

ALL HANDS

MAGAZINE OF THE U.S. NAVY

JANUARY 1986



-
- Navy's Nobel winner
 - Ocean Safari '85
-

Challenger pilot CDR Michael J. Smith, USN 1945-1986



It will happen next January and every January for years to come. Through the power of television, we will relive the terrible moment in which the space shuttle *Challenger* and its seven-member crew vanished in a fiery explosion. Cmdr. Michael J. Smith piloted that fateful flight, which also carried Ronald E. McNair, Francis R. Scobee, Christa McAuliffe, Judith A. Resnik, Gregory B. Jarvis and Ellison S. Onizuka.

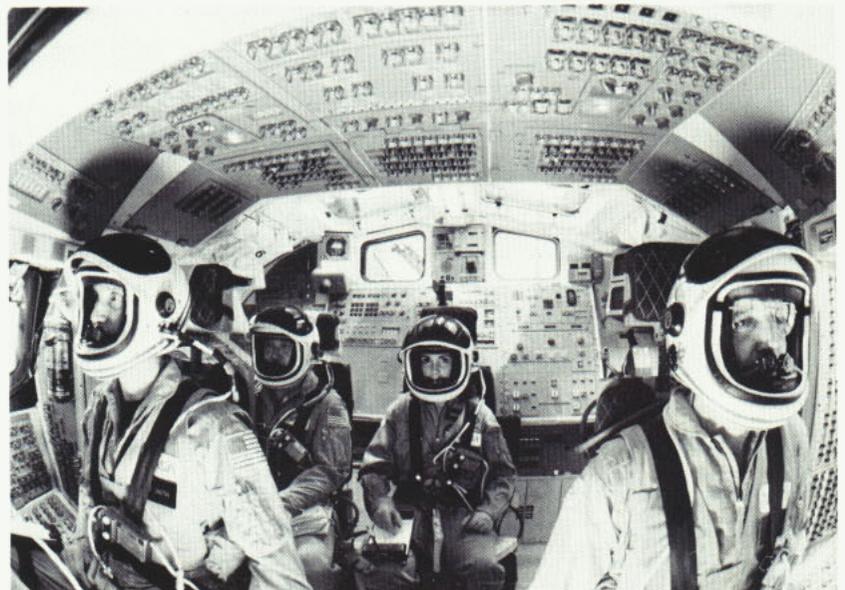
Smith was a veteran pilot who logged more than 4,000 hours of jet aircraft flying time as he pursued his goal of becoming an astronaut. One of Smith's high school science teachers said that becoming an astronaut had been Smith's dream since the first flight in space.

A 1967 U.S. Naval Academy graduate, Smith earned his master's degree in aeronautical engineering from the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif. He earned his pilot's wings in 1969, the same year Neil A. Armstrong took man's first steps on the moon.

During the Vietnam War, Smith piloted A-6 *Intruders* from the flight deck of USS *Kitty Hawk* (CV 63) and earned the Distinguished Flying Cross, three Air Medals and the Navy Commendation Medal with Combat "V" (three gold stars in lieu of fourth award). He went on to attend Navy test pilot school in Patuxent, Md., and later returned there as an instructor. Smith also made two deployments to the Mediterranean before being accepted as an astronaut candidate in 1980. *Challenger's* final flight was to be Smith's first flight in space.

Smith and his fellow crew members will be remembered for years to come. Not because of their tragic deaths, but because, in life, they embodied the spirit of the men and women past, present and future willing to risk it all as their country's pioneers of the final frontier.

Smith is survived by his wife, Jane, and three children—Scott, 17, Alison, 15, and Erin, 9. A national trust fund has been established for all 11 children of *Challenger's* final crew. Inquiries can be made from anywhere in the United States by dialing, toll-free, 800-462-7878 from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. on weekdays.



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Front: An F-14A *Tomcat* from USS *America* (CV 66) shadows a Soviet C(MOD) *Badger* attempting to observe Ocean Safari '85 operations. Photo by Lt. Dave Parsons.

Back: USS *Iowa* (BB 61) and HMS *Brilliant* (F 90) maneuver during Ocean Safari '85. See page 20.



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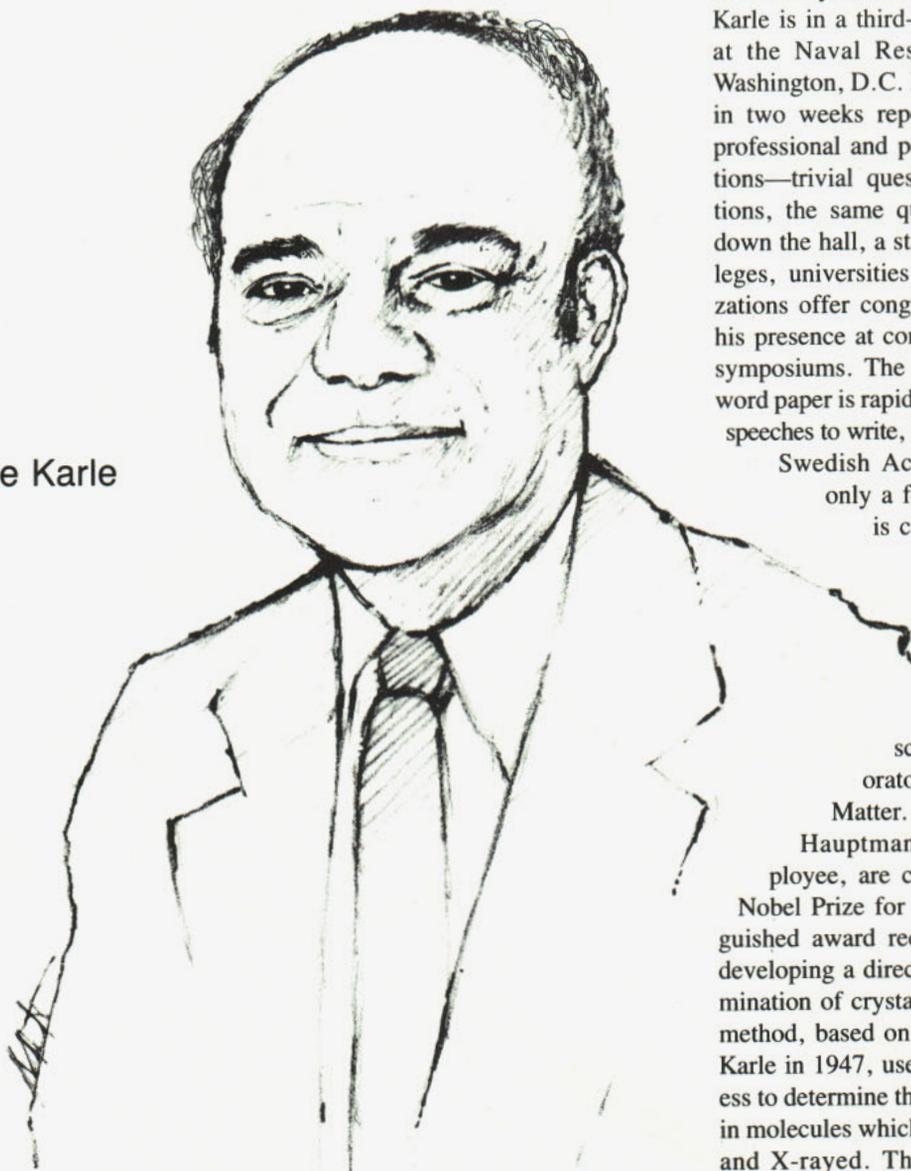
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A prize well

Dr. Jerome Karle



It's early November, and Dr. Jerome Karle is in a third-floor conference room at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D.C. For the umpteenth time in two weeks reporters are probing his professional and personal life with questions—trivial questions, profound questions, the same questions. In his office down the hall, a stack of letters from colleges, universities and scientific organizations offer congratulations and vie for his presence at conferences, lectures and symposiums. The deadline on a 10,000-word paper is rapidly approaching. He has speeches to write, and the trip to the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences is only a few weeks away. Karle is clearly a man besieged.

It's a small price to pay after winning one of the world's highest honors—a Nobel Prize.

Karle, 67, is chief scientist in NRL's Laboratory for the Structure of Matter. He and Dr. Herbert A.

Hauptman, a former NRL employee, are co-winners of the 1985 Nobel Prize for chemistry. This distinguished award recognizes their work in developing a direct method for the determination of crystal structures. The direct method, based on a theory developed by Karle in 1947, uses a mathematical process to determine the arrangement of atoms in molecules which have been crystallized and X-rayed. The applications of that knowledge are seemingly boundless.

Knowing the structure of molecules al-

worth the wait

lows scientists to duplicate or improve upon existing materials. When the use of whale oil was banned by international agreement, scientists applying Karle's theory were able to determine the oil's molecular structure and duplicate it synthetically. The direct method has also paved the way for the improvement of propellants, and led to development of several anti-cancer and anti-malaria drugs.

One would almost expect someone like Jerome Karle to have such a dramatic impact on science.

From the time he was 9, Karle knew he would be a scientist. Instead of basing his elementary school book reports on children's fiction, he selected popular science and astronomy books. He graduated from high school and started college by age 15. At 19, Karle had his undergraduate degree in chemistry and biology. He earned a master's degree in biology from Harvard University at 20, and at 25 he had a master's degree and doctorate in physical chemistry from the University of Michigan.

Any stereotyped notions of an unkempt, long-haired scientist, complete with white lab coat and a crazed look in his eyes, are quickly dispelled as soon as you meet Karle. A short, balding man, he's the type of person who would easily go unnoticed in a crowd. As he talks with reporters in the conference room, he sits with arms folded over a slight paunch a man his age doesn't have to apologize for. His speech is flavored by the subtle hint of a Brooklyn accent that reflects his New York roots. His conversation is dotted with pauses of several seconds as he weighs his

thoughts. What hair he has left is trimmed and combed neatly. He's dressed in a conservative navy-blue blazer and matching trousers. The only parts of his appearance that offer a hint that he marches to the beat of a different drummer are his gray hush puppies and paisley print tie.

Even Karle's work environment defies stereotype. He doesn't use Bunsen burners or beakers filled with bubbling solutions. In fact, he rarely uses a formal laboratory. Karle is a mathematical genius. His laboratory is his brain. He sorts out complex mathematical equations in his head, rarely committing anything to paper until he is certain of the answer.

"With people like me who sort things out in their heads, it's not unusual to go to sleep with a problem and wake up with the answer," he says. "It's like being born to play the piano, or born to play basketball. I was born to do mathematical equations."

Mathematics might come easy to Karle, but earning recognition for his work did not. In fact, the Nobel Prize came 38 years after he first developed the foundation mathematics for the direct method of determining crystal structures. Although he never doubted the accuracy of his theory, his fellow scientists were not enthusiastic about his early findings. It took nearly two decades and a mountain of proof before the doubting Thomases could see the value of his work.

"It took longer than it would have nowadays because of equipment—computers and everything available today," says Karle. "There was a tremendous amount of personal hand work that had to be done

in the '50s. We had desk calculators instead of Cray computers, and we had to read intensities from slides by using the naked eye to determine how black the spots were. All of this comes out of automatic equipment now."

Less sophisticated equipment wasn't the only obstacle Karle had to overcome enroute to a Nobel Prize. During the years he was attempting to prove his theory, some of his colleagues openly discounted his work as "impractical" with few, if any, real applications. Karle still keeps a few scathing reviews of his early work on file. One "outrageous" review written in the early 1950s essentially called him and Hauptman "damned fools," yet Karle bears few grudges.

"I don't like to dwell on that aspect of it (the early days of his research)," says Karle. "It's legitimate for scientists to doubt. There were people who were noisy doubters, but I don't like to use them to characterize my fellow scientists."

"The beauty of science is that although over a short period of time there is tremendous confusion about what's going on, ultimately science straightens itself out," says Karle. "Sometimes it takes an inordinate amount of time, but science is truth and ultimately truth comes to the fore."

But even in light of that philosophy, Karle admits that if it had not been for the efforts of his wife Isabella, a chemist and colleague at NRL, science might never have accepted his work. She too holds a doctorate in chemistry, and Karle credits her with bridging the gap between theory and practical application of the direct method. When the scientific community

A prize well worth the wait

was full of critics who doubted Karle's theory, Isabella learned crystallography on her own, developed the first practical applications for the direct method, and ultimately proved the soundness of her husband's theory. By the 1960s the direct method was accepted internationally.

Both Karles came to work at NRL in 1949. Although they work in the same laboratory, they don't consider themselves co-workers. "We collaborate, but we're also individuals. We each have our own individual interests and responsibilities on research," says Karle. "It isn't correct to say we are a team. Isabella has her own programs and is well known in areas where I haven't done any work at all."

They have always respected each other's work as scientists, and for more than 40 years have generated a special chemistry of their own. The Karles, both children of immigrant parents, met at the University of Michigan in the early 1940s. Her maiden name began with "L" and his name with "K." Since lab partners were assigned alphabetically, they shared a lab table in a chemistry class. Right from the beginning, they competed for honors as top student in the class. They eventually decided to work together, and somewhere along the way they fell in love—not necessarily in that order.

"When a boy and girl meet, the first thing they think of isn't 'let's work together.' That's an oversimplification even I can't attest to," he says before letting out a hearty laugh.

Over the years, the Karles have estab-

lished themselves as leaders in their fields. Although they are dedicated professionals, they point out that they have never

let their work become an obsession. Science isn't all they live for.

From their seven-room lakeside home



Colleagues for over 40 years, Karle and his wife, Dr. Isabella Karle, are leaders in their respective fields. Jerome credits Isabella with much of his success.

in the Washington D.C., suburbs, the Karles have managed to raise three daughters who are also scientists—a chemist, a

theoretical chemist and a geologist. Raising a family while staying at the forefront of their profession wasn't always easy.

"It was time-consuming and it meant we had to make choices so that we would give enough time to our family and to science, which meant there wasn't a lot of time for socializing," recalls Isabella.

They spent as much time as possible with their family, taking the children with them to scientific meetings across the country and overseas, but they never pushed their daughters into following in their footsteps as scientists.

"You really cannot make children study something and have a profession that they are not personally inclined toward," says Karle. "I've had a number of colleagues who wanted their children to be physicists and that sort of thing. They drove themselves and their children mad."

The Karles keep themselves sane by always finding time for hobbies and non-scientific activities. He enjoys swimming and ice skating, and also spends a lot of time with his stereopticon equipment—a device that takes what appear to be three-dimensional photographs. It's a hobby a friend introduced him to 30 years ago, and he still has his original camera. Isabella enjoys gardening, dressmaking, needlework, swimming and hiking. Outside interests have kept Karle on an even keel over the years, and, according to colleagues and family members, have made him a pleasure to live and work with.

"He expects people to be dedicated to science, but he is flexible. He's not a strict authoritarian," says Dr. Richard Gilardi, who has worked with Karle for 19 years. "He's sensitive to employees' problems and needs. He respects them as individual scientists." Gilardi describes Karle as a serious and well-organized person who "goes off for long periods and only gets back with people to discuss implementing

a program or to discuss a problem."

Karle's daughter, Jean, says he may be serious at work, but at home he's a man who enjoys having fun. "He was always insistent that we enjoy ourselves, as well as work hard at school," she recalls. To Jean, who still lives at home, her father is a regular guy who likes ice cream and dark chocolate, enjoys watching the John Riggins football show on television, and who added a study to their home 30 years ago, but still prefers to work at the dining room table.

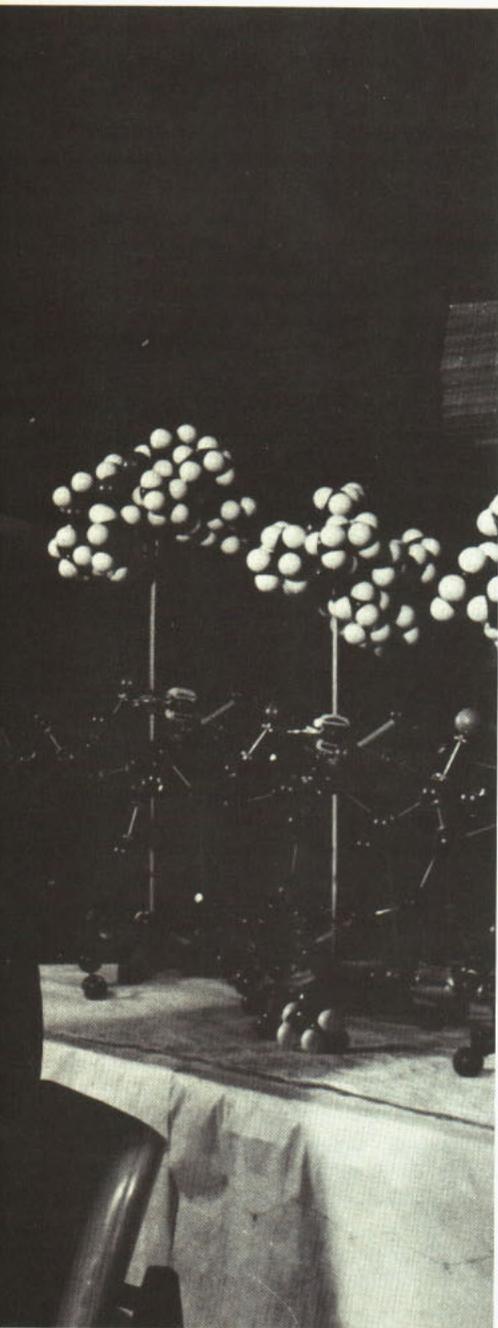
Karle is many things to many people, but he is clearly a man who keeps science in perspective—especially when it comes to the relationship between science and the military. He and Isabella were involved with the Manhattan Project—a gathering of scientific minds that yielded the first atomic bomb.

