

ALL HANDS

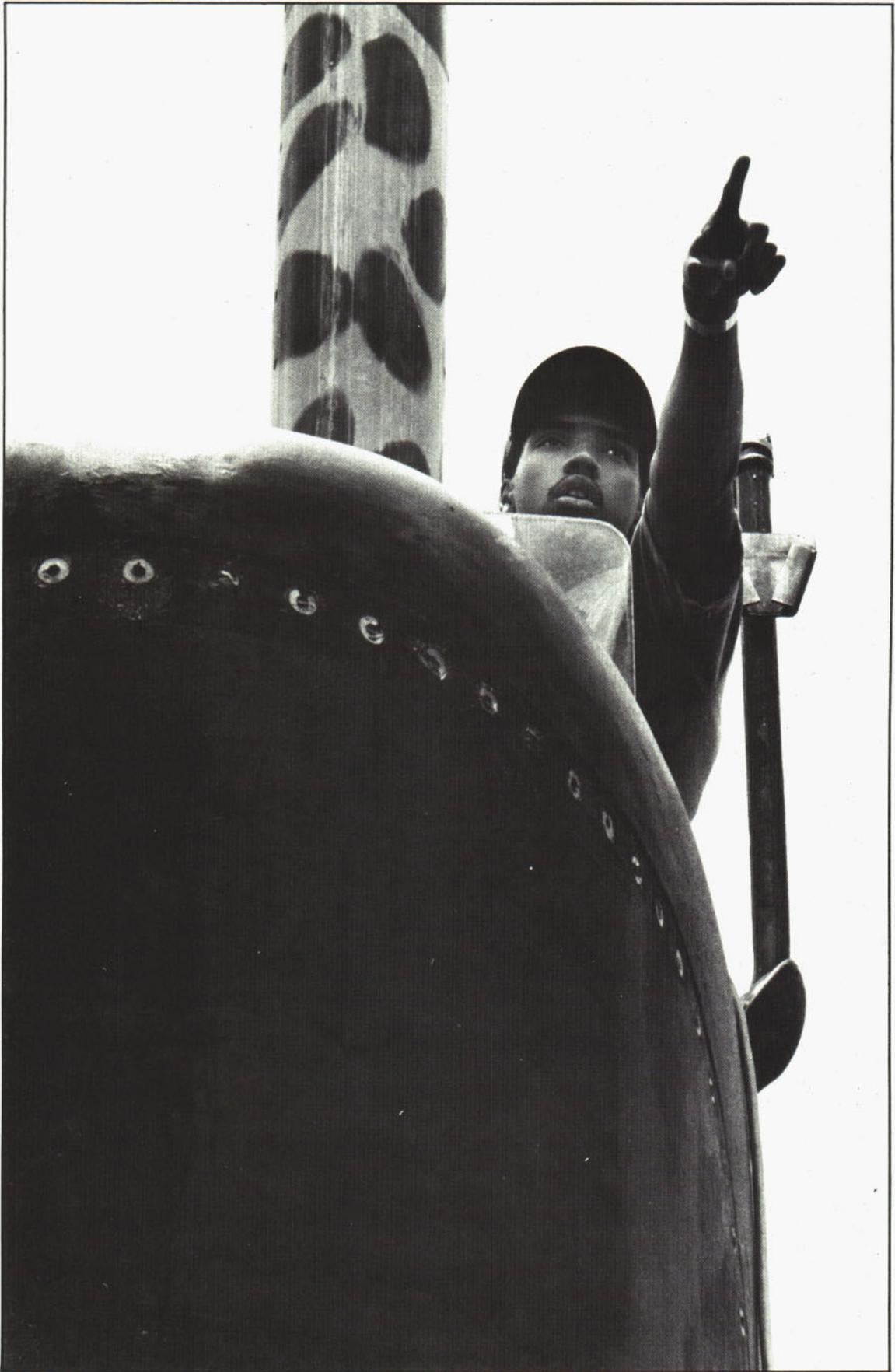
MAGAZINE OF THE U.S. NAVY

MAY 1985



SIGONELLA

The 'old country' and
the Navy living together



ALL HANDS

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Covers

Front: The flavor of Sicily is its people, such as this Italian farmer. Learn about Sigonella beginning on page 22. Photo by PH3 Joan Zopf.

Back: Road traffic is a treat on Via Garibaldi in Catania, Sicily. Photo by PHC Chet King.

Inside Front: Lt. Bruce Grooms directs line handlers from the bridge of USS *Jacksonville* (SSN 699) as the submarine gets under way. A story on life aboard an attack submarine begins on page 2.

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SUBMARINES

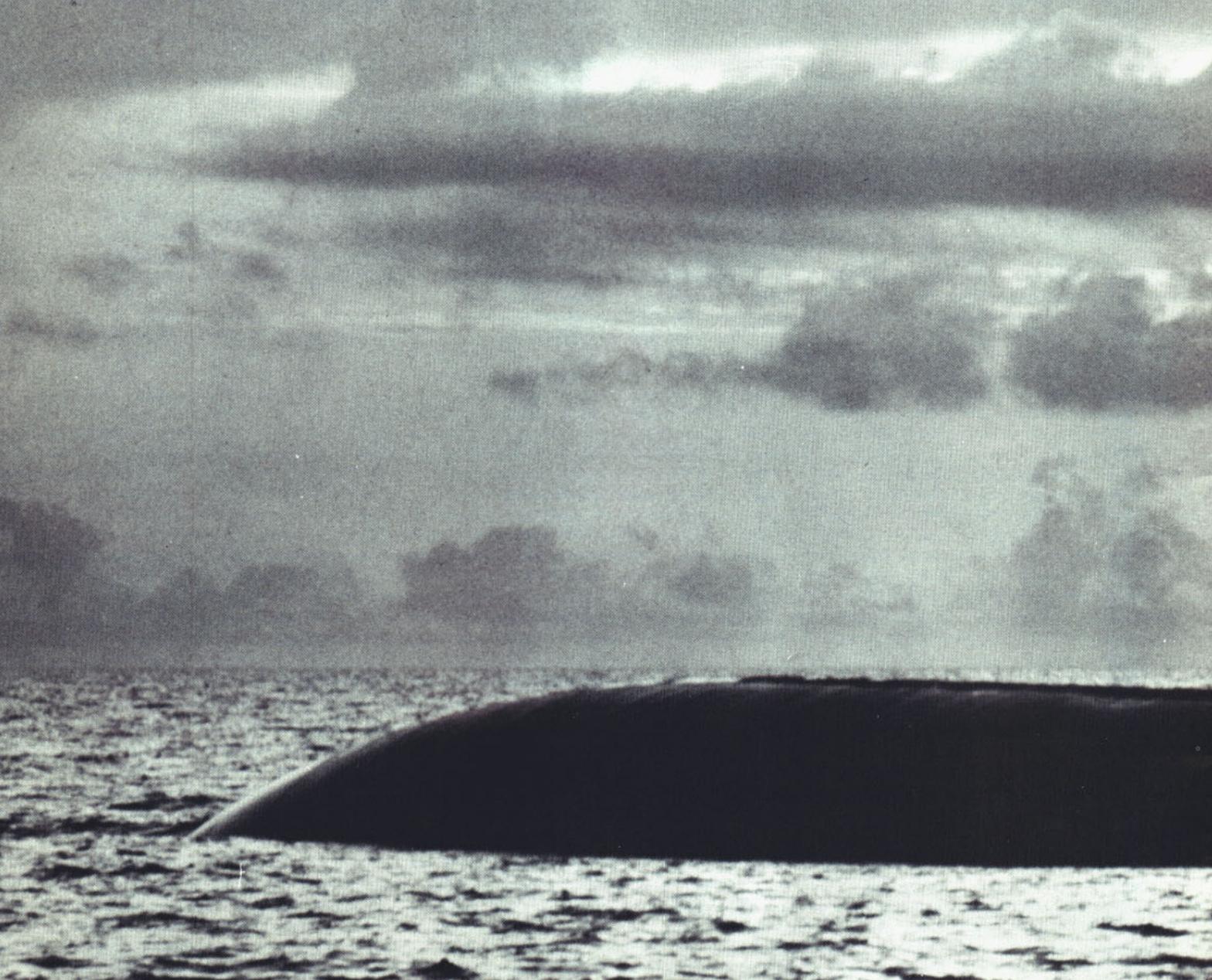
Living under the sea

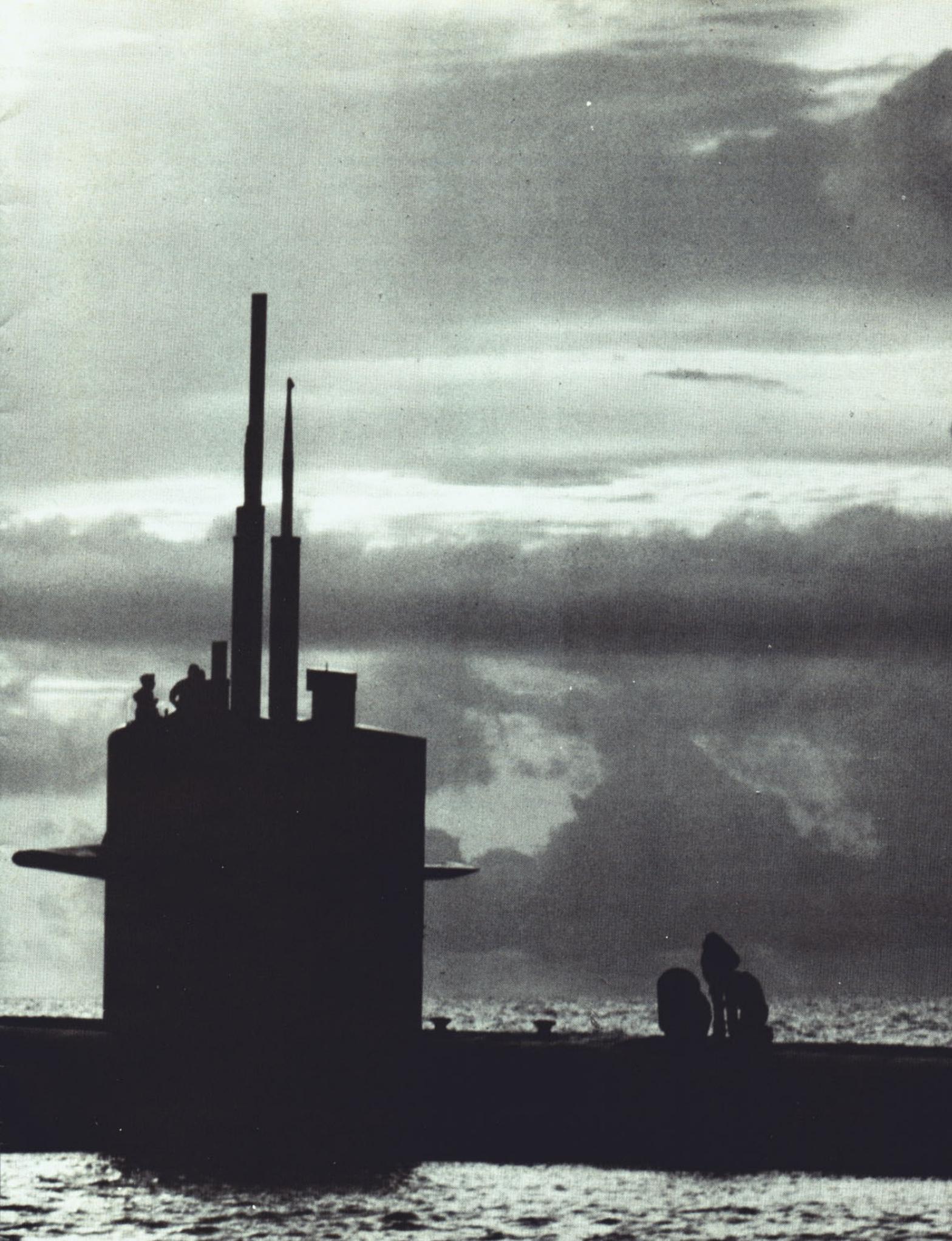
**“Dive! Dive!” A-OOOGAHHH!
A-OOOGAHHH!**

The urgency of the command and the bellowing of the claxon were in marked contrast to the cool response of the submariners in the control room. The diving officer, chief of the

watch, planesman/helmsman did their tasks as they had hundreds of times before—methodically, professionally. They worked with the confidence of men who know their boat and their jobs completely.

Slowly, smoothly, effortlessly, USS





Memphis (SSN 691) slipped beneath the Atlantic Ocean's chilly waters. Except for the depth gauge numbers spinning away . . . 100, 200, 300 feet . . . there was no indication that *Memphis* was gliding beneath tons of sea water.

Leveling at about 400 feet, operating in waters some 2,000 fathoms deep, the submarine began its run from Port Canaveral, Fla., to its Norfolk home port.

The crew soon fell into a familiar under way routine. For most, that meant three-section duty; six hours on watch, 12 hours spent in constant training and qualification, systems maintenance, and eating-and-sleeping-and-recreation . . . but not much recreation.

Earning the coveted silver dolphins is the immediate goal of every enlisted man new to a submarine. Staying qualified, expanding their knowledge and helping the newcomers is the goal of the experienced men.

Attack sub sailors have amazing knowledge. They have to know many aspects of the boat . . . and they know them all. Each qualified submariner, and in some cases even the so-called "non-quals," can speak knowledgeably about any system on board the boat.

It takes almost a year, sometimes longer, to "qualify in submarines"—to get the treasured dolphins. The training is intense. Everyone on board must know every major system in the sub. It isn't unusual to see a yeoman who has earned his dolphins tell a machinist's mate all about the hydraulic or pneumatic systems on board.

"Those guys (qualifying) put in a tremendous amount of hours," said Master Chief Machinist's Mate (SS) Barry Reade, chief of the boat (COB). Reade is the senior enlisted man aboard. "If a man doesn't have to go to any schools, if he doesn't go on any leave, if he doesn't have to do any mess cooking, it'll take him 10 months of constant work to get qualified.

"They have to learn every major ship system. They have to be able to draw it, to describe how it works, to give you the parameters of the system—what alarms are associated with what systems, where

the overrides are for all the hydraulic valves.

"Even though he might not be a torpedoman, he has his weapons checkout. He has to go down (to the torpedo room) and be able to tell you all the interlocks associated with making the torpedo tube ready and getting it to fire.

"A torpedoman has to be able to draw a basic diagram of how the refrigeration plant works, a basic diagram of how the air conditioning plant works. . . . A fire control technician has to be able to draw a basic diagram of how the nuclear reactor operates and give a basic diagram of how the steam generator works.

"The day that a man qualifies doesn't mean that he knows everything. All that says is that he has a foundation, a good solid foundation, to build submarine knowledge on."

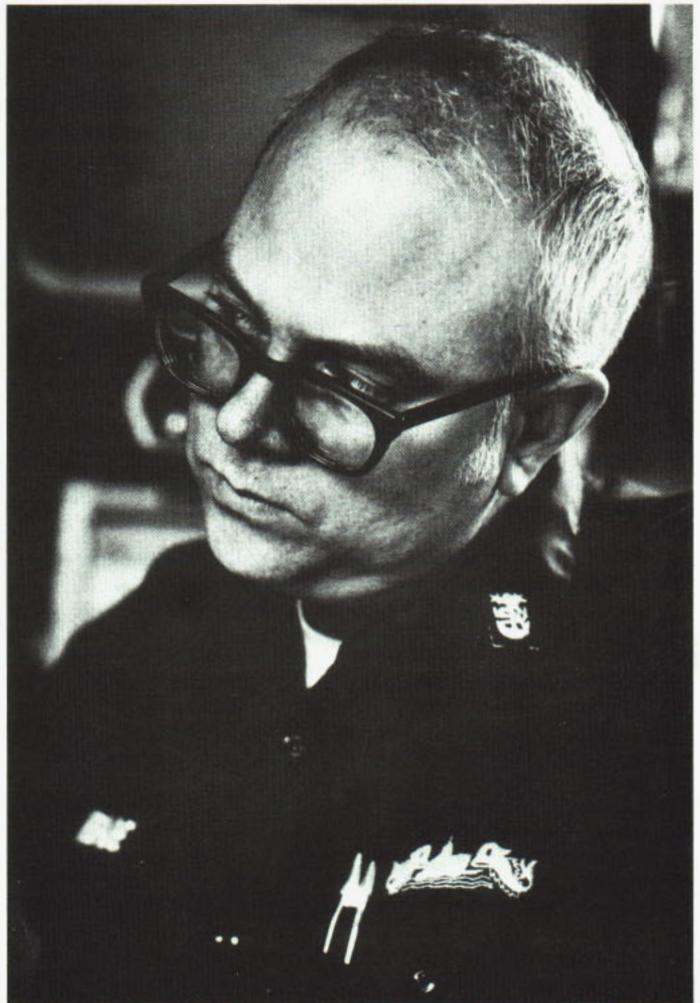
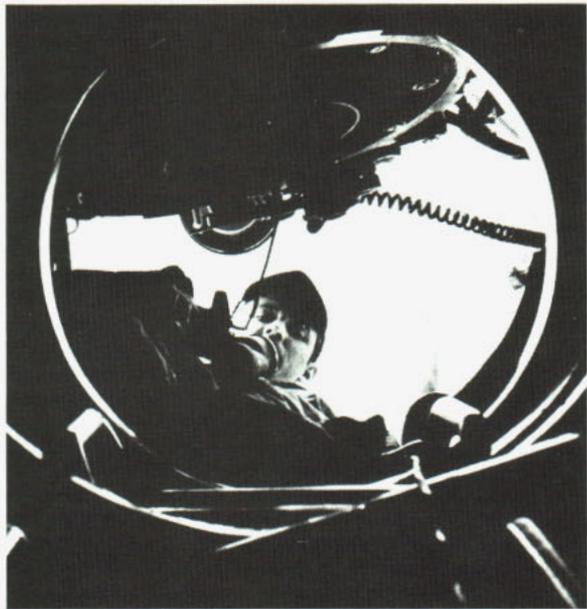
Sub commands are serious about getting a man qualified. They know that such training is the cornerstone of the submarine force's success.

"We tell our guys when they come on board that their number one priority is to get qualified," said Lt. Cmdr. Michael E. Freeley, executive officer aboard *Memphis*. "We rate it pretty high. Each guy in the crew has to be ready to do most any job in a damage control situation in any compartment, so his qualification is paramount."

According to Reade, it's not unusual for some men to work almost non-stop for 24 to 30 hours at a stretch while under way.

"The sacrifices that men make on fast attack submarines are unbelievable," he said. "They get damn little time off. They average, I would say, 60 to 80 hours a week when we're in port. Last year, we were gone 70 percent of the time out of our home port. We have a schedule, but on a fast attack, it's set in quicksand. We've got more things to cover than we've got submarines. We got an emergency call in one day that said we were going out the next morning. We didn't know how long. It was 40-odd days later when we pulled back in."





Clockwise from left: Jacksonville heads out to sea after leaving Port Canaveral, Fla. A Memphis submariner checks to make sure the trunk leading up to the bridge is all clear before he goes below into the control room. MMCM(SS) Barry Reade, chief of the boat aboard Memphis.

* * *

Every time a sub goes out, it must carry enough food on board to remain at sea for 60 days. Senior Chief Mess Management Specialist (SS) Albert Welchman aboard *Memphis* estimates that his crew goes through an average of 25 loaves of bread, 28 gallons of milk, and 10 pounds of coffee every day. Multiply those figures by 60 and you can see how important food management is aboard a fast attack submarine. And don't forget about the meat, vegetables and fruits, the flour, butter, sugar and other staples.

"The cooks are a focal point for morale," said COB Reade. "If a guy has a crummy meal, he's going to be grouchy all day. So meals are extremely critical."

According to many submariners aboard *Memphis* and USS *Jacksonville* (SSN 699), sub food is the best in the fleet.

"If you want a sandwich, you go into the galley and make a sandwich," a submariner aboard *Memphis* said. "It's more personal here. You can get food just about whenever you want it."

Four meals are served every day, including midrats. The food is served hot, right when it's finished cooking. No steam tables here to keep food warm for an hour or so after it has been prepared. Instead of standing in a galley line, a sub sailor gets table service. There's not enough room on the mess decks to do it any other way.

Memphis, and any other nuclear-powered submarine in the U.S. fleet, could prowl the oceans indefinitely if it weren't for having to replenish food supplies. That's the only thing a nuclear-powered sub has to surface for.

The freezer and dry goods storage areas almost always are stuffed. When an attack sub begins its patrol, the overflow of canned goods spills into the crew's mess. The men literally have to walk on food until they eat their way through it.

