

# The Cable

Official Newsletter of the IUSS/CAESAR Alumni Association

## IUSS / CAESAR



## Alumni Association

NOVEMBER 2020

### DIRECTOR'S CORNER

*Nick McConnell, OTACS, USN (Ret)*

Hello friends and shipmates! Welcome to the 2020 edition of *The Cable*. This has certainly been a challenging year for our country and the resurgence of this damn virus means we are not done yet. Hopefully, a vaccine will be available soon. Our nation owes a great deal of gratitude to the First Responders.

I would like to wish a "Fond Farewell" to **CAPT Scott Luers** and a hearty "Welcome Aboard" to **CAPT Brian Taddiken**, our new Commodore. I found the Commodore's comments (page 6) extremely interesting and I believe you will, too.

**Carol O'Neil's** excellent article on the Pt. Sur rehabilitation is a good read.

We greatly appreciate the contribution of articles for this edition by **Commodore Taddiken, Dick Rentner, Ed Smock, Ben Crawford, Jerry Juliana, Thomas Koehl, Carol O'Neil, Larry Moore, John Ross, and Jim Trimmer**. Thank you, all for providing input.

Currently, the Association stands at **933** active members, several of whom are currently serving at IUSS facilities. In the past year we've added **29** new and reinstated members. We also have an archive of **576** former members.

Sadly, we also list **560** IUSS shipmates in our Memorial Section, with **22** names added in the past year. See the *In Memoriam* annual update at the end of this newsletter and the full list on our website, which is updated monthly.

Many thanks to **Russ Lownie, Mike Kilpatrick, Jack Holdzkom, Dick Rentner, and Ellis Sutter** for the many hours they invest in the daily administration of the Association and production of this newsletter.

As always, we solicit and welcome your comments, criticisms, and suggestions. Please feel free to contact me at [bogey20732@yahoo.com](mailto:bogey20732@yahoo.com).

Stay safe, friends.  
*Nick*

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## September 1999 Virginian-Pilot IUSS/SOSUS Article

*By Jim Donovan, CAPT, USN (Ret)*

*“What emerges most clearly in interviews with veterans of the cat-and-mouse game are a deep pride in their work and a conviction that it helped the United States to victory in the Cold War.”*

While planning the 45<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebration/reunion in the summer of 1999 the local Virginian-Pilot newspaper was asked to cover the event. The Editor sent a reporter to Dam Neck to interview Commander Undersea Surveillance (CUS), Commodore Neil Rondorf, USN; and the Commanding Officer (myself) and OPS Department personnel of NOPF Dam Neck. He also conducted a separate interview with the Director of the IUSS-CAESAR Alumni Association, CDR Ed Dalrymple, USN (Ret). The IUSS 45<sup>th</sup> Anniversary banquet was held on Saturday, 18 September 1999. The article was published on the following Monday.

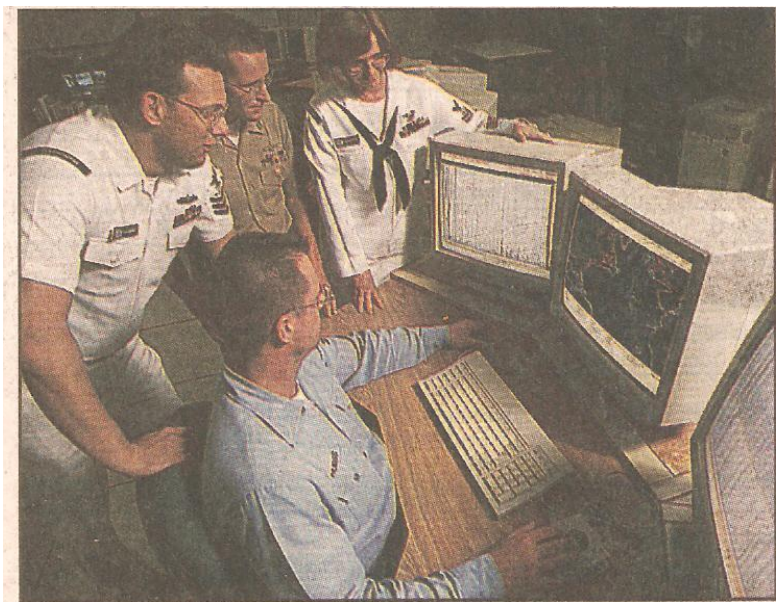
### **Their Mission: Find Enemy Subs / Sworn to Secrecy During Cold War, Technicians Read Undersea Sounds**

*Published September 20, 1999, Virginian Pilot, Section: Front, page A1*

*Source: Dave Mayfield, staff writer*

They stood watch at some of the Navy's loneliest outposts, from Eleuthera in the Bahamas to San Nicholas Island in the Pacific.

They were sailors who didn't go to sea and didn't wear warfare pins. To people who asked about their work, they were oceanographers or communicators. The truth is they were listeners.



D. KEVIN ELLIOTT/The Virginian-Pilot

**Kelly Hubbs, seated, monitors undersea sound data at the Naval Ocean Processing Facility at Dam Neck. The computers isolate submarine and ship sounds from the jumble of ocean noise.**

They listened with their eyes.

Forty-five years ago, in a tiny building at Ramey Field, Puerto Rico, one of the Navy's oddest and most secretive communities began. Its members went by the designation **SOSUS**, Sound Surveillance System. A new front line in the Cold War, they had one mission: to find submarines.

But they didn't wear sonar headsets. Hour after hour, night and day, they "listened" by looking at lines on paper. Each squiggle or scratch was a sound from the sea - everything from waves to whales to waterspouts, with tremors and trawlers in between. Collected by hydrophones and pumped to shore by underwater cables, the sound signals were a chaos, at first. But from the jumble, and with the help of high-powered computers, the landlocked sailors slowly culled the patterns of their prey: the RPMs of a generator, the frequency signal of a pump, the order in which equipment turned on, how long each piece operated.

Eventually, there were thousands of men and women applying this arcane knowledge at two dozen stations around the world. At the Cold War's peak, they were constantly staring down the barrel of the Soviets' nuclear guns.

Which is what made them important: They knew where the guns were.



**Ed Smock, a retired master chief, was a pioneer of the sub detection program. "We didn't miss many," he said.**

"Even when they would quiet their submarines in one area, we would pick on another area and find them again," recalled Edwin Smock, a retired Navy master chief living in Virginia Beach who was one of the pioneers of the surveillance program. "We didn't miss many, put it that way."

Once sworn to secrecy, Smock and his colleagues are now allowed to publicly celebrate their craft, as about 200 veterans from **SOSUS** and other submarine-surveillance programs did this weekend at a reunion in Norfolk. But only to a degree.

Dates and locations of sub sightings and the details of how they located them are still largely classified.

What emerges most clearly in interviews with veterans of the cat-and-mouse game are a deep pride in their work and a conviction that it helped the United States to victory in the Cold War.

Smock first got an inkling of how important his job would be soon after graduating from sonar school in 1954. Proud of his achievement, he mailed his graduation certificate to his parents in Belle Vernon, Pa. Within days, a Navy detail was on their doorstep, demanding the certificate back.

The course name and number were secrets, he was told. "That's how fanatic we were."

To keep their work clandestine, some constructed elaborate cover stories - that they studied marine mammals or ocean currents.

Knowing no better, recruiters fell into the ruse. As a result, "we got some naive kids who came in and thought they were going to be another Jacques Cousteau," said Ed Dalrymple, a retired Navy commander who heads the undersea surveillance alumni association.

Instead of deep-sea diving, **SOSUS** enlistees spent day after day holed up in windowless rooms, walking up and down long rows of machines displaying sound signals.

There might be hundreds of the machines, known as "gram writers," in a room. Their styli sweeping in unison across rolls of paper each showed the sounds within a separate sonar beam.

The stronger the signal, the darker the pattern of lines.

Because the lines were burned into the chemically coated paper by an electric arc, the display rooms smelled to many like smoldering tires. The **SOSUS** crews dreaded orders to wear whites and tried not to touch their faces while on duty. At many a shift's end, they went home smudged black from the paper.

Smock was assigned to a facility in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in July 1956, when the gram writers there suddenly began showing huge noises at every frequency across the sound spectrum. The watch crew had no idea what was happening.

The next day, they learned from news accounts that the luxury liner Andrea Doria had collided with the Swedish liner Stockholm off Nantucket, Mass., and sunk. Fifty-one people had died.

"We knew right then exactly what we had been looking at," Smock said. "That was her when she was breaking up and going down to the bottom, the explosions of her boilers and all." The sounds had been picked up by their hydrophones.

In the early years, **SOSUS** didn't "catch" any Soviets. Its main contacts were U.S. submarines. By learning their own boats' noise signatures, Navy leaders hoped to field stealthier subs against potential foes.

Some prideful U.S. submariners, however, didn't much appreciate being spied upon. A rivalry developed between the sub force and **SOSUS**.

Smock said that when the Nautilus, the nation's first nuclear-powered sub, went to sea in the mid-'50s, "they told us that, 'you probably won't see her' . . . Well, when she came out, we watched her like we did with any of the other boats."



That, he said, “is what really started our submarine quieting program, when they saw how easily we could see them.”

It wasn't until 1962 that a **SOSUS** station had a confirmed detection of a Soviet sub. It was a fortuitous event because that same year, the Cuban missile crisis loomed.

Soviet subs were crossing the Atlantic, armed with nuclear missiles that could devastate dozens of American cities. At the **SOSUS** facilities, men like Smock had a front-row view of the crisis.

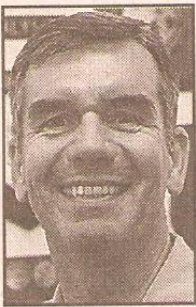
“They weren't there just for practice,” Smock said of the Soviet subs. “they were totally ready” to launch, if authorized. “The Cuban crisis, some people say, ‘No big thing.’ That was a big thing. Very big.”

That showdown with the Soviets left the Navy's secret surveillance corps with a heightened sense of urgency.

From then on, they pounced on the faintest hint of a Soviet sub, piecing together a virtual encyclopedia on Soviet submarine tactics and sound signatures.

Dalrymple said that many times, he or his colleagues took paper rolls from the gram writers from previous days and stretched them down a hallway. “A lot of times you were trying to reconstruct something . . . looking for patterns, something they did at certain times of day, those sorts of things,” he said. “We'd get down on our knees and look at everything we had.”

The hardest thing for him and the other watch standers was imagining themselves in the subs they were tracking. “All we had was lines on paper,” he said. “We'd have guys who'd look at that and they'd have things jumping all over the place. You'd have to say, ‘No, stop and think. That submarine out there is not changing course every 15 minutes by 10 degrees, changing positions all over the place.’ ”



**When Cmdr. Jim Donovan was a young operator on a sound surveillance team, he detected hostile subs every day, he said.**

Not that there was any shortage of “targets.” When Cmdr. Jim Donovan was a young operator at a **SOSUS** station 20 years ago, he said, “I recall having contacts on hostile submarines every day that I was working - at least one submarine.”

On any given day in the 1970s, the facility in Keflavik, Iceland, might track a half-dozen or more Soviet subs as they passed in and out of the Norwegian Sea.

As their prowess at detection grew, one glaring weakness in the system became evident. It could take hours for a **SOSUS** message to reach the air squadron or surface ship chosen to “prosecute” - or search for - the contact. By that time, the data was sometimes of little value.

Donovan, who now commands the Naval Ocean Processing Facility at Dam Neck in Virginia Beach, said many of the steps, such as encryption of messages, had to be done manually. Over time, he said, the Navy streamlined reporting procedures and allowed secure voice phones to be used to report contacts.

“Time-late” incidents steadily declined. The biggest breakthroughs, technologically, came in computing. **SOSUS** had some of the world's first supercomputers. Crunching away at billions of calculations per second, they processed the signals coming into the ground stations. The result: clearer and clearer displays of the sound patterns.

All this processing power let the watch standers amplify signals without distorting them, and view narrower slices of the frequency spectrum in ever-increasing detail. “You could look further down into the grass,” Dalrymple said.

As time went on, it wasn't just men at work. In 1970, two decades before the Navy did away with most of its combat exclusions, the first woman was assigned to an operational billet in **SOSUS**.

Undersea surveillance became the one place in the Navy where women had a front-line role. But outside their community, few knew because of the secrecy of their work.

By this time, however, the Soviets were piecing together what they were up against. They knew about the hydrophone arrays. And they had an idea of how easily their submarines were being detected, thanks largely to a Norfolk private detective named John A. Walker Jr.

Walker's family-and-friend spy ring had been passing top-secret information about U.S. military operations, including the Navy's anti-submarine efforts, to the Soviets since the late '60s.

How much about **SOSUS** Walker disclosed is unclear. But each generation of Soviet subs was harder to find than its predecessor, and detection ranges narrowed dramatically. When the Walker spy case broke in 1985, men like Smock, who'd devoted their careers to sifting out the Soviet subs, were naturally outraged.