"Everyone has a certain reluctance to make a destructive device, but if the only choice is to make one before the enemy makes one. . ." he pauses before continuing in a voice that has suddenly taken on a somber tone, "then there is no choice, is there? You can only hope that your work either prevents war or ultimately benefits society in some other way. You have to make tradeoffs in favor of the national benefit."

Karle has no regrets about working for the military, and he credits the Navy with enabling him to do work that is of proven benefit to society, and ultimately earned him a Nobel Prize.

"The people at the Naval Research Laboratory provided an excellent environment in which this type of work could be done," says Karle. "They were very supportive at a time when this work was not well accepted, so the Nobel Prize is all to their credit."

—Story by JOI(SW) E. Foster-Simeon
—Photo courtesy Naval Research Laboratory



18 men from USS Quail

Escape from Corregidor

The Allies were losing the war in the spring of 1942. Britain was on the verge of collapse. Hitler had trampled Europe, and his troops were ready to join Imperial Japanese forces in the Indian Ocean, Middle East and North Africa. In the Pacific, Japan had jolted the U.S. at Pearl Harbor; Wake Island and Guam had fallen. Only Corregidor—the island fortress that guarded the sea approaches to Manila Bay—still stood against Japanese forces.

Japan cautiously sniped at and then openly bombarded the 2-square mile island, and it took 27 days of continuous artillery fire and air strikes to bring the defenders of Corregidor and the small, nearby island of Caballo to their knees. On May 6, 1942, more than 13,000 U.S. and Filipino officers and men, battleworn and tremendously outnumbered, were forced to surrender.

As white flags waved on Corregidor and Caballo, 18 U.S. Navy sailors began a journey that would make them the only group to escape from Corregidor after the surrender. Two officers and 16 crewmen of the minesweeper USS *Quail* (AM 15) pitted themselves against yet another enemy—the sea—to run 2,200 miles through Japanese-patrolled Philippine and East Indies waters to Darwin, Australia, and freedom. A 36-foot motor launch became their U.S. warship, and their weapons against

both enemies became initiative, intelligence, courage and luck.

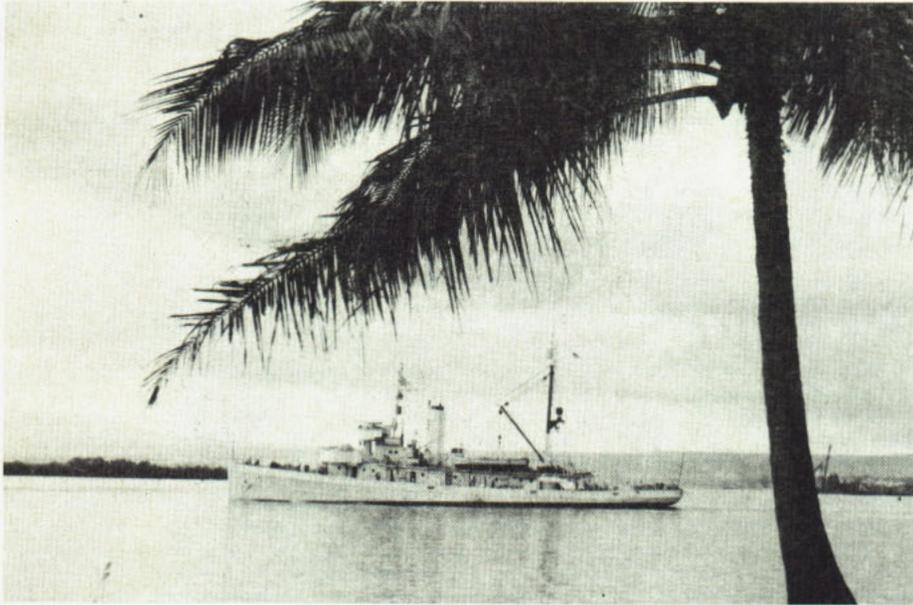
John H. Morrill II was a lieutenant commander and commanding officer of *Quail* when he led his men out of the hell that had engulfed the Philippines. But the beginning of their journey was not the beginning of their story.

The 23-year-old *Quail* was in the Philippines when the United States went to war with Japan in December 1941. On April 11 that next year, the ship took three 6-inch enemy shells in early attacks on Corregidor by Japanese forces. Its bridge was wrecked and its bow area was damaged, but the ship still functioned. Later that month, it helped the minesweeper USS *Tanager* (AM 5) clear a 600-foot channel to provide a water landing strip for two seaplanes from Darwin, Australia, as key officers of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's staff and U.S. Army nurses were evacuated from Bataan.

At 8:30 p.m., May 5, Japanese forces, which had spotted Allied batteries and had thrown sporadic artillery fire and aerial bombs at Corregidor, opened with a full barrage. Morrill watched the devastation from *Quail* in the island's south harbor, estimating the enemy's artillery pieces at from 150 to 300. He later wrote in a report:

"This barrage completely covered the





Left: Quail off the Philippine coast.
Below: Morrill's escaping crew after their arrival in Australia. Standing from left to right are E. Watkins, L. Bercier, B. Richardson, R. Rankin, R. Newquist, J. Meeker, J. Stringer, C. Weinmann, and H. Haley. Kneeling left to right are G. Swisher, R. Clarke, N. Cucinello, G. Head, J. Morrill, D. Taylor, J. Steele, P. Binkley, and E. Wolslegel.



Escape from Corregidor

island of Corregidor proper and the entire island appeared as one vast sheet of flame. Landslides were caused on the slopes of the hills, and . . . the beach defense forces were obliterated. Dust clouds arose (like heavy fog and island defense searchlights (became) useless, appearing only as yellow spots in the dust fog.”

U.S. Army and Navy headquarters were located in underground tunnels on Corregidor. The Commandant, 16th Naval District, was in Queen Tunnel, along with most of the navigational equipment, records and logs from ships in the area, plus personnel pay accounts. Half of *Quail's* ordnance and most of its crew were in Queen Tunnel as reserve beach defense forces.

When Japanese forces fired a green rocket about 11:30 p.m., May 5, their artillery fire ceased, but sporadic enemy ma-

chine gun fire was concentrated on Melinta Hill, where the Army and Navy headquarters tunnels were located. The machine gun fire increased at 2 the next morning, and at 4:30 a.m., Morrill received orders to move the rest of *Quail's* crew ashore.

“These men . . . proceeded to Fort Hughes (Caballo Island),” Morrill wrote, “and manned the final defense line of that fort and also were put to work repairing shelter barricades.

“On arrival at Fort Hughes, it was apparent that the fort was in the final stages before collapse. Mortar pit walls, tunnels and other shelter barricades were crumbling and the enemy artillery shells were landing in the mortar pits and killing men even in the shelters. Casualties were heavy and their sick bay was overflowing and, even in their sick bay, shell frag-

ments . . . injured the doctors and attendants. Only one gun at Fort Hughes remained in action. . . .”

Enemy bombers gave additional punch to the artillery barrage on Fort Hughes. At 10:30 a.m., all contents of the safes were ordered destroyed, and at 11 a.m., all ships were ordered scuttled. With that communication was the news that white flags had been hoisted at Melinta Hill. As soon as these messages were received, all communication with the Commandant, 16th Naval District, was lost. Although other areas of Corregidor also raised white flags, Fort Hughes held out and Morrill, along with Warrant Officer Donald C. Taylor, gunnery officer, and four of his crew, left for the harbor. They scuttled *Quail* under air strafing and shore gun fire.

“On (our) return,” Morrill wrote, “(we) noted that Fort Hughes had also hoisted



the white flag and that enemy troops surrounded Melinta Hill on Corregidor. (We) accordingly took refuge on a small deserted tugboat near the Caballo shore and remained there in hiding for the rest of the daylight hours.”

From their refuge, Morrill and his men watched the enemy continue to pound the islands with artillery fire, heavy bombing and dive bombing attacks. “Time and again,” he wrote, “the white flags were shot or bombed down and were replaced. . . .”

“Our soldiers and sailors at Fort Hughes . . . had spiked their heavy guns and had been ordered to throw their small arms over the cliff into the water, and hence were without means of resisting. Even the men’s pocket knives had been taken from them.

“Many casualties resulted from enemy fire during the day while the white flags were flying, and it is believed that (there were) many more (losses) when the (enemy’s heavily) armed ground troops attacked our own disarmed forces. Throughout the night, the next day, May 7th, and until noon, May 8th, the enemy continued artillery fire and bombing attacks on the forts. . . .”

It was aboard the tug that the group

made final plans to leave Corregidor for Mindanao to make contact with U.S. Army forces there. The *Quail* crew had always planned to escape rather than surrender if Corregidor fell to the enemy. Stashed on the boat were firearms, ammunition, food, clothing, charts and other equipment. Now the six sailors transferred everything to one of three service boats—a 36-foot open motor launch—that had not been sunk or scuttled and added 450 gallons of diesel fuel from shore storage to their haul.

After dark, the group returned to Fort Hughes amid white flags and enemy fire. Twelve more of *Quail*’s 82 original crew joined those who were to escape. At 10:15 that night, 18 sailors started on their 31-day, island-hopping adventure to freedom under a full enemy barrage on Caballo Island.

Moonlight and patrolling Japanese destroyers became their most immediate threat. Morrill navigated the launch only 10 miles in three hours before an enemy destroyer and patrol boat forced the crew into hiding in Hamilo Cove. They landed the small boat on a beach, stern out, and the crew camouflaged it with green tree branches. As they sat in the cove, the escaping group saw further destruction of U.S. and Filipino troops as the Japanese

took control of the islands. They watched as thousands of men who had been taken prisoner were transported from Corregidor to Fortune Island aboard enemy minesweepers and patrol boats.

That evening, May 7, Morrill and his men looked on as a Japanese destroyer anchored a few hundred yards from their boat. The destroyer remained in the cove through the night, but the escaping men and their boat remained undetected.

“Lookouts were apparently very poor,” wrote Morrill about the destroyer. “We had ascertained for ourselves that from similar short distances the outline of our boat was clearly visible. Throughout the night, we stood ready with . . . automatic rifles, but the destroyer did not sight us and left the cove shortly after dawn.”

Morrill and his men watched enemy patrols the rest of the day. They had been in the cove for 43 hours, and it was dark when they slipped into the water and silently pulled the motor launch a mile out to sea, started its engine and headed south.

At daybreak the next day, May 9, the sailors reached the southwest coast of Luzon, about 40 miles from Corregidor. They painted the boat black, took off the taffrail, and did what else they could to disguise it. They left Luzon that night. While they were passing southward between Malacaban and Mindoro, the sailors had to navigate the launch through two lines of Japanese patrol boats. One line was between the southwest end of Malacaban and the larger island, Mindoro; the other was between the southeast end of Malacaban and Mindoro.

“The night was very dark,” wrote Morrill, “and we passed between the patrol boats of the first line (southwest) without difficulty, but when we reached a position midway between the boats of the second line (southeast), we experienced a strong current, and remained in that relative position for nearly three and one-half hours.”

The launch finally made some headway

Far left; All hands aboard their 36-foot open motor launch in Darwin harbor. Left: The men made their flag from a mattress cover, torn pieces of sheet dyed with Merthiolate, and a crewman’s shirt sleeves.



Escape from Corregidor

on the bucking sea and passed through the line, but an engine breakdown and the strong current forced the boat to drift back through the southeast line of enemy boats. "The engine was soon repaired, however, by working under a canvas hood with a flashlight," and they passed through the line again.

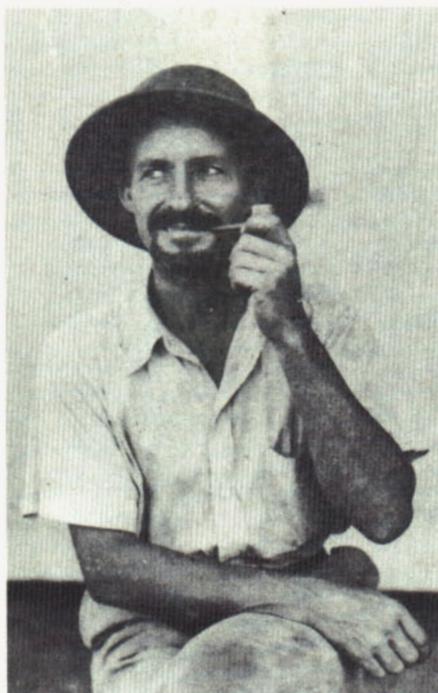
They reached Dignas, about 90 miles from Corregidor, by daylight, May 10, where they were able to get rice and fresh fruit from the natives, who also cut and fashioned bamboo mess gear for the men. "The natives were very friendly," wrote Quartermaster 1st Class Philip M. Binkley, who kept the group's official log, "and (we) were able to obtain food including fruit, the first we had in many months . . . and we were able to bathe in a cool mountain stream. It raised our spirits 100 percent."

Arriving in Bondoc May 11, the group made their longest run of the trip, according to Binkley's log—90 miles in 17 hours, from Loco-Locho Point through Manpoe Pass to Aguasa Bay. "Our motor became much worse during (the) run and we are forced to lay over for one night and day for overhaul," wrote Binkley.

During the stop, they got more fresh fruit and vegetables and, "best of all, some chickens, one roast pig and a calf. So far we are really eating good," wrote Binkley. But much of the meat went bad during the salting and drying process and was inedible.

While at Bondoc, the sailors saw a copy of a Japanese-controlled Manila newspaper ". . . which informed us that by the terms of General Wainwright's surrender, all the forces in the Philippines, including Mindanao, had been ordered to surrender," wrote Morrill. "They mention the 8th of May as the official date of surrender, but the fact is that fire was continued for a full forty-eight hours after the actual surrender."

Before the crew left Bondoc May 13, the natives made a bamboo mast and boom and a local plantation owner had a sail rigged for the boat. At their next stop, Tabango, the sailors bought a drum of diesel oil, 10 gallons of lubricating oil and canned goods.



Morrill relaxing in Australia.

They were set off course and did not reach Leyte Gulf until May 15. While in Tabango Bay, they got more supplies and met a Spanish plantation owner, "who fed the crew and added to the stores for the voyage," wrote Binkley. "I was feeling a great reluctance that everyone embarked tonight. . . . This was the nearest approach to our home life as any of us had experienced in many months." Word of their arrival spread quickly and they were forced to leave during the night, May 17.

After they left Leyte, they travelled 180 miles in 31 hours to reach an unnamed cove in Tandag, along the east coast of Mindanao. "We all feel that the most dangerous part of the trip is over as we are now clear of the Philippines," wrote Binkley in his log. While leaving the cove, they ran into rough weather, and the next morning they landed at Port Lamon where they got lumber to deck over the forward part of their boat and make it more seaworthy in heavy weather.

"The natives at that place were not starving but they were definitely short of food, wrote Morrill. "(They) were, however, planting extensively and, in a short time, would have food. In spite of their lack of food and fresh water, they gave

us some of . . . what little they had.

"We had intended to stay over at Port Lamon for another day to complete our decking work, but about 2200, the night of May 18th, a native came running down to the boat, informing us that the 'Japs' were entering the harbor in power boats. . . . About 2300, we left Port Lamon. As we were leaving the harbor, some natives came swimming out to the boat with another drum of diesel oil, which they had promised previously. They did this in spite of their obvious great fear of the Japanese."

Not all the natives the *Quail* men saw showed as much courage to or as much concern for the U.S. sailors. Still, nearly every part of the voyage was going smoothly. At the halfway point in their trip, Binkley wrote in his log: "Up to the present time, the trip has been perfect. We have two good meals per day, and the weather has been in our favor . . . cloudy and cool most of the time . . . no heavy winds. Our boat is riding fine. . . ."

Morrill and his crew tried to land at Beri Beri on Morotai, May 22, but they sighted a Japanese merchant ship and changed course southward for the small island of Sajafi, about 1,130 miles from Corregidor. They arrived there May 23, obtained fresh provisions, water and clothing.

"The natives there, as elsewhere in the East Indies islands where we stopped, were indifferent, favoring neither one side nor the other," wrote Morrill. "They didn't refuse to trade, but in every case, in some way, they would make it evident they wished we would depart as soon as possible. . . . Our presence embarrassed them."

At a small, uninhabited island just north of Tioor, the crew had problems with their starter battery. "Numerous unsuccessful attempts were made to start the diesel engine by cranking," wrote Morrill. "We then laid overnight in a rather exposed anchorage, with a heavy sea running, and made preparations to use the sails in the morning. This was a discouraging prospect, as the prevailing wind of south-southeast would probably permit no better destination than Portuguese Timor and our heavy boat was without center board and

was, at the best, a poor sailboat."

The next morning, a tackle leverage system was devised and the crew was able to crank the engine with its propeller shaft. At Tioor, they took on more fresh water and provisions, and as they left for southward, heavy weather forced them to take refuge behind the island of Kur the morning of May 28.