Space is at a premium aboard an attack submarine. The aft half is taken up by engineering spaces. Up forward is the sonar equipment. Every cubbyhole, nook

and cranny has something in it: a notebook, pens, pencils, a holder for a cup, an ashtray, a calculator.

You can't pass shoulder to shoulder anywhere aboard 688 class subs—you have to turn sideways. And if you're tall, you'd better watch your head. One 6-foot 4-inch sailor aboard *Jacksonville* wore what he called his "under way hat"—a red hard hat. He said he got tired of smacking his head.

The crew's mess, where enlisted men and chiefs eat, is about the only open area in the 360-foot boat. It's also a lecture and training area, a lounge, a study and reading room, an entertainment center and a place to get together with a shipmate and shoot the breeze. It's a gathering place, a place where crewmen meet in passing while going aft, or while getting some coffee or a soda or ice cream or bug juice.

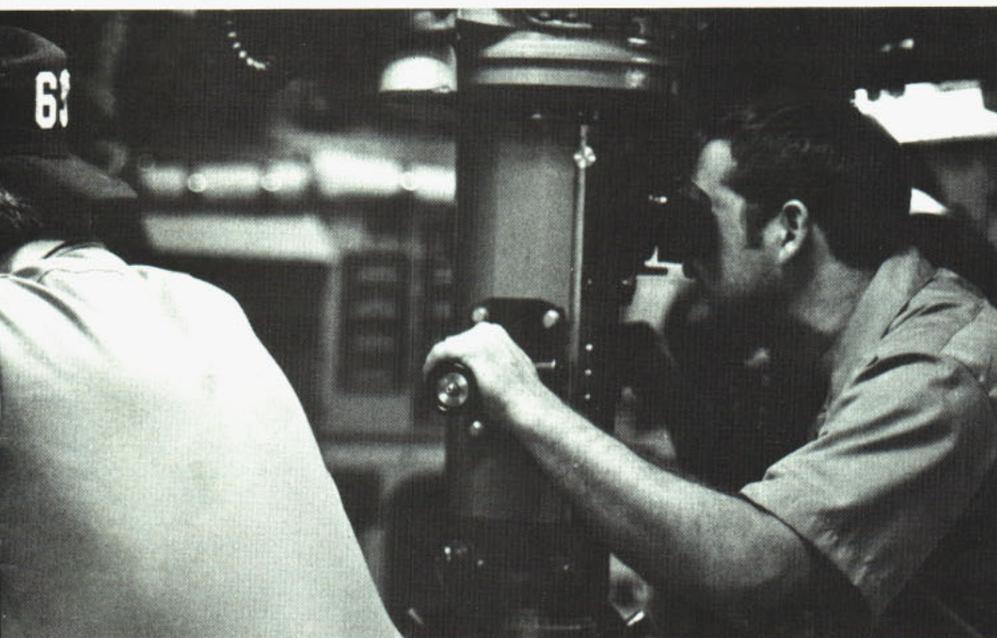
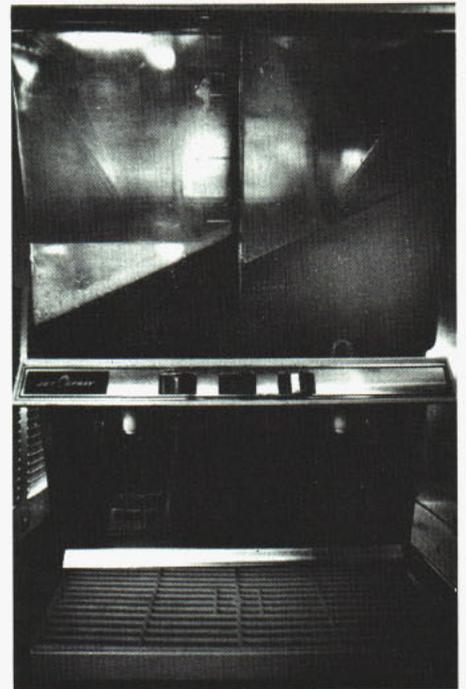
If a sailor aboard an attack sub wants to be alone, he's pretty much out of luck. The only place he can call his own is his rack—a 36-inch by 26-inch by 76-inch hunk of space. There are 96 enlisted bunks on board, but sometimes there are 10 to 20 more enlisted men in the sub than there are bunks. Some men bed down in the torpedo room; others use air mattresses and sleeping bags in the dead-end passageways in berthing areas. For a few, it means hot-racking—three men for every two racks, sleeping in shifts. Being a fast attack sub sailor can be a tough way to make a living.

"The guy's bunk is really his kingdom on a submarine," said Cmdr. William L. Norris, commanding officer of *Memphis*. "That is the only spot that really is his little niche. If he gets upset and has to get away from it all, he can't just take a walk on the poop deck or something."

To improve living conditions aboard fast attacks, the Navy plans to add more bunks during overhauls.

"We've grown through computers to make things smaller," Norris said. "During the first overhaul, the computer room on the middle level gets shifted to the upper level because they've been able to microminiaturize more. We'll get nine more





Clockwise from lower left: Jacksonville at periscope depth, ready to submerge. Cmdr. William Norris, commanding officer of Memphis. From this section of the control room, the helmsman, diving officer, planesman and chief of the watch guide Memphis through the ocean's depths while keeping a close eye on the instrument panel. The angle of the liquid in the juice machine shows how steep Jacksonville's dive is.

bunks in that space. That will go a long way. We're going to go from 96 to 105 bunks. If I get nine more bunks, I'm back to having more than enough, if I don't have any trainees."

In a second overhaul, an additional 12 bunks will be added.

Submarine commanding officers know how tough duty aboard fast attack subs can be, so most try to make things easier for their crew. One way is to allow the men to wear "poopie suits"—blue or black submarine coveralls—because they are easy to jump in and out of, and they're comfortable. When a crew member is awakened, it's easier for him to jump into coveralls and zip up, rather than fumble with shirts, pants, belts, buttons, snaps and zippers.

When under way for long periods, most submariners wear what is known as "patrol footwear"—that's just about any kind of shoe they want to wear. Many wear running or court shoes. Leather deck shoes with rubber soles are also popular.

COs can't do anything about getting mail to the crew, though. Unlike surface ships, fast attack submarines don't have helicopters swoop down to them with mail bags.

They do get familygrams, however.

"You can give eight of these message forms to your wife, your loved ones, your mom, or whoever you want to give them to," said the *Memphis* COB. "They can send these eight 40-word messages to you while you're on patrol. But we transmit no outgoing, because every time you transmit an outgoing, it's a chance to get pinpointed. You've got to put up an antenna, and there's a chance someone's radar could pick up the signal."

But occasionally the submarine will rise to periscope depth, and there's time for a few lucky sailors to get "periscope liberty."

* * *

In a submarine hundreds of feet below the ocean's surface, time of day doesn't seem to matter. The sailors see no sunrise,

no sunset, no moon. The passage of time is measured by the watches, the training, the work and the sleep.

"I don't know if I could sleep eight or 10 hours," said one submariner. "I'm so used to getting only three or four at a time."

In the berthing areas, lit only by dim red lights so that the men not sleeping can see, or in the living and working spaces, which are lit all the time, a submariner can't tell whether it is night or day without looking at his watch. Even then he sometimes has trouble figuring out whether it is a.m. or p.m.

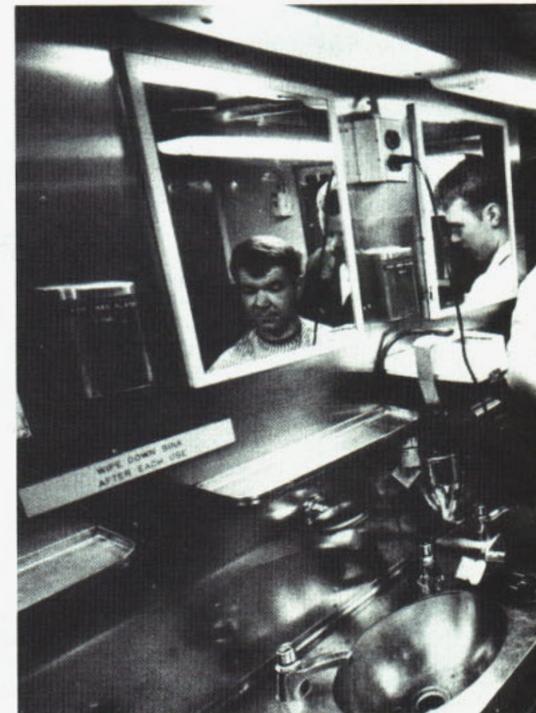
Aboard *Jacksonville*, one crewman had his own way of telling night from day: "When you get up to go to work or eat in the crew's mess, it's daytime. When you hit the rack in berthing, it's nighttime. It's as simple as that."

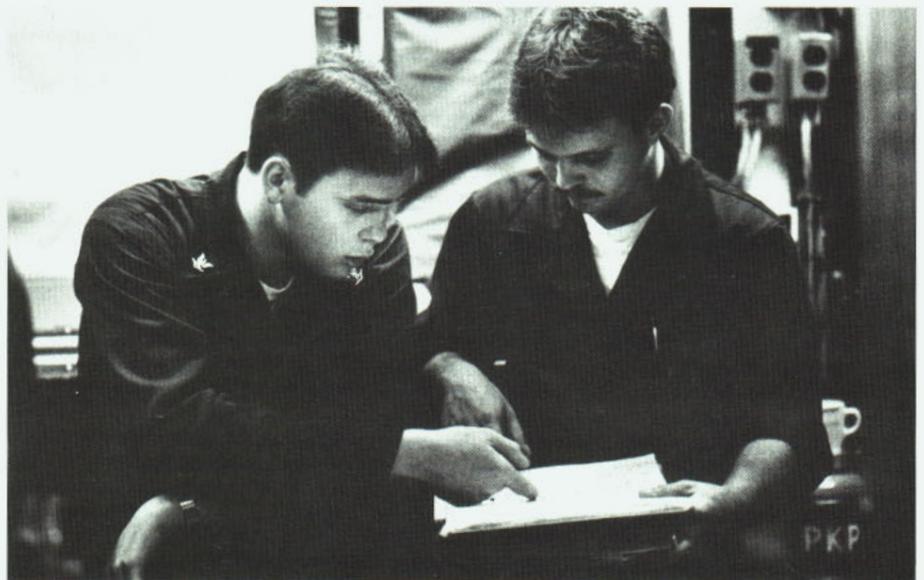
The control room is the only place where you can tell night from day without looking at a watch. During daylight hours the overhead florescent lights are on. At sunset, the control room goes dark—either "rigged for black" or "rigged for red." When rigged for red, the stars—a glowing galaxy of tiny red lights—come on and illuminate the myriad controls.

To the untrained eye, the control room is hopelessly, utterly incomprehensible. Some kind of gauge or scope or dial or monitoring device for almost every system aboard the sub is packed into the 30 by 30 foot room. To the submariners, those controls represent the ship's vital signs . . . its pulse rate, its blood pressure, its temperature, its breathing, its life—all in digital read-out.

Submariners are very protective of their self-contained world. As on surface ships, the men generate their own power and produce their own fresh water. But sub crews must do something more. They must make their own air. There is no fresh air hundreds of feet below the surface of the ocean in an airtight submarine.

For that reason, no aerosol sprays are allowed on board—no aerosol deodorant, only stick or roll-on; no aerosol shaving cream, only the brush-type or non-aerosol





Clockwise from left: An early morning (2 a.m.) haircut in a Jacksonville head. Memphis submariner MS2(SS) Bill Csehy prepares dinner in the small galley. Attack submariners sometimes must do paperwork wherever they can find space. Training to get the treasured "dolphins" goes on around the clock while under way.

gels; no shoe polish; no lighter fluid; no paint. The air is monitored constantly for contaminants and the proper mix of gasses such as oxygen and nitrogen. A roving watch stander constantly monitors the complex piece of gear that continually "scrubs" the air of carbon dioxide.

* * *

Submariners are secretive about their missions—about the patrols they go on. One of the primary missions of a submarine is to remain undetected, so for submariners to talk about the operations would be self-defeating.

"I'd like to talk about the ops, but I can't," said Reade. He could, however, talk about the operations in general terms.

"FBM (fleet ballistic missile submarines) go on deterrent patrols; their whole objective is to stay undetected. So if they hear somebody out there, they go the other way. When we're (attack submarines) out there, we're like the old hound dog. You smell something, you go after it, find out what it is, identify it, classify it—whatever it is—and take all the data down that you can.

"The biggest advantage of a submarine is not how fast or how deep it can go; it's how quiet it can go. These things (the Navy's *Los Angeles*-class attack submarines) are great. They're real fast and real quiet."

Knowing the kinds of things a *Los Angeles*-class fast attack sub can do makes the fast attack submariners a very confident group.

There's a saying among fast attack sailors: *There are only two kinds of ships—submarines and targets.*

It's not cockiness; it's confidence.

"After serving on board a sub, I'll never want to have to go to sea on a 'skimmer' (surface ship)," said Electronics Technician 1st Class Joseph F. Jefferies Jr. aboard *Jacksonville*.

Most submariners take pride in serving aboard a sub; some of them complain, but there's a measure of pride even in that. It's as if they say, "See how tough this

duty is, and I *volunteered*. I'm tough, too. I can take it, and I'll keep coming back for more."

If you ask fast attack sailors why they volunteered and remain submariners, you'll get a variety of answers.

"I was asked why I joined the sub service. I said it was because of the safety factor," joked one *Jacksonville* sailor. "There are more airplanes in the ocean than subs in the air."

Some aren't quite sure why they do it. They just know it's important.

"I think every guy on a submarine, no matter how junior or senior he is, is extremely important to the ship's mission," Feeley said. "We tell them that when they first report aboard, and it's not too long after they report aboard that they begin to believe it.

"We entrust a brand new guy off the street, out of boot camp with a couple of weeks of submarine school, with standing watch as a helmsman and as planesman. It's not too long before a guy realizes that he is extremely important and understands that."

Others list patriotism and duty to country as reasons for being in the submarine service. But pride in their service and in the jobs they do seems to be the most common answer.

"I want you to feel these," said Welchman. He unbuttoned the top few buttons of his khaki shirt and turned down his metal dolphin insignia so the back was facing out. The points of the pins on the back of the insignia were just barely sticking through their metal caps.

"Every time I wear these, I'm reminded of the day I earned them and of what they mean to me."

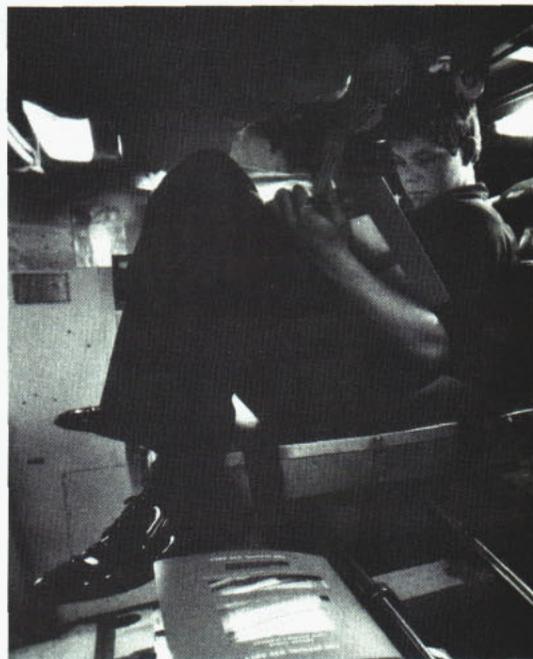
The senior chief shot a sly smile at a nearby first class who was listening.

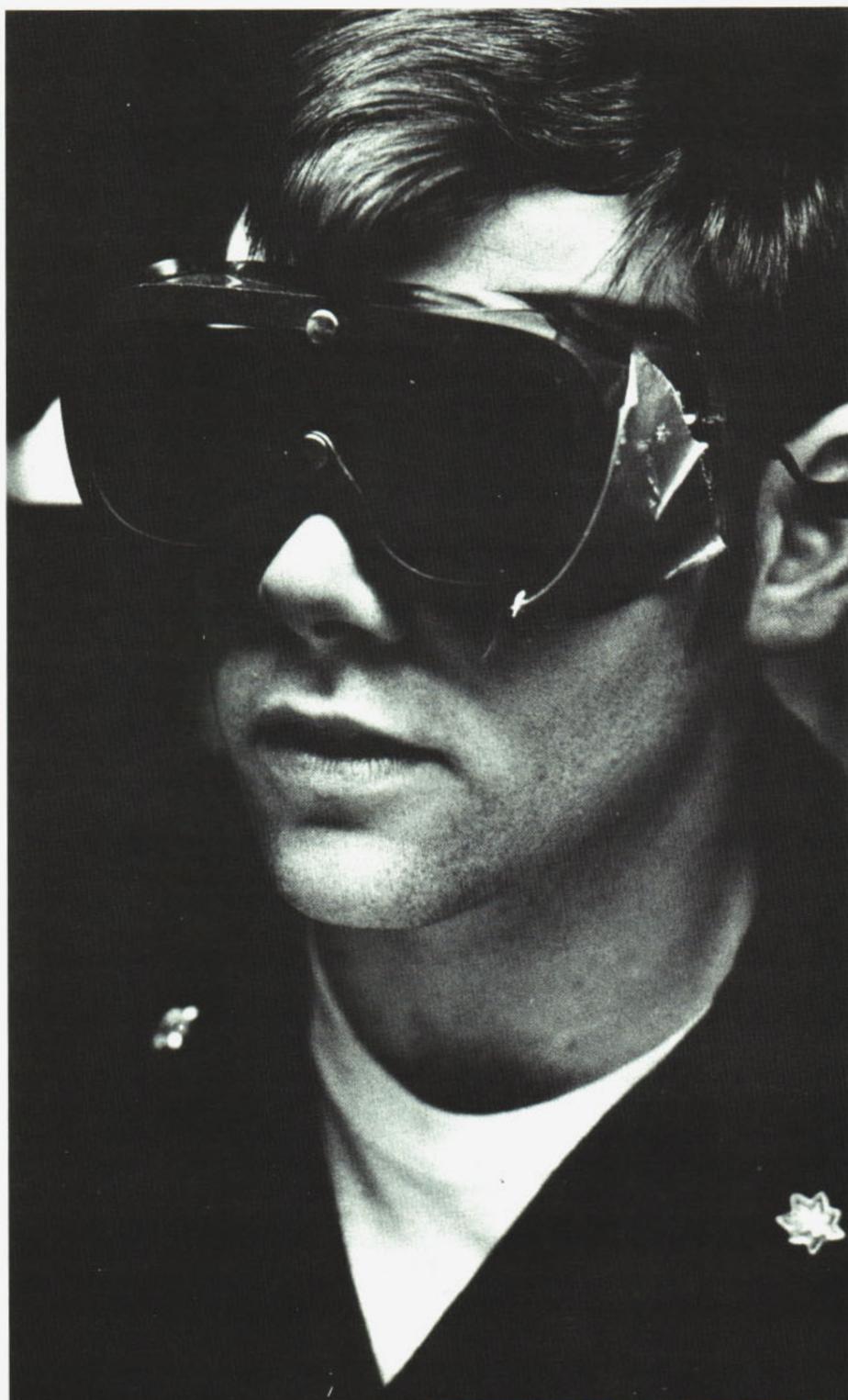
"You wanna know why we do it?" asked the senior chief.

The first class began nodding his head as if he already knew the answer.

"Because we're submariners." □

—Photos by JOI Gary Hopkins





Clockwise from left: Sometimes agility is as necessary as management when it comes to planning a menu for attack submariners—here a mess cook hunts for an item in Jacksonville's "reefer." A Memphis submariner finds a good light to study by next to a MK-48 torpedo. The crew's mess aboard Memphis. Nothing is wrong with Lt. Cmdr. John Kolbeck's eyes; he's wearing red lens night goggles to preserve night vision.

Soviet submarines:

Somewhere deep in the ink-blue waters of the world's oceans—perhaps in the quiet cold beneath the polar ice-cap—lurk some of the largest and deadliest ballistic missile submarines built.

These mammoth boats—each almost two football fields in length—harbor 20 multiple warhead missiles apiece. With a firing range of 4,500 nautical miles, their destructive power can be unleashed

on main targets from vast stretches of the world's oceans.

These lethal *Typhoon*-class boats are key players in the silent contest for control of the ocean depths—and they belong to the Soviet Union.

Since World War II, the Soviet submarine force has become a formidable opponent. By the end of the 1950s, Soviet shipyards turned out more than 300

diesel attack subs and the first nuclear-powered Soviet submarine was operational.

