Fun & Sun in Puerto Rico

Duty in Roosevelt Roads
Page 22
Features

12 Instruments of Precision
Meet the members of the U.S. Navy’s Ceremonial Honor Guard. Established in 1931, the Guard's primary mission is to represent the Navy in presidential, joint armed forces and public ceremonies.

18 IWRK4GD
Chaplain (LT) M. Malak Abd Al Muta’ali Ibn Noel Jr., known to the Sailors of Naval Station Norfolk simply as “Chaps,” is the first – and only – Muslim chaplain in the Navy.

22 Puerto Rico
Welcome to this island paradise where the sun is always shining and the water is always warm.

28 The Good Life
Sure, no one needs a $50,000 yacht or beachfront property on a Caribbean island. But it would be nice. Just ask AT2 Ron Ward. He’s living a dream.
The Teller of Tales
Boatswain’s Mate 1st Class Sheldon Ezell knows about loss. He sees it everyday in the eyes of those he ferries out to the Arizona Memorial – Americans still saddened by the events of Dec. 7, 1941.

The Size of the Fight
On the morning of Sept. 30, 1918, in the waning days of World War I, a small Navy cargo ship clashed with a German U-boat in the middle of the North Atlantic. It wasn’t a grand battle, but the Herculean efforts of the American crew to defend their ship remains one of our Navy’s most enduring episodes of bravery under fire.

On the Cover
MMC(SW) Don Brown, LCPO of Naval Station Roosevelt Roads’ MWR Department, snorkels off “Green Beach” near the island of Vieques in Puerto Rico.

On the Back Cover
Sailors on board USS Constellation (CV 64) prep an Indy car for launch. ABC News used the car and the carrier for a promotional spot aired during the Indy 500.

Check us out Online at: www.chinfo.navy.mil/navpalib/ahands/ah-top.html
Mario Georges refuels an Indy car on board USS Constellation (CV 64) in San Diego. ABC News used the car and the carrier for the filming of a commercial which aired during the Indy 500.

Photo by PH2 Aaron Ansatrov
SM3 Gilbert Kreutzfeld updates the status board for USS *Kitty Hawk* (CV 63) during an underway replenishment in the Arabian Gulf.

Photo by PH1 Spike Call
Shore Sentiments

A couple of Sailors and I out here at NSGA Rota, Spain, have been looking at All Hands magazine lately and noticed the amount of publicity concentrated on the part of the fleet that is at sea, or involved with air wings or squadrons. Some of us deploy for short amounts of time, but we are all shore Sailors first. We would like to see more articles and pictures of the rest of the fleet, if this is possible.

We would also like to commend you on your magazine, because the articles you do put out are great. They are written well and the format is excellent. Continue the good work!

CTM2 McKenzie Lyn Wagner
NSGA Rota, Spain

Diving Down

I am a Supply Corps officer who is extremely proud to have served on a U.S. Navy submarine. When I saw the cover of the April 1999 issue of All Hands I was excited about being able to read about my “former life.”

While I was attached to USS Nevada (SSBN 733) I stood watch as the Diving Officer of the Watch (DOOW). The DOOW is one of the key players in the dive, he even controls the ship’s speed until the ordered depth is reached. You completely omitted the DOOW from the entire picture. The all-important position of DOOW was never mentioned in your magazine. The OOD never gives depth orders straight to the helmsman/planesman.

As I said, I am proud to be a submarine-qualified Supply Officer. Now if publications such as All Hands would start recognizing our contribution to the submarine world, it would be a good start.

LCDR Jeffrey M. Post
CNRF

Chevy – Like a Rock

I am responding to the article in the latest All Hands about MMC(SS) “Chevy” Brown. I was very happy to see [an article about] one of my senior enlisted members who takes time with his personnel.

He has a very excellent relationship with all personnel. The article pointed out a high-ranking enlisted person who shares the good and the bad times with his personnel.