“We all had the typical redneck American response,” he recalled. “Hang him. Hang him. Hang him.”

The Walker disclosures gave a lift to efforts already in the works to develop new ways of listening for subs.

A fleet of sensor-towing surveillance ships had already gone to sea in the early '80s. With the SURTASS - Surveillance Towed Array Sensor System - ships, “we can drive anywhere we need to in the world,” said Capt. Neil Rondorf, commander of the Navy's Undersea Surveillance Command. It's a “much more cost-effective way” to track the occasional submarine movement, he said.

Meanwhile, the Navy pushed development of a new bottom-fixed hydrophone system for pinpointing contacts in a smaller area.

These arrays, known as the Fixed Distributed System, “just saturate the area with sensors, basically: a killing field,” Donovan said. “It might be a very short detection, but you have the cue to further prosecute.”

With their new tools, the sub hunters were ready to keep ferreting out Soviet boats well into the next millennium.

And then a funny thing happened: The Wall came down. As the Soviet empire crumbled and the Cold War drew to a close, the undersea spooks came in for a heavy dose of downsizing.

Only three shore stations remain from a peak of 25, including one at Dam Neck that processes both **SOSUS** and SURTASS signals. The umbrella organization, now known as the Integrated Undersea Surveillance System, has fewer than 1,000 people - a quarter of the community's Cold War peak.

The once-insular community is slowly meshing with the rest of the fleet. With its own enlisted rating eliminated a few years ago, sonar technicians from destroyers and frigates have begun manning the consoles in the watch room at Dam Neck. The paper-roll “gram writers” are gone, replaced by computer workstations.

For sailors such as Petty Officer 1st Class Tucker Rosenberry, a supervisor at Dam Neck, coming from the fleet has been eye-opening.

As a sonar technician on destroyers and frigates, he had only a vague awareness of **SOSUS**. “There was somebody whispering in the background, ‘Go over here.’ We might be circling for three or four days and we didn't have a clue why,” Rosenberry said.

After only a few days at Dam Neck, he said, it was clear where such leads were coming from.

Truth be told, old-timers at Dam Neck say, there aren't many contacts these days. American and Russian sub numbers have sharply declined; the boats spend less time at sea. A watch stander can go weeks without seeing a boat “of interest.”

That's a challenge for **SOSUS** veterans such as Petty Officer 1st Class Melody Clarkson, who, as a watch coordinator at Dam Neck, must help train new operators.

“The newer people, it's hard to get them excited,” she said, “because we don't see that much. They want that instant gratification.”

Rondorf, the undersea surveillance commodore, said that in spite of the trend, his community's sensors still produce the vast majority of initial submarine contacts. Determined to hold onto that claim, it's developing systems that can be deployed in crises and close to shore, where the Navy has in recent years been concentrating its forces.

Meanwhile, it's tinkering with ways to get information to deployed forces faster, maybe even online.

There are still countries unfriendly to the United States that have submarines, Rondorf noted. Ever-quieter diesel-powered subs are on the market at prices affordable to countries that could become enemies.

Dalrymple, the retired **SOSUS** officer, said it's vital to keep the surveillance effort going.

“I like to use the analogy of a burglar alarm,” he said. “Just because you haven't been robbed doesn't mean you take the system out.”



**Capt. Neil Rondorf leads the Navy Undersea Surveillance Command, which adapted to post-Cold War conditions.**

# IUSS-CAESAR Alumni Association....Greetings!

*By Commodore Brian Taddiken, Commander, Undersea Surveillance*

I hope this letter finds you in good health and spirits. This has been a trying year for all of us and we at CUS have had our fair share of challenges navigating the pandemic. While we've been challenged, I'm happy to report the community is as healthy as ever.

I have not had the pleasure to meet most of you, so I'll introduce myself quickly. I am Captain Brian Taddiken and it was my honor to assume command of IUSS in January 2020. I relieved Captain Scott Luers who has stayed in the area and is doing great things at the Naval Undersea Warfare Development Command. I commissioned a bit over 24 years ago, and served in submarines *BILLFISH*, *JEFFERSON CITY*, *ALBUQUERQUE*, and *BUFFALO*. I had the privilege of commanding America's finest warship, the USS *CONNECTICUT*. Like many of you, I had some wonderful shore tours here in the U.S., but also in Portugal and Brazil. My time in the Navy has certainly been an adventure; my short time in the Integrated Undersea Surveillance System has only added to that adventure.

Our Fixed Surveillance Systems, many of which are more than 30 years old, continue to provide valuable support to both Naval and National leadership. Every leader up the chain of command recognizes the importance of these systems and is a champion of the IUSS community. Also, these same leaders are throwing their weight around and we are getting lots of money to upgrade old systems and field new systems. These new systems are specifically designed to counter not only the threats of today, but also the threats of the future; they are tremendously capable. The pace of growth is unprecedented. In fact, we are installing so many new systems we have to expand all of the IUSS buildings. We broke ground on the Headquarters \$23 million building expansion earlier this year. My bright, new shiny office will be ready just in time for me to turn it over to the next guy! Expansions to NOPF Dam Neck and NOPF Whidbey Island are next.

There is growth in the mobile surveillance systems as well. Five SURTASS ships are all still deployed in the Pacific Theater. Although the ships have been around the block a few times, they are still important and in fact, one of the ships spent late summer driving all over the Pacific Ocean tracking and reporting on submerged contacts. The replacement SURTASS ship, code-named TAGOS-X, is in final design and promises to bring great new capability. More importantly, it is paid for and in the budget! The TAGOS-X ships will start coming on line in the next few years.

We also recently fielded a new capability called Expeditionary SURTASS (SURTASS-E). We package towed arrays, handling equipment, communications equipment, and the acoustic analysis equipment into CONEX boxes and stick them on the back of a flat deck ship. It is essentially SURTASS-In-A-Box and we can move it from ship to ship and either process and analyze the data onboard or send the data back to shore. The first SURTASS-E deployment was conducted last year as a prototype system and it proved the concept and tracked the bad guys. SURTASS-E is deployed again and bringing the fight as I write!

A big part of the IUSS future will be in deployable surveillance systems. If you look at the growth of small, unmanned aviation systems you can get a sense of the possibilities open to IUSS in the mobile space. We already successfully operated several different mobile systems and more are on the horizon. I'd love to tell you more about our deployable systems...but you know the drill, "mum" is the word.

Lastly, a story about IUSS would not be complete without a discussion of our greatest asset, the dedicated professionals who track and report contacts, who support deployed operations, and who make the day-to-day business of IUSS run. We are hiring left and right, building new advanced training facilities, and developing new tactics, techniques, and procedures to make our work force more effective. Some of our notable recent achievements include:

- Locating and identifying first-ever acoustic contact on brand new enemy units
- Figuring out how to operate experimental systems without training
- Tremendous promotion rates for our Sailors

The list of successes and achievements goes on and on. For those of you who have not been around in a while, you will be proud that the Sailors and Civilians of IUSS today are carrying on the proud tradition you all established. I am amazed every day at the dedication, imagination, and initiative of the entire team. Each of us can sleep better at night, knowing these dedicated professionals are on watch.

In closing, your support is invaluable to the IUSS community. Thank you for keeping our shared legacy alive. Your sea stories, wisdom, and lessons learned help guide us through the difficulties we face today. I look forward to meeting more of you when we can safely get together. We plan to have a big party when we open the new building and you are all invited!

I wish you all the best in the coming year. Please be safe and healthy.

Commodore Taddiken Sends.

# Naval Facility Point Sur, California - Still Intact, Now Open To the Public

*By Carol O'Neil, Volunteer, California State Parks*



**Pt. Sur NAVFAC and Lightstation from water tanks c.1980**  
CA State Parks archives



**NAVFAC Pt. Sur Main Gate, Sep 1973**  
by Mike Hein

Naval Facility Point Sur, an “Oceanographic Research Facility”, was established in 1958 along the relatively remote and deserted Big Sur coast, 25 miles south of the Monterey Peninsula. It was a little stand-alone naval base wedged between the scenic coast highway, California Highway One, and the Pacific Ocean less than a half-mile west. It had all the trappings of larger bases with a BOQ and BEQ, warehouses and workshops, a steam plant, an Exchange, theater, administration building, 24 sets of family quarters and, eventually, three bars - all for the hundred or so sailors and 10 officers. Eventually a bowling alley, a swimming pool, and a gymnasium were also built. The mysterious Terminal Equipment Building sat low near the ocean, large and windowless, and behind a separate fence and guard.

Few of the locals in Big Sur believed that oceanographic research went on there. Tourists were a bit more gullible. Jacques Cousteau, the famous French marine biologist, passed by looking for the rare California sea otters, saw the sign and wandered off the highway to see what they were doing. Fortunately, one of the officers actually had a degree in Marine Biology; Cousteau was foisted off on him for the day and they went in search of sea otters and other wonders of the Big Sur coast. Ironically, that officer’s surname was Otter.

By 1984, technology had made great strides and data analysis could be done remotely. The base itself closed and the T-Building operated without all the personnel; data were analyzed at NAVFAC Centerville Beach, several hundred miles north, in an even more remote location. The housing was used by a variety of government entities, including the Naval Postgraduate School and Fleet Numerical Meteorology and Oceanography Center in Monterey. Eventually, in 2000, the entire base, with the exception of the T-Building, was declared excess property. All sorts of

organizations were lined up to take over the 37 acres, many of whom had priority standing in the disposal of government real estate. On paper, it looked like the perfect site for something. It was in California and it was on the ocean. Homeless groups sent in proposals. Being 25 miles from anything that looked like a social service, and with only seasonal bus service, it was clearly not a good idea. A native-American (or at least he said he was) tried to claim it as ancestral land with an eye toward a casino - except the local tribes had never heard of him. A nearby university announced that it was acquiring the base for an ocean research campus. Someone hadn’t done their homework because only the Navy had ocean access, and that was for the cable that ran 50 yards to the ocean across the ranch surrounding the base. Just before the proposal period closed, a homeless group from North Carolina held up the decision with a last minute proposal.

Fortunately, the NAVFAC, minus the T-Building, was eventually ceded to California State Parks in November of 2000. State Parks really wanted the base for its housing, but an element of the deed required it be open to the public. A general plan was adopted in 2004 that paired it with the nearby Pt. Sur Lightstation, a State Historic Park, as one State Park unit. The T-Building and its old ocean cables and hydrophone arrays were being used by a consortium of universities, including the Naval Postgraduate School, for ocean research, until the grant money ran out and the cables deteriorated to the point of being useless. Meanwhile, the housing was used by State Parks, the California Highway Patrol, and other local agencies. Housing in Big Sur is scarce and hard to build because of local land-use plans.

Eventually, mold in some of the housing units and budgeting problems came together and the housing was also closed. The entire base was abandoned. The owner of the surrounding ranch wanted the buildings torn down and



offered to do it, in exchange for the land. The local State Parks administration lacked the will to do anything but save money, and getting rid of this eyesore would save money. Vandals got into the buildings and graffiti proliferated. Homeless people made themselves at home. Windows in many of the buildings were broken. There were no security patrols. In 2006, the old BOQ was used for a Marine Corps training exercise. The Marines made an impressive night assault by helicopter, and “cleared” the building using some sort of explosive and kicking in doors to many of the 10 rooms.

Finally, it was 2008 and the 50-year mark was passed whereby a serious look at the NAVFAC as an historic site could be started. The State Parks’ local historian gave guidance where he could, often through quiet conversations in hallways and parking lots, toward getting the base evaluated and on the National Register of Historic Places. The cooperating non-profit for the Pt. Sur Lightstation, the Central Coast Lighthouse Keepers (CCLK), took on this task with money and will. Hiring professional historic preservation consultants to write the nomination for the National Register was a first step. A retired Marine Sgt. Major who had worked with the Sea Bees at Port Hueneme, CA was one of the consultants. An unexpected blip required hiring the state’s most experienced preservation lawyer, who magically got a proposed change to the State Parks’ General Plan, which would have allowed demolition, removed just minutes before a California Coastal Commission hearing. Once the NAVFAC got through the national register nomination process and it was deemed “eligible,” it became increasingly difficult for the base to be bulldozed. Having it nominated did not require the owner’s (CA State Parks) permission, fortunately.

Volunteers, who had been instrumental in restoring buildings at the nearby Lightstation, turned their attention to the NAVFAC. The base had no water, sewage or electricity. They started with the large shop building, cleaning it, painting the interior, securing the doors, and putting in new windows. They used the building for several carpentry projects in support of the Lightstation. Power tools required a generator, but storing tools and materials, and having room to work were big pluses.

Work progressed haphazardly over the years. The old State Parks administration retired and new blood infused the volunteers with purpose. Several of the old Capehart housing units were secured in one day with a group of State Parks maintenance workers and volunteers. Plywood over the windows, new locks on all the doors, and even vents to prevent mold were installed on 8 houses. Each of the units was photographed for the record.