Annual construction rates have dropped off since that time, but the Soviet submarine buildup continues to be impressive. During the past few years, Soviet submarine production averaged 10 units per year—most of them nuclear powered. Four Soviet shipyards, including a vast complex at Severodvinsk on the White Sea, are turning out six classes of attack submarines.

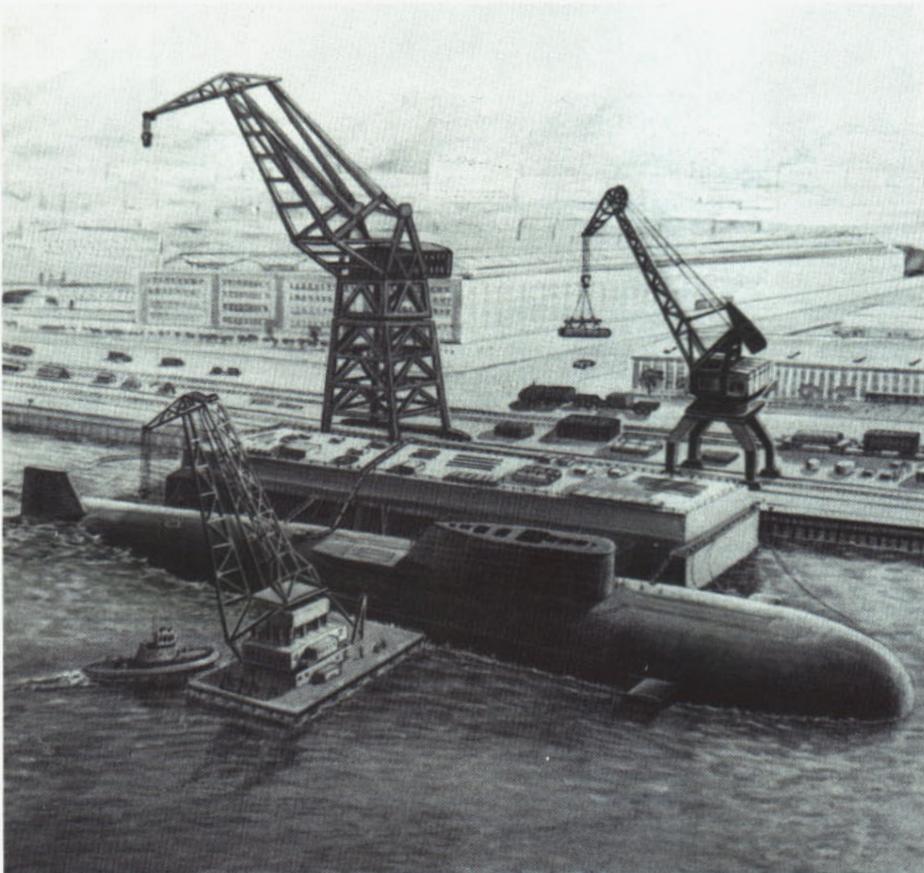
As a result of this effort, Moscow deploys the world's largest submarine fleet—more than 380 boats.

Emphasis today is on larger, quieter, more capable submarines with greater offensive punch. In addition to its *Typhoon*-class subs, the Soviet Navy recently launched the first *Delta IV* ballistic missile submarines.

The *Delta IV* submarine—slightly longer than its predecessor—is the latest in the *Delta*-class. The newest addition to the class will carry a new missile with more warheads and greater accuracy than the missiles on earlier *Delta*-class submarines. This reflects the Soviet resolve to strengthen its sea-based nuclear strike capability.

In all, the Soviet Navy has 75 ballistic missile submarines. More than 30 of these vessels are capable of striking the United States from Soviet home waters. By operating near or under the polar ice-cap, they reduce their chances of being detected and destroyed.

Soviet submarine forces also include at least six *Alfa*-class attack vessels—the world's fastest and deepest diving submarine—and the *Oscar*-class cruise missile submarine.



Above: Artist's conception of a Soviet Oscar-class submarine being built at the Severodvinsk shipyard. Opposite page: (top to bottom) Victor III-class submarine photographed while disabled and adrift; artist's conception of a submerged Soviet strategic ballistic missile submarine.

The silent giants

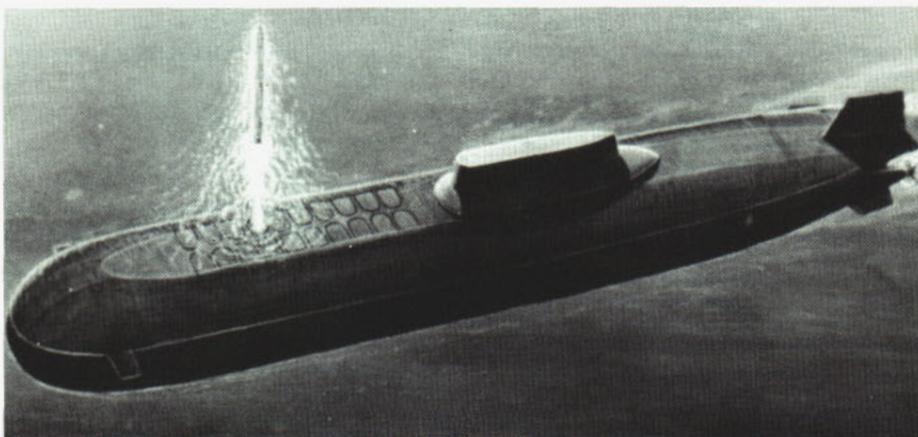
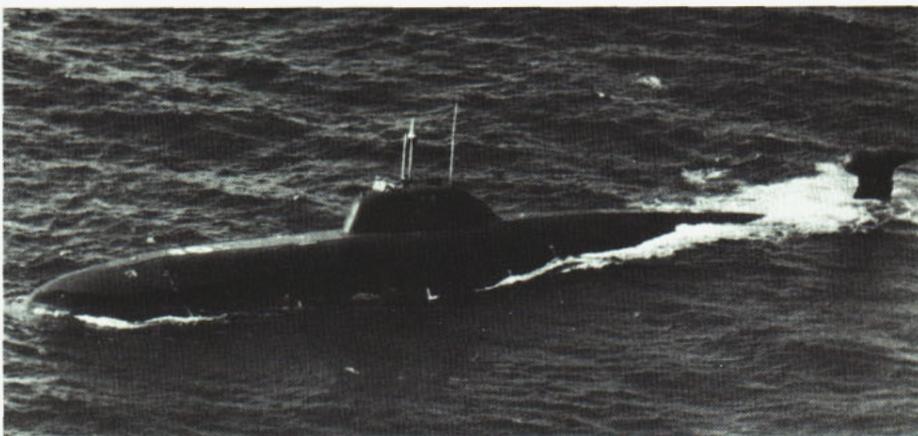
The *Oscar* carries 24 nuclear-capable missiles. These cruise missiles have a 300-mile range and can be launched while the submarine is submerged. This weapon system represents a potent threat to any ship on the high seas—including U.S. aircraft carriers.

Through aggressive research and development, the Soviet's also have developed several other classes of quieter, faster and more versatile nuclear powered attack submarines. Recent additions to the Soviet submarine force include the *Mike*-, *Sierra*- and *Akula*-class vessels.

The first *Mike* became operational in 1983. It is larger than U.S. *Los Angeles*-class submarines and is armed with torpedoes and anti-submarine warfare missiles. In recent testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee, Rear Adm. John L. Butts, director of naval intelligence, said. "It (*Mike*) is probably quieter than most other Soviet nuclear submarines and may have some performance capabilities superior to those of U.S. submarines."

Sierra submarines, introduced to the Soviet fleet in 1984, are considered a clear demonstration of the high priority the Soviets place on submarine development. A multipurpose SSN, the *Sierra*, is a followon to the earlier *Victor* III-class SSN. The *Sierra* is believed to have a larger pressure hull and improved capabilities compared to the *Victor* III.

The Soviets launched yet another nuclear powered attack submarine in 1984—the *Akula*. The *Akula*, which is similar in capabilities to the *Sierra*-class, emphasizes Soviet resolve to upgrade their anti-ship and anti-submarine



warfare capabilities.

Future developments are expected to follow the established pattern of bigger, faster, quieter and more potent submarines joining the Soviet submarine force. Newer submarine classes are showing clear design improvements over their predecessors and are narrowing the technology lead long held by the United States.

The submarine remains the backbone of the Soviet Navy. In addition to its traditional role as a defensive and interdictional weapon, the Soviet submarine now

has a vital strategic offensive role.

Extremely long-range missiles have given Soviet ballistic missile submarines the capability to fire against strategic targets deep inside the territories of other nations. In the next decade, advances in other Soviet submarine programs are expected to result in an underwater force that is predominantly nuclear powered and better able to fight prolonged, short range submarine engagements—especially in defense of Soviet ballistic missile subs. □

—Story by JOI(SW) E. Foster-Simeon

39 years from captain to admiral

Story and photos by JO2 Marjie J. Shaw



When Robert S. Chew retired in 1946, he carefully stored his captain's uniform, tucked away 38 years of memories and cherished friendships, settled in his Jamestown, R.I., home, and went on with the business of civilian life.

Thirty-nine years later, Chew was again in uniform. On Feb. 23, just nine days short of his 98th birthday, he became an honorary flag officer in the Navy Supply Corps. Surrounded by friends and family at his home, Chew received a framed certificate signed by Rear Adm. Edward K. Walker Jr., chief of the supply corps.

The certificate was presented by Commodore Daniel W. McKinnon Jr., SC, vice commander of Naval Supply Systems Command, Washington, D.C.

Chew told the tales of a seagoing man, tales of his friends and associates, many who are known to today's sailors as illustrious names in history books.

The Navy Pay Corps took care of ship supplies in 1908 when Chew, after passing a presidential examination, was commissioned. The academy was out of Chew's reach since President Theodore Roosevelt appointed only sons of Army and Navy men. Chew's father was not a Navy officer.

"I took the competitive exams when I

was 21," said Chew. "At that time, there were seven vacancies and there were 150 young men who took the examination that lasted several days. I was No. 5 to pass the exams."

In those days, U.S. Naval Academy graduates became "passed midshipmen," and they served in that rank for two years. "Then, if they behaved themselves, they became ensigns," Chew said.

Chew's indoctrination, unlike that of today's naval officers, was a three-month tour on board the USS *New Hampshire* (BB 25) at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, Va. Having been commissioned right away, Chew was senior to the 16 passed midshipmen already on the ship. "I had a full stripe, so the senior passed midshipman had to have the second best stateroom. They all had to move one stateroom down," Chew said. "I was not particularly popular when I arrived."

The *New Hampshire* was a newly commissioned battleship skippered by then-Capt. Cameron Winslow, who was later promoted to rear admiral. When Chew reported on board, he was shown to his stateroom where he immediately went to bed. The next morning when he awoke, the ship was under way, and Chew was

told to report in "frock coat and sword" to the commanding officer.

"Capt. Winslow was a friend of my father," Chew said. "He knew who I was and that I was on the ship. He looked me up and down from head to foot and said, 'How did you get here young man? Did



you swim?' I didn't know (that) the first thing you were supposed to do was report to the commanding officer. I knew a lot more about the Navy when I left (*New Hampshire*) than when I joined her."

Following his hands-on introduction to Navy life, Chew reported for duty on board the gunboat *USS Marietta*.

In 1910 the Pay Corps—responsible for paying, feeding and clothing crews and supplying ships—was renamed the Supply Corps.

Rear Adm. Samuel McGowan, chief of the Supply Corps from 1914 to 1920, was among Chew's acquaintances. "I got to know him about as well as any lieutenant could," said Chew. "He gave the Supply Corps military titles. When he was about ready to retire, he called me into his office. He said, 'Chew, when I go into my retirement ceremony, on the tail of my frock coat I'm going to wear a sprig of mistletoe.'"

According to Chew, the mistletoe was a final salute to Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, remembered in history for removing alcohol from Navy ships. "Nobody liked him—NOBODY," said Chew. "Franklin D. Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the Navy then. In those

days, they'd wait for Daniels to go away on a trip, then they'd go to Roosevelt, and he would get stuff through."

It was July 1, 1914, when the Navy ended its practice of allowing alcohol on board ships. Before that, all ships had a wine mess and a regular mess. Chew was supply officer on board *USS Chester* (CL 1), which was berthed with several other ships in the Boston Navy Yard.

"On the last day of June," Chew said, "the officers who were not on duty but who were on board, went around to each of the ships in the yard and drank up the rest of the liquor. That was quite a night."

Chew served on several other ships, including *USS Neptune* (AC 8), *USS Susquehanna*, *USS Arkansas* (BB 33), and *USS Whitney* (AD 4).

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was assistant secretary of the Navy, official business took him to Haiti at the time the sinking of the *Lusitania* pulled the U.S. into war. Roosevelt, anxious to return to Washington, sought passage to Norfolk, Va., on board the *Neptune*. Chew was serving in the *Collier*-class ship, which was one of the first to use turbine reduction gear in the propulsion system.

Years later, when Roosevelt became president, Chew, then a commander, attended the annual Navy reception in Washington, D.C., given by the President. An aide was helping Roosevelt stand and was introducing guests.

According to Chew, when the aide said, "This is Commander Chew," Roosevelt replied, "You don't have to give me his name. We're old shipmates!"

From 1933 to 1936, Cmdr. Chew was a student at the Naval War College, Newport, R.I. "The War College ruined me for the Supply Corps," he said. "Back then, Supply Corps officers knew nothing about logistics except, 'I hope I have the

right number of beans when I take inventory.'"

From 1936 to 1940, Chew served on the staff of the chief of naval operations in the war plans section. From there, he moved his family to San Juan, Puerto Rico, where he had duty on the staff of commandant, 10th Naval District. The commandant, Capt. Raymond Spruance, "was a great friend" of Chew.

Chew chuckled as he related one of his favorite Spruance anecdotes. One evening Chew and his wife, Beatrice, arrived to escort Margaret Spruance to a musical performance. As they prepared to leave, Spruance asked what time they would return. Informed that they did not know, Spruance pressed his wife to say whether she would be home before midnight.

"I told you I don't know," said Margaret. "Why is it so important?"

Spruance wanted his wife home before midnight, while he was still a captain; the next day he would be an admiral.

In 1941, while stationed in San Juan, Chew was retired from active naval service. On the same day, he returned to active duty and served through the end of World War II.

Chew was promoted to captain in 1942. The same year, he reported to Newport as the Navy purchasing officer. Subsequently, he became the commanding officer of the Naval Supply Depot, Newport. NSD became the Navy Supply Center, and Chew was instrumental in making the purchasing office a division of the center.

In 1946, Chew retired from the Navy for the second and final time. He still lives in the Jamestown home he purchased in 1929.

Chew's wife, the former Beatrice Pollock, died in 1966. He has three children: Robert S. Jr., a retired Navy captain; Beatrice C. Hutcheson, and Mary C. Jones. He has six grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.

The Navy Supply Corps' oldest living officer and the Navy's 11th oldest living retired officer is now its newest flag officer. □

Shaw is assigned to the public affairs office, NETC, Newport.



Retired Capt. Robert S. Chew (left) talks about the old Navy with Capt. Bernard D. Dunn, comptroller for the Navy Education and Training Command, and Commodore Daniel W. McKinnon, vice commander for the Naval Supply Systems Command.

A time for remembering and

Story and photos by John D. Burlage

Ships are only hulls, . . . when no life moves in the empty passageways.

—Sophocles

She is, the more callous among us will say, nothing now but memories and rusting blue blades.

She is—was—the heavy cruiser USS *Saint Paul* (CA 73). From birth at launching to purgatory at decommissioning, she existed more than 26 years. A few years later, she died at scrapping. “Cut up for razor blades”—a common expression in the Navy.

Some, more emotional and sentimental, say she was killed.

From September 1944 to April 1971, the Navy’s last active all-gun cruiser was part of the lives of the sailors and Marines who served in her. Many of them can’t forget her, can’t forget a 673-foot world encased in steel and set on the sea.

Through those years, they steamed with her from the West Coast to the western Pacific. They were her mind, her eyes and her hands when she fired naval salvos of World War II, when she bombarded Korea, when she sent her shells into the enemy shores of Vietnam.

Men, metal painted gray, and guns—that’s what she was. Eight-inch 55s in three turrets, one forward and two aft of the superstructure; 5-inch 38s; 3-inch 50s as an anti-aircraft battery.

A finger on the master trigger in main battery control. Shells blasted by black powder toward an unseen enemy. Dust broken loose from the overhead with every barrage. Broken windows on the bridge,



cracked by the concussion of broadside.

Occasionally, death for the men in her, men lost in a turret explosion or over the side into a typhoon-whipped ocean. The sea is a harsh mistress to ships and their men.

The men.

Oh, yeah, the men.

The men who fought her through the last days of World War II, men who served proudly because the enemy was evil and America was the reluctant heroine. The men who took her out the first time, the plankowners.

In Korea, a “police action” and not really a war the American people understood, still they came up her forward brow as officers or up her after brow as enlisted men—to serve.

And in Vietnam, again they served. Her guns sounded more times, the record will show, than those of any other American warship. She fired 93,000 rounds in a war much of America opposed, with a crew of young men far, far removed in time and temperament from the young men who

served in World War II.

One of the men of World War II was Frank I. Alliger Jr. Even then, he was usually called “Ike.” The nickname had



renewal

nothing to do with the general who became President of the U.S., but was inherited from his father in Buffalo, N.Y., Alliger says.

From his days in the cruiser's precommissioning crew until he left her in September 1946, he was seaman first class and a baker. It was, he grins, the easiest job he could find.

Like thousands upon thousands of others, Alliger got out of the Navy as soon as he had the points he needed to earn an honorable discharge. He went back to New York, to Tonawanda. There was a marriage, to a lovely lady whose "Dorothy" long ago became "Dot." Twenty-eight years later Ike was a policeman. Retirement one day, the move to Florida the next. A whole life lived away from the sea and the ship named *Saint Paul*.

Still, the memories wouldn't fade. They

kept nagging at him, "like unfinished business," he says. He became irritated by friends at the American Legion or the VFW hall telling stories of the reunions of their old Army units—or, worse, their ships.

Why not, Alliger asked himself, a reunion for the heavy cruiser *Saint Paul*? When you're Ike Alliger, a question like that demands an answer. With no experience, and no help at first, he set about organizing a reunion as 1983 came to an end.

He found a likely spot, Clearwater Beach, Fla., for what he figured would be a gathering only of plankowners—maybe 50 of them, all probably retired and more than willing to relive World War II experiences while sitting near a tourist hotel by a Florida beach.

Alliger advertised, in the *V.F.W. Magazine*. He got responses. He was surprised when all were not from plankowners. Others wrote—the men of other times who served in *Saint Paul*. They asked: Why don't you include us?

Alliger is an honest man, especially about himself. "I decided I was a dummy, trying to limit the thing to plankowners," he says. "So I started advertising again, this time for anybody who'd ever served in the Snooky Poo."

"Snooky Poo." One of several *Saint Paul* nicknames. It wouldn't last long when Ike's reunion became reality late in 1984. "The Fighting Saint" was much more preferred by the more than 90 former crew members who went to Clearwater Beach to marry their memories to Alliger's.

(From left) Donald Graham and his wife, Patty, Norm Belisle and Larry Duvall look over memorabilia.

I was one of them, one of the men of *Saint Paul*.

I wasn't a plankowner, of course, nor did I see *Saint Paul* through combat. I was one of the "in-betweeners," one of the thousands who holystoned her teakwood decks and fired her boilers and took her to ports on the West Coast and in the western Pacific in the years between conflicts, the years she was a "showboat" and a show-the-flag ship.

I spent less than two years aboard *Saint Paul*. But I have my *Saint Paul* memories, too, just like Alliger. She was the floating foundation for whatever I know about being a sailor.

Saigon in 1960. We manned the rail for a guy the brass said was president of the Republic of Vietnam. He was assassinated some time after our visit. I didn't even know there was a Vietnam until the word was passed we would be mooring in Saigon's port, the last major combatant ship to make the transit past an increasingly hostile river shoreline to the city called "the Paris of the Far East."

Later, in foxholes and bunkers dug in Vietnam's dirt, I learned well and painfully what that first visit was prelude to. At least one of my shipmates aboard *Saint Paul* died in Vietnam. Any resemblance between Saigon and Paris was long gone.

Other memories, of port calls and general quarters and officers we liked and didn't. A jumble of thoughts about people and places. Impossible working and living conditions we took for granted, in days before "habitability" reached the enlisted berthing spaces. Moving the mattress topside to escape the heat of the compartment, only to be driven below decks again by a monsoon rain. Rides in cable cars and on the backs of buffalo. Rickshas



Remembering and renewal

through Hong Kong's teeming streets.

I took my own memories to Clearwater Beach.