It probably began with home training. My commanding officer is very people-oriented. I just wanted to say thank you for the article. To All Hands – keep doing excellent work; and to Master Chief Brown – never change for any one.

YN3 Mike Vaughn
VQ-5, NAS North Island

Missouri Mix-Up

In the May 1999 issue of All Hands magazine on Page 11 is an article on NAVSTA Rodman’s closure. The caption next to the picture of USS Missouri (BB 63) reads, “USS Missouri (BB 63) transits the Gatun Locks of the Panama Canal, Nov. 18, 1944, on the final leg of an around-the-world shakedown cruise.”

Missouri did two around-the-world shake down cruises; the first in 1944, the second in 1985. I was onboard in 1985, which is when that picture was taken. Just think of the damage we could have caused to the Imperial Japanese Fleet, if Missouri was equipped with CIWS, Harpoons and Tomahawks in 1944, as your caption suggests.

Easy mistake. Over all, great magazine!!!

MMC(SW) Butler
USS Missouri crew member ’84 to ’91

Corrections

Mistaken Identity

In the April 1999 issue of All Hands, you incorrectly identified two of my shipmates. On Page 35 of that issue, DC2(SW) Betty Jacob was incorrectly identified as PO2 Nonah Hadnot. MM3 Thuy Vu was identified as PO3 Thuy Bu.

JO2 Stacey Moore
USS McKee (AS 41)

Two Tenders

Did you guys forget the tender that just went over to relieve the AS 33 [in April ’99 Issue]? After September the only deployed (active) submarine tenders will be the USS Emory S. Land (AS 39) at La Maddalena, and the USS Frank Cable (AS 40) at Guam.

Douglas R. Delgado
E-75 SEAWOLF LTD

A Group By Any Other Name

Your caption on Page 1 of the May 1999 issue incorrectly identified the command of the Sailors on the back cover. YN1(AW) Weaver and QM1(SW) Hager are from Carrier Group 1, not “Cruiser Destroyer Group 1” as printed. Thanks for the great pictures. Our staff loves them.

LCDR Peet
Flag Secretary
Commander, Carrier Group 1

Tell us something we don’t know.

Send your comments to:
All Hands, Naval Media Center
(ATTN: Editor)
2713 Mitscher Rd., S.W.
Washington, D.C. 20373-5819
or e-mail: allhands@mediacen.navy.mil
Y2K and You
A Look at Utilities

Q. Some reports predict widespread power outages at the beginning of the year 2000. Is this true?
A. These predictions are not based on facts or rational analyses of information from the industry. Sporadic spot outages in some areas is a far more likely scenario. Prepare for this possibility as you would for an outage caused by a winter storm. Have a flashlight with fresh batteries available and plenty of warm clothing if you live in a cold area. Most experts predict only short-term power outages.

Q. Will there be safe drinking water at the tap on Jan. 1, 2000, and each day thereafter?
A. The answer is yes, especially in the United States. Water purification systems receive high priority as utilities work toward compliance. A water utility's Y2K-compliance program must be designed to ensure safe drinking water is provided to customers. This important consideration plays heavily into the decision-making process as utilities prioritize systems for Y2K remediation.

Q. Will there be gasoline shortages because of Y2K?
A. An industry survey by the American Petroleum Institute indicates that oil companies should be well-prepared to continue refinery operations after Jan. 1, 2000. Seventy-six percent of companies surveyed reported they will have their embedded systems Y2K ready by June 1999. Seventy-three percent reported they will have contingency plans in place by June 1999. Contingency plans address things like identifying alternate electrical power sources and transportation vendors ahead of time. Year-end gasoline lines and shortages at the pump could result from large numbers of people all attempting to fill up their vehicles just before the new millennium arrives. Many oil companies intend to increase reserves to address this possibility. Most major oil companies have posted Year 2000 readiness disclosures to their websites.