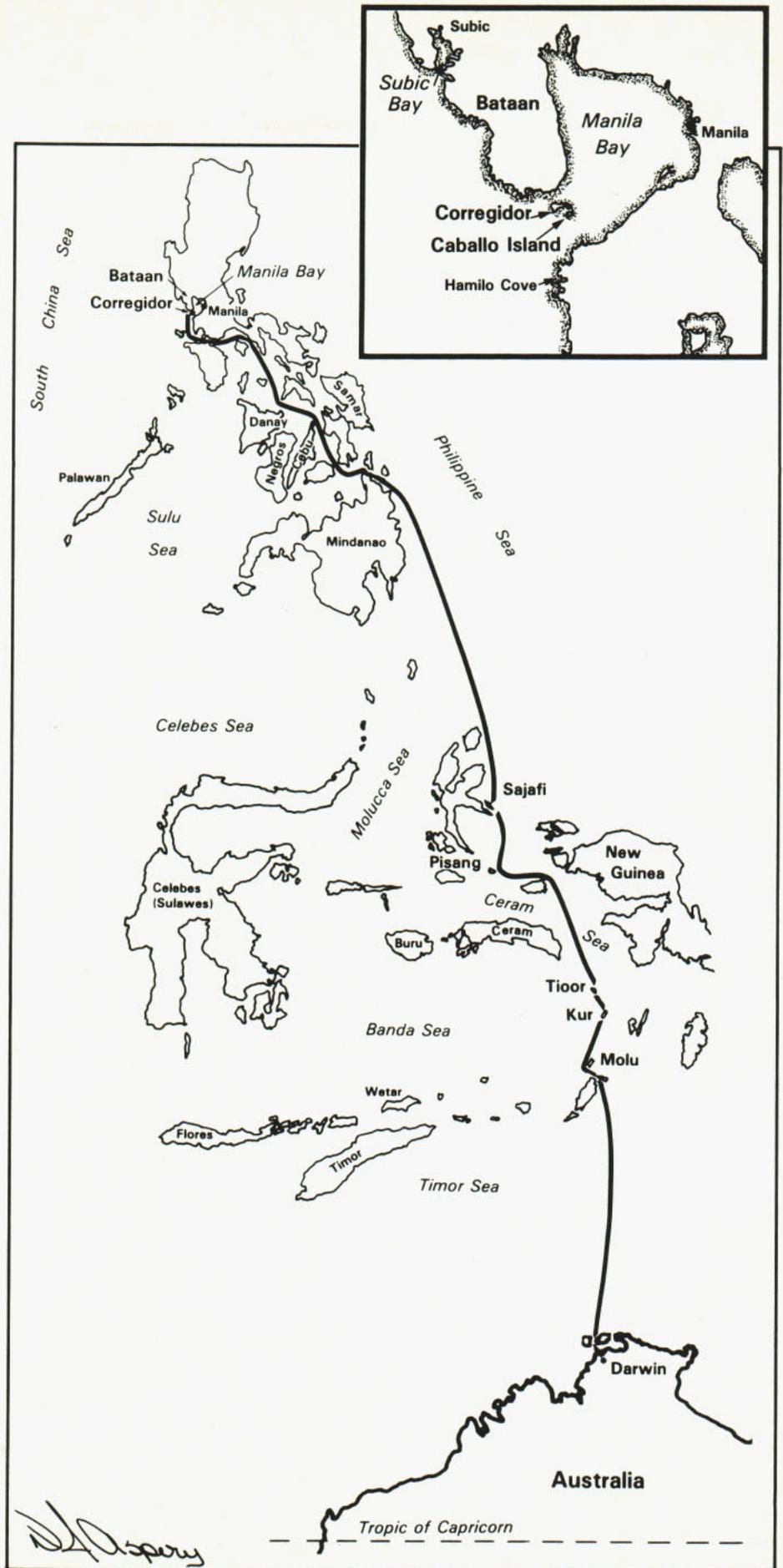
"At Kur," wrote Morrill, "... one (50-foot) native 'lugger' ... in the harbor ... first hoisted a white flag and then hoisted a Japanese flag, and finally hauled down their Japanese flag when they saw we were white men. We ... did not actually find any Japanese aboard."

They encountered heavy weather south of Kur and again had to seek refuge behind the island of Fado where the natives gave them water and coconuts. From there they went to the island of Taam where they beached the boat and inserted a new stern shaft bearing, whittled out of hard driftwood by the group's engineer, on the propeller shaft. They found the natives there antagonistic. "Their attitude was not the result of the war but, rather, because of Taam being a center of Mohammedanism. They were vehement in expressing their desire to have us leave at the earliest possible moment, and were obnoxious in many small petty ways."

They left Taam the morning of May 30, and again were forced to seek refuge from heavy weather behind the island of Molu (also spelled Moloe) on May 31. "The natives were more friendly at Molu than in any other Dutch island we visited." They left Molu early the morning of June 2 and proceeded eastward between Fordate and Larat, then south for Melville Island, Australia. The weather was rough and squally and uncomfortable for the small boat.

The evening of June 4, they reached the coast of Melville Island, passed through the Straits of Hyali and stopped at a Catholic mission. "We were treated to the best dinner we had eaten in many weeks," wrote Binkley. "... (For) the first time in six months ... we were able to lie down in good bunks and sleep in peace with no fear of Jap planes molesting us."

Two native guides helped them navigate the narrow straight, and at 9 a.m.,



Escape from Corregidor

June 7, their escape to freedom was complete. They arrived in Darwin.

Binkley wrote, "(Australian navy officers) were greatly surprised when they learned we were from Corregidor. After going ashore we were given cigarettes and a bucket of hot tea which was very excellent . . . we were given a good dinner . . . (and) were taken to (U.S. Army Air Force) Headquarters of the 49th Pursuit Group . . . where the boys . . . really gave us a grand welcome.

"Before leaving Darwin many pictures were taken. . . . We were a tough-looking bunch.

"It was a wonderful feeling to be back among Americans again—to see American planes in the air and to talk to boys fresh from our homes. . . . Most everyone is becoming impatient to move on. . . ."

Two weeks later, 13 of the men were back in the Pacific, fighting the Japanese from the destroyers of Commander

Squadron 4. Morrill, Gunner Taylor, and the remaining three men were transferred to duty stations in the United States. Binkley was killed in action, and another crewman died before the war ended. Fourteen of the crew retired with 20 or more years in the Navy. □

—Story by JOC B. A. Cornfeld

—PH2 Michael D.P. Flynn, FltAVComPac, San Diego, contributed to the story.

Recollections of survival

When Commanding Officer John H. Morrill II and 17 of his crew from the minesweeper USS *Quail* (AM 15) escaped from Corregidor in 1942, they didn't know their journey would end in Australia; they weren't even sure they would be able to escape. They just knew they had to try.

Morrill, now 82 and a retired rear admiral, said, "I asked the men if they wanted to surrender.

"There was a long silence. Finally, one of the men spoke up and said, 'Captain, if we go into this town where the Japanese are, to turn ourselves in, can we go in shooting?'

"With that said, the decision to escape was made."

There were 24 *Quail* men at the boat then, and the captain made a speech:

"I want you to understand: if we are captured by the Japanese, we would be classified as prisoners of war trying to escape and you will probably be put to death.

"I'm going to try my best to get you through. Those of you who want to go and take this chance, get in the boat."

"Eighteen of the 24 sailors who were there to hear that speech got in the boat," said Lyle J. Bercier, a gunner's mate 3rd

class who made the trip. "The rest walked up to Fort Hughes on Caballo and were taken prisoner."

For those who made the escape, their courage—and a little luck—held for 31 days, and on the morning of June 7, they landed in Darwin, Australia.

Bercier was the youngest of the crew. "We had passed the international date-line," he said. "That caused a slight mixup in the date we arrived. I remember it,

though, because my birthday was the next day. I turned 20."

Nine of the *Quail* men who escaped from Corregidor held their fourth reunion this past summer at the Naval Air Rework Facility, Naval Air Station North Island, San Diego. It was the first time they had their reunion on a naval installation.

Bercier was spokesman for the group. "We're absolutely delighted to be here," he said at the time. "It's just like coming



Members of the Corregidor escape group tour Naval Air Rework Facility spaces at NAS North Island, San Diego, during their fourth reunion.

back into the Navy.”

Of the original 18 sailors, 10 are still living. Now in their 60s and 70s, most of them have not been back on the island since they left it more than 40 years ago.

“I think I’d rather remember the island the way it was,” said Jack F. Meeker Jr., a retired chief warrant officer. Meeker was a water tender 1st class when he fought the Japanese at Corregidor and was cook aboard the escape boat.

At the air station, the men visited several NARF shops, the station’s flight line, squadrons, the test line, and recreation areas. They toured several ships of the USS *Constellation* (CV 64) battle group moored at the San Diego Naval Station. They also went on a bus tour of Coronado and San Diego.

But best of all, they were able to once again swap sea stories.



“Every time someone in the group tells about what happened, the stories change just a little bit,” said Bercier. “Some things are forgotten and some things are over- or under-emphasized. Each one of us sees it a bit differently.”

Recollections inevitably drift back to problems of escape and survival. Food and other basic supplies were not much of a problem for the men. The launch was outfitted with canned goods, some fresh fruit, coffee, sugar, powdered milk, clothing, spare parts and nine drums of diesel fuel.

“The drums of diesel oil were lined up down the center of the boat, so there wasn’t much room to move around,” said Ber-

Left: Retired Rear Adm. Morrill today. Below: Lyle Bercier (right) talks with retired CWO Fritz Kuhn. Kuhn was a member of Quail’s crew who was not able to escape with Morrill.



Escape from Corregidor

cier. "We slept sitting up, laying across something, or laying down on the deck of the boat. It didn't make any difference where we were or what position we were in, we just slept when we had to."

"The boat was so loaded down that we had less than a foot of freeboard, and it took us five to six hours to travel seven miles through an active minefield when we first left Corregidor."

With the supplies they carried, plus \$600 of combined U.S. and Philippine currency and the help of friendly natives, the crew was able to barter or buy food and fuel as they sailed through the Philippines and

East Indies islands to Australia.

"We didn't have to buy much," said Meeker. "The natives were very good about giving. We started out with a couple of hundred pounds of rice, and we were in better (physical) shape when we reached Darwin than when we started out."

Most of the crew actually gained weight.

"I weighed 93 pounds when we left Corregidor," said Glen A. Swisher, "and I gained five pounds." He was a machinist's mate 1st class when the group escaped and now is a retired chief warrant officer.

"That's right," laughed Meeker. "He

was a scrawny little rascal."

Navigational equipment aboard the boat included a chart of the Philippine archipelago and Dutch East Indies areas; a pocket watch; and a boat compass. No sextant was carried, but Chief Warrant Officer Donald C. Taylor, *Quail's* gunnery officer, working with one of the crewmen, made a crude sextant out of a piece of cardboard, a razor blade and a piece of wood.

The sailors also had a 1939 nautical almanac, parallel rulers and dividers; there was no Bowditch or other navigation books. Latitude readings were taken at



Photo by PH2 Michael D.P. Flynn



Photo by PH2 Michael D.P. Flynn

noon, and longitude was checked with sunrise, sunset, moonrise and moonset. But celestial navigation gave the sailors only very rough checks.

They carried no radio in the boat, but they did have six rifles, four automatic rifles, 11 pistols and adequate ammunition for each.

By the end of the trip, the group's small launch had averaged five knots, used 495 gallons of diesel oil and 20 gallons of lubricating oil. They got 4.04 miles per gallon on their fuel.

A five-gallon oil can, cut in half, was used as a stove to cook rice and boil coffee while the boat was underway. Diesel fuel was used to start cooking fires and wood was used to fuel the fires.

Other than one crewman being ill from possible dysentery, the only other medical problems the small group encountered came from Guam blisters. Two of the men had the blisters over two thirds of their bodies.

"They were on some of the most tender parts of our bodies, under our arms, along

Left: Raid O. Rankin (left), who escaped with Morrill, and Kuhn catch up on the news about each other. Above: Retired CWO Jack Meeker. Right: Retired Lt. Bruce Richardson.

our thighs, and such," said Bercier, one of the men infected. "(Chief Pharmacist's Mate George) Head would have us lay down, puncture the blisters, then put iodine on them. Then he would have us lay in the sun, naked, for hours."

Bercier's blisters were gone in six days.

When the small crew arrived in Darwin, there was some question of their identity: fishermen or U.S. sailors? The fact that they had not caught a single fish on the trip did not influence authorities in Australia, but the Army-Navy game the year before did. When Morrill was asked who won the game, he cursed and fired back Navy's winning score.

The remark Morrill heard from a U.S. Army officer who was called in to help establish the men's identities: "They're Americans all right, turn them loose."

* * *

On the group's fourth reunion, President Ronald Reagan wrote:

"Your odyssey . . . almost seems like something out of legend, but I and so many others know. . . what truly brave men you are.

"You and your departed comrades are worthy of the greatest respect. . . I salute you most proudly. . . ."

—Story by JOC B.A. Cornfeld



Photo by PH2 Michael D.P. Flynn

The 18 who escaped

Lt. Cmdr. John H. Morrill II, now a retired rear admiral

Warrant Officer Donald C. Taylor, now a retired commander

Chief Pharmacist's Mate George W. Head, died before war ended

Quartermaster 1st Class Philip M. Binkley, killed in action

Machinist's Mate 1st Class Bruce R. Richardson, now retired lieutenant

Machinist's Mate 1st Class John S. Stringer, retired chief machinist's mate, deceased

Machinist's Mate 1st Class Glen A. Swisher, now retired chief warrant officer

Water Tender 1st Class Jack F. Meeker Jr., now retired chief warrant officer

Water Tender 1st Class Edward S. Wolslegel, retired chief warrant officer, deceased

Boatswain's Mate 2nd Class Harold Haley, retired chief boatswain's mate, deceased

Gunner's Mate 2nd Class Ralph W. Clarke, now retired chief gunner's mate

Gunner's Mate 2nd Class Ralph W. Newquist, now retired chief gunner's mate

Electrician's Mate 2nd Class Earl B. Watkins, now retired from the railroad

Boatswain's Mate 3rd Class Raid O. Rankin, now retired chief builder

Gunner's Mate 3rd Class Lyle J. Bercier, now retired GS-15.

Chief Machinist's Mate James H. Steele, retired chief warrant officer, deceased

Chief Machinist's Mate Charles E. Weinmann, retired chief machinist's mate, deceased

Chief Water Tender Nicholas G. Cucinello, retired lieutenant junior grade, deceased

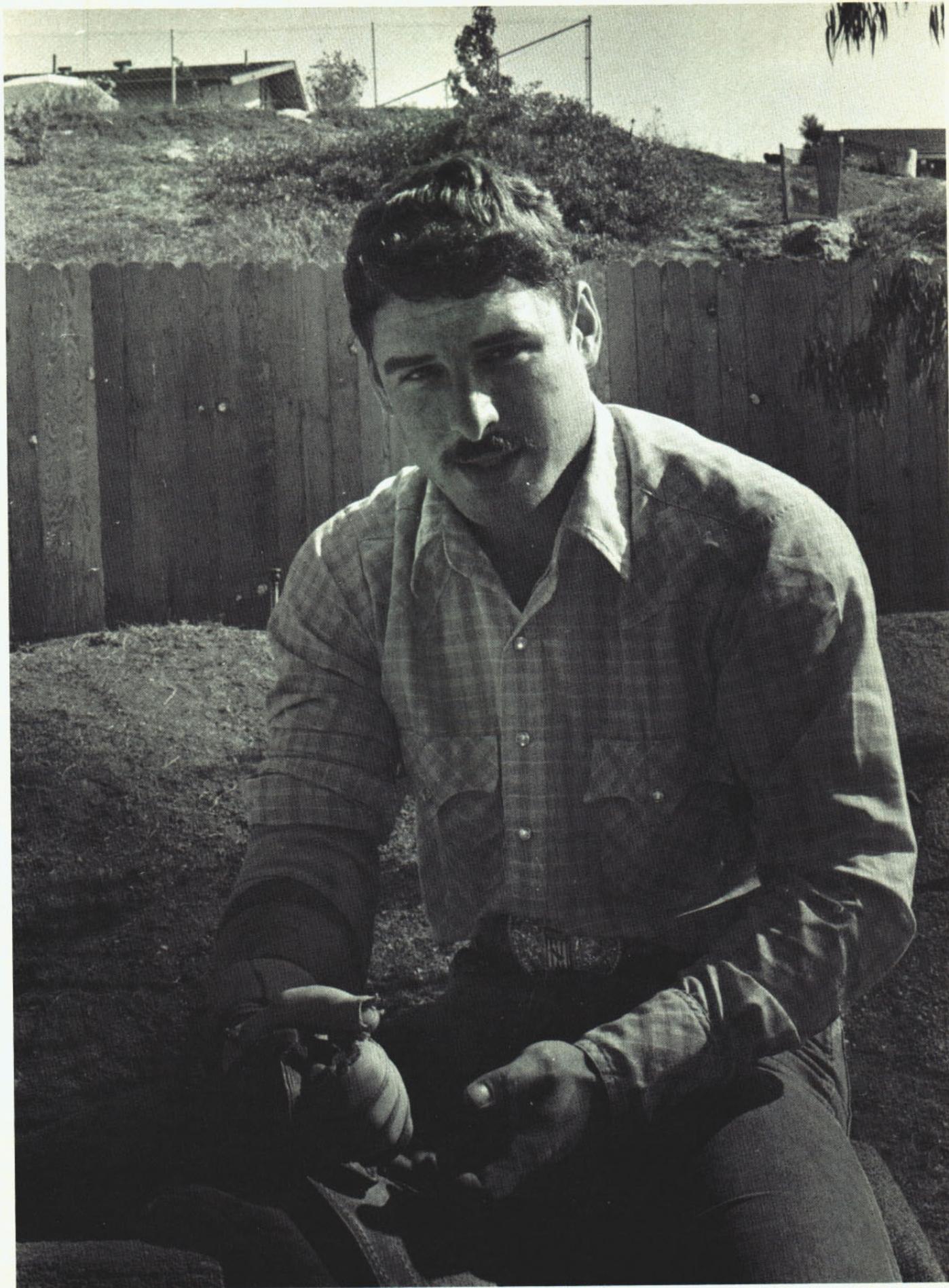


Photo by JO2 David Whitney

Marine named military rodeo champ

Editor's Note: Marine Cpl. Jack E. Walker was named all around champion at the Military Rodeo Association finals held at Twentynine Palms, Calif., last year.