A long-planned project requiring the Lightstation to be closed for almost a year, kicked the NAVFAC restoration into high gear. The preservation volunteers, about 30 (total, but rarely at one time) men and women who meet weekly to repair, remake, clean and clip, preserve and restore at the

Lightstation, shifted their focus to the NAVFAC. Three-foot tall (or more) kikuyu grass was cut back. Buildings were cleared of birds and vines growing through the windows. Broken windows were covered over. The old Admin building was cleaned well enough to use as a visitor center, though still retaining its bare cinderblock, abandoned look. Solar panels were installed for power so a point-of-sale system could be used to sell souvenirs. We quickly discovered that the volunteer coffee pot draws a lot of power - something perhaps sailors already knew. Authorization from the Navy was obtained to use the old logo on souvenirs.

Then a tour had to be mapped out. Fortunately, many docents who gave tours at the Lightstation were eager to also lead tours at the NAVFAC. The Lightstation tour lasts 3 hours and climbs to 360 feet and includes almost 100 steps. The NAVFAC tour would be 2 hours on level ground. Once the research and basic facts were in order and the volunteers trained, they each developed their own tour, just like at the lightstation. The tours were ready to start in March 2019 when push back from some in the Big Sur community made an uproar. They complained about too much tourism, wanting to bulldoze the buildings back to natural space, sunlight reflecting off the parked cars was going to distract from the natural beauty of the area (really?!), among other reasons. They could not see the historical significance of the old Navy base. But this was a minority, if vocal, view. Many Big Sur residents either didn’t care or were old Cold Warriors themselves. Several of the long-time residents fondly remembered bowling at the base or attending the occasional movie. We moved ahead.

Then the rancher quibbled about a poor section of fencing that “could” allow his cattle to get into the base. It would have to be replaced. So a healthy chunk of the money allocated to the NAVFAC by CCLK was spent on fencing. Again, the volunteers and maintenance workers from State Parks worked under the direction of “Steve, the fence guy” who was recommended by a volunteer who is a general contractor. Steve was worth every penny, getting the job done in record time and using the available labor. A better fence has seldom been seen. Rancher was happy and we were, finally, good to go.

Tours started in October 2019 and were popular, with some visitors making special trips from all over California. One group from a Nike Missile Site carried so many fancy cameras, we thought they might be spies. The docents honed their stories and got their pacing right. Not only do the tours have to explain SOSUS and its role in the Cold War, but the Cold War itself needs to be defined. And not many people understand how the military works today, so that is something else that needs explaining. We have a stand-alone building that was the Chiefs’ Club, a piece of Navy trivia everyone likes to impart. Our biggest challenge on tours seems to be old Cold Warriors who want to take over the tour with their stories. I like to see the old submariners or P-3 guys just quietly standing back and very subtly nodding their heads. Then I know that I’ve gotten it right.

Of course tours were cancelled in March with the COVID-19 shutdown. Volunteers were able to come back in August to work on their projects: rebuilding the guard shack, wiring the buildings, installing phones, etc. Tours began again in October. A new Big Sur superintendent with State Parks lived in one of the housing units as a boy and he is very keen to preserve the NAVFAC. Long-range plans aren't finalized but some sort of Cold War- or SOSUS-centered museum will be included. Recreating the CO's office is on the list. Most of the plans are modest because of the lack of infrastructure. The old cinderblock buildings are solid, and can be preserved while the hunt for funding goes on. I daresay that many Cold Warriors are also solid and should be preserved. We are still researching, looking for

base details, stories, and pictures. Anyone wishing to contribute these items may contact me at [info@pointsur.org](mailto:info@pointsur.org) or [cclk@pointsur.org](mailto:cclk@pointsur.org).

*Ms. O'Neil is a volunteer with California State Parks and with the Central Coast Lighthouse Keepers (CCLK). She is also the volunteer historian for the Pt. Sur NAVFAC.*

Editor's Note: Additional photos may be viewed at the IUSSCAA website Photo Library:

<http://pub10.bravenet.com/photocenter/album.php?usernum=774301397#bn-photocenter-1-1-774301397/1115/1/>

## IUSS Short Stories

### Monsters on the Shore

*By Thomas F. Koehl, CDR, USNR (Ret)*

It seems that many Caribbean islands have legendary, curious tales of the supernatural, and Bermuda, while far out in the Atlantic, has its share of spooky stories.

In the fall of 1971 I was a young Oceanographic Watch Officer working the mid-watch at NAVFAC Bermuda. In the early morning hours the on-coming watch began to filter in and I received reports that the front gate, normally locked and manned by an armed Marine, was found to be wide open and no guard was in sight.

I cannot recall if it was the on-coming Watch Officer, I, or the Watch Supervisor who went to investigate the situation and secure the gate. As dawn broke and the day-workers arrived, a thorough search of the compound turned up the Marine's shotgun and several expended cartridges in the grass at the seaward side of the terminal building - but no sentry.



After calling the Marine Guard Officer the young Marine was located in his barracks huddled under his bunk. He was terrified out of his mind and babbling about the woman who had tried to come for him. It took time to draw out a more coherent account from the poor fellow, but apparently as he was making his rounds of the compound and approaching

the shore, he saw a spectral figure of a woman emerging from the dark water. Startled and frightened, he raised his shotgun and challenged the image, but it just kept coming at him. In rising fear he fired several times, backing up all the time, then dropped the gun, turned, and fled. Fully terrorized, he ran out the gate and all the way back to the barracks, a distance of almost two miles.

Of course, the Marine was interviewed extensively and ultimately sent back to CONUS for a full psychiatric evaluation, but the question remained. What did he see? Was he a Vietnam combat vet with severe PTSD? Was he hallucinating, or did he really see a ghost? Who knows, but when you ask the local Bermudians, they smile and claim it was the "Jezebel monster", the spirit of a woman who lost her life when her ship foundered on the reefs many years ago, not far off the shore where the NAVFAC was built.

### Adventures at Ramey

*By Jim Trimmer, Ex-STG2, USN*

I often wondered, was I on the way "up the ladder" in the U.S. Navy, or were they trying to get rid of me? Several events contributed to this speculation. For instance, while assigned to NAVFAC Ramey I was selected to go on a P2-V for an exercise flight. They gave me a spot just in front of the wing for takeoff and the pilot could not resist using JATO (jet-assisted takeoff) to get off the runway in the shortest time possible. On the way to the exercise area, it was explained to me that I would be in the glass bubble nose, but there was not sufficient room to get down to the nose while wearing my lifejacket. So, down I



went without the jacket. In the event that I might need it, I would have to climb back up out of the nose, crawl back across the wing, put the lifejacket on and proceed to the emergency exit, if I had time. I don't think I would have had time because I thought we were going to hit the masts of the ships as we flew over them.

In the second event, I was chosen to go to San Juan to board the USS *TULLIBEE* (SSN-597) for another exercise, but that was a disappointment as there was a problem that prevented the boat from leaving port. I did get a tour of the boat and I found out how well those guys ate because they invited me to stay for dinner.

The last episode they sent me on was TDY to NAVFAC Eleuthera for two weeks. I was to learn a new system and come back and report to staff what to expect.

At the time of these events I was only an E-4 and wondered why they didn't send one of the E-5s. Why was I always the one chosen to be sent elsewhere? Why was it always me selected for a "cross-training" assignment? I still wonder about that.

## No Good Deed Goes Unpunished

*By Thomas F. Koehl, CDR, USNR (Ret)*

Back in 1971 I was a newly minted Ensign, just getting accustomed to my new role of watch officer at NAVFAC Bermuda. The mid-watches of the "2-2-2 and 80" watch rotation were rather wearing, mostly due to trying to keep up a semi-normal off-watch social life. This first mid of my watch string was no exception and by 0300 it was getting hard to concentrate on the message traffic, the TARFs, and preparing the morning Intelligence briefing for the day watch officer to deliver to the CO.

The watch section was the usual mix of fellows (before assignment of women to NAVFACs); they were all pretty seasoned and did their jobs efficiently with little oversight on my part. My watch supervisor, OTC Les Polk, was probably getting bored with breaking in new Ensigns but he was doing his best to keep me on my toes (and wide awake!) with tales of earlier days and other NAVFACs that he had served at.

Sitting on the raised podium the two of us overlooked the large watch floor, which accommodated the printers for Bermuda's four arrays. We were not paying particular attention to the OTs until suddenly one of them rushed up to the front of the podium, shoved a \$20 bill into my hand, and announced, "Here, Mister Koehl, hold this! 'Seaman Chicken' is going to eat a roach!" I hardly had time to mentally register what he said when 'Chicken' grabbed the cockroach, a particularly large specimen common to the island, and shoved it into his mouth, it's legs still kicking. 'Chicken' then promptly plucked his well-earned cash out of my hand and walked back to his station without a word. Les Polk and I were both shocked, but the deed was done and at 0700 we turned over the watch and left for home and some sleep.



Needless to say, it didn't take long for virtually the entire NAVFAC to hear the story of the cockroach. I heard no repercussions on the second mid watch, but when I came in for the first eve watch about 36 hours later I had no sooner taken the watch than I was called down to visit the CO, LCDR "Brick" Mason. With a sober face he proceeded to interrogate me about the cockroach episode (I suspect he was having a hard time keeping a straight face, especially when I related the details of the squirming victim!) then he ended the interview by upbraiding me for not maintaining a professional watch section. A few months later my momentary lapse in decorum was duly reflected in my FitRep. I actually think that the skipper and Chief Polk might have had a good laugh about it - I know that I still do.

*(Editor's Note) On March 26-30, 1972, I was in the Analysis Inspection Team for an ORI at NAVFAC Bermuda and the "cockroach" story was recounted to us. Also, it was told that same person, "Seaman Chicken", who inserted keys into wall sockets just to see the sparks fly.*



# Stories From "OUR BOOK"

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

## 1956-1957 Grand Turk, Turks and Caicos Islands, British West Indies

My memory is not as fresh as it was 50 years ago, so if anyone has corrections to the following, please jump in: (Jim Stalter SO1/SOC Turks)

In mid-April of 1956 I reported to Grand Turk Island, about 300 miles southeast of Cape Canaveral, Florida. A small place seven or eight miles long, by a mile wide. The local population was Black and their industry was salt mining and conch shells. On one end of the island was a group of civilians headed by an Air Force officer. Their reason for being there was to record data by radar tracking of the test missiles that were launched from Cape Canaveral and passed overhead on their way to impact in the South Atlantic.

There were a half-dozen or so of the tracking stations along the missiles' projected tracks. National Guard planes (supporting the missile test system) flew from Patrick Air Force base in Florida to the various tracking stations "downrange." This was great for us because we could get hops on them to go home or to Puerto Rico for a "96" every 6 weeks or so. On the other end of the island was our Naval Facility of approximately 120 men and a dozen officers.

Before reporting to any of the NavFacs all Sonarmen went to the Fleet Sonar School in Key West, Florida, to learn how to read lofargrams. Security was a big thing there. As a reply to questions about "what were (we) doing at the NavFac?" we were to reply: "Oceanographic Research." We were assured that this would stop almost everyone from asking any more questions; they would either be uninterested in such a dull activity or would be ashamed to admit they didn't have a clue as to what oceanographic research was.

We all had to memorize "**The Cover Story.**" It was to be used only in the event "Oceanographic Research" wasn't enough of an answer and we were questioned to the point where we felt we needed to give a more detailed answer. As everyone who went through this knows, the cover story starts "During World War II the U.S. Navy found itself at a disadvantage..." It then went on to describe that we didn't know enough about the ocean; temperature, salinity and so on and that we needed as much info as we could get to be able to defend ourselves in a future conflict. And, the Navy found that it could gather such data much cheaper from land than using ships. Therefore, that's why we were there. I guess many of us used the story once or twice and I don't know of anyone who was questioned further after using the story.

We lived in Quonset huts. Chiefs and First Class lived together in one hut and had cubicles partitioned by curtains. First Class bunked two to a cube while Chiefs had their own. Junior enlisted huts were open bay, meaning no cubicles or private rooms; SO's were in one hut, RM's and ET's in another, etc. The huts were made of aluminum, were rounded pretty much like a hoop. They had flaps on each side which lifted up from the bottom to provide air flow. We didn't have air conditioning but since there was almost always a breeze we were fairly comfortable. And they had panels at shoulder height which could be propped up to provide screened openings for windows. If you ever saw the TV show *Gomer Pyle*, the Quonsets shown there are the same as what we lived in.