Q. Will there be Y2K-related problems with natural gas supply?
A. An industry survey of municipal natural gas distributors shows 55 percent of those surveyed report they have no electronic systems whose failure would affect their distribution operations. Of the 45 percent who report potential Y2K impacts, all but 6 percent expect to be Y2K compliant by June 1999.
DFAS Resolves Social Security Withholding Issue

The Defense Finance and Accounting Service Center (DFAS), Cleveland, Ohio, was recently notified that in 1994, Social Security withholding tape was not processed for active-duty Navy members whose Social Security Numbers (SSNs) fall within 001-36-6000 through 194-62-4343. DFAS promptly reproduced the tape and provided it to the Social Security Administration (SSA). Navy member records that did not receive credit for the 1994 withholding period. Members whose SSNs do not fall within this numeric series were not affected.

Service members should allow sufficient time for the SSA to process and properly credit all accounts missing the 1994 data. If you have questions about a specific account, please contact your local SSA office.

Story by DFAS public affairs.

Dietary Disaster

The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) recently announced a warning against the use of "dietary supplements" containing gamma butyrolactone (GBL) for bodybuilding-enhancement or as sleep aids. These products are illegally-marketed, unapproved new drugs, according to the FDA, which has asked companies manufacturing these products to voluntarily recall them.

GBL-related products have been connected to at least 55 adverse health effects, including one death. In 19 cases, the consumer became unconscious or comatose and several required assistance in breathing. There have been other reports of seizures, vomiting, slow breathing and slow heart rates.

Another popular underground drug, gamma hydroxybutyrate (GHB), also known as "liquid ecstasy" or "Georgia Home Boy," has been taking over the recreational drug market. Its popularity is alarming. In 1991, the FDA realized the potential adverse effects from the drug and its legal use was restricted to medical research. GHB is illegal to possess or sell.

However, your body can produce GHB when you orally ingest a product containing GBL. Therefore, when Navy personnel provide periodic urine samples, they may "pop positive" for an illegal substance as these drugs metabolize in their systems.

Some of the products that contain GBL are marketed under the brand names Renewtern, Revivarant or Revivarant G, Blue Nitro or Blue Nitro Vitality, GH Revitalizer, Gamma G, and Remforce. They claim to build muscle, improve physical performance, reduce stress and induce sleep.

The FDA said it's considering criminal actions if the GBL products are not recalled. Consumers and physicians may report adverse effects from use of GBL-containing products to the FDA's Medwatch at 1-800-332-1088.

Don't be fooled by marketing ploys and gimmicks. Both of these drugs are dangerous and should be avoided.

Story by CAPT Don Mason, Naval Hospital Pensacola, Fla.

On assignment

Acting like the typical tourist

"Old San Juan was such a beautiful place to visit," said JO2 Joseph Gunder III, who traveled with JO1 Robert Benson to cover happenings in Puerto Rico. "It's kind of a unique blend of the Caribbean, Latin American and U.S. cultures. Our last day there was the best. We spent a whole Sunday morning just exploring the city and looking for cool shots. Even outside of the capital, there was so much to see and do. My favorite place to go, oddly enough, was any place that had Chinese food."

Ricky's Tour

By JO3 Mike C. Jones

mikejones43@hotmail.com
While conducting routine operations off the coast of Japan recently, USS Kitty Hawk (CV 63) and USS Chancellorsville (CG 62), picked up a distress signal from two British balloonists attempting an around-the-world voyage. Unable to raise the endangered balloon by radio, Kitty Hawk initiated efforts with U.S. military and Japanese Self-Defense Force rescue crews to locate and rescue the balloon's crew.

The contact was first discovered by OS3 Michael Winstead, a tracking supervisor in the carrier's Combat Direction Center. At first he thought it must have been an error. "It popped up in the middle of the morning, and at that time we didn't have anything going on. So, the first thing I did was try and validate the emergency."