His face turning bright red with the strain, Jack Walker jerks the rawhide thong taut with his teeth. His forearm-length leather glove firmly tied at the wrist, he forces his hand into the grip on his rigging and pulls his fingers, one by one, through the other side.

Satisfied with the vise-like fit, he pulls his hand back an eighth of a turn. The resulting crack of leather on leather travels well beyond the cramped pen where the 180-pound Marine sits astride a 1,200-pound bareback bronc.

The noise brings an expectant hush throughout the livestock pens. The other competitors' eyes are fixed on Jack. The crowd picks up the sign—they wait for him to nod his head, to signal he is ready.

For eight seconds, Jack has to use that one hand to stay on top of a whirling, bucking horse. He'll scrape the rolling spurs on his bootheels up and down its neck to keep it bucking, throwing his body back against the animal's flanks as it kicks its hooves into the air, and all the time he'll be thinking about points for style.

Style. That's important in rodeo. "It used to be a guy would take a snort from a bottle and get on a bronc," Jack said.

Marine Cpl. Jack E. Walker, 1985 Military Rodeo Association all around champion.

"Nowadays, there's a lot of finesse involved in rodeo."

There weren't many better places to learn that finesse than growing up in Jack's household. His late father, Enoch Walker, was a world champion saddle bronc rider in 1960. "I grew up around old world champions," Jack said. "Dad's friends used to come around to the house a lot. They showed me the basics, and I picked up the rest. I rode pretty near everything."

Jack grew up on cattle ranches in Oregon, Idaho and Wyoming. The Walker family finally settled on a spread in the Bear Tooth Mountains near Cody, Wyo., about 50 miles east of Yellowstone National Park.

"I don't remember how many head of cattle we had," Jack said. "We did have about 75 horses, and I had to wrangle them. I could go hunting, fishing—it was a good place for a kid to grow up."

It was a good place for a future rodeo star to grow up, too. Cody is a "rodeo town." For six months out of each year, the town hosts a rodeo called the Cody Night Stampede every night except Sundays. "I used to go there all the time," Jack said. "It's cheap and the stock is always excellent." He said you can keep your mind on rodeo just by being around it. "Rodeoing is just keeping your mouth shut and listening behind the chutes. You hear everything and sort out what you want."

At 24, Jack has been listening and sorting more than half his life. He entered his first rodeo at 12, riding bareback. "I had one of those old slop handles you could

rope around your hand. . . I got thumped."

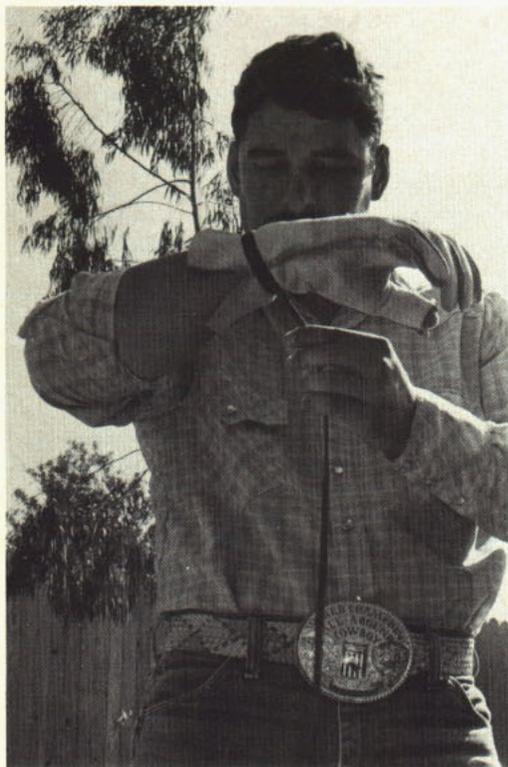
With more and more practice, though, Jack got "thumped" less and less. "In junior rodeo I hit one show a weekend, and I started in open shows in senior high school," he said. He rode in two or three open rodeos every weekend in Wyoming and Montana.

During his junior year in high school, Jack broke his arm at the district finals. "I concentrated on football and wrestling," he said, "but I was still getting my body in shape. It was the only time rodeo took a second seat in anything." The next year he was back in the saddle, and he competed in the national high school finals in Yakima, Wash. Instead of offering prize money, high school rodeos award scholarships to the winners.

Jack said he was offered a partial scholarship to the University of Idaho to wrestle and play football. Instead, he opted for Dawson Community College in Glendive, Montana. "A bunch of world champions have come out of that school," he said. "One of my teammates was Larry Peabody, the 1984 world bareback champion."

They take their rodeo seriously at Dawson. Jack was subject to the same eligibility rules and standards of conduct as football and basketball players. "College is not quite into pro ranks, but it's still good quality rodeo. It gets you ready for the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association," he said. The Dawson team traveled as far as Florida, winning the 1980 National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association men's team championship.

Rodeo champ



Jack's most memorable ride came at an international match rodeo in Calgary, Alberta, Canada. His soft brown eyes catch fire as he remembers: "My first horse fell, so I ran this horse the size of a saddle bronc." The horse was called "Tiny Bubbles." He was a 1,400-pound palomino, the Canadian Professional Rodeo Association bucking horse of the year.

"The horse bucked high. He got a lot of air and hang time," Jack said. "He tossed his head, trying to snatch my arm away every time we were in the air. He was hard to ride, he was so big."

He hung on for the full eight seconds, but as Jack was walking back to the chute the crowd started booing. "I asked Larry Peabody if I had done that badly. Then I saw the judges had scored me in the 70s (an average score). The crowd was booing the judges for scoring me so low."

Jack won that match even though he was up against one of Canada's best professional riders, Bruce Ford. But Jack is not the boasting type. "I only won because he fell," he said, giving a glimpse at the camaraderie and respect that exists between rodeo athletes.

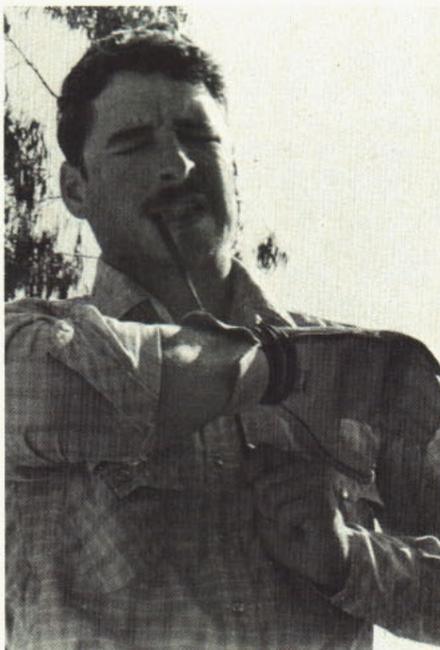
"Rodeo is the only sport I know where if you need something, the other guy will

give it to you," Jack said. He tells of rodeoing with his best friend for two years. "He had a bad rigging, so I let him share mine."

"But you're always competing against each other," Jack said. "All friendships are off for eight seconds. You're going out to win, to be the best."

Bareback riding is what Jack does best. "It's probably the only thing I can stay on," he laughed. He said a rider has the advantage of holding on with his legs in bullriding. The saddle bronc rider has a complete saddle and reins hooked to a halter to control the horse's head.

"In bareback, it's the physical aspect,



a challenge between you and the horse," he said. "It's like wrestling. If you get pinned—knocked off—you can't blame nobody else but yourself for it."

Jack says he can't predict how he'll ride a particular bronc. "I just wanna spur the hair off him as we're coming out of the chute," he said. "You never know what

After wrapping and pulling a leather thong tight around his wrist, Walker demonstrates his bareback spurring technique on a sawhorse. Opposite page: Walker is out of the chute in saddle bronc competition.

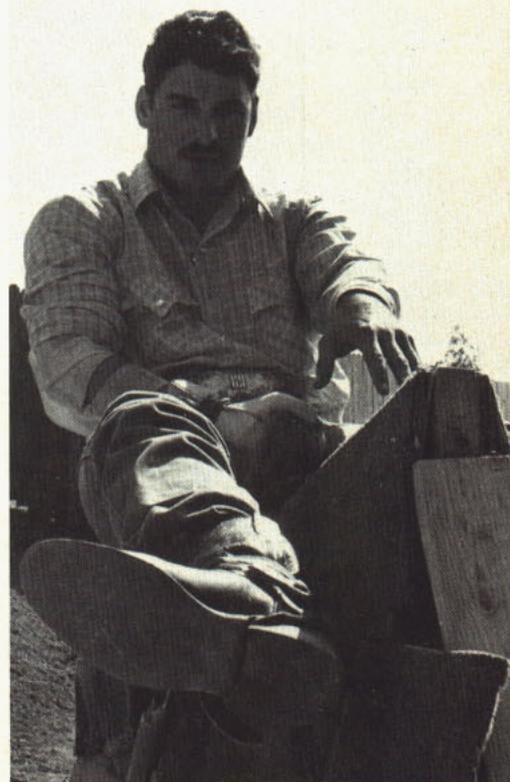
the animal is going to do. I just ride 'em jump for jump."

That much hasn't changed over the years, Jack said, but equipment and technique have become more sophisticated. "The advances made since 1960 are tremendous," he said. "It's still a challenge, still a thrill, but it's not like it was years ago. It's a lot safer now, but it's got a lot harder." He said tougher competition has caused riders to take more risks. "The danger has always been there, only now to make points you have to expose yourself to it."

Taking risks means a greater likelihood of getting hurt, and Jack said injuries make or break a rider. "The question is, do you have the drive and the snap to come back?" he said.

Although Jack has had casts on both arms and both legs at different times, he always came back. He broke an ankle riding a saddle bronc in 1976 and didn't get on another bronc until last year. He said he wasn't afraid of the animal, he was afraid of hurting himself so badly he couldn't ride bareback.

Physical and mental conditioning is a



big part of Jack's training. He hasn't been able to ride as much as he'd like to since he joined the Marine Corps in 1981. Where he used to ride two or three times a weekend, he now only competes two or three times a year. "You gotta bend your rodeoing around the Corps," he said, "and it's hard when you get away from it."

He's pretty far away from it now, stationed with the 3rd Force Service Support Group on Okinawa as a heavy equipment mechanic. The 3rd FSSG rodeo team often trains in its members' back yards. They practice riding and spurring techniques on a 6-foot high sawhorse draped with blankets and carpet scraps.

One of Jack's teammates on Okinawa is Sgt. Sonny Borrelli. The two were on the 1st FSSG rodeo team when they were both stationed at Camp Pendleton, Calif. "Jack was the strongest asset of the 1st FSSG team because of his consistency," said Sonny. "When he left, it put the team in the hurt locker. The 3rd FSSG team placed third in the Military Rodeo Association finals this year because of Jack's being the MRA all-around cowboy of the year. We used to be just bullriders . . . he brought the team up with his pointers on bareback riding."

The pointers Jack gives range from custom sewing of gloves to achieving ideal body weight. At just under 6 feet, Jack weighs 180 pounds and sports biceps the size of an average man's neck. "I want to get down to 170 or 175," he said. "Right now there's too much jerk on my arms when I get thrown back."

Jack lives and breathes rodeo, but he doesn't like to be called a cowboy. He almost spits when he says the word. "Cowboys grew up in cities watching rodeo on television. They say they want to do it, but when it comes right down to it, they don't." Instead of cowboy, he prefers the term "rodeo athlete."

"Rodeo athletes could come from anywhere," Jack said, citing current all-around world champion Bobby Delvecchio from Bronx, N.Y. "It doesn't matter if they have a four-wheel drive pickup truck."

Like their counterparts in more conventional sports, rodeo athletes have to keep their bodies in shape. Jack believes



in pushing himself a little more each day. "If it doesn't hurt a little bit, it ain't right," he said. "When I crack my hand back in the rigging, I say to myself, 'Yeah, my hand is in there.'"

It's that combination of strength, knowledge and experience that allows Jack

Walker to ride a bucking bronc out of the chute, confident that eight seconds later he'll walk away looking forward to the next ride. □

—Story by JO2 David Whitney,
NIRA Det. 5, San Diego

Photo by USMC SSgt. Fred Dodd

Ocean Safari '85:

Meeting the threat

in the North Atlantic

When five battle groups operate together, the display of sea power is awesome. At the start of NATO Exercise Ocean Safari '85, U.S. Navy Vice Adm. Henry C. Mustin, Commander, Striking Fleet, Atlantic, directed such a force off the U.S. east coast.

The Striking Fleet, possibly the most potent naval force ever assembled, had the offensive capability of 40 World War II aircraft carriers and an ordnance delivery capacity greater than 800 B-17 bombers.

Major units at the start of the

exercise included U.S. aircraft carriers *America* (CV 66), *Saratoga* (CV 60), and *Eisenhower* (CVN 69), the battleship *Iowa* (BB 61), and the British anti-submarine carrier *Illustrious*, all operating under Striking Fleet, Atlantic NATO command. *Coral*



“The battleship is going to be used whenever we want to take the war to the enemy.”

Sea (CV 43), performing in a national role apart from the exercise, coordinated a major portion of its air activities within the Striking Fleet.

The Ocean Safari series of exercises tests NATO's ability to control sea lanes and maintain free passage of shipping. This year, for the first time, the exercise area extended from the North American coastline to Europe and from Lisbon to the northern Norwegian Sea.

In the course of the exercise, convoys ran from Boston to Iceland, from Iceland to England, from Portugal to the English Channel and from the Orkney Islands to the Channel. Close-in defense of the convoys was provided by naval vessels of Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France (operating under special arrangements), the Federal Republic of Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, the United Kingdom and the United States.

A massive mine countermeasures campaign was conducted around Holy Loch, Scotland, and in the approaches to the Channel.

This was the first major operational test of the new U.S. Maritime Defense Zone (MarDeZLant) concept, emphasizing the joint Coast Guard/Navy command responsibility for coastal defense. For this exercise, the defense of the port of Boston against special forces and mine-laying was the primary MarDeZLant mission.

The exercise was coordinated by the

Heavy weather played a major role in testing NATO operational capabilities. Aircraft ops were conducted throughout the North Atlantic transit and in the North Sea.





Ocean Safari '85

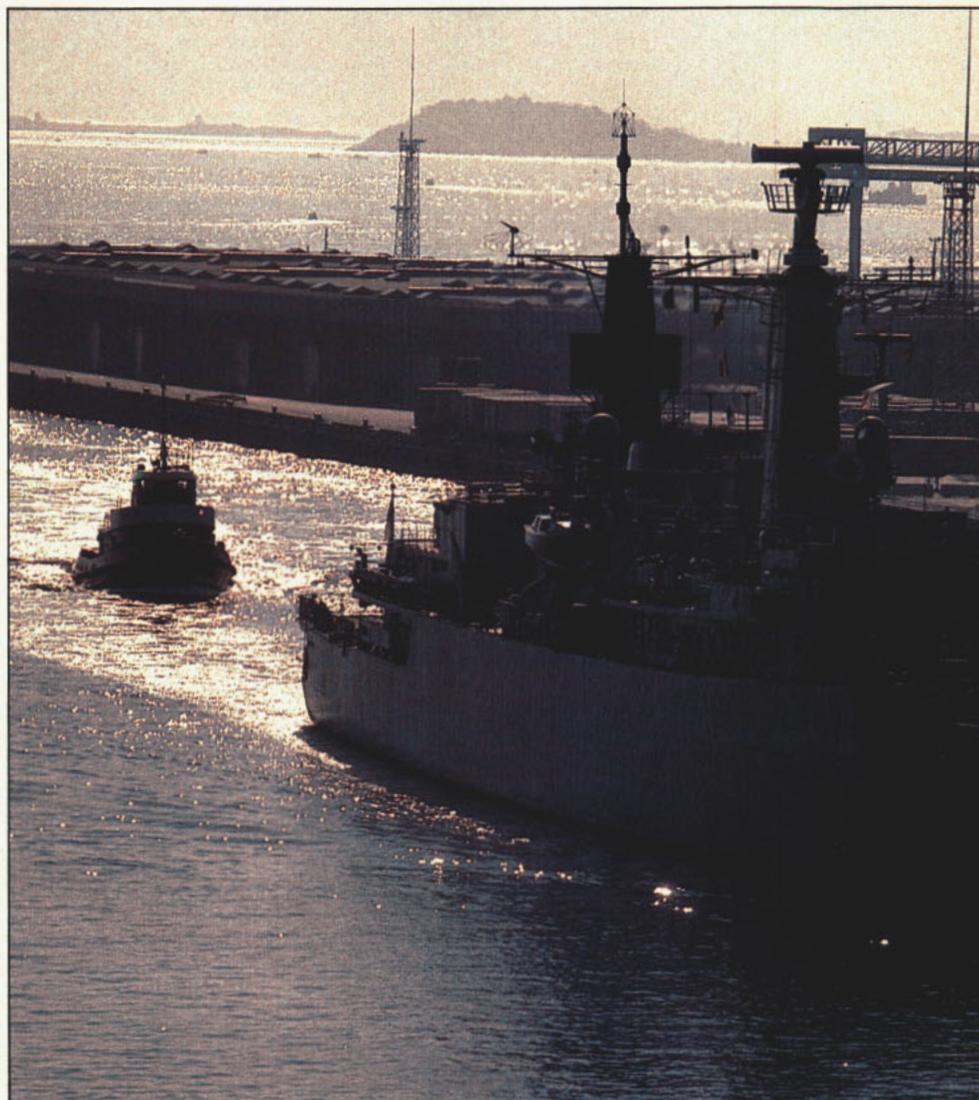
“If you’re being forced to carry the fight to the enemy, you had better know the playing field you’re going to compete on.”

Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic—at that time U.S. Navy Adm. Wesley L. McDonald—whose headquarters is in Norfolk, Va. (Adm. McDonald retired in November 1985.) Speaking on board USS *Nassau* (LHA 4) during the exercise, the admiral referred to the Soviet submarine presence as the greatest single threat in the Atlantic today.

He also said that the technology advantage enjoyed by NATO over the Warsaw Pact nations had been cut in half in the past 10 years, but that NATO is still on top. While stressing that there has been no change in NATO’s overall strategy or the concept of operations, Adm. McDonald noted that Vice Adm. Mustin, Commander, Striking Fleet, Atlantic, had been exploring certain tactical innovations which may enable the Alliance to carry out NATO maritime strategy more effectively. Admiral McDonald described himself as the general manager of the Striking Fleet team, with Vice Adm. Mustin acting as the quarterback.

Tactical emphasis on the Norwegian Sea was one new approach that Adm. McDonald wanted to test during Ocean Safari. “The Norwegian Sea and the Atlantic are absolutely intertwined in their importance,” he said. “If we do not control the Norwegian Sea, then we place the sea lines

Underway replenishment, ordnance handling and traditional communications continued throughout the transit until the NATO ships came safely into Allied ports.





“The Norwegian Sea and the Atlantic are absolutely intertwined in their importance.”

of communication and supply across the Atlantic in jeopardy.”

When asked how many times U.S. carriers had been in the Norwegian Sea on exercises, Adm. McDonald said, “Very seldom. We have not trained often in an area where one day we may be forced to fight! There have been 33 carrier days in the Norwegian Sea in the past 10 years. If you’re being forced to carry the fight to the enemy, you had better know the playing field you’re going to compete on. We’re trying to improve our expertise in this area,” he said.

Vice Adm. Mustin, commenting on the use of *Iowa* in the exercise, said, “The battleship is the most powerful, ‘survivable’ surface ship ever constructed. In my planning, the battleship is going to be used wherever we want to take the war to the enemy.”

One hundred-sixty NATO ships and hundreds of aircraft were involved in Ocean Safari. The final results will take months to fully analyze. Such exercises are not just intended to test tactical procedures and exercise the ships and headquarters involved; they send a deterrent message themselves—clearly showing that NATO’s navies have learned to cooperate, and stand ready to fight together as effectively as they have trained together.

Vice Admiral Mustin summed up the global implications of Ocean Safari when he noted, “Deterrence is like beauty—it’s in the eye of the beholder.”

Routine maintenance provided a backdrop for more spectacular operations. Even as *Iowa* displayed its awesome firepower, and America launched aircraft in Vestfjord, cables had to be greased and liferings painted.





Working with weather

The word was passed over and over: "The weather decks are secured due to high seas."

Two Ocean Safari '85 escorts—USS *Iowa* (BB 61) and USS *Halyburton* (FFG 40)—took tons of water across their decks as their bows dug into the angry North Atlantic.

The two ships were 12 days into the NATO exercise, which began in Norfolk and eventually involved more than 160 NATO units, when they sailed into the autumn storm.

Running on the task force's northern flank, *Iowa* and *Halyburton* provided advance scouting information and long-range protection against "orange" (enemy) surface, subsurface and airborne threats.

To some, the stormy seas that cleared the weather decks might have seemed to have no redeeming qualities. This was the sort of storm even a battleship would avoid—*unless* it wanted to transit undetected. In fact, a key part of the Ocean Safari plan called for *Iowa* and *Halyburton* to use the environment to hide themselves from orange forces as well as other ships that routinely "observe" NATO exercises.

For the Norfolk-based aircraft carrier USS *America* (CV 66), Ocean Safari '85 posed a similar challenge. *America*'s mission was to steam for Vestfjord, in the Norwegian Sea, and test the ability of a carrier to operate within the confines and natural shelter of the fjord.

Before *America* had even completed the first leg of its northbound journey, the carrier attracted the attention of a real-world player in the form of a Soviet "Balzam"

class intelligence-gathering ship, which shadowed the carrier's movements from Norfolk to the waters off Halifax, while *America* operated in tandem with USS *Eisenhower* (CVN 69) and USS *Saratoga* (CV 60) battle groups.

The "Balzam" (and "orange" forces) soon found their mission thwarted through careful planning, effective use of weather and skillful operational execution. The *America* battle group sped north towards Norway, and in the words of Vice Adm. Henry C. Mustin, "disappeared from the face of the earth, as far as the Soviets were concerned."

After a stormy North Atlantic crossing, *America* emerged from the heavy weather in an area bounded by Greenland, Iceland and the United Kingdom. Both machinery and flight deck personnel were introduced to a frigid environment, intensified by the carrier's course into the bitter wind as it launched and recovered its aircraft.

At this point, *America* was observed by Soviet forces once again, both from the air by "Bear" and "Badger" aircraft and on the surface by the Soviet "Krivak" class frigates and an intelligence-gathering ship.

The final phase of Ocean Safari saw USS *America* make its way into the spectacular bay formed by the walls of Norway's Vestfjord. There, *America* became the first U.S. aircraft carrier to conduct flight operations inside a fjord. *America* also conducted ASW training for its S-3 aircraft and SH-3 helicopters.

Iowa and *Halyburton* achieved similar operational success, transiting the North Atlantic undetected.

The two vessels did not rely entirely on

the environment to avoid detection. Two SH-60B *Seahawk* helicopters, from Helicopter Anti-submarine Squadron, Light, 42 Detachment 5, were embarked in *Halyburton* during the transit. The *Seahawks*' primary mission was ASW, but they also exercised their ability to search far ahead to spot enemy surface and submarine contacts.

Despite the rough weather, *Halyburton* was able to launch and recover its helicopters in seas that would have made flight operations impossible for most other ships. *Halyburton* has a transport recovery system that can quickly move a *Seahawk* from the hangar to the flight deck. It can also



winch a hovering helicopter down to the deck in heavy seas.

Having two *Seahawks* onboard allowed aircraft and aircrews to be rotated for maintenance and rest, increasing the total flight time on station, despite the stormy weather.

The harsh North Sea environment showed a softer side a few hours after the *Iowa* crossed the Arctic Circle; a fabulous aurora borealis display drew most sailors not on watch up on deck. The natural beauty of the northern lights rivaled any Fourth of July fireworks show as bands of multi-colored light gracefully floated from horizon to horizon.

Another course change brought the ships back into more rough weather. Soon 30-foot seas and winds gusting over 50 knots closed the weather decks, postponing for several days a highly competitive "blue nose" softball tournament aboard *Iowa*.

The course change also brought *Iowa* and *Halyburton* near the main body of the task force as their joint participation in the exercise drew to a close. *Halyburton* departed for other Ocean Safari duties while *Iowa* joined up with ships of NATO's Standing Naval Force, Atlantic and a task group of the Royal Netherlands Navy.

The North Atlantic transit provided the backdrop for significant operational

achievements by *America*, *Iowa* and *Halyburton*.

The battleship's offensive capability, the frigate's support capacity to meet the challenge of protecting the task force, and the aircraft carrier's ability to test a bold new operational concept all provided crucial tactical knowledge for future NATO operations.

Ocean Safari '85 was clearly a success. □

—Ocean Safari '85 photos by Lt. David Parsons, PH1 Jeff Hilton, PH3 J. Elliot, PH3 Robert Feary, PHAN John Meore and PHAN David Adams



Military medical school

The F. Edward Hébert School of Medicine



Photo by Candace Sams

Heavy rain beats down on Walter Kidwell as he strains to see into the darkness. Artillery shells shriek overhead, and he flinches as they explode nearby. Ignoring the night chill and rain-soaked clothes, Kidwell and four other medics stumble through the forest, searching for a "wounded" man. When they find him curled up in a ball, they quickly bandage him.

The artillery explosions creep closer as the medics carry the man on a stretcher to the waiting jeep that will rush them to the nearest battalion aid station.

Kidwell is on his way to becoming a Navy doctor. As a fourth-year medical student at the F. Edward Hébert School of Medicine of the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences, (USUHS or simply Hébert School of Medicine), he practices his medical and leadership skills during a weeklong exercise called Operation Bushmaster at Fort Devins, Mass. The exercise gives fourth-year students a chance to manage a battalion aid station. By week's end, each student will have acted as medic, ambulance driver, security officer, doctor, executive officer and commanding officer.

The Hébert School of Medicine is the only military medical college in the United

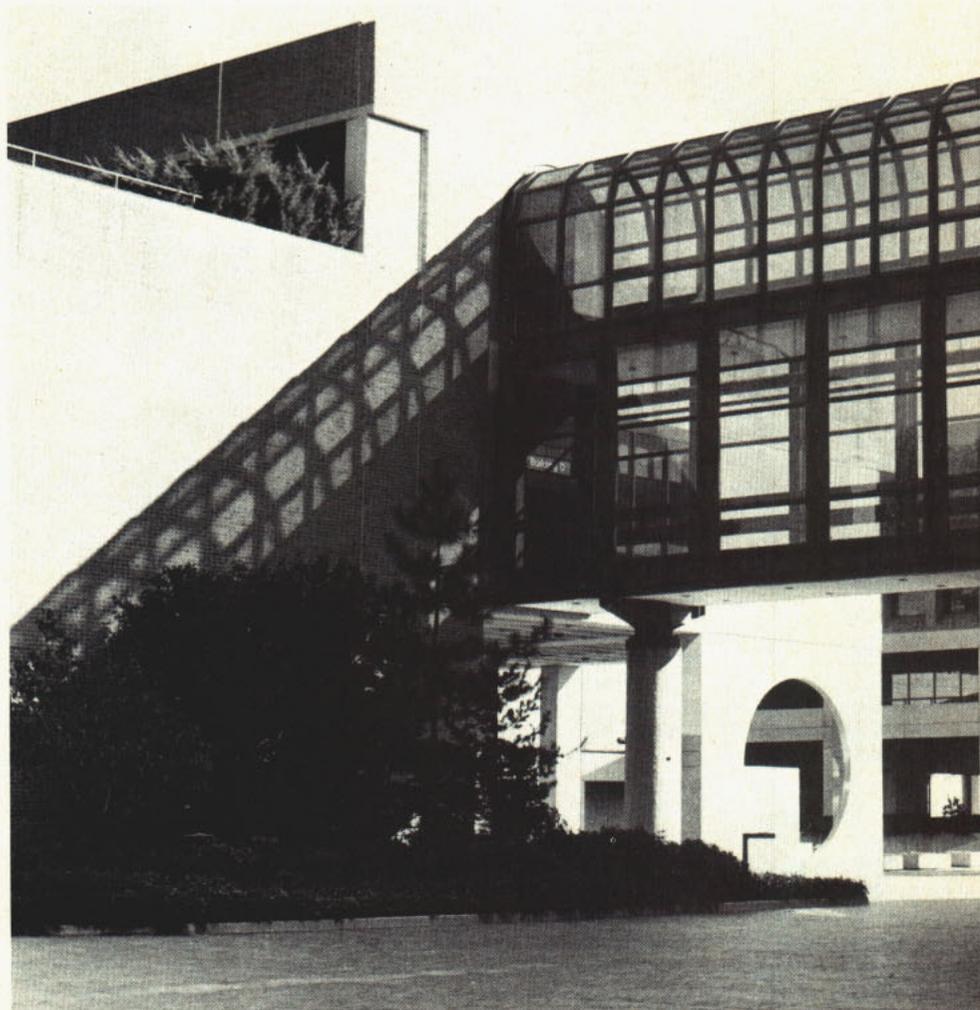
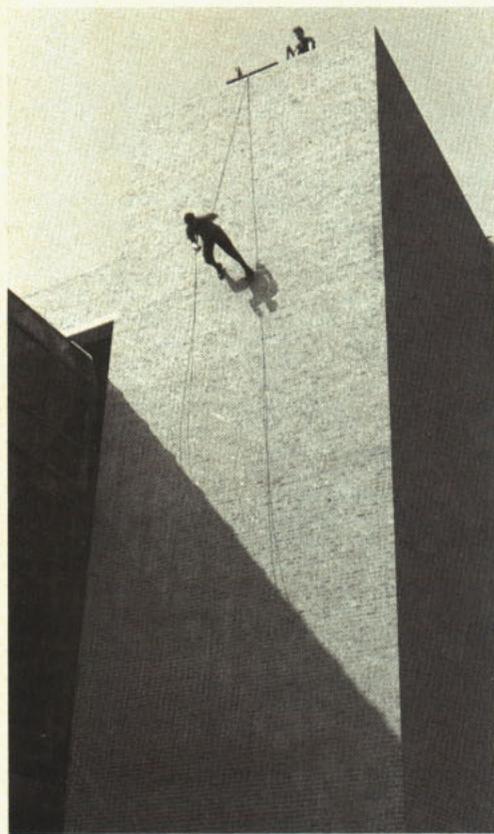


Photo by Candace Sams



The award-winning USUHS architecture includes a rappelling tower where students may practice a skill useful in getting to wounded in the field.

States training military physicians for the Navy, Army, Air Force and the Public Health Service. The four-year curriculum includes the basic biomedical courses found in any medical school. USUHS also requires courses in parasitology, medical zoology, military studies, preventive medicine, and infectious diseases—areas of special importance to military doctors.

Newly enrolled students receive an active duty reserve commission with pay as ensigns or 2nd lieutenants (O-1). Graduates are commissioned as regular medical officers in their respective services and promoted to lieutenants or captains (O-3), and are obligated to serve seven years on active duty after school. In total, a prospective student is looking at a minimum 12-year active duty investment: Four years in medical school, one in an internship program and seven more for a residency, a general medical tour or a sea rotation.

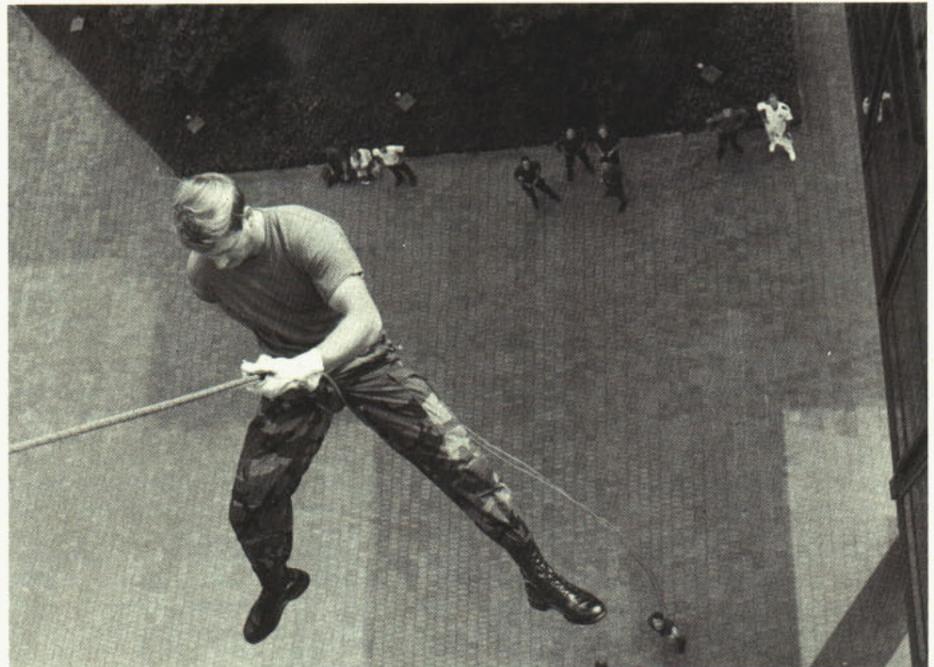
Nearly 600 students have graduated from USUHS since its opening in 1976;

more than 170 of those have graduated as Navy doctors. For the class of 1989, the school received more than 3,000 applications to fill the 156 slots allotted by law.

Located at the Naval Medical Command, National Capital Region in Bethesda, Md., the Hébert School of Medicine accepts both civilians and military members and has an interesting mix of students. Students must be between 18 and 28 upon enrollment. Certain age requirements may be waived for military people with prior or current active duty experience.

Many current students have such military experience. There are former F-14 pilots, engineering officers off nuclear submarines, Marines, and service Academy graduates, as well as several former enlisted corpsmen who got out of the Navy to attend civilian colleges and earn degrees and have now come back into the Navy.

Kidwell is one of those corpsmen. He spent six years in the Navy working at naval hospitals in Philadelphia, Whidbey Island, Wash., and at U.S. Naval Communication Station Harold E. Holt in Exmouth, Australia. He's been a laboratory technician, senior laboratory technician



Medical school

and has worked in intensive care and critical care units. He took some night courses part time, then got out of the Navy in 1980 to attend school during the day full time. After several years of college courses, he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in biology from the University of Nevada in Reno.

While he was in the Navy, he had heard about USUHS. He applied but didn't expect to get in. "It was pretty intimidating because I wanted a quality education, and I think a lot of people are turned off about the military running a medical school You don't know what it's going to be like—if you have to spend half your time marching, standing in formation or what."