**Quonset Huts**



**Water Catchment Basin Half Full After An Unusual Heavy Rain With Storage Tanks On the Right**

The base covered an area of about four to maybe six football fields. We "caught" almost all of our potable water in a catchment basin. The basin was about the size of a football field and sloped down from the outer edges to a drain. The water from frequent rains ran to the drain and was pumped to one of three giant storage tanks. We were happy campers when all three tanks were full. When we got down to around 50-percent capacity we went on water hours and the desalinization plant (machines) was started. This process made drinkable water from ocean water. It was difficult, time consuming, inefficient and the equipment broke down regularly. We did not like water hours.

We had 10 or 12 Quonsets. About half were living spaces and a few were for such things as equipment and spare parts/supplies and office space. There was one very large Quonset. It was called the Terminal Building or T- Building for short. It was probably 150 feet long and 40 feet wide. In it was the classified equipment. The cable was "terminated" in this building, hence the name Terminal Building. Clever, huh? The T-Building was also called "elephant hut" no doubt because of its size.

Many of us had our laundry done by the local women. It was inexpensive and pretty good. The women would use salt water, pound the clothes on rocks and then dry them in the sun, followed by ironing. There was always a slight offensive smell to the clothes but it went away quickly. Even with the salt water to act as a bleaching agent, whites got a slightly yellow cast over time.

We still had a lot of WW II-type security. For example we were known as U.S. Naval Facility #104 and we had a Fleet Post Office, New York address. That way Grand Turk and #104 were not tied together. We were very security conscious and were constantly tested. Our annual inspections always had people trying to get unauthorized entrance to the T-Building. There was an open space around the building (about 30 feet deep) and then an eight foot chain link fence topped by barbed wire. Usually, entrance was gained by ringing a bell at the fence gate. Someone inside would either recognize you and open the gate from a button inside or come to the gate and admit you as appropriate. If the inside person had to go to the gate this meant that another bell had to be rung at the T-Building door. Eventually, we got cipher locks which cut down on the manpower. Chief Dan Cushing built one for Grand Turk from off-the-shelf parts. I believe this was in 1962 or '63.

We lived kind of rough but it was also fun. We ate good, got to go to Florida or to Puerto Rico, every six weeks or so, and had mostly a good group. We stood eight-hour watches and there was not a lot of harassment when off watch. We had volleyball teams and played mostly every day. We had movies every night under the stars. No theater as such. The screen was a big piece of canvas painted white and we sat on benches in the open under a sky full of stars. During the day the same area was an open air mess hall. The club was adjacent so we always had something to drink or eat. Cigarettes were 10 cents a pack, beer 10-15 cents, Heineken included, and hamburgers 15 cents. Tropical hours were standard. I believe we started work about 6 AM, broke for mid-morning snack provided by the galley at 1000, and then continued to 1300. The rest of the day was pretty much ours ... if you were a day worker that is. Watch standers stood eight-hour watches. Usually it was 2 mids, then 2 eves, and then 2 days followed by 80 hours off, hence the term "2, 2, 2 and 80."

Going to the T-Building for the mid-watch could be an adventure. Once or twice a year land crabs would migrate from one side of the island to the other. They were the ones with fairly large pincers and they looked vicious. Usually when walking the dark road (about a hundred yards) from the base to the T-Building to assume the mid-watch, the first indication one would have that the crabs were crossing would be clicking followed by a "crunch" then another and another, and so on. It was kind of unnerving at times. Hundreds and hundreds of crabs crossing. Always at the same place and (I believe) always at night. A good thing we didn't wear flip-flops to go on watch.

In the early days we used Teledots paper for recording the grams. It was a dark paper about 5 inches wide and was extremely dirty. Rolling the grams was not a job anyone volunteered for. Signatures could actually fall off the paper if it wasn't handled carefully. Grams to be kept as part of our signature library were sprayed with Krylon (clear) to preserve the signature. When sprayed the gram had the look of an old time photograph. SOSUS was still very primitive. We had no contact signature library and no depth of experienced operators to help. We learned as we went. We needed a way to identify targets of no interest and keep track of them so as we'd be able to recognize something new coming in amidst the clutter.

Enter our Operations Officer, LT Seibel (?). He was a brilliant guy and had zero people skills. To get things going, he devised a time vs. bearing chart. It was a paper roll about 24 to 30 inches wide and was manually rolled up on an inclined table with a hand crank. The table was made by our Seabees. Bearing was on the horizontal axis and time was vertical. Each target was plotted on the chart. Since commercial shipping followed pretty specific tracks it was a simple matter to convert the expected track of a merchantman going from, say, New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico. The New York Times carried info concerning ship movements. We had it mailed to us, extracted ship movements, and plotted them on the graph using the expected time of arrival in our area and the movement through the area. Lloyds of London published a large book giving, among other things, the propulsion method of the various merchant vessels. By plotting our targets versus the New York Times info versus expected signatures, the Research folks (called day workers) were able to construct a Signature Library. The same ships made the same transits month in and month out so it wasn't long until we had a basic library. At least we could identify the signature of those we weren't interested in. LT Seibel instituted several procedures while he was there and they invariably worked.

As a personal note, I remember, the day after I made Chief, OPS said "Here, type this as a memo." (I didn't even know how to spell typewriter). Told him "Sorry LT, I don't know how to type." His reply "You're a Chief now and all Chiefs know how to type." End of story.

An embarrassing fact of being "downrange": M-Boat "flashes". (The two M-boats were the *VERA-G* and the *WESTERN VENTURER*.)

There should still be a lot of folks who served on Eleuthera, San Salvador, Grand Turk and further south who will be slightly embarrassed to remember the following: We were always looking for Russian diesel boats and hoping to be first to flash. We were always (?) alert, ready to "Flash" that quick start Foxtrot diesel sub. An M-Boat brought supplies regularly from the mainland down to the Islands. She was equipped with FM-10 engines but never showed up on the grams with the expected harmonics. Almost always classified as a Foxtrot and was flashed ... **even when we knew her schedule and were waiting for her.** A lot of red faces for us and razzing by the oncoming watch and the day workers.

(Jim Stalter SO1/SOC)

### **1957-60 USS *Weatherford* (EPC 618) (1957-1960) (more memories)**

- Being in Havana right before Castro took over Cuba (1 Jan 1959) - he blew up the pier where we had been tied up to two months earlier.
- Liberty at the "Tropicana" (Scenes in the "God Father II" movie - the kiss of death for Fredo and gambling at the Jai Alai games, etc.)
- Patrolling escaped-Cuban President Batista's Florida residence while on shore patrol with the local Fort Myers police - when the police officer told me - if shooting starts, get down low in the patrol car... "Right, me and my Shore Patrol night-stick!"... "As if I had to be told"...He had his guns...
- Ship's immediate recall to go search for a downed pilot - no luck...
- Finding and rescuing eight Cuban refugees adrift in an undersized boat without fuel, food or water. They were armed; however, salt water had rendered their arms useless. We had a Spanish-speaking Yeoman who handled the dialog. They were just glad that we found them. We had to sink the small boat - navigational hazard...
- Tied up and in the vicinity of, and observing the filming of "Operation Petticoat" (Pink Submarine) (Cary Grant and Tony Curtis - 1959)
- More trivia: The Helm/Wheel, Enunciator and Monkey Balls that are on display at NOPF Dam Neck are the exact same as were on the *Weatherford*... I was sea detail helmsman - did touchy things like hi-line with a submarine (to exchange movies) for underway quals - no easy task etc... Our Captain LTjg Joe Buggy in these tight cases would not give me the full three degree bearing to steer, he would just call down the voice tube the "last" digit - he didn't want to make a mistake... --3, --4, --5 etc..
- Following a mine sweeper and sinking the mines (that she cut loose) with the M1 rifle with metal piercing ammo... The gunners mate (GM1 Bill Grady) and I were the so-called marksmen onboard... We always had a contest to see who could sink one with the fewest shots... The secret was to wait until the mine was on the up side of a wave and hit it below the water line while there was very little water there to impact the shot... We also sank the sonar buoys I wrote about earlier... And the Cuban boat...
- Putting on new experimental sonar in New London, steaming up into the North Atlantic for cold water ops and then straight down to the Tongue of the Ocean for warm water ops - make required changes, and do it again... The "E" in EPC meant Experimental Sub Chaser (Patrol Craft)

(Ed Smock SO2/SO1)

### **6 Feb 1986 - LCDR Fred A. Jones, RCN passed away (20 Mar 1919 – 6 Feb 1986)**

Sad day for SOSUS as he and his friend, CAPT Joe Kelly helped make SOSUS what it is today. Joe Kelly covered the logistical aspects and Fred covered the operations/analysis aspect.

I served with Mr. Jones in 1955-57 at Shelburne (my wife and I used his sword to cut our wedding cake), was associated with him throughout his tenure in SOSUS/IUSS (he was a member of COSL staff 1960-63 and CO of HMCS Shelburne 1963-69) and, worked for him in 1976 at Computing Devices Canada (CDC), Ottawa, Ontario Canada.

Upon his retirement from the RCN, Mr. Jones's IUSS background aided his success in the position of CDC's Project Manager for Automatic Processing of Jezebel Information (APOJI M), Signal Processing Evaluation and Reporting system (SPEAR), and Time Series Acoustic Recall (TSAR). During his civilian employment he was also involved in implementing the SIGMA 7 processor for detecting Soviet CHARLIE-, VICTOR-, and YANKEE-class submarines at Naval Facility Bermuda and had input



into the development of Wide Band Acoustic Recall (WBAR). Additionally, CDC was the initial developer of the SURTASS system that we have today; first installed at COSL.

“In recognition of his service as Canada’s diplomat to SOSUS, LCDR Frederick Alun Jones has been officially recognized as Canada’s “Father SOSUS” to the men and women of Trinity. In his memory we salute LCDR Jones for a job well done and take pride in continuing his work in undersea surveillance.”



**LCDR Frederick Alun Jones, RCN  
20 March 1919 – 6 February 1986**

Upon commissioning (3 August 1994), “TRINITY” CFB Halifax was dedicated as the “LCDR Fred Alun Jones Building” - celebrated at the Opening Ceremony of “TRINITY” on 5 May 1995. I was honored to be in attendance - **He was my mentor and my friend.**



(Edwin K. Smock, OTCM, USN-Retired)

### **1969-1970 - Bermuda Rookie**

Freshly emerged from the “green door”, one feels ready to “hit the mats” for the first time. I’ll never forget the absolute, debilitating shock that facing real-world LOFAR grams for the first time produced. They lied to us! None of the sanitized, single-signature grams used for training gave any hint of the utter chaos coming out of that stylus and onto that paper. “Dog”, “Easy”, and “Easy II” they called them and it took some time before they no longer haunted my dreams.

OJT was, and probably still is, the only sure method to train the raw rookie. It was relatively easy to capture and regurgitate the A-school curriculum, but it was not presented in the context of the real-world environment where every sweep of the stylus is different from the last. The job was recognition within this broad context and the context was always cluttered and changing. Formal training and section training were essential, but you always had to take it back to the beams to make it work. By the end of this tour I had passed the third-class exam, the so-called “STO” exam, which was a modified ST exam for OTs. I felt reasonably confident that I could do my part.

Several interesting highlights of this period:

- Jack Thompson was my first LPO. I couldn’t have had a better start.
- Bermuda was the R&D site for the APOJI system (Automatic Processing Of Jezebel Information). This system was built by COMDEV of Canada. It interfaced directly to the MDL and FQQ equipment and analyzed and annotated the array. Operator controls were provided via consoles hung from two I-beams above the FQQ banks and you slide the consoles up or down to the beam you were interested in. This was when I met Fred Jones who was the project manager. The operations evaluation of APOJI was conducted shortly after I was transferred and I got to come back to be an operator for the OPEVAL. A new array was installed during my tour. During my first “roll” on the new array I noted that one of the FQQ consoles had a deeply scratched message on its side. It read “San Sal Sux”. Guess where the FQQ equipment came from.
- The new “OT” rating was announced but for the first two advancement test periods the “STO” examination was used.

(W. A. “Buck” Buchanan)

# Assignment Sonar A-School 1956-1957

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

As a new graduate of Great Lakes boot camp in May of 1956 I proudly wore my dress blues on this cool Chicago evening. The two white stripes of Seaman Apprentice were clearly visible on my left sleeve. I was on my way to Fleet Sonar School, Key West to learn to be a US Navy Sonarman.

I had never been on an airplane before, so I checked in at Eastern Airlines and got receipts for my sea bag and small travel handbag. Waiting for my plane to be called I suddenly remembered my Boot Company Commander at Great Lakes had advised us not to lose the papers ordering us to our next command. Bad things would then happen. I just realized that my orders were in the travel bag I had just relinquished, so I raced back to the check-in counter and asked the lady if I could get my handbag back. She said it was already being loaded on the plane, but she must have noticed my distraught face and said she would see if she could retrieve it. Sure enough she showed up several minutes later, bag in hand.