To do that, the Walshville, Ill., native, deleted the blip from his screen and waited to see if it would show up again; moments later it did. "Just after it popped up again, Chancellorsville called up on the radio and asked if I was getting the same thing." Winstead reported the contact to his supervisor and kept monitoring the blip. Kitty Hawk's Tactical Action Officer, LT Dave Bolduc, of Hinsdale, Mass., was also monitoring the developing situation. "The first thing we did was try and figure out where it was. Then we notified the Bridge in case we had to change course and render assistance."

Winstead determined its approximate location. "It was about 100 nautical miles from us and about 50 miles from Japan and it was underneath an active commercial air corridor," he said.

"My first thought was that it was a mid-air collision, but then we were able to get a reading from IFF (identification - friend or foe) which gave us an altitude of 11,000 feet. At that point we knew it wasn't a mid-air, and because how slowly it was moving, we figured it had to be a balloon," said Bolduc.

While Chancellorsville attempted to make radio contact with the balloonists, AT1 Wayne Brown, assigned to Kitty Hawk's Carrier Air Traffic Control Center, was able to phone Yokota Air Force Base and inform them of the situation. "I gave them the latitude and longitude of the distress beacon, and they were able to relay it to Japanese search and rescue." Kitty Hawk and Chancellorsville were able to track the balloon for almost an hour while Japanese Self-Defense Force rescue crews picked up the stranded balloonists.

Story by JO2 Phil Beaufort, USS Kitty Hawk (CV 63) public affairs.
Dubuque Wins Again

Seventh Fleet recently awarded USS Dubuque (LPD 8) its third consecutive award for amphibious warfare excellence.

Last year, Dubuque participated in several large-scale, joint and multi-national amphibious exercises. These exercises included Valiant Usher in Australia, Cobra Gold in Thailand, Blue-Green work-ups and special operations-capable exercises in Okinawa, and Tandem Thrust in South Korea. During these exercises Dubuque acted as the primary control ship overseeing the safe and organized movement of personnel and equipment to and from shore.

Dubuque was also heavily involved in two real world operations. In May 1998, Dubuque, along with USS Germantown (LSD 42) and USS Belleau Wood (LHA 3), was tasked to proceed to the Arabian Gulf to counter Iraqi threats. While in the Gulf, the three ships were directly involved with defending Kuwait during Operation Desert Fox.

Story by USS Dubuque (LPD 8) public affairs.

Aviation Storekeeper 1st Class (AW) Kirkland Kirk was selected as Naval Air Station Fallon, Nev., Sailor of the Year for 1998. The Galveston, Texas, native was recognized for his work as material control leading petty officer for the Aviation Intermediate Maintenance Department. He reduced broad arrow requirements by 72 percent, resulting in a 15 percent production improvement and reducing turn-around time by 25 percent.

Air Traffic Controller Airman Fernando Marquez was selected USS Enterprise (CVN 65) Blue Jacket of the Year for 1998. The El Paso, Texas, native was singled out for work as an assistant in the ship's Air Traffic Control Office. Marquez reliably tracked and supported the safe movement of 6,511 passengers, 490,149 pounds of cargo and 214,484 pounds of mail in the past year.

Utilitiesman First Class Robert F. White was selected as Naval Construction Battalion Unit (CBU) 410 SeaBee of the Year for 1998 for his work as the S-3 Quality Control Inspector. White maintained the unit's principal construction management tool, the Level One, and supervised the completion of 22 projects totaling 1,352 work days with work in place valued at $125,000.

Journalist 2nd Class Kaye Trammell was selected as Fleet Surveillance Support Command, Chesapeake, Va., 1998 Senior Sailor of the Year and 1998 Naval Space Command Junior Shore Sailor of the Year. The Junction City, Kan., native single-handedly developed a public affairs program at her command.