Before starting classes, Kidwell and his classmates spent a month in an officer indoctrination course at Newport, R.I., for an orientation in the customs and traditions of military life, and the responsibilities of an officer. The course helps students make a smoother transition to the military lifestyle. Last year, 65 percent of the class's enrollees had no prior military experience.

Practical field experience for students starts in the summer after the first year. Students take a five-week military medical field studies course at Quantico, Va. The first week is devoted to field training exercises as medics and platoon/squad leaders.

"The purpose of that exercise is to get them used to living in the field," said Lt. Peter Bowman, liaison for Navy students at USUHS. "They go on patrols, and have map and compass exercises to find rations and water that have been hidden. If they don't find them at the right time and place, they don't have a meal.

"Students must learn to concentrate on soldiering skills more than medical skills in order to operate as a unit in the field under combat conditions. The remaining four weeks are spent with the students' respective services in medical units providing support for the field, fleet and wing units. The emphasis is not totally medical, according to Bowman, but more to ensure that students get some insight into the jobs of the people they'll be working with—

from the engine room to bridge watches.

The Hébert School of Medicine also offers a course on line commanders' duties. "We try to give students an idea of the kinds of pressure a line commander is under so when they're working with this individual, they can understand the guy is being pulled in 100 different directions," said Bowman.

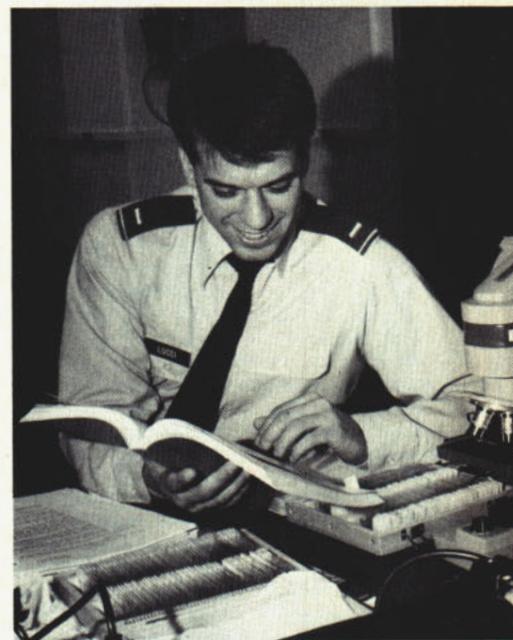
Students also go into a hypobaric chamber to experience hypoxia (oxygen starvation) as flight crews do, as well as into a hyperbaric chamber for the changes in body temperature endured by their diving counterparts.

In the third year, students are introduced to the rigors of hospital duty with clinical rotations in teaching hospitals. There, some students say, you can work a 40-hour week in two days. Students serve in one of four military hospitals: Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Bethesda, Md.; Bethesda Naval Hospital; Malcolm Grow Air Force Medical Center, Andrews AFB, Md.; or Wilford Hall Air Force Medical Center, San Antonio, Texas. At these hospitals students spend time in clinical clerkships in family practice, medicine, obstetrics and gynecology, pediatrics, psychiatry and surgery.

In the fourth year, students can use their medical skills both in the field and in a civilian hospital. Students take an eight-week course in military emergency and contingency medicine; three weeks are spent in the classroom and one week is in the field—Operation Bushmaster, for example—managing a battalion aid station. The remaining four weeks are spent in emergency rooms and trauma centers in civilian hospitals throughout the United States.

Students can also volunteer for special training—airborne, air assault, pathfinder, ranger, scuba, combat controller, combat diver, jungle survival, and testing for the expert field medical badge.

On campus, students wear their uniforms to class every day and have periodic personnel inspections. "The school is military and it's run in a military manner but it's a 'soft sell,'" said Kidwell. "They don't do things for no reason, they do things because it makes sense and they



have a rationale for it. For instance, we set up a disaster situation, going into another country where there are certain medical problems—parasites, malaria—and we get into small groups for several weeks, making class presentations and playing various roles in the chain of command. They bring in people to fill the roles we're playing with in the classroom."

Bowman said the Hébert School of Medicine is looking for people who really want to make a career in the military. "They're not obligated to spend an entire career but by the time they finish here,



USUHS students balance their extensive laboratory and classroom studies with training in the field and clinical work in hospitals.



they have such a significant obligation (7 more years) that we're hoping they're going to realize it's to their advantage to do an entire 20 years."

The attrition rate has been only about 2 percent according to Donald Hagen-gruber, special assistant to the president of USUHS.

One characteristic of USUHS graduates, according to 1980 graduate Army Maj. Maceo Braxton, is that military doctors tend to have a career interest in the military system. "The people who make this long-term commitment are there to

make the health system better." Braxton is Chief of General Surgery at Noble Army Community Hospital, Fort McClellan, Ala.

Lt. Cmdr. Stanton Wesson, also a 1980 graduate and currently a dermatology resident at Bethesda Naval Hospital, served for three months as the only medical officer ashore in Beirut, Lebanon, while assigned to the 2nd Marine Division of the Fleet Marine Force. Speaking at the school two months after his return from Beirut, Wesson told how his USUHS training had helped him.

When his unit arrived in Beirut, the area lacked proper sanitation and an adequate water supply. Wesson started making a list and writing notes to himself about all the things he had to do, remembering his first and second year courses at USUHS. "I got to thinking about the real nuts and bolts of field sanitation—I can't imagine many civilian medical schools would emphasize how important it is," he said.

He worked closely with the Marine Amphibious Unit's hospital corps chief, staff officers and individual unit commanders on a sanitation plan to prevent disease among the troops. "This is important because once you've got one-fourth of a 1,200-man group sick on the beach, you aren't going to be effective as a unit. That was by far the most important thing to keep in mind in terms of my specific job as a staff officer."

Wesson also said it's important to understand other services in terms of military history and what other service members' jobs are. "Other people really appreciate it if you know something about what they are doing, and about their history and tradition. That's something that I think graduates of USUHS walk away with, a historical sense of knowing the people they serve with. You don't want to approach your job as living with a bunch of Marine 'grunts.'"

One of the biggest criticisms about the Medical Corps in the past, according to Kidwell, was that doctors didn't always understand what people in a field unit did and why. "The school has tried to graduate people who are not only professionally responsible but also understand what's going on at the operational level and want to participate in supporting the line."

One of the most important lessons learned at USUHS is that there is more to creating a military medical officer than putting a doctor in uniform.

According to Bowman, students who graduate from the Hébert School of Med-

Medical school



icine get an orientation and background in military medicine. "You can't learn how to treat people who've been shot with an M-16 by going to a civilian emergency room and watching gunshot victims come in. It's not the same thing."

Reflecting on his education, Kidwell said he believes the school offers vast opportunities for people who want to make medicine and the military a career. His wife and five children will watch at graduation in May as the former enlisted Navy corpsman becomes Lt. Kidwell, commissioned in the Navy Medical Corps—a Navy doctor. □

—Story by Candace Sams
—Photos courtesy of USUHS AV Center

At the 1985 graduation ceremony, Vice Adm. Lewis Seaton, Navy Surgeon General, congratulates top Navy graduate Lt. Ann Siefert and the newest military doctors celebrate.



The man who started it all..

F. Edward Hébert, the late congressman from Louisiana, introduced the idea of training doctors for the military to an Armed Services subcommittee hearing in 1947. "Why," he asked, "has the government spent billions of dollars to train men to kill and has spent nothing to train men to save lives? It doesn't make sense to me."

Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson had also testified that thousands of doctors had left the armed services after World War II to take up their civilian practices. Hébert felt the armed services should set up a school that would train doctors who would then be willing to be obligated a certain number of years enabling the government to get its investment back. He pushed the legislation for the establishment of the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences for 24 years. In 1971, Hébert became chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. The legislation he had worked for was signed into law Sept. 21, 1972.

In 1976, USUHS received provisional accreditation as a four-year medical school and accepted its first students while the complex was still under construction. The students attended classes at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in temporary facilities until 1977 when they returned to campus while the second half of the complex was under construction. The school was completed in 1979—the same year Hébert died.

In 1980, the school received full accreditation and graduated its first class of 29 doctors commissioned in the Medical Corps and Medical Service Corps of their respective services. In 1983, the name was changed to F. Edward Hébert School of Medicine of the Uniformed Services University of the Health Sciences.

The school's modern facilities include an electron microscopy suite, a Learning Resources Center, with 88,000 volumes, computers and data bases, 1,000 journals, and an animal medicine facility, "one of the finest multi-discipline laboratories available at any educational institution," according to the Middle States Associa-



tion of Colleges and Schools, Commission on Higher Education Accreditation. The facility also received an award from the American Institute of Architecture.

Students have access to the National Institutes of Health, the National Library of Medicine, Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, Armed Forces Radiobiology Research Institute, and a number of other universities and research institutes located within the Washington, D.C., metro area.

To be accepted into the school, an applicant must be a U.S. citizen, must have an undergraduate degree from an accredited institution, must meet requirements for holding a regular commission, must be willing to serve 7 years after school in the uniformed services, must have taken the new Medical College Aptitude Test within three years of enrolling, and must apply through the American Medical College Application Service.

Active duty officers accepted to the

school must resign their regular commission prior to entering the school and accept the O-1 rank of ensign in the Navy and 2nd lieutenant in the Army and Air Force.

The school also offers doctoral and other graduate degrees but without any additional service obligation for civilians and active duty members. Students are enrolled full time and serve as teaching and research assistants. Masters degrees are offered in public health, tropical medicine and hygiene. Doctoral degrees include anatomy, biochemistry, medical psychology, microbiology, pathology, pharmacology and physiology.

Looking back on 34 years of service in the House of Representatives, Congressman Hébert reflected on the years he had supported the legislation to create USUHS: "When my service is ended and I look back over the milestones of my career, I want most of all to be remembered for the military medical school." □

Lt. Dan Lyons

Navy oarsman

PULL! Sweat pours down his arms and back, keeping the river's early morning cold at bay. *PULL!* His eyes are glued on the strained, taut back in front of him. *PULL!* Labored breathing breaks the silence of the thick fog. *PULL!* Leg muscles scream in protest. *PULL!* Only one thought: *PULL! PULL! PULL!*

As the sun rises over the banks of Schuylkill River in Philadelphia, Navy Lt. Dan Lyons and his teammate, Dave Krmpotich, the top-rated U.S. rowing pair, are well into their daily training routine, a regimen that includes weight-lifting, hill climbing, running and hours of rowing.

To anyone standing on the pier at Boat-house row, the morning is tranquil. Flowing through the center of Philadelphia, the Schuylkill is part of—yet isolated from—the city. Lined with weeping willows and thick foliage, the river winds past the row of softly illuminated club houses. In the distance, early morning commuters speed by on Interstate 76, their cars' headlights dimmed by thick fog. The two-man shell glides effortlessly as oars slice the water's surface in perfect time. The two men move in unison and enhance the tranquil scene.

For Lyons and Krmpotich, though, the morning is not tranquil. Each man gives all he has and groans with each stroke of his single-minded goal—*pull harder, pull longer.*

Each is locked into his separate pain, yet each is aware of his teammate. Neither can stop first, neither can give less. Team crewing is competition—team against team, teammate against teammate and each man against himself.

"I'm always aware of how hard the other men are pulling and I try to pull even harder. I think I take a perverse pleasure

in pulling harder than the next man," Lyons said, smiling as if to laugh at himself.

A world-class athlete, Lyons started rowing when he was 10. He reluctantly agreed to help his older brother's high school team by acting as coxswain.

In a sport characterized by large, muscular men, coxswains are an anomaly. They are small, a must for the team member who doesn't row, and they direct men twice their size. "Because I was smaller, the older boys teased me constantly. I hated



Lt. Lyons and rowing partner Dave Krmpotich often have to row at night. That's the only time they can train.

world-class athlete

it. I decided that if I was going to become involved with the sport, I wanted to be a rower, someone who moved the boat," Lyons said.

Crew consists of several different categories: eight-man, four-man, two-man

crews and single sculling. Eight-man crews always use a coxswain, but the two- and four-man crews can compete with or without a coxswain. Crewing is also broken down into scully or sweep. In scully, each man uses two oars. In sweep, only one

oar per person is allowed. Crew is also divided into weight divisions, such as lightweight and heavyweight.

Coached by his father, who was a member of the 1940 Olympic rowing team and winner of four national championships,



Navy oarsman

Lyons won the singles division of the National Junior Lightweight Championships when he was 17.

While attending the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Lyons' strength moved him into the heavyweight division.

"I wanted to row in the heavyweight division, but I didn't have the size," Lyons said. The average heavyweight oarsman is between 6-foot-3 and 6-foot-7 and weighs between 190 and 220 pounds. Lyons is 6-foot-3, but only 177 pounds. "I'm an unusual case. I'm tall, so I have the reach, but why I can pull as well as, if not better, than bigger guys, I don't really know."

Lyons may not know why he can outstroke bigger men, but Rick Clothier, his coach at the Naval Academy, knows why. "It's perseverance. Dan has stayed with the sport, never giving up, even when faced with difficult obstacles," he said.

In 1981, Lyons' heavyweight boat finished third for a bronze medal at the World Championships in Munich. Because of equipment problems during the 1982 World Championships in Lucerne, Switzerland, Lyons' shell finished only seventh. The

1983 Pan-American Games in Caracas, Venezuela, meant a gold medal for Lyons and his team.

At the 1985 National Championships in Oakridge, Tenn., Lyons finished first in three events and second in one. He and his teammate Krmpotich earned a spot on the 1986 national team at the October trials held in Princeton, N.J. But for all his success there is still one goal that eludes Lyons: the chance to compete in the Olympics. When the United States pulled out of the 1980 Olympics, rowing trials were not held, and Lyons set his sights on the 1984 Olympics.

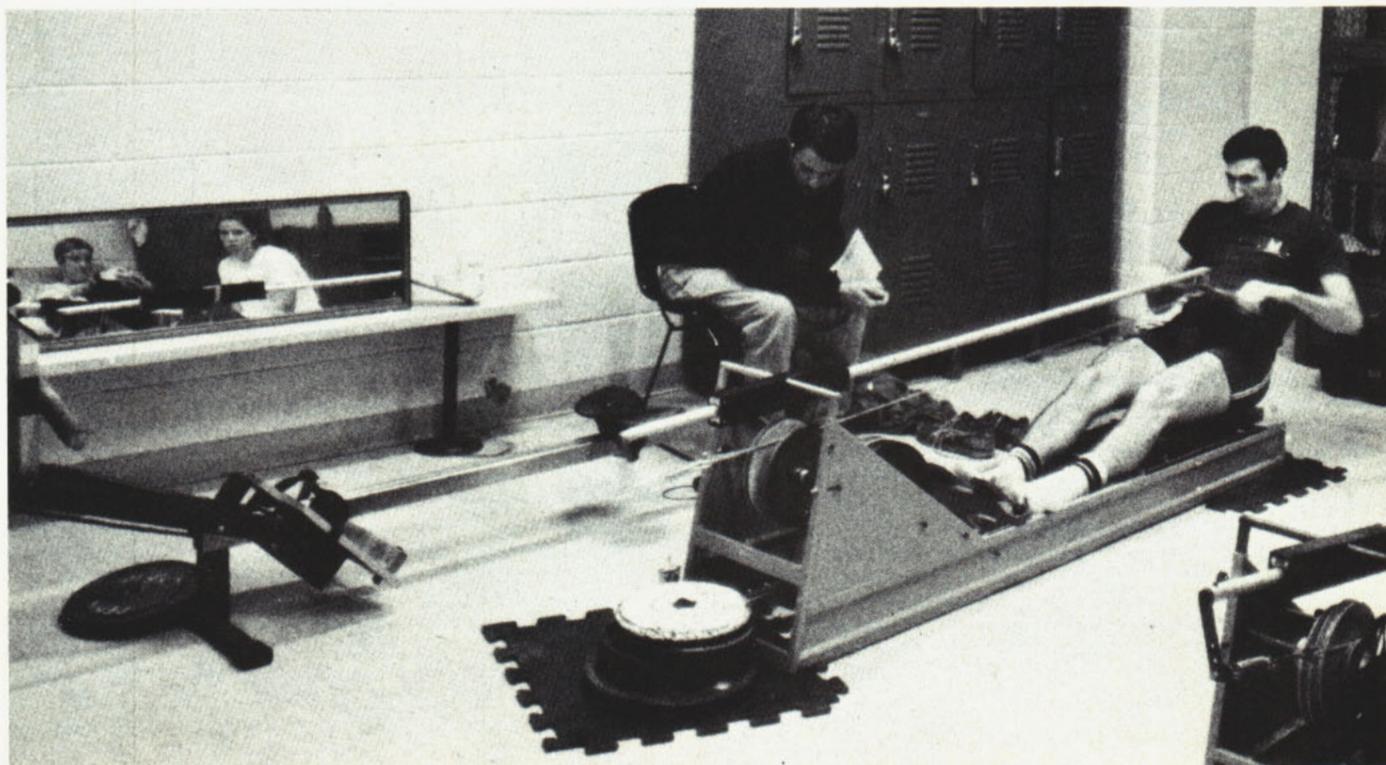
"Nothing else can come close to the experience of training for the 1984 Olympics," Lyons said. "Nothing existed for us except rowing." Crewing in a four-man shell, his team spent literally hundreds of hours preparing for the Olympic trials.

"The intensity was incredible. We slept, ate, talked and dreamed crew. A kind of a mind-set developed where we knew we were going to win. We couldn't even conceive of losing. We were the best, and we knew it. We earned it," Lyons said.

The men were not egotistical, but their

own training intensity had locked them into a single-minded track—winning.