I joined the others with memories. Some of the men are white-haired now, some bald, many with wives who joined them for the sunshine and the remembrances.

Others are some years younger, their hair flecked with gray or still the color of youth. They brought more recent memories.

This is who they were, and who they are:

Stan Lopes, who went from chief electronics technician to warrant officer during his 2½ years aboard *Saint Paul*. He retired from the Navy in 1971, and from his second career in electronics some years later. He lives in Concord, Calif., happily drawing two retirement checks. "They were all Navymen, tried and true," he says of his *Saint Paul* shipmates. "I left part of my life aboard that ship. I thought maybe I'd see old shipmates here; it didn't happen, but maybe next time."

Frank Barber, "a tin can sailor shanghaied aboard a damned heavy cruiser," who was a watertender second class as a member of *Saint Paul's* commissioning crew. He retired from the Navy as a chief boiler technician. "I was just curious," he says of the reunion. "I wanted to see if anybody was here I knew. I didn't find anyone, but I'm not sorry I came." Today, he works for a coal-testing laboratory in Norfolk, where he settled after he left the Navy in 1959. He says he'll continue trying to find friends he's lost track of over the years, and hopes to see some of them at future reunions.

George Butler, a gunner's mate aboard *Saint Paul* from 1945-46 who left the Navy "as soon as I had enough points to get out." He still works as a pressman in Little Rock, Ark. He found his shipmates: "Bob Christensen, Bill Snyder and I were together before we reported to *Saint Paul*," he says, "as gunnery instructors." They were together for the reunion because Bob stopped by George's house "out of a clear blue sky" not long ago, and when Bob learned about the reunion he naturally called George, who called Bill. Christensen has been a dry cleaning plant manager,

and a factory worker. Today, he's doing "as little as possible." To that comment, his shipmate Bob rejoins, "That's just what you did in the Navy." They are shipmates, these three.

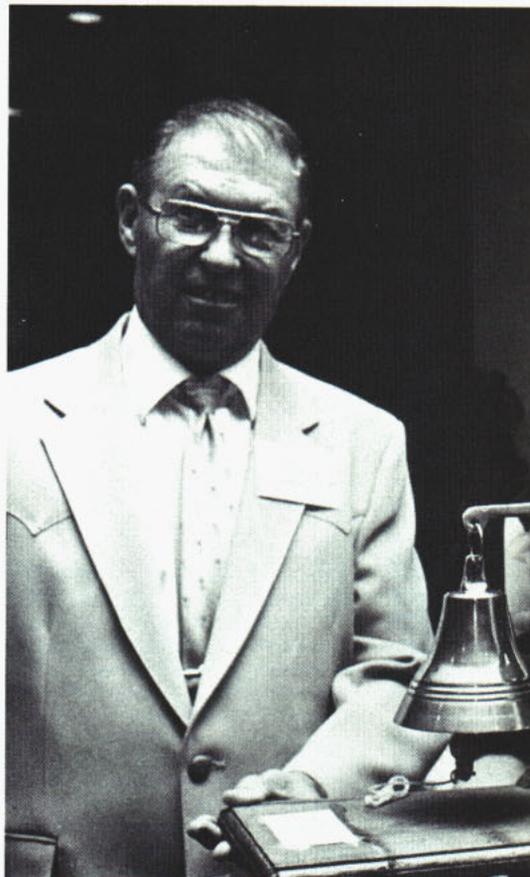
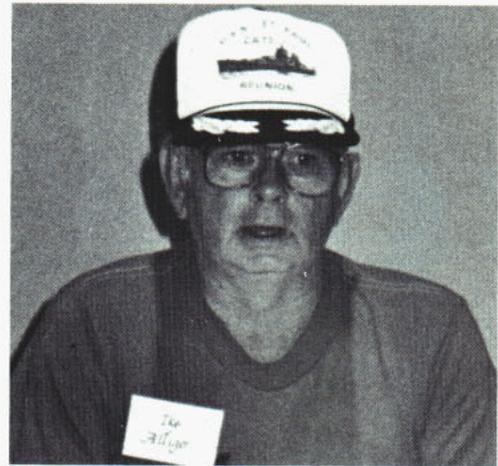
Donald Graham, looking intently through a *Saint Paul* scrapbook in the lobby as others register for the reunion, says he didn't even know there was a war going on when he was a seaman second class and a member of the precommissioning crew. "Hell, we were just a bunch of kids having fun," he says. He admits the attitude changed with the tempo of a ship on the gunline. He proudly displays the "plankowner" citation signed by *Saint Paul's* first skipper, Capt. E.H. Von Heimburg. In for "the duration and six," he left the Navy to become an embalmer and funeral director. Today, he and his wife Patty live in Guilford, Conn. Their five children are grown and gone from home.

Larry Duvall, with Donald in the lobby, remembers how he and Donald were under a 5-inch mount when an accident severed a shipmate's leg. For a short time, they didn't know that what was getting them wet was blood. He says he was advised of the reunion by a brother of the man who lost the leg. He contends *Saint Paul* made 47 knots on her shakedown cruise. "We called it shake-apart," he says.

Gerald A. (Mac) McDonald, one of three shipmates from the Vietnam era, was aboard in 1968-69. "I enjoyed my time aboard. Everybody got along well. We got the job done," he says. After he left the Navy in 1970, he worked awhile and drifted awhile. What drew him to Clearwater? "Without a doubt, I remembered the camaraderie," he says. "I never had so many friends before *Saint Paul*—until now. Now I've got friends from World War II and Korea."

One of Mac's friends is Michael Thyberg—"Mike," of course. They were in the same division. Now they live less than 100 miles from each other in Illinois. "Navy friends are friends for life," Mike says.

Then there's Douglas K. Smith. He answers either to "Doug" or "Smitty." He



and Mike were close friends, in-Navy and post-Navy, and still are. He left the Navy in 1972, and now works as an instrument designer in Texas. Mike told him about the reunion. "I had a good time aboard *Saint Paul*," he says. Then, in afterthought, he adds: "It was the best time of my life. I know that now."

The men of *Saint Paul*, at reunion. Their conversations swirl, their abilities to enjoy



Clockwise: Reunion coordinator Ike Alliger; Don Johnson with a ship's cruise-book; and Lew Conklin, his wife, Lottie, and Alfred Coward with a reproduction of the ship's bell.



are continuous. This is a random conversation:

"Willing to steam some more today?"

"Hell, yes!"

"Where's (name) this morning?"

"Nobody got him up."

"Well, don't expect me to hold reveille on him. I put him to bed this morning."

That said, they troop off to hold a rowdy reveille on their friend. Amazingly, he re-

mains their friend.

There is business to be done during this gathering, although Alliger deliberately has left large blocks of time for socializing. He has an innate understanding of what reunions should be about, which is the opportunity to talk of time past while you are relaxing and thoroughly enjoying yourself. Sponsors of other reunions sometimes forget that. Too bad.

But at the few business meetings that are called, a fledgling "Fighting Saint" organization is formed and plans are laid for the next reunion. (Later, splinter reunions will be announced; nobody minds.) Officers are elected. Efforts will be made to increase membership; by March 1, 1985, the count is 184. Alliger is delighted with it all; Dot, who says she was ready to kill him on more than one occasion, now admits the end product was worth the time, the trouble and the expense.

Then, three days after it began, it's over. There remains only the obligatory banquet, made more than palatable by Alliger's emotional admission that "my dream has come true."

Another event makes the banquet a high point of the reunion. It is provided by still another of the men of *Saint Paul*. He is retired reserve Capt. Henry C. (Hank) Koehler, one of several *Saint Paul* men who allied themselves with Alliger and worked hard to make the reunion a success. A *Saint Paul* plankowner—seaman second to radioman third between '45 and '46—he left the Navy, earned his college degree, and returned to service during Korea. He mustered out again, but stayed in the reserves.

His home, with wife Meg, now is Salt Lake City, Utah. "*Saint Paul* was the mother of my 35 year Navy life," he says. "There was no way I was going to pass up this reunion."

At the banquet, Koehler is featured speaker. His emotional presentation brings cheers from his shipmates. This is what

he has to say, the memories he must express:

"Personally, I have three particularly significant memories (of *Saint Paul*). The first was the feeling of awe and uncertainty when I marched aboard with 1,700 others on a cold February day in 1945 in the Boston Navy Yard. The second was the feeling of pure elation and relief as I left her—on a warm June day in 1946 in Long Beach, California.

"And the third, and most poignant, was when I sat on a bench on the fantail surrounded by the skeleton crew that took her to the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton, Washington, on April 30th, 1971, on which day she was decommissioned.

"Two other plankowners sat with me in the front row that day—Captain Charlie Bellis, who was gun boss in 1945–46, and Storekeeper Walsh, who was in the 'S' Division. Had a photographer been around at the time, he would have taken a picture of three grown men crying as the commissioning pennant was hauled down.

"And that day saw my last trip down the gangway, arm in arm with those two old shipmates. And now she is gone. And yet, through this association, she lives on.

". . . You have said it all during the past three days, and, because of you, *Saint Paul* has come alive again. There is no quiet Arlington for ships of the line; their bones rest in unknown lands beneath the sea. And though that resting place was not the destiny of the *Saint Paul*, I guess I prefer to think of her that way than as a victim of a welder's torch.

"Whatever you may have called her, to sail in her was a rare experience and constitutes a memory we will cherish all our lives.

"I don't know what you have to drink close at hand. But even if it's nothing but water, I propose we all stand and drink a toast to *Saint Paul* and to those who sailed in her."

There probably wasn't a dry eye in the room when Koehler finished. And isn't that what reunions among shipmates are all about anyway? □

Burlage is a retired master chief journalist working in the Washington, D.C., area.

Israel USO hosts

Story by JO1 Timothy M. Siggia and YN3 Robert J. Grant. Photos by PHI Kent M. Potter

The United Services Organization opened a center in Haifa, Israel, last December with the help of sailors from the aircraft carrier USS *Dwight D. Eisenhower* (CVN 69).

Dressed in red, white and blue and waving U.S. and Israeli flags, pupils from Haifa's Haron School handed roses to crewmen as they left the nuclear-powered ship. Sailors and schoolchildren then took part in ceremonies opening another USO Mediterranean facility.

Gila Gerson, the center's representative, said, "We've been working on the opening for a year and a half, and we wanted to do something special for the Americans."

Clark Cooke, Southern European Area executive of USO Mediterranean, said the new center will schedule shows, organize athletic events, and do "anything that brings the American and Israeli communities together. We like to think of ourselves as a cultural catalyst."

The Haifa USO Center, Gerson said,



Photo by Timothy R. Edwards

'Ike' sailors



Opposite page: (top) A sailor joins a group of Israeli students as they welcome Dwight D. Eisenhower; (bottom) USO show cast, staff and Dwight D. Eisenhower PAO staff aboard the carrier's flight deck. Left: Capt. Richard C. Macke, commanding officer of Dwight D. Eisenhower, accepts a rose from USO representative, Gila Gerson. Below: Students of Haifa Haron School welcome Dwight D. Eisenhower and Mississippi.

will be where visiting sailors can get information about Israeli culture and history, places to go and events in the area.

"We also want to be a home away from home for the sailors," she said.

Taking part in the ceremonies were Haifa Mayor Arie Gur-El; Rear Adm. James H. Flatley III, commander, Carrier Group 8; Capt. Richard C. Macke, "Ike" commanding officer; and Capt. Phillip R. Olsen, commanding officer, USS *Mississippi* (CGN 40).

The dockside welcome and the center's opening ceremonies marked the second time in two months that "Ike" sailors enjoyed USO benefits. During a port visit to Athens, Greece, last Thanksgiving, the crew hosted the USO's "Happy Days" television show tour.

Marion Ross and Anson Williams of the former prime time television situation comedy headlined the show. Other performers were Cynthia Rhodes, who appeared in the movies "Flashdance" and "Stayin' Alive;" Lisa Harrison and Jon



Walmsley from the television series "The Waltons;" Brian Mitchell of television's "Trapper John, M.D.;" and James Dunn, associate producer of "Trapper John, M.D." □

Siggia and Grant are assigned to USS Dwight D. Eisenhower (CVN 69).

Sigonella

The hub of naval air operations in the

Photo by PH2 Jeff Salter



Mediterranean

The first thing you notice when you land at the U.S. Naval Air Station Sigonella, Catania, Sicily, is the smoking crater of Mount Etna. It dominates the scene. The second thing you notice is construction work. It dominates the base.

Plopped in the middle of 3,000 years of history, “Sunny Sig” is one of the Navy’s fastest growing bases, “the hub of naval air operations in the Med,” according to Capt. Lynn H. Grafel, former commanding officer. To many of the 6,500 U.S. Navy people and their families stationed at

Sigonella

Sig, it's the best of duty. It offers the excitement of a growing base at the center of theater operations, hard work with a purpose, the intrigue of living in a foreign land and the chance to visit the history and playgrounds of Europe.

Sig sits in a vast plain surrounded by fragrant orange groves at the southern foot of Mount Etna, and is about 10 miles west of the city of Catania. It was built as a fighter base by the Germans during World War II, turned over to the Italians after the war and in 1959 commissioned a NATO Maritime Air Field. During the '60's, the U.S. and NATO jointly built it up to relieve crowded conditions at the Hal Far Air Facility in Malta. At that time, Sigonella was a sleepy little airfield with about 700 people and a patrol squadron. Its missions were anti-submarine warfare patrols and refueling planes crossing the Mediterranean.

Instability in the Middle East and Sig's strategic location in the center of the Med prompted its expansion to support the 6th Fleet. In the '70s it nearly tripled in size. "In 1977 a program to rebuild Sigonella had already started," said the base's commanding officer, Capt. William R. Spearman. "Now, eight years later, we have completely filled the base." By July 1981 sleepy Sig had grown up, and its designation was changed from a naval air facility to a naval air station.

Sig is actually two bases. NAS I is the personnel support base with the housing, exchange, commissary, medical and dental facilities, radio and TV station and the DoD school—kindergarten to 12th grade; 780 students. NAS II is the airfield with the air terminal, aircraft intermediate maintenance department, hangers, fuel farm, administration buildings and other operational facilities. NAS I and NAS II

are separated by about 10 miles.

Much of Sig is tenant commands, 41 of them, including Fleet Logistic Support Squadron 24, Helicopter Combat Support Squadron 4, Mobile Mine Assembly Group Unit 5, a deployed patrol squadron, a Seabee detachment, a Naval Communication Area Master Station Mediterranean detachment, Marine barracks and a Navy broadcasting service detachment—the only full English language radio and television station on the island. The naval air station is itself a tenant on the NATO base, which is commanded by an Italian Air Force colonel.

Along with tremendous growth has come increased operations. According to U.S. Air Force Maj. Mark A. Kahley, commander of the 625 Military Airlift Support Group, Detachment 2, about 125 MAC flights pass through Sig each week, including two weekly commercial con-

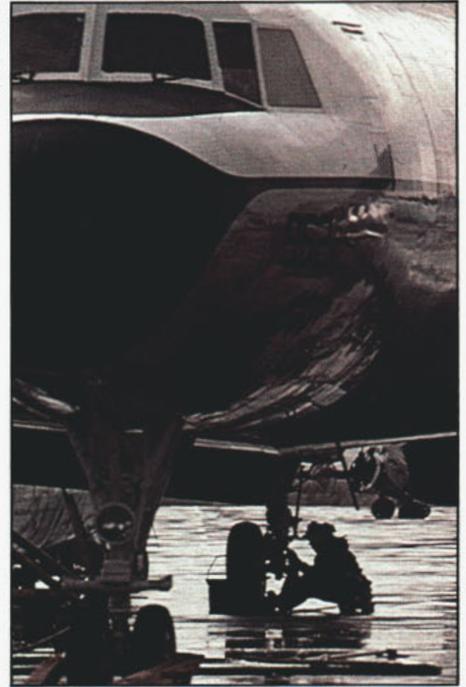


PH2 Jeff Salter





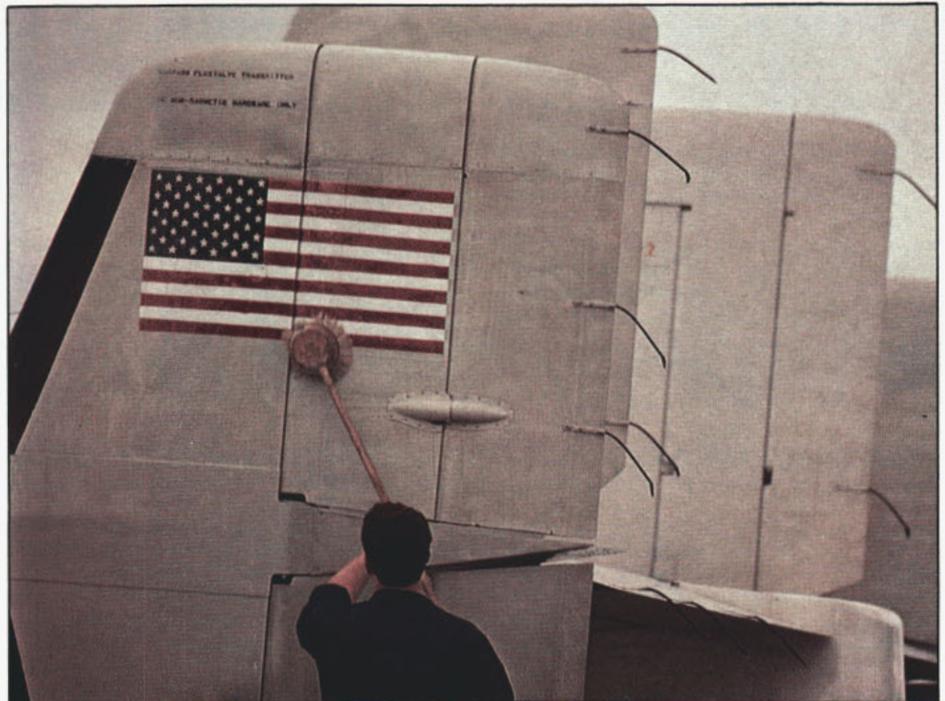
PH2 Jeff Salter



PH2 Jeff Salter



PH3 Joan Zopf



PH2 Jeff Salter

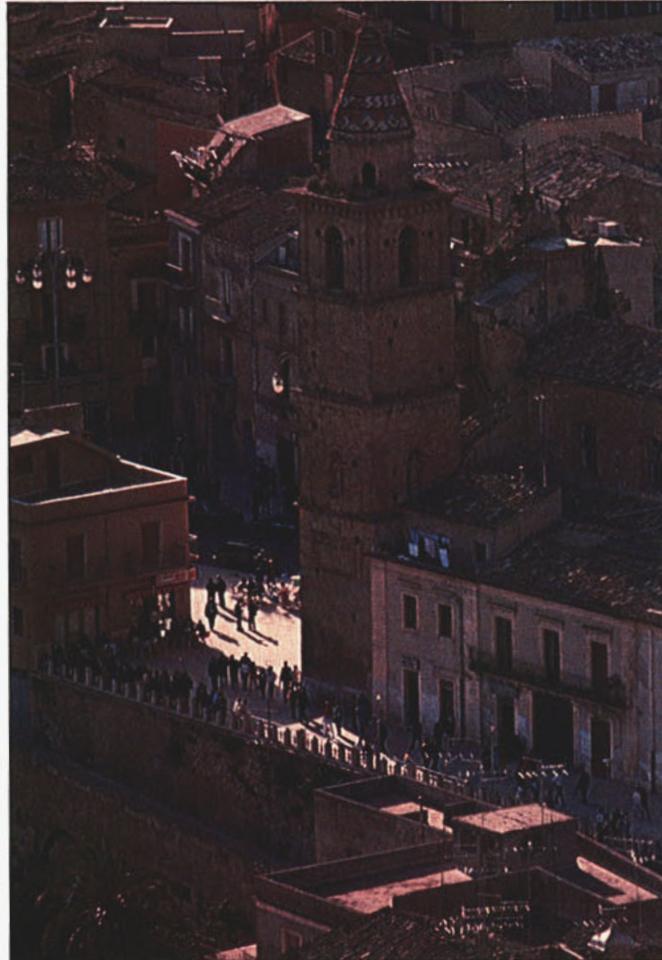
Top: Lt. John LeBella and Lt. Cmdr. Doug Payne monitor VR 24 aircraft landings; AMEAN Jose Lopez rinses dirt out of a C-2 wheelwell. Bottom (l-r): P-3 Orion aircraft on the tarmac; Sigonella personnel stand in ranks for an inspection; ADAN Tony Folsom of VR 24 scrubs a C-2.