"Gunslinger" Selected as Attack Aviator of the Year

CDR Greg "Fence" Fenton of the Fighter Attack Squadron (VFA) 105 "Gunslingers" was recently selected as the LCDR Michael G. Hoff Attack Aviator of the Year by Commander, Naval Air Forces, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. The award, established in 1987 in honor of Hoff, is presented annually to the top tactical aviator or Naval Flight Officer for exceptional proficiency, professionalism and contributions to the carrier-based attack mission of the U.S. Navy.

Fenton accumulated more than 2,200 total flight hours – 1,800 of them in the F/A-18 Hornet – in the past year and earned every pilot qualification available to him. He also made significant contributions to standoff weapons employment and tactics development.

The Gunslingers also recognized LT Dave Lisi and CW02 Jamy Weaver, who were selected as the Ground Officer of the Year and Ground Maintenance Officer of the Year for respectively Commander, Strike Fighter Wing, Atlantic.

New Options for "SS" Quals

Pearl Harbor submariners now have a new training option with regard to "SS" (Submarine) qualifications. A computer lab has been constructed for the use of Submarine On Board Training (SOBT) Interactive Courseware (ICW). The SOBT lab provides submariners an off-ship option for working on SS qualifica-
Sailors can do anything from making models to building yachts. Their weapons are musical instruments and their message is one of happiness and goodwill. A typical day for the Fleet Band is anything but typical. The same is true for Sailors. Sailors have a better opportunity than many to pursue a fun occupation at minimal expense. Almost every base has a hobby shop where Sailors can do anything from making models to building yachts.

**TIME CAPSULE**

This month we take a look back at the July 1971 issue of *All Hands*.

**Seeing the World:** According to Sailors, “There’s no substitute for the real thing. Geography books, an atlas, TV and movies just don’t get across the same feeling as seeing and doing it for yourself. Speaking French in a Cleveland classroom can’t be compared with ordering a meal in a Paris café or at a restaurant in Port au Prince.” In the Navy, the world is yours. Cost-free travel around the globe is one of the dividends enjoyed by first-termers and career Sailors alike.

**Surf’s Up:** When the Navy hosted the first National Explorer Surfing Conference at Barbers Point Naval Air Station, Hawaii, in 1971, the uniforms were bikinis, the equipment surfboards. More than 150 youngsters, aged 14 to 20, competed in the Easter Holiday event. Some of Hawaii’s best surfers participated as workshop instructors, judges, guest lecturers and clinic assistants.

**Fine Tuning:** They wear traditional military uniforms, but their weapons are musical instruments and their message is one of happiness and goodwill. A typical day for the U.S. 7th Fleet Band is anything but typical.

**Can you Spare the Time?** Most people have hobbies to fill in their spare time. The same is true for Sailors. Sailors have a better opportunity than many to pursue a fun occupation at minimal expense. Almost every base has a hobby shop where Sailors can do anything from making models to building yachts.
INSTRUMENTS OF PRECISION
As kids, they ate their green beans, spinach and beets. Now they’re “Super Sailors.” They congregate at the U.S. Navy’s Ceremonial Honor Guard in Washington, D.C. Look around and you’ll see perfect specimens: all men are 6 foot or taller; the women 5 feet 10 inches plus. To be a member of the elite group, each person on the hand-picked team must have “superior nature, posture, good moral character, outstanding personal appearance, good facial complexion, a high level of fitness and outstanding intelligence.”

Ability to levitate or walk on water is optional.

Step inside the halls of the Ceremonial Guard now. Prepare to feel less than perfect.

Sailors master the precise art of spinning, throwing and recovering a “piece” in midair through hours of grueling practice. And, while most guardsmen transfer from the guard unscathed, wielding a standard M-1 rifle with a bayonet attached adds an element of danger to the job description. That’s why only the most agile and physically dextrous Sailors are selected from boot camp to serve a two-year tour in the Guard.
Like a minor league ball player trying out for the big leagues, SN Juan C. Bernalvega auditions for a coveted position on the Navy Ceremonial Drill Team. Performing in front of world leaders and curious spectators alike, members of this elite unit execute their close-order drill routine with detailed precision and pinpoint accuracy.
Top: Senior drill team member AN Christopher Pacheco prepares to pass through a tunnel of two dozen flying bayonetted M-1 rifles. It takes weeks before such complicated maneuvers are fine-tuned enough to be performed in public.