The Eastern Airlines Constellation had four radial piston engines and a triple fin vertical stabilizer. It was already old since Eastern Airlines leased ten of them from TWA and repainted them with their own markings. It was scheduled to arrive in Miami about sunrise the next morning. The plane was almost empty and the Stewardess said I could stretch out in any row. I found a seat on the right side of the plane with a little window. The window had an inside and outside pane of glass and my first thought was, "Why do they need a storm window on an airplane?" As soon as the plane started moving, I had my nose pressed against the window looking at everything I could see until we flew above the clouds.



Somewhere over Georgia I woke up because we ran into some bumpy weather. I peered out the window at the wings flopping up and down while distant lightning occasionally lit up the dark sky. Suddenly the inner glass split top to bottom right in front of my nose, the glass remaining in place. I didn't know what to do. Just then the stewardess emerged from the forward area and was sauntering down the aisle

checking the passengers. When she was adjacent to me I told her about the cracked window. She leaned over me looking at the window and told me she would be right back as she turned and scurried up to the front of the plane. A minute later she returned with what looked like the pilot and looking at the window, they mumbled a few words to each other. The pilot then went back up front and the stewardess said calmly, "Maybe you should change seats". I moved back a few rows on the other side of the plane, and believe me I did not want to sleep at all now.

As the sun rose we landed in Miami where I had a two hour wait for my flight to Key West. I checked in to National Airlines and found a comfortable seat in the empty terminal. I must have dozed off because when I looked at my watch, I saw that the time for my plane to leave was just a few minutes away, so I hurried up to the check-in counter and inquired as to the status of my plane. I was told they had already called away the last call to board. I ran as fast as I could and just made it to the door before they locked it, then I scurried across the tarmac to the little plane that would take me to Key West.

It was just before noon when the Pilot landed on the grass at Meacham Field in Key West, now officially called the Key West International Airport. The Airport Terminal would not be completed until 1957 and there was still no paved runway. When the plane's engines shut down the few passengers and I departed. After walking a short distance to where the ground crewman told me to wait I looked around and found myself standing alone in the grass field with my small travel bag in hand and my seabag standing upright next to me where one of the ground crew had just placed it. My fellow passengers had already entered vehicles and drove off. The several people that had been waiting to go to Miami now boarded the little airplane. The door closed, and the engines revved up blowing hot air at me as the plane taxied to the other end of the field. The ground crew then swiftly departed in their airport vehicle.

I stood there looking around, not a soul in sight. The only building nearby was a tiny shed where the ground crew had put the offloaded canvas bags of US MAIL. Sweating in winter wool dress blues I felt an oncoming panic attack. Just then an old Navy pickup truck came roaring through the field and stopped at that little shed and commenced loading the mail bags into the bed of their truck. I picked up my seabag and hurried over to the truck where one of the two sailors asked me if I needed a ride. I told him "Yes, to the Sonar School." He told me to hop in the back, so I threw my seabag in along with the mailbags and scrambled into the back of the pickup. Bouncing through the field, and then speeding

down city streets, I almost lost my Dixie cup hat several times. The driver finally entered the Base and dropped me off at an old weather beaten stucco building where he told me this is where I was to check in.

I was still sweating as the sailor behind the desk opened my envelope of orders and pounded a couple of rubber stamps on several pages. He then inserted carbon paper between some of those pages and inserted them in a typewriter and typed away. The Yeoman then yanked the papers out of the typewriter and handing me one copy pointed to his left and drawled, "Report to Building 209, the transient barracks, a few buildings over. Y'all will see the numbers on the front of the building."

It was a huge, old, gray wooden building similar to the boot camp barracks. After checking in and getting assigned an upper bunk and a small metal locker, the first thing I did was change out of those hot sweaty blues and into dungaree pants and T-shirt like everyone else was wearing.

During my first week I worked for the Barracks Master at Arms doing whatever he said. I swabbed the decks, picked up trash, cleaned smelly urinals, etc. I discovered my talent was endless and I was proud that I could easily accomplish any of these Navy tasks.

One week of this barracks cleaning and lucky for me, the chapel needed someone to run the mimeograph machine for their Sunday bulletin. I was kept quite busy because other commands also brought their "stencils" to the chapel to be reproduced. I had never seen a machine like this and after a brief indoctrination I was hand cranking away producing the black-ink on white pages, proud of learning this job so quickly.



The second day on the job, I refilled the ink reservoir from a small tin can and in disbelief saw that I had evidently overfilled it and black gooey ink was dripping all over everything: the table, the reams of unused paper, the floor, and worst of all, on my "like new" dungarees and T-shirt. After over an hour of cleaning up as much as I could, I was rudely instructed to return to the Barracks Master at Arms "immediately." Those smelly urinals looked like I had never cleaned them just a couple of days prior.

The next week I was assigned to the Commissary Store. It was a cushy job since all I had to do was hop on the back

of a 2½-ton truck for the morning ride to the Commissary Store located on the corner of Simonton and Virginia Streets in the City of Key West. I was assigned to the job of flattening empty cardboard boxes as they were occasionally sent up to the three of us located on the 2nd floor storage room. We sat around or slept between deliveries because no one checked on us. We stacked the crushed boxes at the back of the building where we would occasionally shove them out a wide door to a parked truck below. The job was boring but the good thing was that the snacks were free from the "accidentally" opened candy packages found in the store when we each went downstairs on an occasional break. At the end of the week I was told that a student that was slated to start the next "A" School class was dropped for some reason and I was selected to take his place. I was moved to Barracks 218 and started sonar school on the following Monday morning.

I learned that training would include basic electricity, preventive and corrective maintenance, and hands-on operation of the sonar equipment. I loved going to these classes. They were nothing like my high school classes. The instructors actually treated us as adults and taught us incessantly. I even took the opportunity to take the exam for Seaman (SN) and passed, which meant I had a slight increase in pay and now sported three white stripes on the left arm of my uniform.

The only drawback of being a student was that we were required to stand barracks and clothesline watches. All Seaman and below rotated these watches in three sections from 1600 to 0700. The barracks watch was mainly a fire watch of the two-story building. The clothesline watch consisted of guarding against theft of the clothes the sailors hung on lines outside to dry. This "watch" was to check ID cards when someone attempted to remove clothes from the clothesline, but no one ever checked ID's because it was almost impossible to prove whose clothes were whose. Not much talent was required for either assignment. However, the watches did cut into study time and the much-needed sleep by having a watch every third day. Those night watches were very long and boring.

One day several weeks into class a notice was circulated looking for volunteers for a marching drill team. A member of this team would have to practice marching every day for two hours after class. On the plus side the member would not have to stand any watches. I found out that this "Fleet Sonar School Emergency Platoon", commonly called the "Goon Platoon", was a drill team that did all kinds of fancy marching, throwing rifles around, and ultimately participating in local parades. The "no watch standing" is what appealed to me.

I applied and was accepted that same day. I was even issued a rifle with the bolt-action welded immovable. We would check it out from the armory every day except Sunday to march for two hours. The first week the platoon leader, SO1 J. P. Johnson, chastised me for marching "like a farmer from Iowa". He kept after me, and the others,



yelling corrections and encouragement out of one side of his lopsided mouth. After days of perfecting our marching we learned to throw the rifles to each other and to twirl them around like cheerleaders do their batons. We became one precision unit marching in unison doing all sorts of fancy maneuvers.



I marched in a couple parades in the city of Key West. We looked sharp in our dress blues with shiny white painted helmets, white gloves, white wide web belts, and white leggings. Our leader carried a sword and yelled out the commands that we instantly performed with precision, tossing our weapons, marching in circles and executing many different maneuvers.

The crowd took flash photos of us performing and after the parade we mingled in the throngs of fascinated people admiring our talent of marching and handling of the rifles. The local newspaper even published an article of our group along with a photo of us performing.

We all received a "Letter of Appreciation" from the CO of the Sonar School where he stated: "You gave freely ..... so others could enjoy your talents". NAH, I did it to get out of standing those stupid clothesline watches!

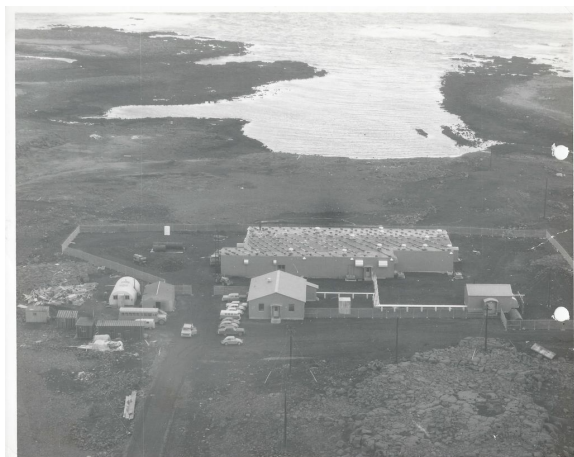
Upon graduation from A School, I sewed on the Sonar insignia above my three white SN patch on my sleeve. Also, I was offered the opportunity to volunteer to those secret classes behind the Green Doors. Rumor had it this assignment meant I would not be sent to duty on a ship. I immediately snapped up the offer. I didn't want to take the chance of being sent to a small Patrol Craft where my stomach had proven to be hostile.

On February 16, 1957 I was advanced to SO3 and I immediately bought a set of tailor-made blues with the thirteen-button pants and the fancy "dragon/liberty" cuffs. On March 25, 1957, I was on my way to Grand Turk for a one-year tour. Unfortunately, I never got to wear that uniform since, when I next transferred to Cape May, NJ, I had by then outgrown it from all the good living.

## NavFac Keflavik, Iceland 1966-1967

*By Jerry Juliana, OTAC, USN (Ret)*

Much has been written by OTs who have been to Keflavik. There is little doubt the reason is that no matter how long we stayed in the Navy, and how many duty stations we served at, if we were lucky enough to get orders to Keflavik it was a special and unique tour: the Taj Mahal of NavFacs.



NavFac Kef - April 1966

My experience began in the Spring of 1966. I was winding up a tour at my first NavFac, Grand Turk, and had orders to Eleuthera. I had absolutely no desire to go to another downrange facility and was complaining to my Chief about it. He suggested I call the detailer and complain to him. I didn't know you could do that, but it sounded like a great idea, so I did. I was told they were manning up a brand-new NavFac in Iceland and asked if I would be interested in going there. I didn't know anything about Iceland, but to my way of thinking - anything would be better than Eleuthera! I got my orders changed, and away I went.

There was another STG3 on the flight with orders to the NavFac and, upon landing, we were met by Chief Dave Dittler, an outstanding Chief and one I remember fondly. Instead of taking us to the barracks, he drove us out to the NavFac because he thought we might like to see what we were getting into. He led us into the display room, and into absolute bedlam! I'll never forget my first impression. Grand Turk was a single 40-beamer with four auxiliaries. Kef - all those arrays, all those auxiliaries, all those verniers, all those lines going here, there, everywhere! Something that I'd never seen before. And

people! Sailors, WECO engineers/installers, STIC reps, and busy, busy, busy! My shipmate and I had arrived in the middle of Soviet Exercise OKEAN '66. I remember the supervisor running around like a wild man, yelling his head off, and me saying to Chief Dittler, please don't put me in his section. But of course, that's exactly where I wound up! His name was Zeke Tindell, and he was quite the character.

Kef was on-the-job training unmatched at any other NavFac. After several months a new position was created for each watch section, the Data Analysis Center Petty Officer, and I was chosen for my section. My domain was the three Honeywell 9600 recorders and the auxiliary/vernier bank in front of the recorders. My responsibility was to ensure everything got on tape, and target continuity was maintained on a single writer. If you remember those recorders, you'll recall they had a large patch panel on the front, and I would be running around with a dozen patch cords hanging around my neck. It was a fantastic job with much responsibility, and I loved it.

One major benefit of a tour at Kef was the numerous R&R possibilities. There were regularly scheduled R&R flights to England and Denmark, among others, and we were practically guaranteed to be eligible for one of them. My first trip was to London. A buddy and I flew into RAF Mildenhall, caught a bus to London, and checked into a B&B we had reservations for. I spent the next few days seeing the sights of London during the day, and the sights of Piccadilly Circus during the night. This was toward the end of '66 or the beginning of '67 and miniskirts had just become quite the rage. English girls carried the fad to the extreme. I had never seen so many good-looking, long-legged women in all my life. I had a great time! When I got back to Kef all I had to show for the \$300 or \$400 I had taken with me was a palace guard on a key chain, and the club membership cards I kept receiving in the mail for the next several weeks. (At the time there were many clubs in London that you had to be a member to gain entry. It wasn't a problem getting in because they would sell you a membership at the front door.)

Much too quickly it was time to head to Mildenhall for the flight back. We had time to kill before boarding so went to the cafeteria. While standing in line at the checkout counter someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around, and it was a high school buddy who was in the Air Force and stationed at Mildenhall. Talk about a small world! We had about an hour to catch up with each other before my flight left, and we made plans to get together when we both got back home. He was due to get out soon, and I wasn't far behind him. Sadly, when I got home and tried to get in touch with him, I found out he had been killed in a car wreck shortly after his discharge.