PH3 John Zopf



PHC Chet King



Top: American and Italian military and civilian police; ancient Greek ruins in Agrigento, Sicily. Bottom (l-r): A shop owner portions fresh fish in Catania; piazza and cathedral in Agira, Italy; a Catania market bursts with fresh vegetables.

tract flights from the continental United States. Kahley said the naval air terminal at Sig is the busiest in the Mediterranean area. More than 9,000 passengers pass through it every month.

"All the increase of action in the Mediterranean has basically come to Sigonella," said the NAS Sig supply officer, Cmdr. Robert P. Earlston. That includes hundreds of tons of high priority cargo per year, and 18,000 pounds of mail per day.

The fleet mail center at Sig is the postal receiving and issue point for all mail sent to and from the 6th Fleet. "We sometimes service more than 50 ships at sea, and we do it seven days a week, 24 hours a day," said Postal Clerk 1st Class Allen Bryant, assistant leading petty officer for the fleet mail center.

The steady increase in Sig's operations through the '70s started doing double time in mid-1982 when the Multinational

Peacekeeping Force moved into Beirut, Lebanon. "I think this conflict was what thrust this naval air station into the limelight," said Master Chief Aircraft Maintenceman Richard W. Gray, Sigonella command master chief. "It brought recognition the base needed. It showed Washington how much we needed money for construction to meet the needs that were being placed on us. Just look at us now, the fastest growing naval air station in the world."

Just look.

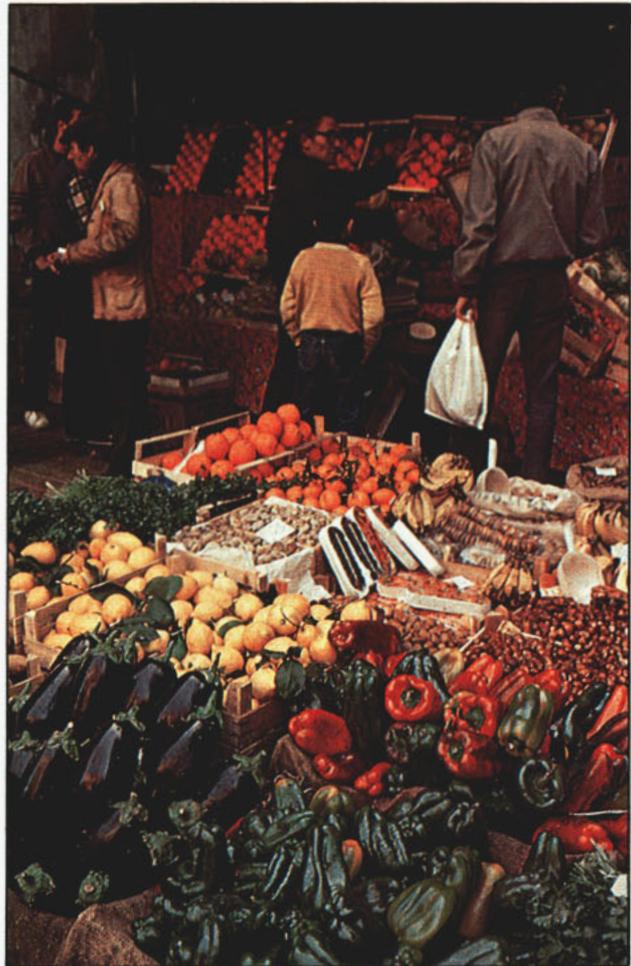
"We have approximately 60 ongoing construction contracts costing about \$60 million," said Lt. Cmdr. Hank Turowski, senior assistant resident officer in charge of construction. "One of the biggest projects we have going right now is an \$8 million, six-story barracks with an enlisted dining facility attached. Other quality of life projects under way include an

expansion of the gym, a Navy Exchange addition, a new commissary, a new child care center, a new movie theater and a new family service center. Plans for a 17-bed hospital are being completed now." (Until the hospital is completed, major medical patients and women within two weeks of childbirth are medevaced to the Navy hospital in Naples, Italy, or the Army hospital in Frankfurt, Germany.)

That's not all. The public works department plans 400 more housing units to complement the 558 already occupied. A \$21 million utilities upgrade project is under way to improve the base's water, electrical and sewage systems. Some of the morale, welfare and recreation department's \$1 million annual budget is going toward expanding more than half its facilities. This year MWR expects to complete a gigantic picnic pavillion, five smaller family and group picnic areas and



PHC Chet King



PHC Chet King

Sigonella

three ball fields. Most of this is happening on NAS I, an area the size of five city blocks. "Where we can't grow out, we're growing up," said Grafel.

Sigonella works hard and moves fast, but it isn't all labor. Sicily is one of Europe's great tourist attractions with its clear skies, blue seas and ancient ruins. All of it is within easy reach of Sig. The farthest point on the island from Sigonella is less than a five-hour drive. Most of it can be reached in much less.

Catania, the island's second largest city with 363,000 people, is 20 minutes from NAS I. It offers great shopping for Italian goods in its flea market and modern department stores.

Taormina, the ancient Greek and Roman citadel and playground of the jet set, is a 45-minute drive.

Palermo, the capital of Sicily and its largest city, filled with marvelous Greek, Arab, Norman, Spanish and Italian archi-

ture and art, is only two hours away.

Mount Etna, more than 11,000 feet, Europe's highest active volcano, offers hiking in the summer, skiing in the winter and the thrill of standing on the very edge of a live crater.

All the little towns and villages crawling up the sides of Etna or sprawling along the coastal beaches and cliffs have quaint restaurants that offer fabulous Sicilian dishes at moderate prices.

Getting off Sicily to visit the rest of Italy and Europe isn't hard. Regular MAC space-A flights can take you to Naples, Frankfurt, Rota, Spain, and many other places on the continent. Train service on the island and throughout Europe is excellent and reasonable. If you want to drive, ferries will take you to the unspoiled Aeolian Islands, Malta, Sardinia and the Italian mainland.

If you prefer to stay on base, both NAS I and NAS II have an outdoor swimming

pool, gyms, athletic fields and tennis courts. Sig also has a base theater, arts and crafts shop and an auto hobby shop. The morale, welfare and recreation service always has a guided tour going somewhere. Some are day excursions to interesting sites on Sicily, others are longer tours to Rome, Paris, London or other wonders of Europe.

Whatever you fancy, you needn't be afraid to strike out on your own. As Chief Quartermaster James Flood, port liaison officer at the NATO piers in Augusta Bay, said, "Every weekend my wife and I go out just for a drive. It doesn't matter where we end up, we have a ball. Italians are very patient. They love you if you can speak just a little of their language."

Day to day living at Sig can be a wonderful adventure or a maddening experience. It all depends on how you look at it and what you make of it.

If you choose to live in the American



PH 3 Joann Zopf





PHC Chet King



PH3 Joan Zopf



PH3 Joan Zopf



PHC Chet King

Top: Goats stop traffic in Pachino, Sicily; a Sicilian girl at the Almond Festival in Agrigento. Bottom: (l-r) A farmer's wife in Taormina; a marina in Catania; a fertile Sicilian valley with Mount Etna in the distance.

Sigonella

community on base, your lifestyle won't be changed much from life in the States. Sig has 122 duplex units on NAS I, 250 apartment units across the street from the NAS I main gate in the Olive Grove complex, and 186 leased town house-type homes at the Reysol housing area, 25 miles south of the base on a cliff overlooking the Ionian Sea. There is a 12-month wait for government housing.

Most Americans stationed at Sig live on the economy in the towns on Etna of Motta, Piano Tavola, Belpasso, Mascali, Nicolosi or Pedara. They range in population from about 10,000 to 20,000. The closest, Motta, is 15 minutes from NAS I. The farthest, Pedara, is about an hour away. Other Americans rent houses outside the towns scattered over the mountainside, or in the villages to the south along the sea coast. Rents range from \$100 to \$300 per month, unfurnished.

With few exceptions, unfurnished in Sicily means just that. You get kitchen and bathroom fixtures and nothing else. You supply light fixtures, kitchen cabinets, water heater, even commode seats. You also have to buy wardrobe cabinets because there are no closets. Italian homes are taxed by the number of rooms, and closets count as rooms. There is a constant

turnover of necessities from people being transferred, so you can buy what you need secondhand. Plan on spending close to \$1,000 to get set up in your Sicilian home.

What you do get when you rent on the economy are huge rooms, marble floors, lots of windows, and balconies with spectacular views.

At first glance you might not think much of Sicilian houses. Many have unfinished concrete block exterior walls. Taxes again. The tax on an unfinished house is less than on a finished one. Exterior walls not covered with stucco make a house unfinished. Inside, though, they are beautifully decorated with colorful tiles, plaster ceilings, marble floors, stained wood doors and attractive wallpaper.

Utilities in Sicily may drive you crazy, if you let them. Very few houses or apartments have central heat, and by law, heat is turned on only from 5 a.m. to 10 a.m. and from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. That isn't quite enough during rainy, chilly Sicilian winters. You soon learn to wear sweaters and supplement the central heat with kerosene or LP gas heaters.

The cost of electricity is slightly higher on the average than in the States. The bill comes once every six months, and you have to plan ahead so you don't end up

with a bill of several hundred dollars. Electricity in Sicily, as in most of Europe, is 220 volts, 50 cycles. You must use transformers with American appliances. They, too, are constantly advertised on the base bulletin boards by people who are leaving.

One of the most exasperating things about living on the economy is frequent power outages. But, like everything else, you learn to live with it. Do as the Sicilians do, roll with the punches and keep plenty of candles on hand.

Telephone service isn't what you might be used to, either. You have to wait about 12 months to have a phone installed, and you also have to pay a non-refundable \$150 deposit. Telephone rates in Sicily are slightly lower than in the States, which means that over a year the deposit you paid averages the bills out to about the same as in the U.S. The telephone bill comes every three months. Put money aside for it along with the electric bill.

Sicilian summers are hot and dry, which means you might have water outages. It's a good idea to keep a couple of large jugs of drinking water set aside.

Driving in Sicily can be exciting. Secondary roads are full of potholes and blind curves, and are narrow and without shoulders. Big American cars are out of place, especially in some of the tiny medieval alleys of the villages. It's also common to suddenly find yourself in the middle of a flock of sheep being herded along the road to pasture. On the other hand, the autostrada, the Italian equivalent to our interstate highways, are first class roads equal to the best in any country. Hair-raising speed, reckless passing and lots of horn blowing is the common driving style in Sicily. You can survive if you concentrate on defensive driving and pay close attention to the traffic.

You can learn to live with all this if you take the native outlook on life, summed up by a favorite Sicilian expression: "Domani, dopo domani"—Tomorrow, or maybe the day after tomorrow. Life moves at a slower pace than most Americans are



PH3 Joan Zopf

Young girls dressed up for the Almond Festival in Agrigento.



PH3 Jean Zopf

Sicilians celebrate the International Festival of the Almond Blossom Tree.

used to. If you're trying to get your car fixed or need to get someplace in a hurry, it will drive you nuts. But if you adopt that Sicilian philosophy, you'll get along nicely and duty at Sig will be extraordinary.

The pluses of living in Sicily far outweigh the minuses.

The cost of living is quite reasonable, especially with the dollar strong. The Sicilians are warm, friendly people who genuinely like Americans. Many of them have relatives in the United States, and it's not unusual for a Sicilian to ask if you know his uncle in Chicago.

If you like to eat, Sicily is the right place. The food is heavy on tomato sauce, cheese, spice and everything nice. Seafood is a Sicilian specialty. Many restaurants serve only what happens to have been caught that day—fresh! Some grill it over charcoal. If you're a pizza lover, Sicily is heaven. They make it with a thick crust covered with olive oil and all the fixin's, and bake it in a wood burning brick oven. Wash it all down with the local wine, perhaps the world's best kept secret. Sicilian white wines are light and mellow; red wines are heavier and stronger. A liter sells for about 50 cents.

On the way to work in the morning, stop at a coffee bar. Get your day started right with a cup of thick, black espresso

or a cappuccino (espresso and cream fluffed up with steam) and fresh baked Italian pastry.

Another great pleasure in Sicily is walking. Most people take an evening stroll after dinner, which in Sicily means around 10 o'clock. They visit friends or meet in the piazza to talk about their day, politics, children or the local soccer club. The art of conversation is still widely practiced in Italy.

Even grocery shopping is fun. There are very few supermarkets in Sicily. Instead, the women go out each day to the butcher, baker and corner grocer to buy what they need for the evening meal. It's really an event, a chance to see friends and neighbors and to gossip.

What you buy for dinner is always fresh, usually picked and delivered within a few days. Don't expect to find melons in winter or oranges in summer here; you get only what's in season. At first it's difficult not having all the fruits and vegetables you like year-round, but that's soon offset by their delicious no-preservatives, all-natural-and-juicy taste.

For some people, an overseas assignment can be very traumatic. At Sigonella they try very hard to ease you into it. "We're at the air terminal when each flight arrives to make sure each person is met by a sponsor," said Chief Navy Counselor

Daniel A. Blanner, a counselor at family services. "We try to make newcomers feel welcome and cared for, and we tell them what to expect for the first two weeks they're here."

"It doesn't end there," said Diana Piper, chief of community services. "Your initial arrival can set the tone for the rest of the tour. We try to make everyone's arrival at Sigonella as positive and as successful as possible."

That means everyone, sailors and spouses, goes through a 10-day indoctrination. They become familiar with NAS Sig, its commands, mission and the location of facilities. They also learn about the Sicilian culture, lifestyle and the Italian language. The indoctrination is capped with a day-long tour to nearby towns, Mount Etna and Catania, with lunch at a local restaurant.

For most, duty and life at Sigonella is good. As proof, Aviation Machinist's Mate 1st Class Will McKee, assistant command career counselor, said "Fifty percent of our first-termers re-enlist, 100 percent of our second-termers re-enlist. Those are outstanding statistics for a Type 3 command overseas and in an isolated place." Sig won the Commander in Chief, U.S. Naval Forces, Europe, Golden Anchor Award for large commands last year with those figures. McKee added that 40 percent of Sig's personnel request at least one extension to stay there. Normal tours at Sig are 18 months unaccompanied, 24 months accompanied and 36 months for air crew personnel.

A lot of people are high on Sig, but none more so than Spearman. "Sigonella is becoming one of the best places to be in the Mediterranean simply because the facilities are improving dramatically. The capability of the air station is increasing daily with the new facilities that are coming on line. We are providing top-notch service to the fleet, and it will get better.

"At Sigonella we do it all," he said. "And we do it with style." □

Sicily: A brief

The island of Sicily is many cultures and thousands of years of civilization mixed together and surviving in a modern world.

The original settlers of Sicily were called Siculi or Sicani, and are believed to have come to the island from the Italian mainland. About 3,000 years ago, the Phoenicians invaded, pushed the Siculi inland and settled along the coasts.

In the 8th century B.C., Greek settlers founded a colony on the island and eventually made Sicily a center of commerce and learning. They were followed by the Romans, who conquered the whole island by 211 B.C. when they defeated the Greeks at Siracusa.

With the fall of the Roman Empire, the East Germanic Vandals and Goths crossed from the mainland and gained control. Byzantine emperors took over from them in the 6th century and ruled for 300 years.

In 1066 the Normans swept into Sicily's history and remained in power until 1189 when they were overcome by the Hohenstaufen dynasty, which developed Sicily into one of the first modern states.

In 1266 Charles of Anjou seized power. He lasted 16 years. On Easter Monday, 1282, his cruel reign ended with the "Sicilian Vespers," when the people of Palermo rose against him and massacred 4,000 of his French troops as the vesper bells rang throughout the city. Other cities joined the revolt and Sicily won independence, choosing Pedro III of Aragon as king.

Spanish, French and Austrian rulers followed in succession. In 1734-35 Don Carlos established the Spanish Bourbon dynasty, and Naples and southern Italy along with Sicily became the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

Bourbon kings ruled until 1860 when Giuseppe Garibaldi won the island for King Victor Emmanuel. A year later, Victor's

kingdom, including Sicily, became a united Italy.

In 1946, when the Republic of Italy was established, Sicily became a region within the country.

These 3,000 years of intermingling cultures and rich artistic background have left a mark on Sicily that can still be seen today. Some of the more interesting places you may visit during a tour at NAS Sigonella are:

● *Siracusa*. Originally colonized in 734 B.C. by Corinthians who were looking for a better life in Trinacria, as the Greeks called the three-cornered island. It grew in size, strength and importance and eventually became, during Greek times, the largest city in Europe with a million inhabitants. Siracusa was home to Pindar, Aeschylus, Plato and Archimedes. Among its archeological sites are a Greek and a Roman amphitheater; a 7th century cathedral whose foundations are the remains of an ancient temple to Minerva; the Catacombs of St. John where early Christian martyrs are entombed; and the Arethusa fountain where, in Greek mythology, the nymph Arethusa changed into a spring to flee the river god Alpheus. Siracusa is the only place in the world outside of Egypt where papyrus grows.

● *Enna*. An ancient city founded by the Siculi atop a mountain 1,000 feet above sea level. It has long been noted for its pure air, and many people go there in summer to escape the heat. It has a fine medieval castle and cathedral, and an octagonal tower built by the Swabian king, Federico II. In the town's main piazza is a pavement marker said to be the exact center of the island.

● *Piazza Armerina*. Most famous for the ruins of the 4th century Villa Romana del Casale, the piazza is believed to be the remains of a Roman's hunting lodge.

The floors throughout the villa are spectacular mosaics showing hunting scenes and scenes from mythology and ancient Roman life.

● *Gela*. A seaport town settled by people from Crete and Rhodes in 688 B.C. It was also the site of U.S. troop landings during the invasion of Sicily during World War II.

● *Agrigento*. Known to the Greeks as Akragas and to the Saracens as Girgenti, its name was changed in 1927 by combining the two. Its Valley of the Temples is the site of some of the most spectacular and best preserved ruins in the world. Among these are temples to Juno, Hercules, Jupiter, Dioscuri and Concordia. All were built in the Doric style in the second half of the 5th century B.C. Agrigento is also the birthplace of the Greek philosopher Empedocles and the contemporary Italian dramatist Luigi Pirandello.

● *Sciacca*. Famous for its modern spa of sulfurous mud baths said to give relief to arthritis and asthma sufferers.

● *Palermo*. The largest city and capitol of Sicily, with a population of 585,000. It was founded by the Phoenicians and called Panormus by them. The city has a marked Arab-Norman flavor which is reflected in its Norman palace and cathedral, built in 1169-85. Other points of interest are the Capuchin catacombs where mummified bodies of the dead were, until very recently, kept dressed in their finest clothes. The nearby Norman cathedral of Monreale is decorated with 700,000 square feet of dazzling golden mosaics. Palermo has a very fine National Museum, an astronomical observatory and a Botanical Garden.

● *Cefalù*. A fine spot for a seaside holiday. Its 12th century cathedral is considered to be one of the great churches of the Middle Ages. Behind the cathedral are the

history and a short tour

remains of a megalithic temple to Diana. Nearby is the very interesting Mandralisca Mansion, with a fine collection of paintings.

• *Messina*. Set on the northeast corner of the island, across from the toe of Italy, Messina was founded by the Greeks in about 600 B.C. Almost nothing of their culture remains because the city was destroyed by an earthquake in 1908. Close by, in the Straits of Messina, lie the fabled rocks of Scylla, the terrible sea monster

who lived in a cave across the channel from the dangerous whirlpool of Charybdis.