But 1984 was lost. Although they finished first in their heat, Lyons' team drew



a bad lane in the trial's final race. Rowing against stronger head winds than the other crews, Lyons' team finished two-tenths of a second behind the winning shell.

"Just a plain hard and bitter pill to swallow," Lyons said. "It took me months and months to get over the disappointment. I kept thinking over and over to myself.

"We were good people, we deserved to win." People tried to console me by saying, 'Isn't that nice you had the chance to compete at that level.' It isn't enough."

Off the water, Lyons is quiet and soft-spoken; yet, underneath lurks a fiercely competitive nature.

"I think I inherited my killer instincts

from Dad," he said. "He always taught me that the way to win was to get ahead and stay ahead. He also taught me to never give up no matter how bad things look."

Lyons applies his father's lessons to rowing and, perhaps more importantly, to life. Edged out of a Naval Academy appointment by a Pennsylvania All-State football player, he enlisted in the Navy and attended the U.S. Naval Academy Preparatory School in Newport R.I.

In the fall of 1977, he earned his appointment to the academy and, with 110 other plebes, tried out for the crew. Lyons' main goal was to keep from being cut from the heavyweight team. To his coach, Clothier, there was no doubt Lyons would make the team. Lyons effective use of his body's natural leverage system even then allowed him to outstroke stronger men. According to Clothier, Lyons' talents are something he's earned with hours and hours of work.

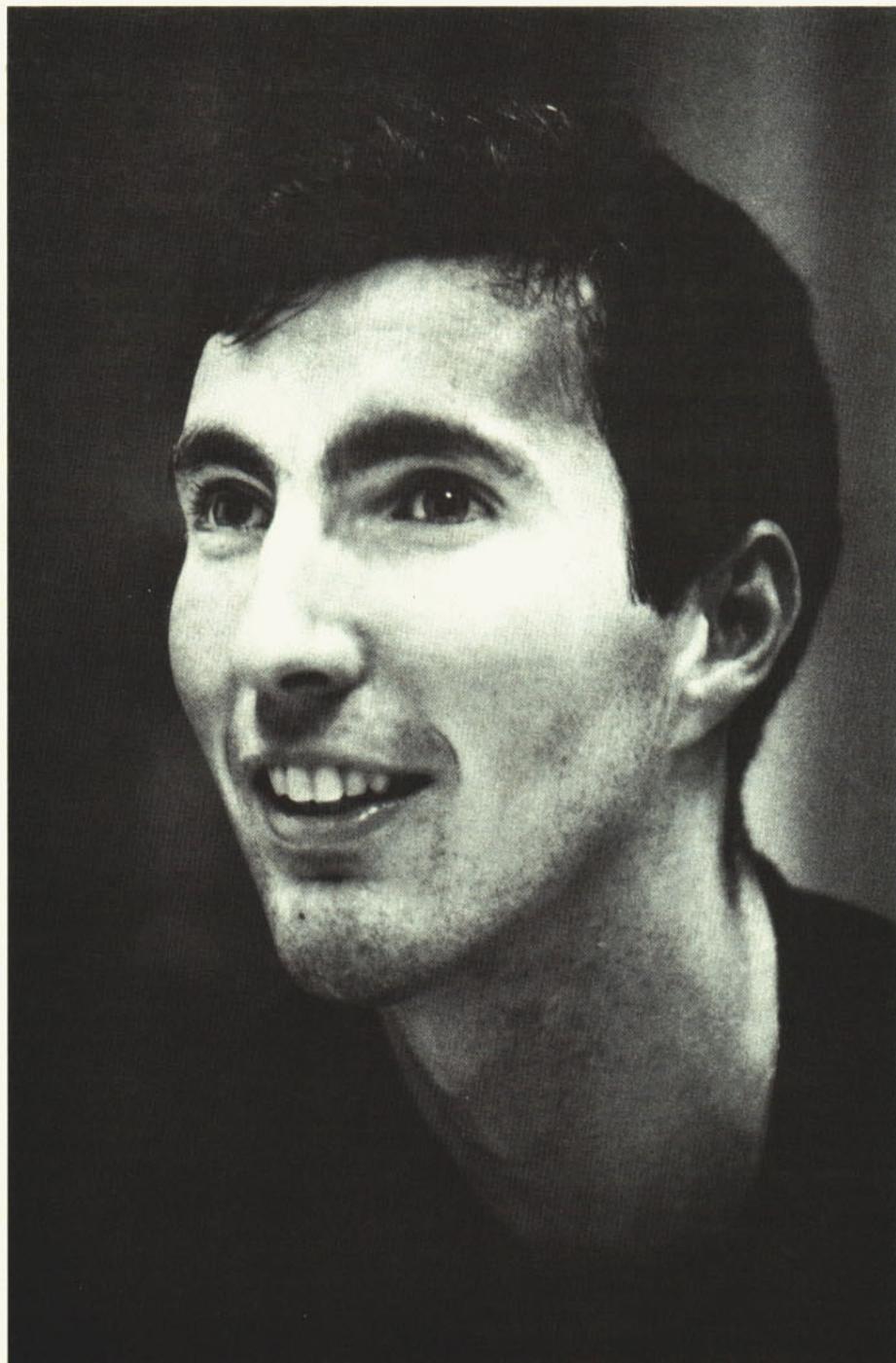
Four years after entering the academy, Lyons and his best friend, now Lt. Tim Griffith, co-captained the varsity crew to one of its best seasons and the Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championship.

Griffith, a coxswain, said, "Danny has an excellent sense of rowing rhythm. He understands swing."

When a team is swinging, the least amount of effort brings maximum results. A shell is like a free-turning wheel; once spun, it requires only an occasional push to keep it going.

Like the boat, the rowers sometimes need a push to keep them going. An athlete's body can keep going long after his mind has told him he is too tired to continue. Part of the coxswain's job is to find a way to keep each rower working long after the mind has decided to quit. The trick is to somehow trigger the mind so it will forget how tired it is.

A tie so close existed between Lyons



Lyons spends almost as much time in the workout room as on the water.

Navy oarsman

and his coxswain that they could communicate during a race with just a look, but occasionally Lyons would need something more. "With Danny, there are two keys to push him past his limit. One, he doesn't like to lose. To him, second place is as good as last. Also, Danny has this complex about being too thin," Griffith said.

"During the 1980 nationals, we were racing in fifth place with only 500 meters left. I looked at Danny with my most evil eye and told him to get his bony legs down and start stroking. His ears turned red and veins popped up on his neck. I swear, I could see steam rising out of him, he was so mad. It did the trick. Danny started pulling. The whole team could tell he was really honking. When Dan PULLED, the whole team pulled. We won that race."

As if to explain all of his success, Lyons said, "I pull hard. I put everything I have into each and every stroke. I used to believe that the more you hurt yourself and the more pain you felt, the more you were gaining. I have since discovered this is not true. I finally learned how to row, combining strength with finesse and technique."

For all the modern training equipment and new techniques, a team's success still lies in its ability to drive itself to the outermost limits. In the last 500 meters of a 2,000-meter race, the team with the most guts is the one that wins.

Over an average 2,000-meter course, the race lasts for only six minutes. According to Lyons, those six minutes of strenuous output equate to playing three football games back to back—three games of an individual playing offense *and* defense with no time outs or pauses between plays.

Men and women who crew will push themselves beyond their physical limits. They push to the last stroke of the race, then fall over the side of the boat having drained every last bit of energy from their bodies.

Because crew is a sport that uses every body muscle, the athletes must give every bit of themselves during training to be in racing condition.

Competing at a world-class level, Lyons

knows the demands that rowing makes on his time and on his body. "Most rowers tend to become so involved in the sport that it consumes their lives," he said. "I'm not just a rower. The Navy has helped me to keep everything in prospective."

Assigned to Philadelphia Naval Shipyard, Lyons has served aboard USS *Suribachi* (AE 21) and USS *Patterson* (FF 1061).

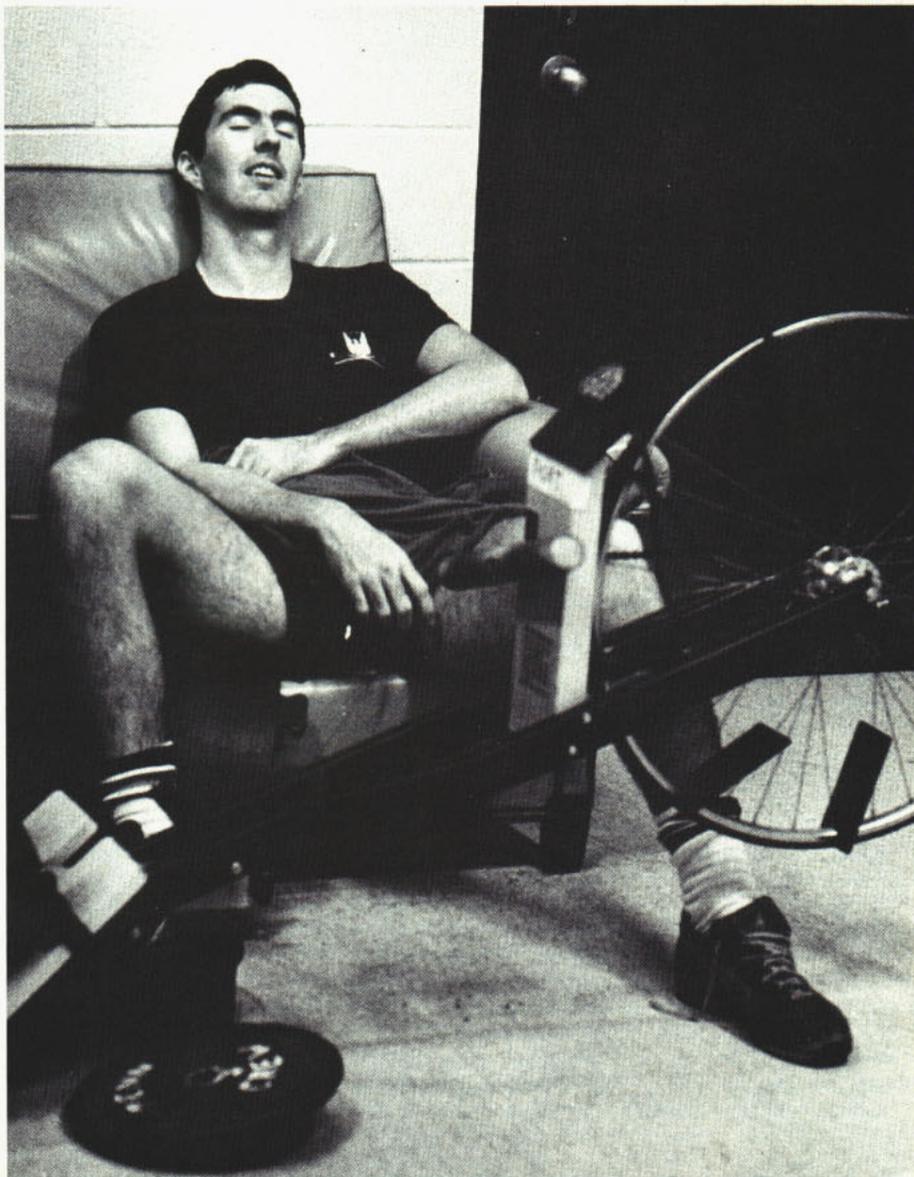
"Because of the amount of time an athlete such as Lt. Lyons must spend training, it is difficult for him to give 100 percent to the Navy. Yet, he is an outstanding officer. Lt. Lyons gives his all in everything he does," said Capt. W. A. Kerr,

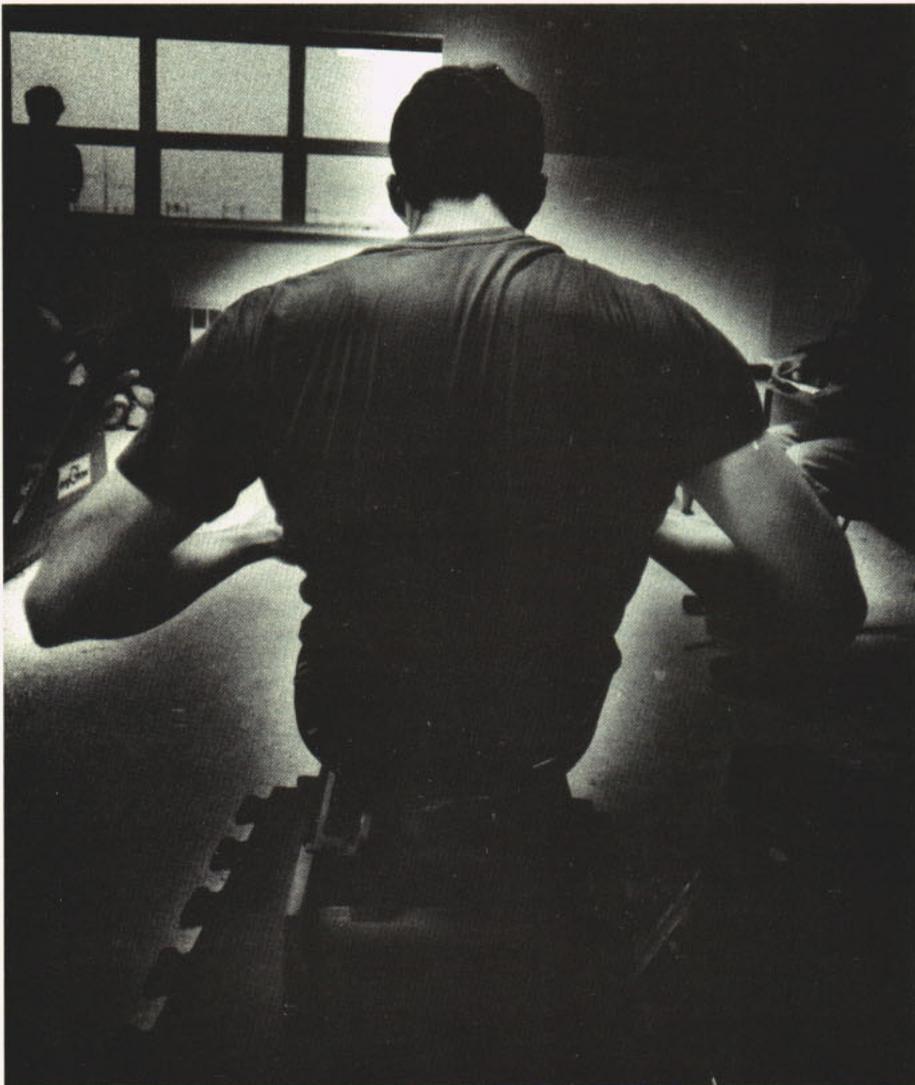
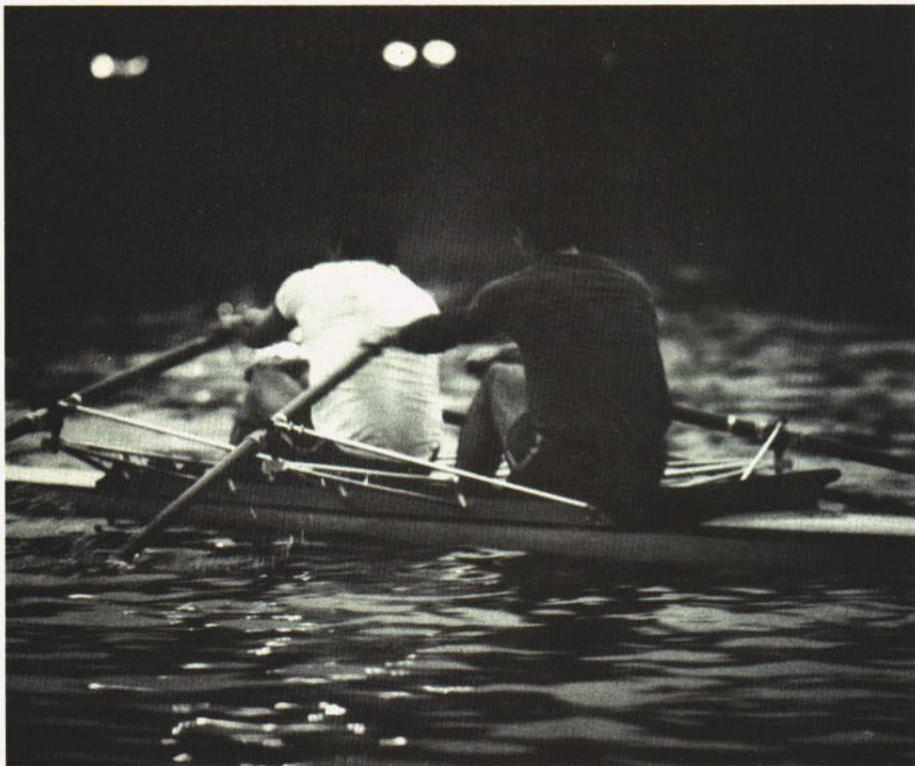
commanding officer of the shipyard. A former U.S. Naval Academy crew member himself, Kerr said he is very supportive of Lyons' crewing career.

Seoul, Korea, and the 1988 Olympics are a long way off. Lyons is torn between two desires: to get on with his life and his competitive drive.

"I never want to be somebody who says 'what if,' " he said. "In 1984, I had no doubts that I wanted to row, but in '88 I will be 30. What the hell will I be doing still rowing? I have to start thinking about the rest of my life."

"The temptation is to keep going. Once you are at a world-class level and have





tasted that rarefied atmosphere, it's almost impossible to give it up. It feels too good."