Not only London, but I also got to go to Oslo, Norway which was a beautiful city in a beautiful country. I just missed an R&R flight to Paris. A plane had come into Kef

on the way to Paris and had extra seats available. My name was up on the R&R list, but they couldn't locate me before the flight left. Missed opportunity!

My tour flew by! The operational tempo that most of the time mandated a 3-section, 12-on, 12-off, 12-on, 24-off watch bill, had the weeks and months running together in a cycle of work and sleep. With the dreams I was having when sleeping I may as well have been at work. You who have been there can relate to that.

It wasn't all work and sleep. There was plenty of time to explore Reykjavik. I remember reading a Playboy article while on Grand Turk that featured Icelandic girls, saying the women of Iceland were some of the best-looking in the world. I whole-heartedly subscribed to that thought!

Some random memories of my tour:

I really liked the barracks. Two-man rooms with a sink. After Grand Turk that was like living in a hotel.

The smell when the wind was blowing through the fish-drying racks and through the base during fishing season, strong enough to make you lose your lunch when coming out of the chow hall.

The road out to the NavFac would be impassable during bad snowstorms, and the on-watch section would be extended until relief could get there. I'll never forget the day a dayworker drove out to tell us we wouldn't be relieved for a while, then left and drove back home. I just shook my head.

I also remember that a loaded .45 was kept in the supervisor's desk until during one watch turnover when the oncoming supervisor pulled the slide back, released it, and blew a hole through the ceiling. I don't remember his name, but his nickname after that incident was "Ka-Boom".

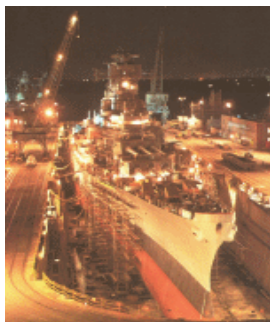
I remember looking at the sky on cold winter nights and gazing in awe as the Northern Lights put on a spectacular show.

As a PO3, getting caught in the "21" section of the club and being banned from the club for two weeks.

Getting off mid-watches and bowling a few games for beers before hitting the rack.

One incident I recall vividly. We had a UDT team come up to Kef to repair a broken cable and were quartered in the NavFac barracks. There was bad blood between the divers and the Marines because of some altercation that occurred at the club. One night, I was returning to the barracks after mid-rats and there was a bunch of Icelandic cops and Shore Patrol vehicles, along with a couple of ambulances, parked outside the barracks. After the club closed the Marines had followed the divers back to the barracks and confronted them in the day room. There must have been one heck of a fight! Furniture overturned, busted pool cues, and blood everywhere. Word had it that the divers won, but I don't know. I was 17 years old when I enlisted on a "Kiddie

Cruise”, which got me discharged the day before my 21st birthday. My tour at Kef was an odd 16-months long because, after Grand Turk, that was all the time I had left to serve. A normal tour for single enlisted at the time was 12 months. Towards the end of my tour, I was being besieged daily to reenlist, but I was a short-timer and adamant about getting out. Soon enough, I found myself in Philadelphia, being processed for discharge. The battleship USS *New Jersey* (BB 62) was in drydock at Philly at the time, being refurbished to go to Vietnam. I would walk past her on the way out the gate for liberty and think, “What a beautiful ship!” I was tempted to ship over for orders to her but let that temptation slide right on by.



**USS *New Jersey* in NSY Philadelphia, Nov 1967**

After arriving home, I found a job with Southwestern Bell as a lineman, which was kind of funny because I remember “Telephone Lineman” being one of the civilian-compatible jobs for a Sonar Technician. One cold winter day I found myself sitting on top of a telephone pole, in a blizzard, splicing wires together and thinking, “Well, this sucks!” Later that year we learned about the loss of USS *Scorpion*, and I remembered the cat and mouse games we used to watch unfold at Kef and thinking that I knew exactly what had happened. (As it turned out, I was wrong.) I decided that I really missed what I did in the Navy and would reenlist. Unfortunately, my timing was bad. I had missed the eligibility period to reenlist at the same rate I was discharged at and had to accept reenlisting at a lower



**USS *Scorpion* in Naples Apr 1968**

paygrade. Still, it was a good move on my part. I went on to make a 22-year & change career out of the Navy and, among other NavFacs, I also did two tours in Japan, was the first OT at ASWOC Kadena, Okinawa, and had the best tour for an OT in the Navy - the Pacific Forward Area Support Team at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which I wrote about some years back. But it was Kef that gave me the impetus. What we did was challenging, exciting, and worthwhile. We were on the front lines of the Cold War and had a ringside seat. It didn’t get any better.

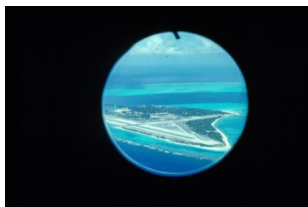
I’d like to recognize and throw out a “Thank you” to the outstanding Chiefs I was lucky enough to serve with at Kef. We had the cream of the crop: Chief Dave Dittler, Chief John King, Chief Charley Hibbetts, and Master Chief Werner Miller. Master Chief Miller did his best to keep me in the Navy, right up to the last minute when he gave me a ride to the terminal for my flight to Philadelphia. I’m sorry I didn’t listen to you at the time, Master Chief, but eventually I came to my senses and made a successful career out of the Navy.

(Editor’s Note: *Sadly, OTCM Dittler and CWO4/Ex-OTCM Hibbetts are no longer with us.*)

## **“The Navy’s Most Beautiful Island”**

*(as the sign proclaimed upon my arrival on Midway Island in early summer, 1976)*

**By John Ross, OTC, USN (Ret)**



I have never written anything for *The Cable* before and thought that it was time to share a small story from my past. This has sure been the year for time on our hands!

I had come from the fleet in 1972 as an ET1. After my time behind the green doors at FSS Key West, I completed



an operations tour at NavFac Eleuthera (the first women in the OT rating were there as well), and then a maintenance tour at NavFac Lewes, Delaware. Our detailer had indicated that it was now time for me to go back overseas. My choices were NavFac Brawdy in Wales, or NavFac Midway. With 5- and 6- year old sons, and the Brawdy Ombudsman telling



me that the children would be going to school in England, five hours away by train, the choice was clear. It was time for some fishing and diving in the middle of the Pacific.

I never had the experience of being at a “front-line” facility like Adak, Keflavik, Brawdy, or Argentia, so I like to reflect upon life at a much quieter pace. When they say Midway, they really mean mid-way. I am not sure you could be more isolated than that in our System. But we had a great Chiefs’ Mess to lead us; just to name a few: Rick Matthews, Gene Pester, “Doc” Zecek, Gary Morgan, and our leader, OTCM Herb Fabricius. There were several others.

Like at most NavFacs overseas or downrange, life is what you make of it. Our 6-year-old son, Scott jumped right in with Kindergarten, First Grade and Cub Scouts, and really thought life was great, judging from the smiles he had every day. Whether it was T-ball, the all-island bike race during our sesquicentennial celebration (he won in his age group), and all of the other activities, I don’t think he ever thought he was isolated.



Story #1: I was catching a semi-nap on the couch at home before an eve watch, when Scott raced in and said “Dad – There’s an eagle outside.” After telling me this, five or six times, I told him, although we had millions of birds on the island (it seemed that way), there were no eagles in the middle of the ocean. He kept insisting there was an eagle outside our door. My wife, Pat asked me to humor him and go see his “eagle.” I was dumfounded when he pointed to the top of our telephone pole and the biggest eagle I had ever seen was staring down at the hundreds of Gooney Birds nesting below him (probably thinking breakfast/lunch/dinner). All I could think of was to call our three-man security team to come on up as the neighborhood came out to gawk. After the team arrived, the bird swooped down from the pole, walked up to the first albatross, and literally sliced it wide open with one swipe of its talons (a National Geographic moment). Three days later, “birdcatchers” from the Department of Natural Resources made it out from Honolulu to trap it, but the bird took one look at their nets and flew off into the sunset over the ocean. For those three days, folks got to see Mother Nature in action. DNR identified the bird as a Steller’s Sea Eagle (12-20 pounds according to Wikipedia), a species that resides primarily up on the Kamchatka Peninsula and ranges as far south as Hokkaido. This bird must have been blown south in a storm. Figure the odds it would find a virtual banquet on an island in the middle of the Pacific! I have often wondered what happened to that bird. Midway had a lot of birds for sure.



Steller’s Sea Eagle



“Doc” Zecek with Fairy Tern chick



Rare Golden Gooney

Story #2: I like to tease sons Scott and Jeff with this picture of their first “fish.” The boys watched it being caught and strung up outside the dive club one day (Tiger Shark: 12.5 feet, 800 pounds, caught on 130-lb test line by Gary Collins). Midway has a fairly abundant shark population. I probably dove at least three times a week and you just got used to them. There were lots of big fish and plenty of Langousta.



Story #3: A few of our folks at work had been stationed in and around the UK. They often told us stories of the Scottish “Caber Toss”. Anyone who has worked in an isolated environment knows that you find ways to occupy and entertain yourself. Watch teams have a tendency to hang out for a few beers after work, and dayworkers often join in. One day someone came up with the idea that a telephone pole would make a great “Caber” substitute. In the pictures below, that is me tossing a pole. I don’t remember how much that thing weighed, but I will never forget the experience. Everyone wanted a chance to record the longest distance.





I think the fellow in the red hat is Herb, with Gene Pester in a blue and white shirt.

Story #4: The British deployed two of their beautiful Vulcan bombers to Midway for a while. The crews were tasked with upper-air sampling of the French Nuclear Tests. Scott and I would watch (you really could not hide anything when the island is so small with about 2,000 folks on it) as the crew would get out of their plane, put on the full radiation suits and helmets, lower the sample box down with chains stretched out to walk the sample to “Wherever” it was going”? (Area 7?)



Story #5: With my family still on the mainland while awaiting housing, I was living in the NavFac Barracks. Came off an eve watch, and walked in to find all the contents of my room in the hallway. They were having a barracks party and I think Rick and others wanted to hear Pink Floyd: “Dark Side of the Moon” in Quadraphonic sound. Four Bose 901 Series 3 speakers were hanging in the corners and they did not want any furniture to muck up the sound.

After I spent a year as a watch supervisor, Rick Matthews took me under his wing and taught me how to do QA the right way. We also found out that I did not do such a bad job as the Training PO. When it came time to transfer, I think to this day that Rick had a hand in my getting orders to be an “A” School Instructor. It set me on the path of higher education for the rest of my life.

Pat and I saved a lot of money on Midway (enough for a down payment on our first house in Norfolk) and enjoyed meeting folks from all over the world. When Pat and I reflect back, Midway was the most enjoyable tour we had together. We met great people, some of whom are still our friends to this day.

As a funny closing note, we actually requested and were granted a one-year extension, but the Navy then decided that families would have to leave Midway. We packed up our house - you could buy the contents for \$250 - and we did!

Retired now in Appleton, WI, we are blessed with four children and ten grandchildren.

Be safe everyone! - John

## My Navy Journey

*By Ben Crawford, Ex-LT, USNR*

In the fall of my senior year at Oglethorpe University (OU) in Atlanta, GA, several of my classmates and I were interviewed on campus by USN recruiters. As Viet Nam hovered heavily over our horizons, Bob Olson, a classmate, and I (contemplating the Supply Corps and perhaps a career in the navy) signed up for Officer Candidate School (OCS) following graduation in June 1962. In July, I drove from home in Greer, SC to Columbia, to be sworn into the USNR. In August, I took the train to Providence, RI, and a bus from there to Newport where, along with a number of others, I checked in at the YMCA for the night.

### Officer Candidate School

The next morning, 20 August, blue navy buses awaited to transport us to OCS, Newport where we were met by instructors and formed into training sections of 30 (each bus load). Upon arriving at the OCS barracks, we moved our gear in and immediately made our cots, stretching the sheets

tight enough that a quarter tossed on them would bounce two feet (theoretically, highly improbable, of course, but it gave the inspecting officers thereafter opportunities to chew butt if they chose to do so, and they chose to do so quite frequently). We also packed our lockers in exact order as instructed, were issued mock-M1 rifles and reported outside on the grinder for drill. Our training included marching drills, a regular schedule of classroom sessions including naval orientation, seamanship, ship types, engineering, navigation, sleep deprivation, and, oh yes, buttoning (or was it unbuttoning?) your reefer upon entering the dining hall and the reverse prior to exiting same (I was tagged for one or the other on one occasion during my second tour at OCS).