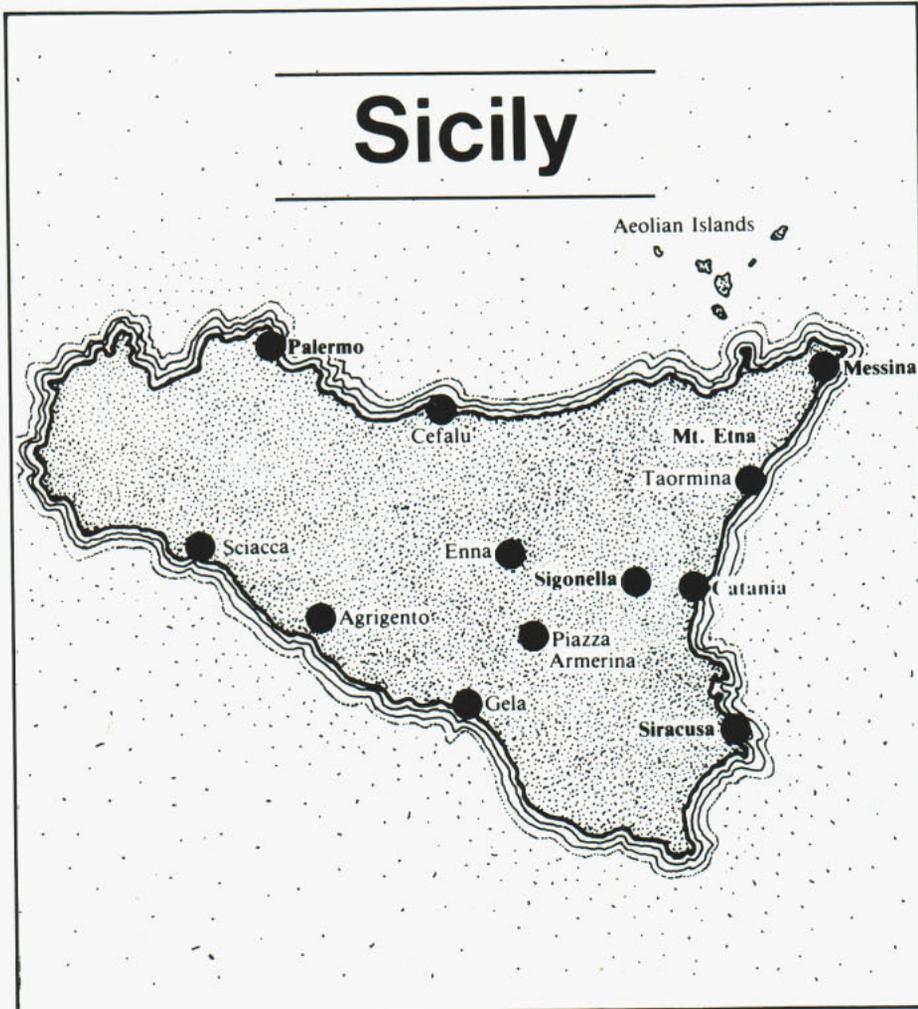
• *Taormina*. Situated on an outcrop of rock 700-feet above the sea, with Mount Etna in the background, Taormina is famous for its ancient, narrow streets; its terraced cafes; its Greco-Roman theater where an international film festival is held each year; its night life; and its tourist trade.

• *Catania*. Known as the "Athens of

Sicily" because of its long standing reputation as a center of learning, Catania was destroyed in 1693 by a major earthquake and eruption of Mount Etna. Today, its architecture is primarily Baroque, neo-classic and modern. Some of Catania's sites are a partly excavated Greek theater, the 13th century Ursino Castle which is now the Civic Museum, an 11th century Norman cathedral, the home of Vincenzo Bellini who was born in Catania in 1801, and Bellini Gardens where a floral clock plays excerpts from the composer's operas.

• *Mount Etna*. The dominating landmark on the island, the volcano is still active. In ancient times it was thought to be the workshop of the god of fire, Vulcan. Many of the towns around Sigonella are on old lava beds, and most of their buildings and streets are built with the black lava rock. In summer, Etna's forests are good picnic spots, and hiking to the summit is popular. In winter, Etna offers fine skiing. You can take the narrow gauge railway, the Ferrovia Circumetnea, from Catania and ride completely around the mountain. The train makes stops at some of the larger towns along the way. The mountain is ever fascinating and never seems to look the same. On some days the setting sun turns its snowcapped peak a blazing gold. On other days it is shrouded in mist, and at still other times the rising sun turns the mountain a royal purple.

• *Aeolian Islands*. A group of volcanic islands about halfway between Sicily and Naples. One of them, Stromboli, is where the story of Pinocchio is set. Noted for their mild climate, the islands offer countless spots of beauty to be explored; wide, sandy beaches; tall, rugged cliffs and grottoes; and camping and underwater fishing. In his "Aeneid," Virgil refers to them as the kingdom of the god of storms and winds. □



NAS Sigonella's men of note

Story and photos by PH1 Michael J. Wood

Not only is Naval Air Station Sigonella one of the best duty stations in the Navy, but it also has some of the best people working there—people like Carmelo Rosano, Italian Base liaison officer, and Capt. Salvatore Rubino, command chaplain.

Rosano's career at NAS Sigonella began in 1959—the same year as Rubino's ordination.

"Oct. 13 was my first day on the job, and it also happened to be Navy Day," he said. "I started out as a clerk typist, but soon became a full time liaison officer

to coordinate and translate information between the Italian and American services."

For more than 25 years Rosano has been involved in many demanding situations, but one in particular stands out in his mind. "In January 1972, a U.S. C-1A crashed on Mount Etna just below the crater line," he said.

Although most aircraft are found within a few hours, this wasn't located for nine months.

"I was in the first of two teams to search for the crash site. When we arrived where debris had been found, weather conditions had deteriorated. Visibility was about 3 feet due to the snow and dense sulfur ash. With freezing temperatures and high altitude, we had all the ingredients for disaster."

The worst happened: Rosano's team became lost on the mountain. "I made a promise to myself to never go to the top of that mountain again. I thought I was going to die." Eventually, the second search team found them and they returned to safety. The aircraft was finally found—on the opposite side of the mountain. "The impact of the crash, combined with strong winds near the crater, had thrown plane wreckage over to the other side of the mountain. To this day, I am amazed."

In 1984, Rosano became the first person in Sigonella's history to be named "Man of the Year." The award was presented by Capt. Robert E. Duchesne, station executive officer, who said, "Mr. Rosano has exhibited an intense loyalty, unmatched energy and enthusiasm and performed above and beyond the call of duty. While serving as liaison and protocol officer . . .



Carmelo Rosano

he has been called upon to serve NAS Sigonella in many unprecedented ways."

Since Rosano's career began, Sigonella's mission has expanded and so have his duties. "I feel as if I've grown up with this base. It's been an experience I wouldn't trade for the world."

* * *

Rubino, now an American citizen, was born in the nearby city of Catania—one of three children. "I never knew luxuries during my youth because of a long depression and war in Italy," he said.

During World War II, Rubino and his family joined others taking refuge in caves. "In those caves, where moisture dripped from the ceiling, hundreds and hundreds of people lay on the ground day after day, week after week, without much more to eat than rice and beans."

When the war ended, Rubino's path to the ministry began. "During junior high school, I was an unspeakable young delinquent," he said. "I didn't think twice about cursing, fighting with other students, or changing a grade or two in the teacher's record book."

Rubino had a friend, Vittorio, who lived a deeply Christian lifestyle with his family. The family reached out to the young Rubino, offering him the comfort of their home and a Sunday meal each week for more than a year.

Vittorio led Rubino closer to the ministry by giving him a post-war relief package from the United States. In the package was a pair of trousers which had the name and address of the sender, Reverend Richard Crowe, then pastor of the First Baptist Church, Stearns, Ky. Rubino wrote the minister a thank you note that was the beginning of a 10-year correspondence.

"Reverend Crowe was concerned about my spiritual growth and maturity," Rubino said. "He never doubted that God could use my life."

When Rubino worked in Milano, he learned that his friend, Reverend Crowe, was in Rome. He traveled there, asked Crowe to baptize him and told Crowe about his decision to join the ministry. Crowe's church sponsored Rubino as a ministerial student in the United States. Rubino ar-

rived in America, attended college at Samford University, Birmingham, Ala., then transferred to the Golden Gate Baptist Theological Seminary, Mill Valley, Calif. He was ordained in 1959, became a U.S. citizen in 1962, and was commissioned a U.S. Navy chaplain in 1964.

During his tour as Sigonella's com-

mand chaplain, Rubino hopes that command members will be of one spirit to serve the same God. "It is my earnest desire that the chapel at NAS Sigonella exercises a strong and positive influence in our community." □

Wood is assigned to the public affairs office, NAS Sigonella.

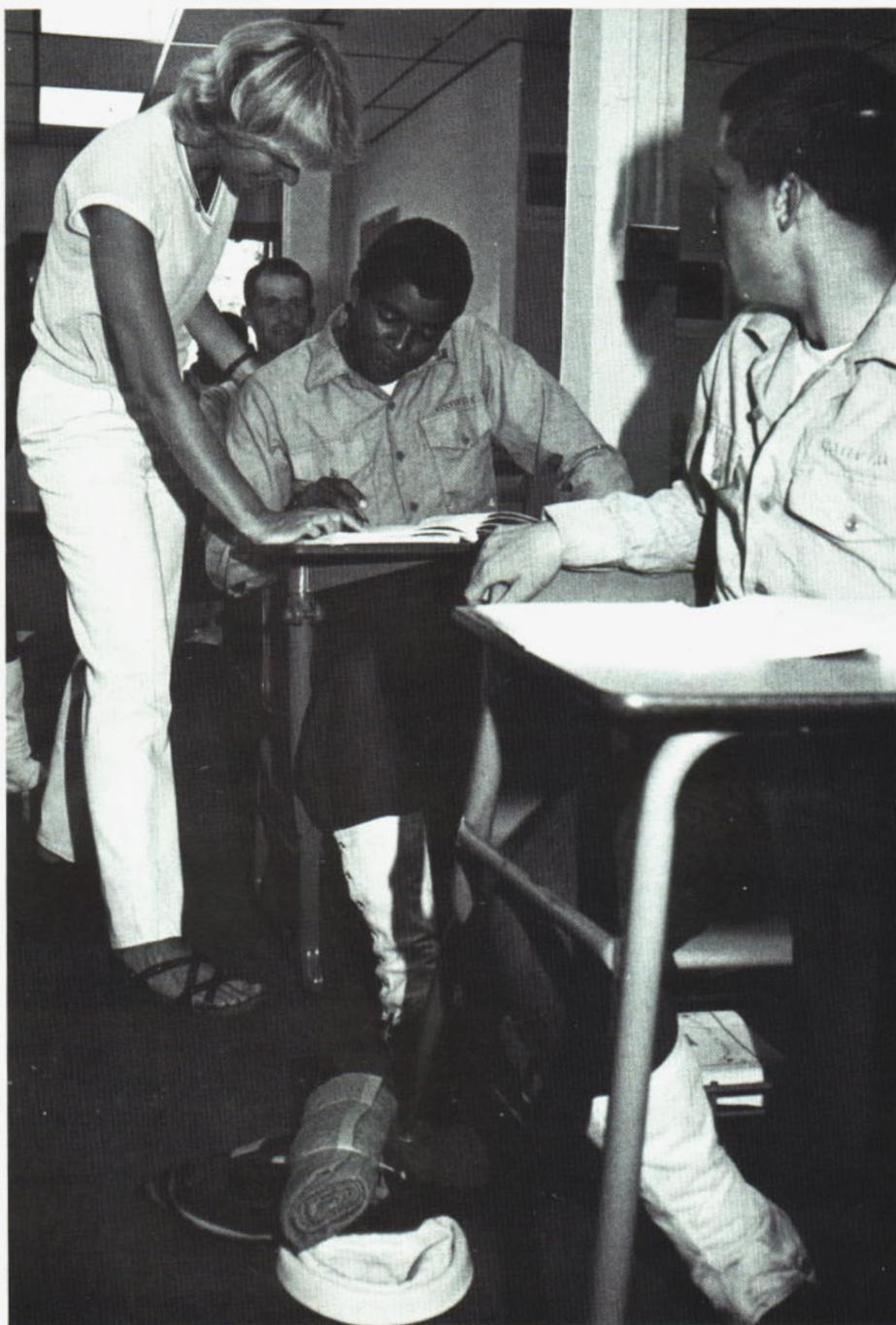


Capt. Salvatore Rubino

Recruits

learn reading skills

Story by JO2 John D. Hines
Photos by Tom Gatz



At one time sailors were known as “iron men sailing in wooden ships.” But it takes more than physical strength to run the modern, sophisticated vessels of today. It takes technical skills.

To operate and maintain the Navy’s complex electronic systems and equipment, sailors must learn their jobs in classrooms and from technical manuals rather than only from traditional on-the-job training.

But almost 5 percent of the recruits who report to Recruit Training Command, Naval Training Center, San Diego, read below the seventh grade level. That 5 percent would be hard pressed to pass the academic courses required in basic training let alone reach skill levels needed to do their technical jobs in the fleet.

To help those recruits, reading, verbal and study skills are taught in an academic remedial training program at the recruit training command. About 900 to 1,150 students go through the program each year.

Each recruit takes a reading test during processing. When a recruit’s score indicates a reading level below 7.5—between the seventh and eighth grade levels—the recruit is given a verification test. If the recruit scores low on the verification test, he is placed in the command’s special training department where he is given a diagnostic reading test to determine how

Left: Reading instructor Karen Hansen helps a recruit in the Academic Remedial Training Program. **Opposite page:** Hansen teaches scanning techniques to help improve reading comprehension.

It's never too late

My first Navy assignment after boot camp was teaching remedial reading to recruits at Great Lakes (Ill.) Naval Training Center several years ago.

The "reading" recruits were organized into a company under a boatswain's mate first class who was well-known for pushing more than one "Hall of Fame" company during his career as a company commander.

I was surprised to learn that "Boats" had gone through our reading school himself, right along with the recruits he supervised.

He explained to me that he had never really learned any reading skills as a young man, that he had spent 20 years in the Navy having to hide his "deep, dark secret."

He said he had gone to great lengths over the years to conceal his disability.

Occasionally, he was assigned to read the plan of the day over the IMC, or intra-ship communications system. The night before his ordeal, Boats would have a shipmate read the POD to him—over and over until he had it memorized.

The next morning Boats would hold the POD in his hand and recite it, turning pages pretty much at random.

He got a chance to correct his reading problem when he became company commander of the reading company.

He said the program offered instruction with a minimum of embarrassment, and he had just received his greatest motivation to learn to read—the birth of his first child.

"I just couldn't bear the thought of my boy asking me some day, 'What's this word, daddy?' and my not being able to tell him." □

much remedial training—one to three weeks—he needs.

Individuals assigned to the remedial program are part of a special unit which attends classes six hours each weekday and performs regular recruit military training during non-school hours. The program is supervised by three civilian reading specialists contracted from the San Diego Junior College district and five military instructors. Individual counseling and tutoring is given to students who have trouble in specific areas.

When a recruit achieves a 7.5 grade level on the reading test, he can graduate.

"One student jumped from a 3.0 to a 12.7 grade level as a result of his training," said Master Chief Machinery Repairman David Richie, an instructor in the program.

"About 75 percent of ART's graduates complete boot camp," he said. "Most of those who do not complete basic training do so for non-academic reasons. This is especially encouraging since we have no

lower-level cutoff for recruits with very low reading skills."

Many students in the program are recruits for whom English is a second language; they are given an initial week of verbal skills training before entering the main program. Other students are recruits who passed their initial reading screening, but failed the first academic test of recruit training because of reading difficulties.

Training center staff people, fleet members and service school students also have voluntarily enrolled in the program.

Recruit training commands at Great Lakes, Ill., and Orlando, Fla., also have standardized academic remedial training programs. □

Hines is assigned to NTC, San Diego.



PIONEER

in shipboard habitability

By JO1 Donald R. McKay

Dozens of fledgling graduates from Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College, class of 1845, joined the Navy as assistant surgeons. Frigates and sloops of war re-fitting for sea filled the Navy Yard. Naval uniforms crowded local streets.

It was January 1847. President James Polk had declared war on Mexico seven months earlier. General Zachary Taylor was to defeat President/General Antonio Lopez Santa Ana in a close battle at Buena Vista, with heavy losses on both sides, a month later.

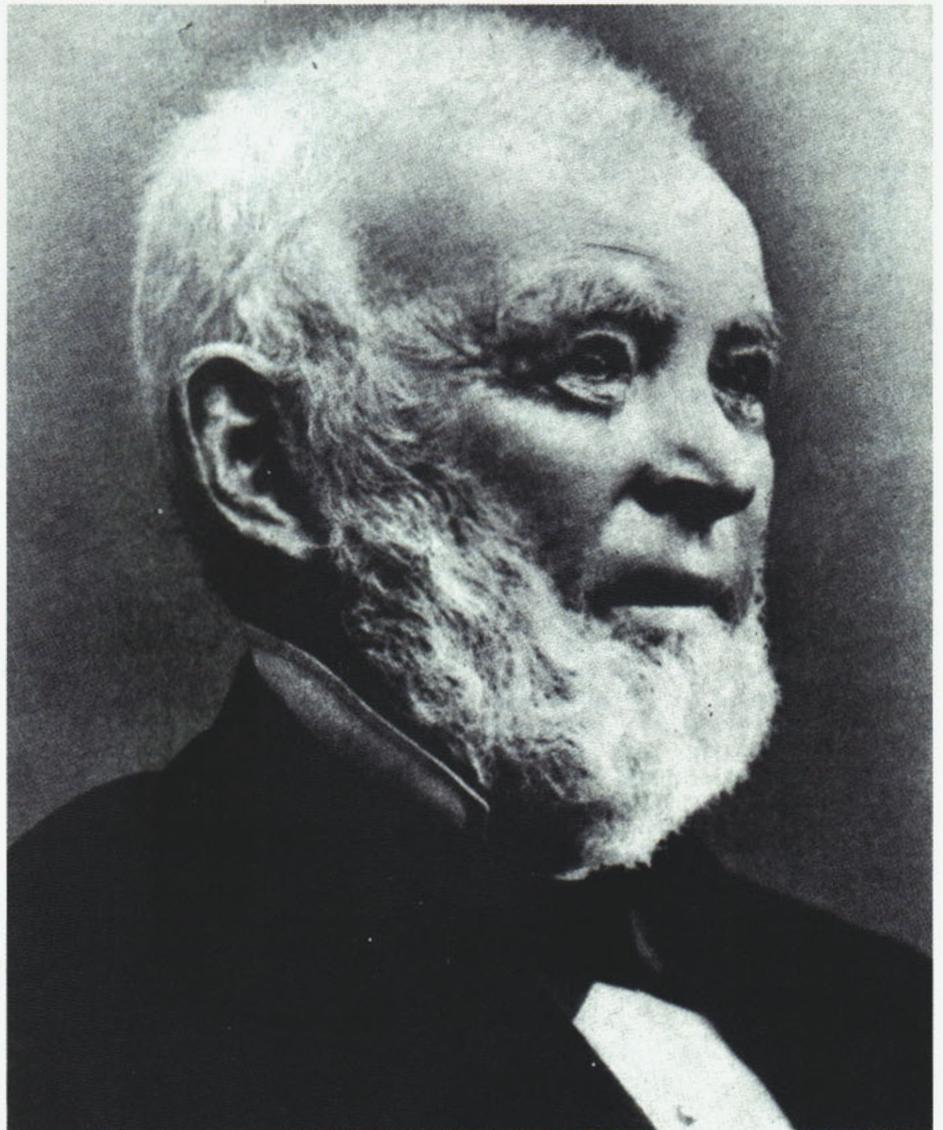
Among Philadelphia's burgeoning Quaker population was Dr. Edward Robinson Squibb. Watching his medical school classmates don Navy blue and gold, he too dreamed of strange lands, the seven seas and a ship under full sail.

But Squibb was not just any Quaker. His ancestors had crossed the Atlantic with William Penn. Charter members of the society of Friends in America, the Squibbs were Quaker aristocracy and did not take oaths to defend the United States Constitution against all enemies.

After consulting with family and friends, the 27 year old medical graduate heeded Grandmother Squibb's advice: "Thee has only to decide which thee would serve, God and thy conscience or the monthly Meeting." When a Quaker put on a naval officer's uniform, the Meeting disowned him.

Squibb passed the Naval Medical Board Examination fourth highest, was appointed an assistant surgeon, and reported aboard the brig USS *Perry* at Philadelphia May 4.

Four years old, displacing 280 tons and carrying 10 guns, *Perry* sat low in the water. When fully rigged in a following



wind and heavy seas, she put her lee rail under. *Perry* rendezvoused with the Gulf Squadron at Vera Cruz and later joined the Brazil Squadron at Rio de Janeiro. *Perry's*

primary mission was to patrol the equatorial Atlantic, interdicting illicit slave traffic between Brazil and Africa.

Returning to Norfolk, Va., July 10,

1849, Squibb received three weeks of a three month leave before reporting to the storeship USS *Erie*, Aug. 8, at Brooklyn Navy Yard. With a crew of 34 and carrying four guns and 12 passengers (bound for Europe on government business), *Erie* cast off Sept. 5 to replenish the Mediterranean squadron.

When the ship arrived in Spezia, Italy, Squibb transferred to USS *Cumberland* Nov. 9, 1849. This so that Dr. Robert E. Mall, a friend from Brazil squadron days, could return home. Also, Squibb wanted to see more of Europe, and he had always hoped to serve aboard a true man-of-war.

Cumberland was a square-rigged frigate of 1,726 tons carrying 493 men, 44 guns, a 48-bed sick bay, a senior medical officer and two assistant surgeons. The crew included Americans, Irish, English, Welsh, Nova Scotians, Germans, Dutch, Italians, Sicilians and Maltese, Ages ranged from 15 to 64 years. Fifty-six were under 21, and 15 were 50 or older.

