondered how many valuable first edition books might have been there over the years. Of course, writing letters and waiting for mail when a plane would come in were staples of base life.

I did enjoy an occasional 96-hour respite to Antigua or Puerto Rico, and did manage to make it home for Christmas. I was able to visit Puerto Rico for some kind of special assignment without using leave. For some reason, I was selected to go to Shipboard Firefighting School in Mayport, Florida for a week. I chalked it up to “Navy logic” that a radioman from a small island in the Caribbean attended the school where everyone else came from ships. It also was always nice to fly out of Patrick Air Force Base which had great food. I was also able to fly on a P-3 plane to learn more about how information we provided was used. I recall it was full of equipment and there was not much room for a “tourist.”

When the time came to fill out my “dream sheet” for the next duty station, I did not want to go to another NavFac, though the duty was not bad. I had joined the Navy to go to sea and I was pleased to get assigned to the USS *NORTHAMPTON* (CC-1) in Norfolk, from which I volunteered to join the crew of the USS *CHARLES H. ROAN* (DD-853) in Newport, Rhode Island in 1969. There I finally experienced the “real” Navy.

I was surely convinced when my plane took off for the last time from the Air Force base that I had seen the last of Grand Turk. However, my wife and I did visit there on a cruise in 2015. The old NavFac is long deserted, but some of the buildings remain, as does the iconic lighthouse. Parts of the NavFac grounds now are home to the Turks and Caicos Community College.

The Turks and Caicos museum on Grand Turk is happy to receive pictures and other items from the time the Navy and Air Force were on the island. They are developing an exhibit for the “Military on Grand Turk. I took several pictures and other items to the museum during our visit. Learn more about the museum and history of Grand Turk at <https://www.tcmuseum.org/>.

# Diagnosis: PTSD

*By Raymond Sylvester, Ex-EM2, USN*

I served aboard the USS *THOR* (ARC-4) from 1967 to 1972. September of 1968 was quite a turbulent time. We were involved with special operations around Viet Nam, Guam, Midway, and other undisclosed locations in the North Pacific. Need-to-know was the standing order on a daily basis.

I suffer from PTSD and MS, and poetry has helped me cope. The West Haven VA, in Connecticut has been a life-saver to me and I'm grateful to all the staff for their caring support.

My poem, *Diagnosis: PTSD*, is a fictional diary of one crazy month that forever is implanted in my brain. This is my recollection of events that may or may not have transpired, thus the fictional connotation. I hope our readers enjoy it.



USS *THOR* (ARC-4), ca. 1964

## Diagnosis: PTSD

One September morning in 1968  
The sun rose with apprehension  
As the blue moon surrendered  
To the turbulent Pacific Ocean.  
The presence of enemy vessels  
Silhouetted the eerie horizon,  
Professing an air of superiority  
As they steamed toward our location.  
With minimal armament on board  
And only salvage tugs for support,  
Our classified mission was aborted,  
And we headed for the safest port.  
We were 300 miles from Vietnam  
When the captain got on the intercom.  
We were declared a national security risk;  
Japan didn't want us, so we headed for Guam.  
Our support ships steamed off  
To some undisclosed location.  
We moored on the jungle side of Guam  
To avoid a political confrontation.  
After almost a month of evading,  
Bathing, and drinking Agent Orange water,  
Consuming only hot dogs three times a day,  
We finally pulled up anchor.  
The Russians left us alone—  
They had a more pressing issue—  
Their ballistic-missile sub was missing,  
Along with its complement of ninety-eight crew.  
The enemy couldn't find their sub.  
So many souls lost to the Pacific Ocean.  
Our country's most classified operation  
Was already in motion.  
The US Navy was able to find their submarine, but  
Doing so put us in a rather precarious situation.  
Utilizing highly classified procedures  
Prevented us from divulging any information.  
Our ship, with the help of three salvage tugs  
Tried to pull a damaged SOSUS cable up.  
But after numerous attempts,  
We found it impossible and gave up.  
Some of what transpired in September of '68  
Was declassified in '93.  
Most of what went on to happen  
Is still classified for national security.  
It's difficult to uncover the truth.  
But that's the way it has to be.  
Yet it's the undisclosed events  
That will forever haunt me.

## People News – November 2019

### *News from active members of the IUSS/CAESAR Alumni Association*

*By Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)*

**CAPT Lynne Puckett (USNR RET)** checked in from Montana. Lynne retired from the Reserves in 2012 and is currently Networking Services Librarian at Billings Public Library.

**RMC Ken Ramsey (USN RET)** lives in Hillsboro, MO. He served at NAVFAC Brawdy from 1978-1980.

**Ex-LT Franklin White (USNR)** lives in San Diego, CA. Frank retired in 2005 after 37 years of System and government service. He was involved in SOSUS Test & Evaluation at NAVFAC Brawdy in the 1970s.