No matter how hard he tries, Lyons cannot continue at the pace he has set for himself. "The first thing to go is my creativity and imagination. I'm so tired all the time, I go through the day on auto pilot. I feel like an old man, and I resent that. But at the same time it's what I want to do."

Shaking his head in disbelief, Lyons said, "I have reached a point where I really want to expand my mind. I have an opportunity to attend Cambridge University in England, something I want to do. I want to concentrate my energy towards learning." Lyons hopes to enter the university on his scholastics; if not he can fall back on his rowing. The university is recruiting for its rowing team from around the world.

"It's ironic. I think I may want to put rowing behind me and move on to new challenges, but to go for those new challenges, I might have to row.

"I will have to commit all of myself again if I decide to keep rowing. If I do row, 1987 and '88 will be hard years. But maybe it's worth it.

"The camaraderie and shared trials, like plebe summer, is an intense time with a select group of individuals that will be my friends forever.

"The Olympics are the one opportunity to rise above the rest of the world. You strive to become the best you can be and you reach for an opportunity that will stay with you for the rest of your life." □

—Story and photos by JO2 Lynn Jenkins



Bearings

ROA scholarships

At least 90 undergraduate scholarships and 10 graduate fellowships, each worth up to \$500, will be awarded for the 1986-87 school year to members of the Reserve Officers Association of the United States or the Reserve Officers Association Ladies' Clubs, their children or grandchildren.

Applications for the 1986-87 academic year may be obtained by writing: ROA Scholarships, 1 Constitution Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, or by calling 202-479-2200. Completed applications must reach the committee no later than April 1, 1986.

Undergraduate applicants must be attending, or have been accepted for full-time undergraduate studies at an accredited four-year college or university. Scholarship applications for community college work will not be considered. Only Reserve Officers Association members are eligible for graduate fellowships.

The program, which began in 1982, is named the Henry J. Reilly Memorial Scholarship Program in honor of the late Army Reserve brigadier general who was the first president of the association, from 1922 to 1923. This is the fifth year the scholarships have been awarded and the second year graduate fellowships have been given. ■

Naval special warfare center at Coronado

A naval special warfare center has been established at the Naval Amphibious Base, Coronado, Calif. The new center will increase the number of courses provided by the amphibious school in support of the Navy's Sea-Air-Land teams.

Naval special warfare strategic concepts, tactics and operational techniques will be taught at the center. These will include a variety of advanced training courses, a direct liaison with fleet and joint staffs, and an increased number of basic SEAL training classes.

The center will provide the principal authority for special warfare tactical de-

velopment and advice to the chief of naval operations on naval special warfare doctrine.

The number of advanced special warfare courses will increase with the introduction of the new SEAL weapons system and SEAL support system hardware. Training in the operation and maintenance of naval special warfare combatant craft is also offered and will be expanded to accommodate new craft entering the service. ■

VA loan rates down

The Veterans Administration has reduced its maximum home loan interest rate from 11 percent to 10½ percent.

This is the lowest rate in six years, and the reduction is a sign of continued improvement in the mortgage market, according to Harry N. Walters, VA administrator.

Many veterans who now have VA home loans with higher interest rates may be able to refinance their loans at the lower

rate. Those who still reside in their VA-financed homes and who wish to refinance should contact local mortgage lenders for details.

There were five decreases in VA home loan rates in 1985. The last change was in November when the rate dropped from 11½ to 11 percent.

The maximum rates for graduated payment mortgages will drop to 10¾ percent, and home improvement loans will fall to 12 percent, a ½ percentage point reduction. Rates for manufactured homes will also decrease. ■

'Operation Coinbox' and UNITAS

USS *Stump* (DD 978) crewmen recently put their money where their hearts were when they raised \$1,000 to help rebuild a school compound in Valparaiso, Chile.

Four UNITAS XXVI ships—USS *Claude V. Ricketts* (DDG 5), USS *Saginaw* (LST 1188), USS *Joseph Hewes* (FF 1078) and Commander South Atlantic Force flagship *Stump*—raised nearly \$1,400 to help repair three school buildings that had been badly damaged in a recent earthquake.



Photo by PH3 Thomas G. Daily

Lt. Eric Reed, a top vote-getter for "Mess-Cook of the Day," enjoys his time in the deep sink.

Through "Operation Coinbox," the UNITAS ships' crewmembers returning from liberty donated their pocket change and leftover pesos to the roofing fund.

To supplement their coinbox collection, *Stump* sailors held pizza sales on the ship's messdecks, sponsored bingo games, and had a "Mess Cook of the Day" contest. Mess cook winners, chosen at a dollar a vote, included officers and crew, who manned the serving line, cleaned tables, and washed dishes for a day.

"The crew's actions exemplify what the community relations program is all about—helping those who need our help, whoever and wherever they are," said Cmdr. Joseph Perrotta Jr., *Stump* commanding officer. ■

Ainsworth to the rescue

A raging brush fire on a nearby hillside greeted the crew of USS *Ainsworth* (FF 1090) when they visited Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, recently.

The fire apparently started at about 5 a.m. when powerlines were downed by 55-knot winds. Nearly 125 off-duty crew members fought the fire, using pumps and hoses from the ship. There were no injuries to local residents or *Ainsworth* sailors, and the fire was out by noon.

Although the crew and local residents spoke no common language, all turned to the job at hand. The Yugoslavians expressed their gratitude by presenting the sailors with bottles of homemade wine and plum brandy.

When the ship left Dubrovnik, it received the following message from Vice Adm. Frank B. Kelso II, Commander, U.S. 6th Fleet: "Your quick professional response to help fight a fire on mountain ridges near the pier area is noted with pleasure. Well Done."

Ainsworth is a unit of Destroyer Squadron 10. ■



Reid tackles jungle

When USS *Reid* (FFG 30) sailors were asked to help the Hilton House for Crippled Children in Suva, Fiji, during a recent port visit, no one said it would be easy. The home for more than 20 severely handicapped children had been fighting a losing battle against the thick tropical forest for years.

"It grows so fast, you just can't keep up with it," said the Mother Superior of the home.

Winning the fight meant backbreaking work with sugar cane knives, shovels, rakes, hoses and a fire ax—not the usual bag of tools for a sailor. But *Reid* crewmen

became experts with their sugar cane knives, wading into shoulder-high vegetation, cutting a wide path with one hand and swatting ravenous insects with the other. The heat joined the side of the jungle as the thermometer soared into the 90s; backs began to ache and blisters formed.

As one squad hacked away at the undergrowth, another squad picked up paint brushes, ladders, hammers and nails to refurbish a play area. Children maneuvered their wheel chairs onto the balcony overlooking the play area to giggle, wave and smile encouragement to the sailors.

A stream, used to divert the torrential rains from the home, was clogged with boulders, trash and rotting vegetation, causing the yard to erode. Fire Control-

man 3rd Class Bill Kisiah and Operations Specialist 1st Class (SW) Larry Wheaton tackled the hip-deep problem.

"There's over three cubic yards of stuff down there," Kisiah said as he cut and lugged the mess away.

After five hours, the work was complete. The children gathered around the sailors, and discomfort from the sore backs, aching muscles and bulging blisters was suddenly gone. As small hands shook large ones, as a four-year-old who can't speak, hear or walk, smiled at the sailors, there was victory. The score at the end of the day: *Reid*, 1—jungle, 0. ■

—Story by Lt.j.g. Robert D. Seligman
USS *Reid* (FFG 30)

Pay, benefits intact for '86

Special Presidential exemption is keeping military pay, benefits and entitlements intact for 1986, despite cuts forced on the defense budget by the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings Budget Reduction Act, according to Chapman B. Cox, assistant secretary of defense for force management and personnel.

The goal of the Gramm-Rudman Act is to eliminate the federal budget deficit by 1991. To achieve this, the act requires major cuts in government spending for the next five years. The act, passed into law late last year, is slated to go into effect this spring. Exercising certain options available to him under the act, President Ronald Reagan is holding off any military pay freezes, substantial reductions in manning levels, and changes in special allowances for the remainder of this fiscal year.

But certain military personnel accounts aren't going unscathed; they will lose \$234 million out of \$74 billion currently allotted, according to Cox.

"... Three tenths of one percent of military (personnel) accounts, that's all that's going to be reduced (for fiscal year 1986). Since military (pay and benefits) are exempt, other areas of the defense budget will absorb the loss."

That \$234 million savings will have to come from three areas: permanent change of station funds; an early release program; and reserve training.

"We can take... small cuts (in these areas) without a substantial risk of damaging the quality or quantity of the force," said Cox, "(and) keeping that quality and quantity is the Secretary's (Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger) first priority."

Voluntary tour extensions overseas and in the U.S. will save \$87 million of the \$2 billion PCS fund. "Our main objective... is to try to do it without any involuntary

extensions," said Cox. "We're going to try to develop some incentives—(such as) ways to get people home to see (their) families—(to get) people to stay longer. Other (incentives)... are under study,... and we're just going to examine as many of them as we can and see how many we can use."

"We can take... small cuts... without a substantial risk of damaging the quality or quantity of the force."

About 15,000 military individuals will be able to take part in the early release program, which will save \$92 million, according to Cox. People in non-critical skill areas will be able to leave the service one to two months early, and since the reduction must be achieved by the end of this fiscal year—Sept. 30—the program should begin by spring. "These are people (who) are already programmed to leave. They're just leaving early," Cox said.

Reserve training is the third area slated to take a cut. Last year, the reserve fund was \$814 million; this year it is more than \$1 billion. "Of (a) nearly \$200 million increase," Cox said, "we think that we can stand to give \$55 million of it back without really damaging the quality or the quantity of our force."

If the President had not used the Gramm-Rudman Act's one-time exemption clause to protect military personnel

accounts, the services would have had to reduce their forces by 280,000 by the end of the fiscal year, according to Cox.

"We would have had no other choice," Cox said. "So much of the military personnel account is what we call entitlements,... something we (don't) have any discretion over. (If a person)... is a certain rank, has a certain number of dependents, has certain schooling,... then the law says (he or she) is entitled to that pay or that special allowance or that bonus."

With those entitlements set by law, only a reduction in military force would have reduced spending enough to comply with the Gramm-Rudman Act.

Department of Defense civilian personnel accounts did not fare as well as military personnel accounts. They are not exempted under the Gramm-Rudman Act clause.

"We don't know exactly what the impact is going to be on the civilian work force," Cox said. "Our objective is to treat everyone humanely and try to avoid reductions in force. If there are cuts and savings that have to be achieved in the (civilian) personnel accounts, we can do it by hiring freezes and things like that."

But what about fiscal year 1987?

Cox said the President's budget, which had not yet been presented to Congress, meets requirements of the Gramm-Rudman Act for fiscal year 1987. "There will not be a deficit greater than the trigger, and the only way that (the Gramm-Rudman Act reductions) will be triggered is if Congress appropriates more money than the President's asked for."

If the act is triggered next year—if military spending is not reduced enough to meet the requirements of the act—the military services will have to reduce their numbers to bring spending within compliance of the new law. □

Mail Buoy

Antarctica

I read with great interest your article "Life in Antarctica" in the July issue. At the time I read the article, I anticipated some mention of Dr. Harry E. Eisberg, (Capt. USN retired). Dr. Eisberg spent many of his early years in the Navy in Antarctica and wrote a book on cold weather medicine. There is also a headland named for him. He is retired and living in Portsmouth, Va.—Mrs. Shelby B. Stevens, Chesapeake, Va.

Rights and Benefits

I am aware that a reprint of a special issue of *All Hands* (August/September 1980) on Navy Rights and Benefits was available for individual purchase.

I am writing to you to find out whether any other more current (1984 or 1985) editions were published. I am very interested in purchasing a reprint of a 1984 or 1985 edition of *All Hands* Navy Rights and Benefits if it exists.—Vernon De Boer, San Diego.

• *All Hands will begin running regular Rights & Benefits features in the March issue. Plans are to cover 16 R & B topics, one each issue, through July 1987 and then start the cycle again, with revised information.*—Ed.

Destroyermen

Congratulations on your October issue of *All Hands*. As a destroyer man just returned from working with the Coast Guard, I found both articles accurate and well presented. It is plain to see that *All Hands* is, like the Destroyer Navy, getting better all the time.—Cmdr. Thomas F. Marfiak, commanding officer, USS *Doyle* (FFG 39)

Liberty in Madagascar

The visit of USS *Jason* (AR 8) to Majunga, Madagascar (*All Hands*, October 1985) was in stark contrast to that of the USS *Constitution* ("Old Ironsides") to the same port in 1844. When she arrived on November 1 of that year, it was to find that trade with America was carried on exclusively by two brigs from Salem, Mass.

One of the lasting memories of the visit was the sight of a series of pointed poles standing

in a row on a sand spit, one of which had the remains of a human head on it. The Americans soon learned that the local populace regularly was reminded that thievery was considered a heinous crime by placing the heads of those so convicted on public display. (Two American Midshipmen, true to their ilk, are said to have smuggled two other skulls from the display on board their ship as exotic souvenirs.)

The USS *Jason* sailors seem to have behaved themselves in a much more commendable manner than did their shipmates of yore, for of twenty-nine men permitted liberty in Majunga on November 3, 1844, seventeen returned drunk at sunset and the remainder went "over the hill". No man to be trifled with, *Constitution's* Captain, John "Mad Jack" Percival, stormed ashore the next morning with a party of junior officers and reliable seamen. It didn't take them long to locate the miscreants, and after a "small fight," all were returned to the frigate where each received the attention of a boatswain's mate with his cat-o'-nine-tails: twelve lashes.

On November 7, 1844, *Constitution* departed Majunga for other out-of-the-way ports, including a call at the port we know today as Danang, Vietnam, where she had a most interesting adventure. But that's another story.—Cmdr. Tyrone G. Martin, retired, 58th Commander USS *Constitution*, Cohasset, Mass.

Reunions

• **"Banana Fleet Marines"**—Planning a reunion. Contact Hank Thalgot, Box 95, Oxford, Fla. 32684; telephone (904) 748-2587.

• **USS Shannon (DM 25)**—Planning a reunion for crew members from World War II. Contact Robert J. Martin, 7008 Cresthaven Dr., Glen Burnie, Md. 21061; telephone (301) 761-4625.

• **South China Patrol Association (USS Ashville, USS Sacramento, USS Tulsa and others)**—Reunion May 1986. Contact Eugene Mayer, 29 Washington Square N., Box 3064, Salem, Mass. 01970-3064.

• **VPB-26 Black Cat Squadron**—Reunion May 6-11, 1986, Pensacola, Fla. Contact W.L. Williams, Route 11, Box 287, Milton, Fla. 32570; telephone (904) 623-5740.

• **LST 808**—Reunion May 13-18, 1986, St. Louis, for crew members from World War II. Contact Bob Moors, 8723 Dallas St., La

Mesa, Calif. 92041.

• **USS Lexington (CV 2)**—Reunion May 14-17, 1986, Sacramento, Calif. Contact Walt Kastner, 466 Ivy Glen Dr., Mira Loma, Calif. 91752.

• **USS Ticonderoga (CV-CVA-CVS 14), (CG 47)**—Reunion May 15-18, 1986, Philadelphia. Contact John Sweatlock, 18418 Orangetree Court, Lehigh Acres, Fla. 33936.

• **LST 398 of LST Flotilla 5, Pacific Theatre World War II**—Reunion May 16-18, 1986, Middleburg Heights, Ohio. Contact Robert E. Vellam, 16245 Heather Lane, Middleburg Heights, Ohio 44130.

• **VPB-52 Black Cat Squadron**—Reunion May 16-18, 1986, Orlando, Fla. Contact Saul Frishberg, 1021 Jeffrey Dr., Southampton, Pa. 18966; telephone (215) 357-6829.

• **USS Blackhawk (AD 9)**—10th annual reunion May 27-June 1, 1986, Las Vegas, Nev. Contact G.H. Mason, 5112 21st St., N.E., Puyallup, Wash. 98372; telephone (206) 863-8666.

• **Mine, bomb and explosive ordnance disposal**—Reunion June 27-29, 1986, San Diego. Contact K.R. Morgan, 3340 Del Sol Blvd. #229, San Diego, Calif. 92154; telephone (619) 690-0407.

• **USS Iowa Veterans Association**—Reunion June 27-28, 1986, Portland, Ore. Contact John Larsen, Route 1, Box 225, Underwood, Iowa 51576-9766; telephone (712) 566-2041.

• **USS William Seiverling (DE 441)**—Reunion July 25-26, 1986, Newport, R.I. Contact Clifford J. Myers, 53 Old Fort Road, Newport, R.I. 02840; telephone (401) 847-8972.

• **115 Naval Construction Battalion veterans**—17th annual reunion July 31-Aug. 3, 1986, Stroudsburg, Pa. Contact Edward C. Plummer, 5023 East Naomi St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46203; telephone (317) 359-6990.

• **Mine Squadron 10 Association**—Reunion July 11-13, 1986, Charleston, S.C. Contact Kenneth R. Cook, 63 Fort Royal Dr., Charleston, S.C. 29407; telephone (803) 556-8102.

• **USS Ingersoll (DDG 52)**—Reunion August 1986, Providence, R.I. Contact Richard J. Murphy, 10215 Ranger Road, Fairfax, Va. 22030; telephone (703) 273-3289.

• **32nd Division National Veterans Association**—Reunion August 28-31, 1986, Janesville, Wis. Contact E.J. Sartell Jr., 1716 Sousa Court, Janesville, Wis. 53545.

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ALL HANDS

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Six-year-old Scott Cunningham from Eight Mile, Ala., the 1986 March of Dimes Poster Child, visits with CNO Admiral James D. Watkins.





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