After logging 18,266 miles in 11 days short of two years, *Cumberland* docked at Boston July 9, 1851. Of the original 493-man crew, 13 died, 17 deserted, 70 were transferred and 50 were sent home. Excerpts from Squibb's personal ledger, which he started aboard *Erie* and maintained until his death reveal the awful results of unsanitary living conditions aboard ship.

In the two years of *Cumberland's* cruise, disease cases totaled 1,638 for an average per man incidence of 3.6 and an average per case sick bay confinement of 12.82 days. Cases involved syphilis, gonorrhea, epilepsy, delirium tremens, otitis (ear inflammation), pneumonia, angina pectoris, worms, tonsillitis, hemorrhoids, hepatitis, erysipelas (acute skin condition), mumps, Asian cholera and respiratory infections. Number of days labor lost: 23,626.

By now a duty-seasoned, self-assured, blue water sailor, Squibb made no secret of his strong opinions. He respected authority only when it was accompanied by competence. His ledger entries state, "Hard-shelled adherence to outmoded man-of-war routine and disciplinary measures, unquestioning acceptance of tradition and blind refusal to admit change

were major causes of conditions favorable to disease.

"Diet, personal habits, moisture and crowded sleeping places are most prominent conditions causing disease. Crowding men into 18 inch sleeping spaces on a berth deck, so that beams of a well-ventilated gun-deck will not be defaced by hammock hooks is senseless.

"Scanty ventilation, damp decks, and a diet that never varies, in climates and seasons always varying are not healthy conditions. Probably no community of 493 individuals in any other condition of life will exhibit 1,600 cases of disease within two years.

"Yet nothing is provided in legislation or expense to maintain healthful conditions because an imperfect executive judgement is sanctioned in its imperfections, and relieved of all responsibility for errors."

Squibb suggested alleviating disease-producing shipboard dampness by saturating and glazing ship berth decks with common yellow wax to prevent water absorption. Like tile floors in French hospitals, they could be easily cleaned and kept clean.

As insurance that these observations and recommendations which he mailed to the United States Navy Bureau of Medicine and Surgery would not be classified in the "File and Forget" category, he sent a copy to the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*. This publication printed his report without change in its January 1852 issue.

Returning to Philadelphia on three months leave, Squibb wrote the Bureau requesting an additional three months to take a refresher course in medicine for the promotion exam to passed assistant surgeon. Because he had been shortchanged more than two months leave on the *Perry* and *Erie* cruises, the Navy granted his request.

An assistant surgeon's annual seagoing pay was \$1,700; while on leave it dropped to \$1,000. As passed assistant surgeon, sea pay rose to \$2,000, shore duty to \$1,800, and leave pay to \$1,500.

On Jan. 6, 1852, Squibb's mail included orders for duty on the steamer USS

Fulton at New York. Reporting aboard Jan. 15, he requisitioned carpenters and materials to rebuild the dispensary. Walking to Brooklyn Naval Hospital, across Wallabout Channel from the Navy Yard, he encountered two old colleagues—Dr. Benjamin Franklin Bache and Dr. Edward Hudson. Bache was the hospital's commandant and Squibb's former chemistry professor at Jefferson Medical College. Hudson was his fellow assistant surgeon on *Cumberland*.

Hudson preferred sea duty. Squibb wanted to remain at the hospital to develop chemically pure drugs of standard strength for naval ships, a longstanding problem which he considered deplorable. Bache, a former fleet surgeon of the Mediterranean and Brazil squadrons, recommended their requests, and the Navy approved the cross transfer.

Returning to Philadelphia for the Naval Medical Board examination in late February, Squibb passed first in his group and was advanced seven numbers on the Navy Register March 3, 1852. He received the news with mixed emotions—his father had died two days earlier.

Squibb married the younger sister of Bache's wife, 18 year old Caroline Lownds Cook, Oct. 7, 1852. For the first time in his life, Squibb, then 33, found himself in love.

His professional career also thrived as Brooklyn's Naval Laboratory began producing drugs for the hospital, Navy ships and the Pensacola Naval Station. Among them were ammonia, blue pill (a mercuric laxative), potassium iodide, syrup of squill (expectorant, cardiac stimulant and diuretic), citric acid, zinc cerate, tincture of opium, tincture of colchicine (for acute gout), and ether.

From personal experience at sea, Squibb devised a standard set of all-purpose splints for probable bone fractures aboard ship. Manufacturing cost: \$15.63.

Following an inspection by Secretary of the Navy James C. Dobbin, the naval laboratory became a unit distinct from the hospital. Squibb was relieved of hospital duties and assigned exclusively to developing drugs.

His life had turned full circle. Squibb

Grains of Salt

had been apprenticed to Warder Morris, a Philadelphia pharmacist, in 1837 at age 16. After learning to grind crude drugs, mix elixirs and compound powders, he later worked for the pharmaceutical house of J.H. Sprague. These jobs had provided pharmaceutical knowledge and medical school tuition.

Six years on three naval ships and one year at the Navy hospital honed his surgical skills. Exam standings and an energetic, conscientious, frank reputation ranked him as an outstanding physician. Now launching upon a chemist's career, it was to bring international recognition and fame during his life and after his death.

But the Navy's propensity for surprising Squibb had not ended. Within a few days after Secretary Dobbin's visit, orders were received detaching Squibb from Brooklyn Naval Hospital for duty aboard USS *Allegheny*. He protested to Washington. Shortly thereafter, there was a modification detaching Squibb from *Allegheny* and ordering him to report aboard USS *Mississippi*. His second protest apparently reached the secretary himself. Previous orders were countermanded.

To circumvent hazards of distilling ether over an open flame, Squibb started designing a continuous, moderate-pressure steam-operated closed still. A year of experimenting was necessary before initial testing on Oct. 27, 1854. As with most prototypes, modifications were required. Further delays and expense resulted from varying quality and impurities in sulphuric acid supplies used in the process. Gradually refining and perfecting procedures, Squibb satisfied himself that uniform strength pure ether could be produced by using steam.

Rather than patent the process or equipment, he published complete drawings, diagrams, operating instructions, formulas and cost estimates in the September 1845 *American Journal of Pharmacy*. More than a century later, a giant ether still that produced 100 times the capacity of Squibb's model was operating at New Brunswick, N.J., in the company he subsequently founded. Equipped with more efficient condensers and automatic con-

trols, its design was basically that of the still developed in Brooklyn.

Very much a do-it-yourself type, Squibb first tried making chloroform in 1855. After careful and extensive tests, he distilled chloroform which he considered of officinal (kept in stock without special preparation) quality. Bypassing laboratory animal experimentation, he used it successfully on his wife's younger brother to extract a decayed tooth.

Drugs and chemicals Squibb subsequently produced included citrate of iron, spirit of nitric ether, sulphuric acid, hydrocyanic acid and silver nitrate.

On April 11, 1856, he wrote the secretary of Navy asking for increased pay, citing that a passed assistant surgeon's pay was not proportionate to duties as assistant director of Brooklyn Naval Laboratory. In the pre-Civil War Navy, medical officers were not accorded line rank. The Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery added a special endorsement to Squibb's request. It stated, "Dr. Squibb is eminently deserving of a better remuneration for his valuable and unremitting services in a new department of the Navy."

Secretary Dobbin's reply was brief. "Your pay is fixed by law and cannot be increased except by action of Congress."

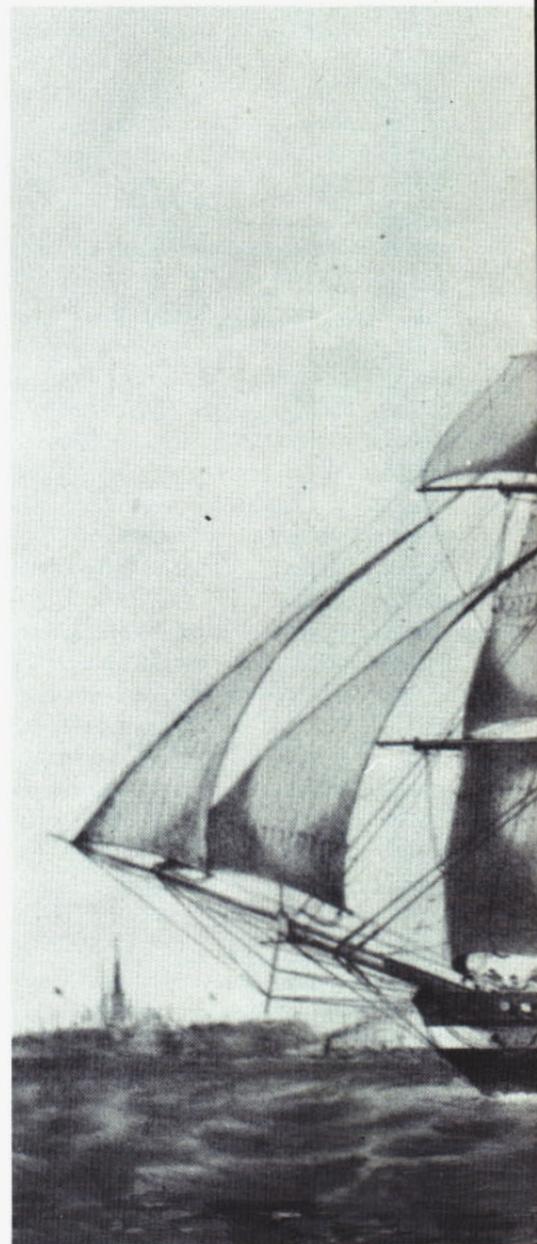
Disappointed and hurt, Squibb continued making medicines and drugs for more than a year. Under President Franklin Pierce, the Navy was a stepchild. Washington lobbyists were striving to prevent government manufacture of pharmaceuticals.

Considerable interest from the non-military community in Squibb's laboratory work engendered a new ambition: to be pharmacist to the medical profession. The most promising offer, from a Louisville, Ky., physician/chemistry professor and a drug store owner, was that of director of their newly established commercial laboratory—with one-third interest. Offering to try the position for one year if the Navy granted him a furlough, Squibb agreed.

Frigate Cumberland, Gulf squadron flagship, where E.R. Squibb first noted and reported unhygienic living conditions.

During July 1857, Squibb visited Isaac Toucey, secretary of the Navy in President James Buchanan's Cabinet. Toucey promised the doctor a year furlough and consented not to recall him to active duty for that period. The Squibbs left Brooklyn Sept. 1 for Louisville.

No sooner had Squibb set up the ether still and installed pumps, steam boilers and grinding mill than he was ordered to report aboard the sloop-of-war USS *Marion*. Squibb wrote Secretary Toucey Dec. 1, mentioned their July interview under-



standing, and resigned his commission. His resignation was accepted four days later.

Following the birth of his second son on June 16, 1858, and despite an amicable business partnership, Squibb determined to enter business for himself. The deciding factor was a commitment from Colonel Richard S. Satterlee, M.D., chief procurement officer of the Army Medical Corps, to purchase most of its pharmaceutical orders from Squibb if he opened his own laboratory.

On Aug. 20, the Louisville contract expired and was agreeably dissolved. Squibb and his family returned to Brooklyn. By Dec. 1, E.R. Squibb, M.D., started producing chloroform in rented quarters at 149 Furman St., just under Brooklyn Heights on the harborside. Principal financing was a \$1,300 note from an affluent college classmate, Dr. Sam White of Milledgeville, Ga.

Then, four days after Christmas, 1858, a recently employed teenage helper became faint from filling ether bottles and

dropped one. Contrary to Squibb's instruction, he had lighted a candle for waxing bottle stoppers. The building was on fire within minutes. Employees fled in panic. Squibb remained long enough to salvage journals, formulas and scientific data, but received crippling third degree burns. After nine months of recuperation and severely scarred for life, Squibb resumed production in the rebuilt laboratory. A collection of \$2,100 from fellow physicians, pharmacists and laymen was repaid—with interest—two years, 11 months and 12 days later.

When Jefferson Davis became president of the Confederate States of America, Col. Satterlee doubled his Squibb order. When Gen. Pierre Gustave Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter, Satterlee quadrupled the order and begged Squibb to enlarge his plant. In early 1862, Squibb purchased one block between Vine and Doughty Streets, near the Furman Street facility, and built a five-story, 75 foot concrete and brick building. During February 1865, he bought two adjoining lots for \$4,500 and extended the laboratory.

Squibb's accomplishments in medicine and pharmacy from 1865 to 1900 were numerous. Ultimately joined by sons Charles and Edward, the laboratory expanded to 100 employees. Convinced that some scientific discoveries belonged to humanity, he did not patent his inventions relating to medicine.

In 1879, he proposed a drastic pure food and drug act which became the model for laws enacted among several states before the first Federal legislation in 1906. In 1880, orders for Squibb products were received from Mexico, South America, Japan, India and China. By 1883, thousands of price lists which had grown to include 324 items were distributed to four continents.

Declining health at age 76 compelled Squibb to relinquish management of the laboratory to his sons. The firm's name changed to E.R. Squibb & Sons in 1895. He continued research and experimental work almost until his death Oct. 25, 1900. □



Challenge, self-confidence

Obstacle course gives it all

Story and photos by PH2 Wayne A. Singleton

Challenge and obstacle course—they go together. Just ask the aviation officer and air crew candidates and aviation pre-flight students at Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Fla. The word they most often use when talking about the course is challenge!

There are many reasons for the obstacle course—or O'course—but its primary purpose is to challenge students mentally and physically and allow them to build endurance, agility and self-confidence.

"If you stand back and look at the O'course, you can see it challenges virtually every facet of physical fitness," said Johnny Walker, technical adviser in physical education for the Naval Aviation Schools Command.

"Some people think that physical fitness is the absence of disease and that's where it ends. Actually, physical fitness is many things: strength, flexibility, balance, coordination and speed.

"Our goal is to build agility, stamina and the self-confidence one gets from accomplishment. I can't think of any one test that can measure so many areas of physical fitness better than the obstacle course."

Fifteen brightly painted obstacles set in loose sand—five low barriers 5 feet high and 10 agility barriers testing everything from strength to balance—make up the

course. The most difficult of these obstacles, according to Walker, are three bulkheads. Two are for men, one 12 feet high with a dangling rope to help climbers and another 8 feet high. For women there is one 6-foot bulkhead. While scaling the 6- and 8-foot bulkheads, students must rely on their own strengths and techniques.

"Because of the rope, the 12-foot bulkhead is the easier of the two to get over," Walker said. "The 6- and 8-foot bulkheads do not have a rope, so students have to time the pull-down of their arms with the spring of their legs to make it over. No matter which is easier, all three bulkheads challenge the upper body strength."

The obstacle course has been challenging Pensacola students for 30 years. Constructed after World War II to test pilots in preflight training, the course was originally built on the base golf course. Over the years it was moved several times. In 1964, it was finally relocated near the survival training exhibit where it is today.

In 1984 the obstacle course was run by more than 6,000 students, Walker said. Among these, approximately 3,500 ran it five times before being successful.

To complete training, students must be able to run the course in a set time determined by the particular training program they are in. Aviation officer candidates must run the course in three minutes, 26

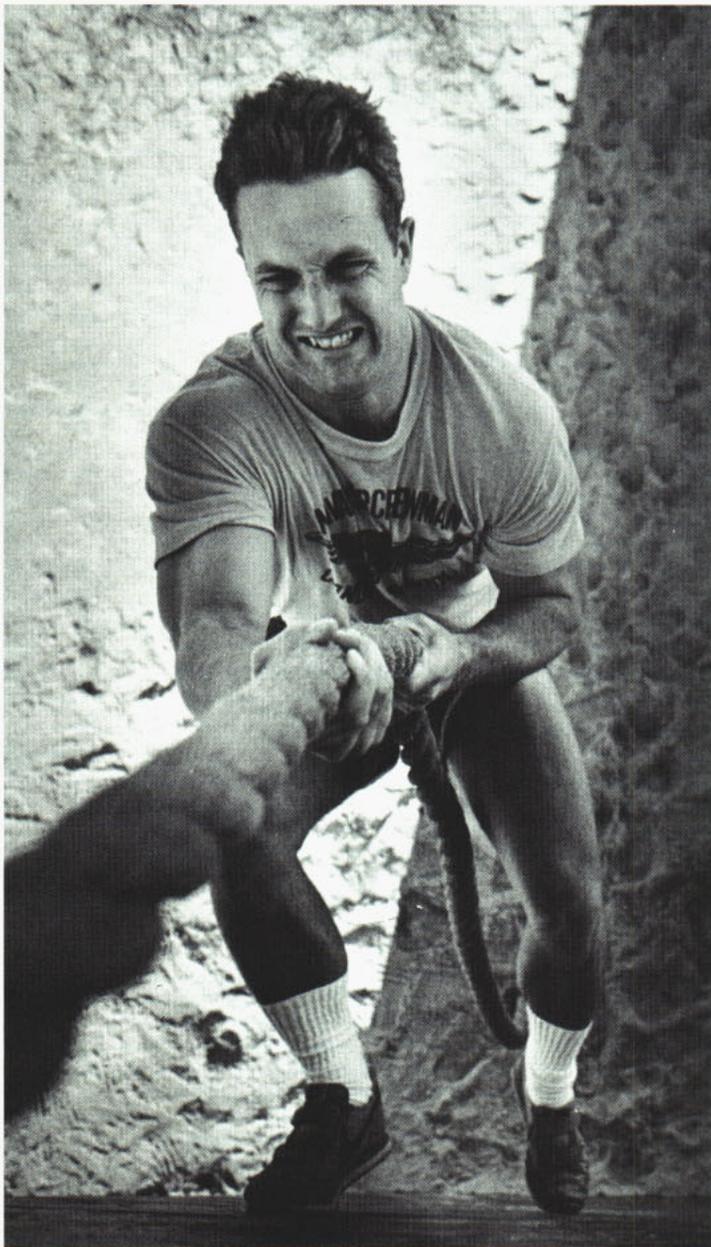
seconds; women, four minutes, nine seconds. The record time for men is two minutes, 12 seconds—set by a Marine named S.H. Smith in 1974; for women it is two minutes, 52 seconds—set by R.R. Bauwens in 1984.

"The hardest part of the obstacle course for me was running in the sand and climbing the 8-foot wall," said PH2 Sam Hoffman, an aircrewman at Pacific Fleet Audiovisual Command, Miramar, Calif. "The sand was hard because the more you ran in the sand, the more your energy was drained. The wall was hard because you had to get a running start at it, and that's not any easy thing to do in sand.

"When I first looked at the course, I was worried because I didn't think I would be able to run it in the required time. So after the last run, when I finally finished with about 15 seconds to spare, I felt a sense of pride and relief that I was able to pass it."

Not many people will admit to liking the course, but most respect it. By the end of training, all feel a sense of self-confidence and pride knowing that they were able to meet and overcome the challenge of the obstacle course. □

Singleton is attached to the Navy Flight Demonstration Squadron, NAS Pensacola.



Clockwise from top: Students begin the course by running through a line of tires; instructor AT1 Thomas Shaffer encourages AMSAA Madonna McCullough; AEAA Gordon Mount leaps from the top of the inclined board; CTOSN Warren Benamati struggles up the 12-foot bulkhead.

Bearings

Teaching America's Youth

Today's sailors not only attend school, but teach it as well.

Through the Math/Science Initiative program, Navy members help students at selected elementary, middle, and high schools along the East and Gulf coasts upgrade math and science skills.

Active duty sailors with strong backgrounds in math, science and computer technology fill in as assistants in classrooms, workshops and tutoring sessions. They also serve as advisers on science fair projects and as leaders on field trips.

During the 1983-84 school year, one volunteer taught computer use to handi-



Photo by JO2 Dennis Everette

CTM1 Robert Patrick demonstrates a computer to disabled students.

capped youths, including a blind and deaf girl who was learning computer skills through Braille applications.

The program began when Florida Governor Bob Graham expressed con-

cern over consistently low math and science test scores among Florida's youth. He asked the military, as leaders in applied technology, to help reverse the trend.

The Chief of Naval Education and Training in Pensacola, Fla., responded with a pilot project during the 1983 fall semester.

Active duty officers and enlisted people nearing retirement were surveyed for an interest in teaching, and more than 80—including 16 seeking teaching certification—responded.

The program has expanded to the Orlando, Jacksonville, and Mayport, Fla.; Norfolk, Va.; and North Chicago, Ill., school districts. ■

—By JO3 Thomas Turner,
CNET PAO, Pensacola, Fla.

Seabees Work at Iwakuni

They are a small group—only 12. But by the time the Seabees of Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 1, Iwakuni, Japan, Detail, return to the U.S. this summer, they will have completed construction projects worth nearly \$700,000.