**LCDR Chris Edwards (USN RET)** checked in from Alexandria, VA. Chris served at NOPF Dam Neck from 2001-2003.

**Mr Roberto Reyes (USN RET)** lives in Palm Coast, FL. Roberto served the System from 1978-1986.

**CAPT Robert Jacob (USN RET)** is in Lancaster, PA. He was the first CO at NAVFAC Brawdy.

**Mr Denny Carroll** checked in from Santa Cruz, CA. Denny served as a WEC Rep at numerous sites from 1968-1980.

**OTM1 Hugh Griffin (USN RET)** lives in Virginia Beach, VA. Hugh served in IUSS from 1974-1994.

**STS2 Starland Cooke (USN)** recently joined the Alumni Association. Welcome Aboard!

**Ex-OT1 Julie Williams** checked in from Lancaster, NY.

**Ms Lisa Henderson (USN RET)** is living in Chesapeake, VA and works at CUS writing IUSS Doctrine.

**Ms Tara Honey (USN RET)** lives in Norfolk, VA. Tara served in IUSS at COSL and NAVFAC Brawdy from 1980-1984.

**STG1 Antonio Townsend (USN RET)** is a new Association member. Antonio completed two different tours at NOPF Dam Neck.

**CAPT Kevin Mooney (USN)** lives in Chesapeake, VA. CAPT Mooney was CUS Commodore from 2015-2018.

**Ex-USN Mr Michael Jarvis** served aboard USS *AEOLUS* (ARC 3) from 1959-1960.

**Ex-OT2 Michael Tramel** checked in from Noble, LA.

**OTMCS Douglas Bock (USN RET)** lives in Oak Harbor, WA. Doug served in IUSS from 1968-1990.

**OTAC (SS) Tim Yorty (USN RET)** reported in from Eaton Rapids, MI. Tim served IUSS from 1973-1994.

**Ex-STG1 Ryan Pile** lives in Hermosa Beach, CA. and works in private wealth management.

**Ex-OT2 Walter Constantine** checked in from West Seneca, NY.

**MCC Henry Rice (USN RET)** lives in Virginia Beach, VA. Henry served in IUSS from 1988-1995 before converting to Journalist and finishing his career in 2007.

**Ex-USN Ruth Akstin** checked in from Waynesboro, TN.

**Ms Janice Burby (CF)** recently joined the Association. Welcome Aboard, Janice.

**NCC Gordon Daly (USN RET)** lives in Pensacola, FL.

**Ex-OT1 Douglas Hardin** lives in St Louis, MO and served in IUSS from 1970-1978.

**OTCM Mike Moseler (USN RET)** is now living in Polk City, FL.

**Ex-OT2 Larry Carrel** checked in from Butler, MO.

**STG2 Jonathan Underwood (USN)** is stationed aboard USS *MAHAN* (DDG 72). Jonathan served at NOPF Dam Neck from 2015-2019.

**STG1 James Browning (USN)** lives in Virginia Beach, VA and has been stationed at NOPF Dam Neck since 2018.

**STGCM Michelle Calvin (USN RET)** checked in from Eagle River, AK.

**Ex-RM2 Dave Dickinson** lives in Newfoundland, PA. Dave served at NAVFAC Antigua from 1970-1974 and is retired from the Tobyhanna Army Depot. Welcome, Dave!

**Ex-OTA2 Jeannie Salazar** lives in Port Orchard, WA and served in IUSS from 1984-1991.

**OTA1/STG1 Terri Matson Laveque (USN RET)** lives in Pensacola, FL and completed a twenty-year career in 2001.

**Mr Rick Hoffman (USN RET)** checked in from Woodbridge, VA.

**CAPT Karen Tsiantas (USN RET)** served in IUSS from 1987-1992 and lives in Norfolk, VA.

**CDR Larry Wilcher (USN RET)** checked in from Wickes, AR.

**Ex-OT2 Jeffrey Ring** reported in from Ellicott City, MD.

**Mrs Caddie Joseph (GS RET)** lives in Lewes, DE. Caddie was the NAVFAC Lewes CO's secretary from 1968-1981.

**Dr James Fitzpatrick** is a new Association member and lives in Olney, MD. He worked for TRW from 1974-1986 and is currently Principal Scientist at NTI Corporation.

**Ex-STG2 USNR Paul Ergler** is a new member from Lutz, FL. Paul went "behind the green doors" in January 1969 and was stationed at NAVFACs Grand Turk and Bermuda.

**Ms Peggy Chadwick (USN RET)** served in IUSS for 27 years and currently works as an Intelligence Analyst at CUS. Peggy lives in Virginia Beach, VA.

**OTCM Jane Wright (USN RET)** lives in Grants Pass, OR. Some will remember that Jane is the first woman promoted to OTCM.

**Ex-USN Christopher Davis** lives in Snow Hill, NC and served at NOPF Dam Neck in the early 1990s. Christopher is a 20-year employee of the state of North Carolina.

**Ex-STG2 Frederick Cross** lives in Kingsville, Ontario and is retired from the phone company after a 30-year career. Frederick served from 1968-1974.

**Ex-USNR Dale Wolff** served from 1973-1977. After his naval service, he worked as a maintenance electrician for forty years. Dale lives in Weston, OR and is fully retired.