Despite the discomfort and stress of OCS training, I was impressed with the Navy’s routine, structure, discipline, and camaraderie. Schedules were tight with very little time wasted except the “hurry up and wait” process of falling into

ranks at 0545 for breakfast at 0700, etc. This seemed quite deliberate and was undoubtedly designed to immerse Candidates in “military discipline.” Each OC was assigned a barracks cleaning station which was inspected daily; demerits (gigs) were assigned for work deemed “unsat” and posted. When five demerits were accumulated, one hour of Extra Military Instruction (EMI) was assigned for Saturday mornings (drill on the grinder) while the more meritorious (gigless) went into town for liberty an hour or two earlier than the “giggers.”

### Recruit Training

In my third week of OCS, I contracted influenza and was confined to the infirmary for three days. I never really caught up with studies and grades thereafter. After 8 weeks, I was hauled before a review committee of staff officers who decided to ship me out to RTC Great Lakes, IL, along with others who did not make the grade at the halfway point of OCS. This was a great disappointment, and sadder still was having to make that phone call home to break the news.

Recruit training at Great Lakes in winter 1962 was frigid and windy with four to six inches of snow on the ground most of the time. At first, we were housed in old, wood-frame WW II barracks - drafty, dusty and difficult to keep clean. After orientation, we were moved into new, modern, brick barracks. I was appointed Recruit Petty Officer Chief (RPOC) by the company commander, PO1 Domka, a very tough, but fair CC. During one white hat inspection for which we had spent an hour or more the previous night washing our new and almost spotless white hats, one recruit questioned Domka as to where exactly the dirt was on his cap, which had been declared “dirty.” Domka responded by slamming the hat down on the surprised recruit’s head and screaming in his face something to the effect: *“If I say it’s dirty, it’s dirty!”* No further questions or comments were immediately forthcoming.

### Shipboard Duty

After completing recruit training as a Seaman (E-3) at Great Lakes, I returned home for two weeks’ leave before reporting aboard USS *ELOKOMIN* (AO-55), a fleet oiler berthed in Norfolk, VA on January 20, 1963. Admiral Chester Nimitz, during WW II, went out of his way to praise “The utmost skill in seamanship” of the unsung tanker crews who risked life and limb for little glory. *“Not many an oiler will ever be able to paint a Jap flag, for planes downed or ships sunk, upon her bridge – but every man in the task force is aware of the importance of the contribution of these service ships”* (Drury, Bob and Tom Clavin. *HALSEY’S TYPHOON*).

I was assigned to the ship’s office and designated a Yeoman striker under YN1 Webb, PN2 Roger Wolff, YN3 “Goat” Freeman and SN Fergus. Several shipmates from Great Lakes also reported aboard the same day: Douglas Johnson, from Mankato, MN, a personnelman striker, and Jim Maddox, from Anderson, SC, an electronics technician

striker. There were several others whose names I cannot remember. YN1 Campbell later replaced Webb. The ship’s office was responsible for correspondence, personnel records, typing orders, the ship’s POD and other administrative support functions for the ship.

The deep draft *ELOKOMIN* rode the ocean waves evenly and smoothly. I was never seasick underway. Serving aboard *ELOKOMIN* was pleasant duty except for two incidents. I had a problem with a warrant officer, a man of notorious and intemperate disposition. He appeared to get a huge satisfaction out of embarrassing me with long and unintelligible verbal orders for transmission over the ship’s phone system during underway refueling. These orders were to be transmitted “word for word” to whomever they were intended in other parts of the ship. I could not always understand him and his reaction was less than understanding and kind. Secondly, a former OCS classmate who did graduate on schedule and was commissioned an Ensign yelled at me when I passed through a doorway when he was supervising stores and provisions coming aboard through the same passageway. I got over it!



USS *ELOKOMIN* (AO-55)

I extended my enlistment to attend court reporting and basic military justice training in Newport in April for two weeks. An able typist, I did well, earning the highest score on the final exam among the 20 participants. I was designated legal yeoman when I returned to the ship, in addition to my other yeoman duties. I attended several masts/disciplinary hearings aboard ship in which the CO administered my recommendations for NJP.

In May 1963 *ELOKOMIN* was scheduled for overhaul in a Baltimore, MD shipyard. I was able to visit relatives there who were most hospitable, treating me to Maryland crab cakes for lunch on one occasion. YN3 “Goat” Freeman invited PN Doug Johnson and me to dinner at his grandparents’ home one weekend in a fashionable section of Washington, D.C. We enjoyed a delicious meal with his family, including Goat’s younger brother who resided with his grandparents. (Gordon M. Freeman, was president of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers at that time, as I recall.)

After completing overhaul in July, *ELOKOMIN* sailed to Guantanamo, Cuba for “shake-down” and refresher training. Anchored in Guantanamo Bay by night, we would depart each morning to accomplish our exercises at sea before returning to anchorage in the afternoon. On one occasion, we were scheduled to moor alongside the pier. A Cuban pilot, procured for this maneuver, came aboard from a tugboat soon after we had entered the bay and assumed the con. It was only a matter of minutes, however, before



**Engine Order Telegraph**

CAPT Charles Walline, our CO, discovered the pilot was “drunk as a skunk” and quickly reassumed the con, ordered all engines back “emergency full” and “let go the port anchor,” but not, unfortunately, in time to avoid striking the pier and damaging about 40 feet of the ship’s port bow. I was assigned to the Engine Order Telegraph during this incident and was shoved aside by the XO when the CO ordered “all engines back emergency.” There was a board of inquiry appointed to investigate the incident and I have always wondered whether CAPT Walline’s opportunity for promotion to Admiral was affected by this incident. He was greatly admired by his crew.

After Guantanamo, *ELOKOMIN* was deployed to the Mediterranean. The voyage across the Atlantic was quite an experience for this small-town country boy from the rolling hills of western South Carolina. The Atlantic waters were alternately smooth and choppy. Several schools of dolphin raced passed the ship during the voyage and on one occasion several whales were seen leaping out of the water nearby. The voyage across the Atlantic, passing Gibraltar into the Mediterranean and sailing east to Naples, Italy took about 10 days.

While anchored in the bay at Naples, Admin Officer ENS Jennings organized a brief tour of Rome for 20-25 *ELOKOMIN* shipmates. All were awed by the enormity of St. Peter’s Cathedral and Pope Paul VI’s brief message inside the cavernous cathedral, the “square” and the joyful noise and colorful costumes of participants, the Coliseum, the caverns and much more. Returning in stormy conditions to Naples, our tour group was temporarily assigned to a stores ship tied up at the pier where we had to wait for the weather to clear. Around midnight, 8 to 10 of us were ordered aboard the Captain’s gig and in a very rough, small-boat voyage of a half-mile or so to our ship. One at a time we fretfully climbed a rope ladder, with strong winds blowing, to finally reach safety on the main deck of *ELOKOMIN*. This was the closest I came to combat

conditions in my naval service. Days later, after the seas calmed somewhat, I toured Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii.

## **Second Time At OCS**

In November, 1963 while in Taranto, Italy, I received orders to return to OCS. I was soon aboard a small navy plane on my way back to the states, passing over the Acropolis while flying into Athens, Greece for refueling and continuing on to Rome, where we spent the night at a nearby naval station. Here my advancement to Yeoman Petty Officer 3<sup>rd</sup> Class became effective and I sewed on my shoulder emblems – I was proud of this new status and I wanted everyone to know that I was now a PO3.

The next day, after a fuel stop in Nice, France and a “French” ham and cheese sandwich at the airport café, we flew into Rota, Spain. I was detained in Rota, along with about 30 others, for ten days before a commercial charter flight was arranged to return us stateside. On one of the saddest days in the history of our country, November 22, 1963, while awaiting a flight back to the states, we learned of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. I was astonished at the emotional impact on various people: my shipmates, the Spanish workers at the base, and even the librarian had tears in her eyes as she spoke of the young American President’s tragic and unexpected death.

We landed in Norfolk after an eight-hour flight, where I was quickly recruited to assist with typing orders for a few of the returning personnel to their various assignments. A few hours later, I was on a flight to Washington, D.C. for a connecting flight to Providence, R.I. and a bus to Newport and OCS. In the airport terminal in D.C., the TVs were tuned to the funeral service for JFK; still ingrained in my memory is two-year-old JFK, Jr. saluting his father’s caisson as it passed in parade before him.

Arriving at OCS, I was met by a familiar face in Candidate Lynn Drury (OU class of 1963) and we spent a few minutes catching up on news of mutual interest. My second tour at OCS was less problematic than the first. After graduating in May 1964, I attended Communications School in Newport, followed by five weeks inside the Green Doors at Fleet Sonar School in Key West. After completion of OCS, I had purchased a 1963 Chevrolet in Providence, but later, after receiving orders to NAVFAC Argentina and my perception of Arctic weather conditions in Newfoundland, I chose not to keep it.

## **Assigned to NAVFAC Argentina**

Enroute to my next duty station, I met ENS Dan Lambert, one of my Key West classmates, at the World’s Fair in New York and hitched a ride to Argentina. I also visited briefly with Bob Booker, a former college roommate who was working at the BSA booth, and viewed the other main events at the Fair as well. Unknown to me at the time, Marcy (later my wife), was also visiting the World’s Fair about this time.



The drive north through Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia – taking the ferry, MV *William Carson*, from North Sydney, NS to Port aux Basques, Nfld. and across Newfoundland's Trans-Canada Highway was long and tiring, but filled with very interesting scenic wonders, the vast structure of the earth sweeping past, pine woodlands, gently rippling hills . . . North America, raw, immeasurable, formless, mighty. We were both awed by the wide open spaces and amused by unpaved roads and the names of small villages across the island, i.e., Port aux Basques, Corner Brook, Gambo, Come-by-Chance, Bonavista, Isle aux Morts, Twillingate, and Bay Bulls. To our disappointment, however, we saw not a single moose.

My 16-month tour at NAVFAC Argentia was an excellent adventure. Officer quarters were in a ten-story building resembling a large hotel which included a dining mess, snack bar, bowling alley (I ordered my own custom-made bowling ball and joined a league), bar and lounge and exercise room/gym. Each officer had a single room with a connecting bathroom (shared with ENS Dick Driscoll). The rooms were centrally heated via steam radiators - quite effective during the cold winter months. Activities aside from duty at the facility included a basketball league, a bowling league, the enlisted club and the officers' club. Small groups of fellow officers including Tom Wing from Elmira, NY, Bob Wolf from Boston, Cope Heimenz from Virginia, Frank Albrecht and Joe Casey, drove to St. John's often on our days off to see the sights and enjoy the nightlife in the province's capital city. CO LCDR Jack Felter, XO LT Heinz, and OPSO LT Garl Eubanks were excellent mentors and team leaders.

I purchased a new 1965 VW "Beetle" from a dealership in nearby Placentia for \$1,500. This was a great little auto, sipped gas meagerly (20 cents per gallon on base) and was equipped with a gas heater in addition to a conventional heater. I was the unfortunate recipient of a speeding ticket for recklessly passing an RCMP Mountie (duh!) on the unpaved section of the route to St. John's (40 mph speed limit) on a trip there to play basketball in a tournament at Memorial University. Relating our intentions of enhancing military-civilian relationships and "international good will" did not, however, sway the Mountie in the performance of his duty - the \$25.00 fine was promptly, if reluctantly, paid.



Labor Day weekend, in the company of three others, found us driving north on the Avalon Peninsula in my VW Beetle, across to the Burin Peninsula and south to Fortune where we took an hour and 20-minute ferry voyage to St. Pierre and Miquelon, the northernmost and last remaining French possession in North America, claimed for France by Jacques Cartier in 1536. Our Labor Day equated to their Bastille Day and celebrations were underway, including a community dance that evening. None of us were fluent in

French, but most of the French citizens spoke English to a fashion. The small hotel was quaint and the meals, served family-style, were excellent. A physician and his wife invited us to tea on our return trip across the Avalon Peninsula where we learned they were still considered "outsiders" there after five years of residency.

I was duly impressed with a number of very sharp enlisted shipmates in Argentia, who, although primarily interested in chasing women in St. John's and Placentia as well, when not analyzing various potable concoctions at the base enlisted club (to which we junior officers were occasionally invited for a beer), were devoted to their duty and took great pride in their work. A few whose names I recall were: George Pfeifer who married a young lady from Newfoundland, returned home to New Jersey and later retired after 25 years as a firefighter; Orin "O.B." Corning who married a young lady from St. John's, served in naval facilities before and after Argentia, retired as a senior chief and is living in Virginia Beach, VA; RM2 Stephen Colyer who was transferred to Grand Turk from 1965-67, returned home to complete college, and retired as City Planning Director in Cordova, TN; and Ed Dornig who went on to Barbados in 1964-66, retired as an IRS agent and resides in Orange, MA; also, RM Dixon, Tom Ellis, Paul Johnson, PO3 McGruder, PO2 Sanders and Store Keeper PO2 Davis.

### Duty at COMOCEANSYSLANT

In November, now a LTJG, my 16-month tour in Argentia ended. Departing with mixed emotions, I drove west across Newfoundland in my VW Beetle, taking the ferry from Port aux Basques to North Sydney, south through New England and home to South Carolina.