Since arriving from Gulfport, Miss., in December, the Seabees have been putting the finishing touches on Marine Memorial Chapel and the new 5,000 square-foot motor pool garage. They've also begun work on an inert storage building and are reroofing the main food storage area.

"At Iwakuni, we're working on total construction projects, beginning from the ground up," said Lt. Bob Schenk, officer in charge. "That gives us the opportunity to utilize all of our skills."

It also is motivation for the men, according to Schenk. "You get a feeling of accomplishment when something is planned, initiated and completed."

Because the Iwakuni tasks are complex, the Seabees' imaginations and

resourcefulness—and their construction skills—are challenged. "It's handling problems and meeting specifications and schedules that make complete projects such valuable training for the Mississippi Seabees," said Schenk.

Their job at the garage includes installing windows, doors and the houses which will store pneumatic equipment, as well as installing all electric power lines.

The inert storage building is something this detachment will start from scratch and complete while at Iwakuni. Starting with a bare piece of ground, the Seabees will grade, build the foundation, and erect a 4,000 square-foot pre-engineered building.

Don't let "pre-engineered" fool you. While the components have all been built elsewhere, the Seabees will be faced with hoisting, placing and aligning the walls and roof. Then they must ensure the building is weatherproof and secure against winds which buffet Japan during typhoon season.

Working 10-hour days and six-day weeks, the Seabees have pushed construction ahead. But their world isn't all

work. Many continue their education by taking night courses. The unit has entered two teams in the station's intramural volleyball league, and, during the Red Cross drive, they donated 15 half-pints of blood.

That's one of the things that makes Iwakuni a great place to work," said Chief Steelworker Bill Milani, assistant officer in charge. "We've got details in Adak, Alaska, and at Mount Fuji, but there's better work and more things for our people to do when they're off duty here.

"Another great thing about Iwakuni is our relationship with the command," Milani continued. "We've got a good relationship with the facilities people and Det. C. If we need to borrow some of their equipment, they're always willing to help. If they need something from us, they usually get it."

The Seabees of NMCB 1 have merged with the other citizens of the air station. They will give the station new facilities and friends before they return to their home base at Gulfport. ■

—By Staff Sgt. Ray Hammond,
MCAS Iwakuni, Japan



Photo by PH1 David Loveall

An SH-60B Seahawk helicopter conducts in-flight refueling while hovering off the port side of the guided missile frigate USS *Crommelin* (FFG 37).

HSL-43 "Battlecats" get new Seahawks

Helicopter Anti-Submarine Squadron Light 43, NAS North Island, Calif., now operates the Navy's newest and most sophisticated anti-submarine warfare helicopter—the Sikorsky SH-60B *Seahawk*.

The two-engine helicopter, a modification of an Army transport helicopter, is thought of as the flying eyes and ears of the fleet. It has a range of more than 100 nautical miles with a top speed of 160 knots. Operating independently or under ship's control, the *Seahawk* will

serve as a remote platform for sensor deployment, data processing display and transmission, and weapons delivery. The HSL 43 "Battlecats" will also use the *Seahawk* for anti-surface warfare, electronic warfare, search and rescue, communications relay, medical evacuation and vertical replenishment.

The *Seahawk* uses the LAMPS Mark III integrated ship and helicopter weapons system. This system combines the flexibility of helicopter with the endurance of a ship to expand the combat horizon.

HSL 43 Detachment 1 will deploy aboard USS *Crommelin* (FFG 37) to set the trend for future LAMPS Mark III detachments in the Pacific Fleet. ■

NRL's 3,000th patent

The Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D.C., recently was awarded its 3,000th U.S. patent.

The landmark patent was awarded for a direction line-hydrophone array cali-

brator—an instrument used to determine the pattern and sensitivity of a long hydrophone array. Hydrophones detect and register the distance and direction of sound transmitted through water.

NRL received its first patent in June 1923 for an antenna selector switch that connected various underground, ele-

Crime fighters

Two sailors stationed aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Saratoga* (CV 60) recently apprehended two men accused of robbing a local convenience store.

At about 11:20 p.m. on the night of Feb. 2, Radioman 2nd Class Richard H. Dodson and Radioman Seaman Warren K. Johnson, both of the ship's communications department, stopped at the store. "We had been out on the town and decided to stop in for something to eat," Dodson said. "Two guys walked in while we were heating our sandwiches in the microwave. They walked around and picked up some items and proceeded toward the counter to pay for the items.

"We didn't really pay much attention until they ran out the door with the stuff. I looked at Warren and said, 'Hey, they just robbed the store.' That's when we took off after them!"

The sailors chased the suspects but lost them in a nearby wooded area. "After searching for 45 minutes, we found the first guy," Johnson said. "Then we went back into the woods and found the second guy."

The sailors led the suspects back into the store and had them lie face down on the floor.

"Kathy Bingham, the store clerk, was surprised to see us," Johnson said. "She didn't think we were going to catch them."

The police soon arrived and took the two men into custody. ■

—By JOL Bill Dougherty
USS *Saratoga* (CV 60)

vated or loop antennas to a receiver. It has since made discoveries in communications, radar, sonar, nuclear science, development and improvement of materials, space exploration, and other areas of vital interest to the Navy. Many of NRL's inventions are used by the fleet today. ■

Bearings

Return to Bacoor

It has been 40 years since the people of the Philippine Province of Cavite were liberated by United States and Philippine forces in World War II. Each year on Feb. 3, they celebrate the liberation of Cavite and Bacoor and remember lost loved ones and fallen comrades.

For the first time in four decades, Americans returned to Bacoor, Cavite, to commemorate that day with the local people.

Invited by Governor Juanito Remulla of the Province of Cavite, Capt. Thomas D. Paulsen, commanding officer of USS *Blue Ridge* (LCC 19), was Grand Marshal of the festivities parade. He rode in a traditional "Tiborin," a horse-drawn cart reserved for distinguished guests.

Hundreds of Bacoorites lined the main street to see the parade that included four honor companies, the Philippine Marine Drum and Bugle Corps, the Anak ZaPote City Band, the Veterans Federation of the Philippines and the United States Armed Forces Retired Association.

At the town plaza, Paulsen presented a wreath at the Town War Memorial.

"I thank you today for being here with us, and this will be remembered as



Photo by PH2 Phil Eggman

For many veterans, the ceremonies brought back memories of the fighting.

a day of friendship between the U.S. Navy and Armed Forces of the United States and the Filipino people. Thank you for coming here," Remulla said.

Paulsen thanked the townspeople for their kindness and hospitality and asked that the day be the first Philippine-

American friendship day of Bacoor.

Paulsen presented two plaques to Vice Mayor D. Antonio for the people of Bacoor from commander, 7th Fleet, and *Blue Ridge*.

Master Chief Master at Arms Bayani Santero, *Blue Ridge* human resources officer and Senior Chief Storekeeper Rodolfo O. Reyes, 7th Fleet staff, coordinated the event with the help of retired Senior Chief Steward Julian DeGuzman. All grew up in Bacoor.

Santero, a 26-year Navy veteran, was about seven years old at the time of the liberation. He recalled, "I remember a lot of noise and shooting. There were airplanes flying over, but we didn't see them because we (my family) were all hiding in a shelter dugout underneath our house. I didn't see any Americans at the time. I only remember that they told us that we could go back to school again, and I was very happy."

Santero enlisted in the Navy in 1958 at Sangley Point NAS near Manila.

After the ceremonies for this first Bacoor Philippine-American friendship day, the 7th Fleet Band performed at the Catholic church in the center of town in an evening concert. ■

—By Lt. Carl Begy,
USS *Blue Ridge* (LCC 19)

NJROTC students earn appointments to military academies

Seven seniors at the Sanger High School Naval Junior Reserve Officers' Training Corps program in Sanger, Calif., have been offered appointments to the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., and the United States Military Academy, West Point, N.Y. All of the seniors will graduate in the top 1 percent of their high school class.

Retired Capt. John "Nick" Nichol-

son started the Sanger High NJROTC program in 1976 after leaving active duty as commanding officer of USS *Ranger* (CV 61).

Starting with only a handful of students, the program has now enrolled about 270.

The seven graduating students are John Uyemura, Duane Carr, Kevan Katuin, Lance Westerlund, Michael Quintana, Rudy Flores and Sammy Nava.

All the seniors, especially Lance Westerlund, praised their NJROTC instructors. "They cared about us, the program and the Navy," he said. "They

were supportive and gave us the guidance and assistance we needed in achieving our goals."

Nicholson said his NJROTC unit was successful because of the support from NAS Lemoore, Calif., the support from the school and the concern of the parents.

Six former students are in military academies, seven are attending colleges on full ROTC scholarships, two are in the BOOST program, and about 160 have enlisted in the military. ■

—By Dave Fraker,
NAS Lemoore, Calif.

Father and son shipmates

Many Navy families are faced with saying goodbye to their sailors before a major deployment, but not the Browns. They travel together.

Senior Chief Sonar Technician Glenn D. Brown and his son, Hull Technician Fireman Glenn D. Brown Jr., share the same ship, the guided-missile destroyer USS *Coontz* (DDG 40).

"I've never heard of it ever being done before," said Brown Sr.

With more than 500,000 people on active duty in the Navy today, chances of a father and his son being stationed aboard *Coontz* at the same time are slim.

Brown Jr., who was stationed aboard USS *Lexington* (ABT 16) submitted a request to be stationed with an immediate member of his family—his father. A duty swap was arranged between Brown and a hull technician aboard *Coontz*.

It wasn't easy, according to the son. "My request was denied the first time, and I even had trouble with a swap," he said. "It took about four months for the swap to go through."

"He chose a good rate," said Brown of his son's job, "and I'm glad that he is doing something that makes him happy. It's a diversified rating; I'm sure he's learned a great deal as a hull technician."

The son's interest in the hull technician rating began when he was aboard *Lexington*. "I worked in the habitability program. They taught me how to weld and put things together. It interested me, so I became an HT striker."

Brown Sr., unlike his son, didn't have much of a choice in choosing his job. It was chosen for him.

"Back in those days, you didn't have a choice. You took the aptitude test, and whatever area you scored highest in became your job," said the father, who

enlisted in 1958. "My highest score was in the sonar field, so I was sent to Sonar Tech "A" school in San Diego."

During his 24 years in the Navy, Brown Sr. has had two tours on *Coontz*. The father's knowledge of foreign ports has paid off, according to his son. "We went on a tour of Rome together, and he knew more (about the city) than the tour guide. He's been there six or seven times."

There are other advantages to being stationed with a career Navy father. "I always have somebody to answer my questions about the ship," said Brown Jr., who has been on *Coontz* about six months. "If I need someone to talk to, he's right on the ship."

For Glenn D. Brown Sr. and Glenn D. Brown Jr., a major deployment isn't time away from each other—it's more time together. ■

—By *JOSN Terry Cordingley*,
USS *Coontz* (DDG 40)

Orion Crew saves burning Italian ship

USS *Orion* (AS 18) received a distress call in January. The *Limbara*, a 162-foot Italian ferry docked at La Maddalena was on fire. *Limbara's* crew and the local Italian fire department had been battling the blaze for more than 24 hours.

When 14 *Orion* volunteer firefighters arrived, the white smoke had turned black and barrels of fuel were being threatened by the flames. The fire was so intense that the firefighting water on the deck was boiling.

After about five hours and thousands of gallons of water, the fire was controlled. ■

—By *SN Larry Coffey*,
USS *Orion* (AS 18)



Photo by PHAR T.J. Armstrong

Ricardo J. Bordallo, governor of the United States Territory of Guam, and Capt. John M. Quarterman, commanding officer of USS Guam (LPH 9), test the original 57-year-old ship's bell. The bell, purchased with donations from Guamanian school children, was given to the first USS Guam (PG 43) in December 1928. For 31 years, the bell remained at the Nieves Flores Memorial Library in Agana, Guam. The bell will stay aboard until the ship is decommissioned and then the bell will be returned to the people of Guam.

Reunions

- **LST 611**—Reunion planned. Contact Donald Zeigler, U.A.C. Bldg. 9, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.
- **USS Fanshaw Bay (CVE 70)**—Reunion June 7-9, 1985, Kansas City, Mo. Contact Harold A. Hoffman, 8647 Belhaven Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63114; telephone (314) 427-0126.
- **USN MCB 9**—Reunion June 22, 1985, Port Hueneme, Calif. Contact E.E. Beachboard, 1916 6th Place, Port Hueneme, Calif. 93041; telephone (805) 486-8952.
- **USS North Carolina Battleship Association**—Reunion June 25-27, 1985, Wilmington, N.C. Contact C.H. Rosell, 15 Ellen Ave., Mount Pleasant, S.C. 29464.
- **LST 1029**—Reunion July 1985, Dayton, Ohio. Contact James M. Grammer, P.O. Box 36, Alto, Texas 75925.
- **Tin Can Sailors**—Convention July 3-8, 1985, San Diego. Contact Tin Can Sailors Inc., Edward J. Ward, Battleship Cove, Fall River, Mass. 02721.
- **USS Salisbury Sound (AV 13)**—Reunion July 8-11, 1985, Reno, Nev. Contact Don Wade, 560 Campbell Hill, Marietta, Ga. 30060; telephone (404) 422-7369.
- **USS LST 515, World War II**—Reunion August 1985, Chicago. Contact Floyd A. Hicks, 225 Gilmore Road, Red Bluff, Calif. 96080; telephone (916) 527-5154.
- **VAQ 33 "Connie Crew"**—Reunion Aug. 3, 1985, Florence, S.C. Contact Bryan L. Runion, 695 Kurtz Road, Marietta, Ga. 30066; telephone (404) 952-7524.
- **VR 24 Association**—Reunion Aug. 8-11, 1985, Pensacola, Fla. Contact Pete Owen, 24633 Mulholland Highway, Calabasas, Calif. 91302; telephone (818) 348-4056.
- **USS Ashtabula (AO 51)**—Reunion Aug. 9-11, 1985, San Antonio, Texas. Contact Robert Peterson, 438 Daniel St., Richardson, Texas 75080; telephone (214) 235-4272.
- **USS LST 460**—Reunion Aug. 10-11, 1985, Iowa City, Iowa. Contact George Heard, P.O. Box 54, Decatur, Miss. 39327; telephone (601) 635-3227.
- **USS Aquarius (AKA 16)**—Reunion Aug. 10-11, 1985, Washington, D.C., for crew members who served aboard from Jan. 1944 to Aug. 1945. Contact Larry Pelletier, 8660 Devonshire Court #103, Manassas, Va. 22110.
- **USS Sennet (SS 408)**—Reunion Aug. 12-18, 1985, Portland, Ore. Contact Bill Stanley, 7050 Vrain St., Westminster, Colo. 80030.
- **USS Cochino (SS 345)**—Reunion Aug. 14-18, 1985, Portland, Ore. Contact Lester B. Robertson, 1711 Dixon Dr., Colorado Springs, Colo. 80909; telephone (303) 596-0058.
- **USS Captivate (AM 156)**—Reunion Aug. 14-18, 1985, Chicago. Contact H.W. McPherson, 5732 S. Washington St., Downers Grove, Ill. 60516; telephone (312) 968-3530.
- **USS Hoe (SS 258)**—Reunion Aug. 14-18, 1985, Portland, Ore. Contact Harry Flagg, 7003 23rd Ave. W., Bradenton, Fla. 33529; telephone (813) 792-6916.
- **Association of Minemen**—Reunion Aug. 16-18, 1985, Charleston, S.C. Contact Association of Minemen, P.O. Box 71835, Charleston, S.C. 29415; telephone (803) 553-1450.
- **VR I/TACAMO**—Reunion Aug. 16-18, 1985, NAS Patuxent River, Md. Contact Nick Potts, P.O. Box 356, Lexington Park, Md. 20653.
- **USS Arided (AK 73)**—Reunion Aug. 16-18, 1985, Kinston, N.C. Contact Richard Baker, 1002 Catherine Ave., Kinston, N.C. 28501.
- **USS Thorn (DD 647)**—Reunion Aug. 22-26, 1985, Bethlehem, Pa. Contact Kaj Swenson, 2190 Allwood Dr., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018; telephone (215) 867-1245.
- **USS Harding (DD 625/DMS 28)**—Reunion Aug. 23-25, 1985, Ashland, Ore. Contact G.T. Watson, Box 13A, McDaniel, Md. 21647; telephone (301) 745-9725.
- **USS The Sullivans (DD 537)**—Reunion Aug. 23-25, 1985, Buffalo, N.Y. Contact Robert R. Sander, 325 Thatcher Ave., River Forest, Ill. 60305; telephone (312) 366-7466.
- **PT Boat Personnel**—Reunion Aug. 29-Sept. 2, 1985, Boston. Contact P.T. Boats Inc., P.O. Box 109, Memphis, Tenn. 38101; telephone (901) 272-9980.
- **USS Cabot (CVL 28) Air Crews and Ship's Company**—Reunion September 1985, Williamsburg, Va. Contact Ray Miller, 318 Milan Place, Anaheim, Calif. 92801; telephone (714) 828-1851.
- **USS Philadelphia (CL 41)**—Reunion September 1985, Huntsville, Ala. Contact F.J. Amoroson, 93 Dunbar St., Somerset, N.J. 08873.
- **USN Cryptologic Veterans Association**—Reunion Sept. 1-3, 1985, Baltimore. Contact Ric Heckhaus, 13012 Magellan Ave., Rockville, Md. 20853; telephone (301) 942-0252.
- **USS Salt Lake City (CA 25)**—Reunion Sept. 2-6, 1985, San Diego. Contact Syd Foster, 4433 Albatross Way, Oceanside, Calif. 92056.
- **Navy Squadron VPB 27**—Reunion Sept. 2, 1985, Dallas. Contact Edgar B. Francis, P.O. Box 731, Odessa, Texas, 79760; telephone (915) 366-7980.
- **USS Cincinnati**—Reunion Sept. 4-7, 1985, Asheville, N.C. Contact Dorothy Poupard, 5273 Turner Smith Road, McLeansville, N.C. 27301.
- **USS Galveston (CLG 3)**—Reunion Sept. 4-8, 1985, Philadelphia. Contact Morris R. Butcher, 4754 Bill Knight Ave., Millington, Tenn. 38053; telephone (901) 872-4071.
- **USS Rainier (AE 5)**—Reunion Sept. 5-7, 1985, Springfield, Mo. Contact Leon L. Barefield, 2537 Howard, Springfield, Mo. 65803; telephone (417) 862-3184.
- **USS Washington (BB 56)**—Reunion Sept. 5-8, 1985, Covington, Ky. Contact John A. Brown, Box 13047, Columbus, Ohio 43213-0047.
- **USS Florence Nightingale (AP 70)**—Reunion Sept. 5-8, 1985, Norfolk, Va. Contact Stan Newland, 2202 Hortense Ave., Seaford, N.Y. 11783; telephone (516) 221-0818.
- **USS Antietam (CVS 36)**—Reunion Sept. 5-8, 1985, St. Louis. Contact James W. Brown, Route 1, Box 58D, Middletown, Ind. 47356; telephone (317) 354-2491.
- **USS Thornhill (DE 195)**—Reunion Sept. 6-8, 1985, Lannersville, Pa. Contact Henry Cetkowski, Box 531, R.R. #2, Litusville, N.J. 08560; telephone (609) 737-1727.
- **USS Zellers (DD 777)**—Reunion Sept. 6-8, 1985, Baltimore. Contact Les Wilson, 615 S. 19th St., Lafayette, Ind. 47905; telephone (317) 447-6098.
- **USCGC Mohawk (WPG 78) 1934-48 crews**—Reunion Sept. 7-8, 1985. Contact Robert M. Broadway, 1500 Lakewood Dr., Wilmington, Del. 19803.
- **USS Omaha (CL 4)**—Reunion Sept. 9-12, 1985, Norfolk, Va. Contact Frank L. Vito, 1409 Indiana N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87110; telephone (505) 256-1321.
- **USS California (BB 44)**—Reunion Sept. 9-12, 1985, Seaside, Ore. Contact Harold Bean, 616 W. Lafayette, Staunton, Ill. 62088; telephone (618) 635-5638.
- **USS Houston (CA 30/CL 81)**—Reunion Sept. 10-15, 1985, Mobile, Ala. Contact H.M. Shafman, 921 Florence Ave., Galesburg, Ill. 61401.

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OUT
PATIENT

V.A.Y.S. HALL OF HONOR
SERVING THOSE WHO SERVED

AFTER 60 YEARS—World War I veteran Jerome J. Blanchard, 96, wore his original Navy uniform to keep an appointment at a veterans' hospital. Born in 1889, Blanchard enlisted in the Navy in 1914 and was discharged in 1922. Photo by Warren Boutchia.



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