**OTMC Terry Seas (USN RET)** checked in from Hampton, VA.

**Ex-USN William Townsend** lives in Bar Harbor, ME and served at NAVFACs Point Sur and San Nicolas Island from 1960-1964. Bill is a retired Biology teacher and National Park ranger.

**Mr James A. Gordon (USN RET)** is a new member from National City, CA. James served in IUSS from 1992-2006.

**OTAC Gene Smith (USN RET)** served at numerous FACs from 1976-1987 and lives in Snow Hill, NC.

**Ex-USN David Pruden** served at NAVFACs Bermuda and Argentina. He is retired and living in Dearborn Heights, MI.

**Ex-USNR Sarah Mason** was an OWO at NAVFAC Bermuda from 1983-1985 and lives in Ridgeland, MS.

**Ex-OTA2 Ellen Wright** is a new member from Chicago, IL. Ellen was stationed at NAVFAC Brawdy and COSL from 1987-1992.

**Ex-OT3 Robert Schaal** reported in from Johnson City, TN. He served at NAVFACs Argentina, Punta Borinquen (ex-Ramey), and Lewes from 1973-1977 and is fully retired.

**Ex-USN Joseph Volpi** served at NAVFACs Bermuda and Midway from 1968-1971. Joseph is retired and lives in Summerville, SC.

**Ex-USN James Craft** is retired and living in Idaho. Jim served at NAVFACs Eleuthera and Argentina from 1970-1975.

**CAPT Dick Porter (USN RET)** checked in from Ewa Beach, HI where he offers FREE "How Not to Ride a Motorcycle" lessons.

**Ex-USN Sammy Richardson** is a new member from Pearisburg, VA. He served at Point Sur in 1973.

Many thanks to everyone who updated their information and to the many new members. My fingers are worn out...*Nick*

# In Memoriam

We regret to report the passing of 27 members of our IUSS Community whose names have been reported to us since the November 2018 issue of The Cable. They've been added to our website IN MEMORIAM page, which now contains 538 names. The full list may be viewed at <http://www.iusscaa.org/memorial.htm>. That page also contains a link to the WECO SOSUS-Field Engineering Force Memory List, compiled by Mr. "Buddy" Frazier, now managed by Mr. Gene Godsoe.

Last Name	First Name	Middle/AKA	Rank/Rate/Title	System Affiliation	Deceased
CABLE	Charles	E. "Chuck"	OTAC	USN 1966-1986	Jul 2019
CARSON	Eldon		CSCM	USN 1970s	2017
CHRISTIE	Robert	F. "Bob"	OT2	USN 1974-77	Jul 2019
CURTIS-WITTMER	Christa	E.	IT1	USN Late '90s/Early 2000s	Jan 2019
DETTY	Douglas	A. "Doug"	OTAC	USN 1964-1986	Aug 2019
FOLKES	J.	D. "Reb"	ET3	USN 1966-68	Sep 2019
FORBES	Kenneth	Lee	OT2	USN 1970s	Mar 2014
FRAZIER	Ernest	L. "Buddy"	Civilian Contractor	WECO/Lucent 1971-1989	Jun 2019
HOLEN	David	"Dave"	OT2	USN 1969-1973	Feb 2019
LEGER	Elvin	Joseph "Jay"	RMCS	USN 1957-59	Apr 2019
MATIENZO	Ariel	S., Sr. "Matt"	OTCS	USN 1950s-1970s	Jan 2019
MILLARD	Jerry	L.	OT2	USN 1968-1972	Sep 2019
MORGAN	Gary	M.	LT (Ex-ST/OT)	USN 1967-1986	Jul 2019
MORIARTY	Brian	M.	Civilian Contractor	TRW 1980s-1990s	Nov 2018
NAU-STOLTZMAN	Nancy	Adele	DT1	USN 1977-79	May 2019
NICHOLAS	Max	E.	RM2	USN 1972-73	Jan 2019
RATLIFF	William	E. "Bill"	CAPT	USN 1980-86	Apr 2019
RONALD	Raymond	W. "Ray"	STG2	USN 1960s	Jan 2018
SCHUETT	Patrick	E. "Pat"	OTAC	USN 1970s-1989	Nov 2018
SHERMAN	Daniel	L. "Dan"	SOCS/Civilian	USN/GS 1950s-1993	Jul 2018
SHIELDS	William	B. "Bill"	CDR	USN 1963-65 & 1973-75	Aug 2019
SIMS	Shannon	M.	OT	USN 1971-75	Nov 2018
STINGLEY	Terry		OTA1	USN 1980s-1990s	Mar 2019
STORCK	Frank	J.	OTA1 (AW)	USN 1980s	Nov 2018
WASHBURN	Robin	Lee	OTMCS	USN 1960s-1980s	Aug 1993
WERTMAN	Eugene	T. "Skip"	CWO2 (Ex-ST/OT)	USN 1960s-1980s	Feb 2019
WHALEN	Dawn	C.	OTA2	USN 1980s-1997	Jul 2018

*Compiled by Jack Holdzkom, OTCM, USN (Ret)*

# ***IUSS / CAESAR***



## **Alumni Association**

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