I reported to COMOCEANSYSLANT (COSL) in Norfolk and, after a few days in temporary officer quarters, LTJGs Dave Johnson, Cope Heimenz and I rented a three-bedroom apartment near the base. After the year's lease expired, a group of us junior officers rented a 4-bedroom apartment over a large garage on the Maroulis estate, located between Norfolk and Virginia Beach. Bob Rohr, Dick Driscoll and Jerry Brinkman were also tenants on the estate. The Maroulises, a wealthy Greek family, owned the airport food concession and had built eight or ten apartment units on their five- or six-acre estate. Mrs. Maroulis was a mother figure to all of us; once insisting I stop by for breakfast before departing for home on leave to see my folks. It was reported that she had provided meals for German POWs who were housed and working in the fields of a farm adjacent to their property during WW II.

My VW, when inspected by Virginia, was required to have seat belts, and a front headlight had a crack. I traded that very day for a used 1963 red Corvette convertible – loved that car! A year later, I traded for a new 1966 candy-apple red Ford Thunderbird – loved that car! A year or so later, I traded for a new 1968 British racing green Jaguar XKE convertible. Needless to say, I lost control of my conservative nature for a couple of years in Norfolk, but I



loved those cars! If only my conservative nature had persevered and I had invested those dollars with, say, Warren Buffett's *Berkshire-Hathaway* - today, millions?

While assigned to COSL, I had the opportunity to participate in operational readiness inspections at NAVFACs Keflavik, Iceland; Argentia, Newfoundland; Shelburne, Nova Scotia; Nantucket, MA; Lewes, DE; Bermuda; Grand Turk; Eleuthera; Ramey AFB, Puerto Rico; Antigua, and Barbados in the West Indies.

### **Released from Active Duty**

Released from active duty in April 1968, I drove my Jaguar home for a few days before heading on to Fort Lauderdale, FL where I planned to enter the real estate business. While awaiting the expiration of a required six-month residency for my real estate license, I was rear-ended by a drunken driver with no driver's license in a beat-up old jalopy who was hauled away by the highway patrol. I traded

the XKE for a Pontiac sedan – a more practical car for real estate. Like my navy experience, I'll never forget that car!

I was introduced to my remarkable wife, Marcy, in Greer, S.C., by her Avon lady, a friend of the family and my younger brother's mother-in-law. We have an amazing son, Chris - a CWO4 helicopter pilot/instructor/manager in the U.S. Army - currently posted at Fort Carson in Colorado Springs, CO, married to terrific Tara, and two great grandsons, Collin, nine, and Miles, six.

After 33 years of service with the Florida Department of Juvenile Justice, I retired in 2002 and we moved to Deland in central Florida, a smaller, slower-pace-of-life college town where we reside today. We stay busy gardening, reading, watching TV sports and DVD movies from our local library, and writing our memoirs, my family's history, and the settling of the southern frontier – a journalistic smorgasbord!

## **NAVFAC Brawdy – In the Beginning**

*By Lawrence Moore, CWO2, USN (Ret)*

It was early 1973, I think (the old memory isn't what it used to be). I had just completed OT "A" and OT "C" schools when I received orders to NAVFAC Brawdy. I asked "Where is that?" I was told "We're not sure", an ominous start. "We're going to send you to 7 North Audley Street in London and they can, probably (probably?), get you there." So, my 9-months pregnant wife (who required doctor's clearance), 2 kids and I flew to London in good faith. Sure enough, the folks at 7 North Audley (CINCUSNAVEUR HQ) knew and sent us to Paddington Station where we got on a train to Southwest Wales. Several hundred miles later we got off at an Agatha Christie-style train station in Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire. Culture Shock! Ancient buildings with modern signs, cobblestone streets, stone bridges, a castle, and greenery everywhere. We were met at the station and taken to the Royal Air Force's fully furnished council housing, with large windows, a beautiful view of rolling green hills, miniature furniture, no phones, (cellphones hadn't been invented yet), and 2 bottles of milk delivered to the front door. We'd been sent to a storybook land.

The next day I was taken down the long, winding road, past Julie Andrews' castle, past the black sand of Newgale Beach to the NAVFAC. There it was: a small prefab office, a Quonset hut, and the beginnings of the T-Building. It was also the beginning of the most amazing experience of my life. There were 11 of us Navy-types from all different ratings and ranks. There was also an AT&T/Bell Labs installation crew. Our logistics support came from the Royal Air Force (RAF) Base, Brawdy, warehousing in the hangars, meals, not on

metal trays, but formal dining. We had to be taught how to use all the silverware around our china plates. In my mind, the smartest, most amazing conglomeration of people ever assembled.

The local Welsh people really seemed to like us. By a strange turn of events, Brawdy had previously been a Royal Navy Base and the locals loved the RN. They then closed the base and later the RAF reopened it. The locals didn't like the RAF so much, so by default, since we were Navy of some sort, that was good enough.

We started immediately to prep the inside of the T-Building and the Generator Building, a long, involved process. The AT&T/Bell Labs Installation Crew were making the decisions and doing the work. The Navy personnel were assisting by uncrating cabinets, helping to pull cables, cleaning, etc. The great part was that the installation crew was teaching us about the cables and what they would do. We also were starting to install the Liskey flooring, (the now-standard, raised computer floor). As it was completed we had to crawl under the floor with backpack vacuum sweepers to clean the area. The new equipment needed a "Clean Space" to operate. However, there was dust again. So, we cleaned again and scrubbed the area. Dust again. Bell Labs determined that the wrong concrete was used to pour the foundation, and it became known as "crumble-crete". So, we vacuumed it again, scrubbed it and then sealed it with a concrete sealer. Problem solved, work could continue. We started moving in the equipment cabinets and hooking them up. The installers and

the newly arrived engineers were teaching us Navy people what they were doing, why they were doing it, and how it all worked.....amazing! The best part of this whole evolution was being able to work with the equipment along with the scientists who invented it, and the engineers who designed and built it. By the end of this whole process we had assembled and made operational the most revolutionary system ever imagined in SOSUS.

As we transitioned from the Installation/Testing Phase to the Operational Phase, Analysts, Communications People, Engineers, etc. had been arriving on-station. They started learning the systems and becoming proficient in their use. Finally, we were a fully operational NAVFAC. We became a showplace, hosting Senators, CNOs, and other interested people who all wanted to know where their money went. They all seemed satisfied that it was money well-spent; I thought so, too.

## People News – November 2020

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

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

**Mr. Jerrold Danzer, Ex-OT2/GS (Ret)** reported in from San Diego, CA. Jerrold retired from SPAWAR/ NAVWAR early this year after 38 years of IUSS, contractor, and government service. He spent 5 years at NAVFACs Guam, Brawdy, and SNI ('78-'83).

**Mr. Cliff Pautz, Ex-USN** served in Bermuda and Argentina ('70-'74) and is retired and living the dream in New Berlin, WI. **RMCS David Watson, USN (Ret)** is fully retired and living in Olympia, WA.

**STGCM (SW) John Costner, USN (Ret)** checked in from Bethune, SC.

**Mr. Ron Fischer, CF (Ret)** served in CFS Shelburne and HMCS Trinity ('92-'95) and is living in Barrie, ON.

**OTAC Daniel Clark, USN (Ret)** served in Argentina, Midway, COSL, CNFJ, Adak, and Whidbey Island ('69-'91) and is living in Davenport, WA.

**CAPT Peter J. Reinhardt, USN (Ret)** commanded Whidbey Island ('90-'92) and was SPAWAR Fixed Surveillance Program Manager. Peter reported in from West Palm Beach, FL.

**Mr. Thomas Monger, GS (Ret)** is retired and living in Herndon, VA.

**Mrs. Mary Huebscher, Ex-LCDR, USN** served in Keflavik, COSL, CNFJ, and Antigua ('75-'82) and resides in San Antonio, TX.

**Mr. Steven Christian, Ex-USN** checked in from Port Deposit, MD. Steven served in Barber's Point (Plank owner), Midway, and COSP.

**CWO4 Mike Lamczyk, USN (Ret)** is the ASW Operations Analyst with the COMSUBGRU-7 Undersea Warfighting Development Center, Yokosuka, JA.

**Mr. James Arendt, Ex-USN** served in Grand Turk ('72-'73) and has lived and worked in the Big Apple for almost forty years.

**Mr. Henry Santos, Ex-OTA3** served in Centerville Beach ('87-'90) and lives in Plantation, FL.

**Ms. Gail "Abbie" Smith, Ex-USN** checked in from Raleigh, NC.

**Mr. Jody Jackett, Ex-USN and USNR** served in Adak and Eleuthera ('69-'71) and Dam Neck (AcDuTra) ('86-'88) and is living in Sanford, NC.

**Mrs. Gayle Worthington, Ex-USN** is a rehabilitation teacher for the Idaho Commission for the Blind and Visually Impaired and lives in Lewiston. She served in Centerville Beach, Dam Neck, COSP, Adak, and Whidbey Island from '84-'95.

**PNCS Steve Kirby, USN (Ret)** lives in Virginia Beach, VA. Steve served in Keflavik from '73-'74.

**Mr. Robert Phillips, Ex-OT2** checked in from Porter, TX. Robert completed tours in Bermuda and Coos Bay from '73-'76.

**Mr. Andrew Taylor** checked in from Eustis, FL.

**Mr. Derek Huweart, USN** works for CUS and lives in Chesapeake, VA.

**Mr. David Stuart, Ex-LT, USNR** lives in Blue Jay, CA. David served in San Nicolas Island and Treasure Island from '62-'65.

**CWO3 Sandy Sanborn, USN (Ret)** reported in from Ocala, FL.

**Mr. Keith Davies, RAF (Ret)** served in JMF St Mawgan from '98-'06. Keith lives in South Wales, UK with his wife and three children.

**Mr. Ben Crawford, Ex-LT, USNR** served in Argentinia and COSL from '64-'68. He retired in '02 after 33 years with the Florida Dept of Juvenile Justice and resides in Deland, FL.

**Mr. Herb Savage, GS (Ret)** checked in from Accokeek, MD. Herb was an OWO at Ramey and Kef '66-'68, and a Liaison ONI Analyst from '68-'05.

# In Memoriam

We regret to report the passing of 22 members of our IUSS Community whose names have been reported to us since the November 2019 issue of The Cable. They've been added to our website IN MEMORIAM page, which now contains 560 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. "Buddy" Frazier, now managed by Mr. Gene Godsoe.

Last Name	First Name	Middle/AKA	Rank/Rate/Title	System Affiliation	Deceased
BEED	Brian	P.	OceanOp	CF	Jan 2020
BLANDING	Michael	R.	LTjg	USN 1962-65	Feb 2020
CHRISTENSEN	Wanda	J. TOBIN	PO2, OceanOp	CF 1990-99	Dec 2019
CLIFTON	Duane	R.	STC	USN 1965-67	Dec 2019
COLLING	John	"Jumper"	CPO	RN 1978-1981	Jan 2020
DERRICK	Roy	M.	OTMCS	USN/Contr 1969-1994	Nov 2017
GUILFORD	Joan	McD.	CDR	USN 1970s-1990s	Jan 2020
KEITH	Fred	S.	OTA1	USN 1966-1987	Sep 2020
MacKENZIE	Mary		PO2, OceanOp	CF	Mar 2020
McCARTHY	Lini		OT/LT	USN 1980s	Nov 2017
MILES	Lewis	N.	CAPT	USN 1964-67	Feb 2020
MURAWSKI	Robert	"Bob"	Civilian	Contr TRW 1970s, 1980s	Aug 2020
O'BRIEN	Jerome	L. "Jerry"	CAPT	USN 1974-76	Jan 2020
RAILTON	Richard	T. "Dick"	OT1	USN 1964-1971	Jul 2020
RANKIN	James	D. "Doug"	OT1	USN 1969-1983	Nov 2017
REED	Tyrone	D.	OTA/MA1	USN 1989-1995	Mar 2020
SCHAUG-PETTERSEN	Ragnar		Civilian	NIS 1963-2015	Jan 2020
STEMWEDEL	Dale	"Stem"	?/Civilian	USN/GS 1960s-1996	Mar 2020
TAYLOR	Samuel	A. "Sam"	OTC	USN 1960s-1980s	Apr 2020
WALKER	Larry	O.	CDR	USN 1980s	Jun 2020
WEIR	Michael	D. "Mike"	OTACS	USN/Contr 1968-2019	Mar 2020
WEITZNER	Edward		Civilian	Contractor 1981-1994	Jun 2020

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



# ***IUSS / CAESAR***



## **Alumni Association**

### **IUSSCAA Staff**

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Software/Webmaster Emeritus - OTCM Rick Matthews, USN

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***Remember to visit our website:  
[www.iusscaa.org](http://www.iusscaa.org)***