Left: Inside Ceremonial Hall on Naval Station Anacostia, Navy Ceremonial Guardsmen stand up to two long, motionless hours of "stamina training." Standing at attention for long intervals is ingrained in these young men and women from the moment they report aboard.

Right: You won't find these items at your nearest uniform shop. White, cotton leggings; shiny, black patent-leather shoes with brass fastened to the heel, and countless other uniform articles are designed and manufactured specifically for Sailors serving in a ceremonial unit.
Right: If you think your boot camp company commander harped on you about attention to detail, imagine what a two-year stint in the Ceremonial Guard must be like. Before every public performance members are scanned head-to-toe by their petty officer in charge. Even the most minute uniform infraction is grounds for failing an inspection.

Left: The 1-MC announcement "Sweepers, sweepers, man your brooms ..." is as commonplace to shipboard Sailors as sipping "bug juice" and setting "Condition Yoke." Other than the fact that their command doesn't float, sweepers is no different for Ceremonial Guard Sailors. Each month a different division is responsible for cleanup duty, with white-glove inspections held every Friday.

Ceremonial Guard member SN David Edwards saturates his dungaree shirt with starch in preparation for an upcoming inspection. Because these young men and women represent the Navy in so many public performances, a flawless, squared-away appearance is paramount.
Members of the drill team have been known to escort the Commander-in-Chief, or perform for presidents and royalty worldwide. Established in 1931, the Guard's primary mission is to represent the Navy in presidential, joint armed forces and public ceremonies in the nation's capital under the scrutiny of the highest ranking officials of the United States and foreign nations.

SN Rhonda Jones checks out her reflection in a brass fixture before mustering with her division for the daily uniform inspection. Jones is one of 30 women assigned to the 200-member Ceremonial Guard unit.
“Always remember, there is no such thing as individual greatness or achievement, for even though we may stand alone, we remain a sum (total) of all that Allah has blessed us to see, experience or encounter.”

Chaplain (LT) M. Malak Abd Al Muta’ali ibn Noel, Jr., known to the Sailors of Naval Station Norfolk simply as “Chaps”, is the first – and only – Muslim chaplain in the Navy.
With eyes dancing and a playful, boyish grin stretching across his 38-year-old face, the Chaplain confidently reaches a hand across the black and red checkered game board. Restraining himself momentarily before executing the game-clinching move, the Salem, N.J., native looks up to assess the mood of his opponent. He notes with relief that the young petty officer sitting across from him isn’t the same sulking, timid, unapproachable Sailor who nervously tapped on his door just 10 minutes before. Now the smiling young man appears relaxed and comfortable.
The bulky, silver-plated class ring Chaplain (LT) Noel wears on his right hand was presented to him upon graduating with a joint Master's of Divinity degree in 1996. Noel majored in Islamic Law in a joint degree program offered by University of Chicago's Lutheran School of Theology and the American Islamic College.

"I guess we call him 'Chaps' for short because, to us, he's not just another officer – he's our friend, our shipmate," explained Hospital Corpsman 2nd Class Art Coffman, an emergency rescue paramedic assigned to Sewells Point Branch Medical Clinic, Norfolk.

A shipmate who is always there. Every weekday afternoon, without fail, the lean, physically fit Chaplain with 19 years of service dons his shades, hops behind the wheel of his new Mitsubishi Diamante, with license plates that read IWRK4GD, and cruises the base in search of Sailors. His mission: to talk to and have a positive effect on as many of his shipmates as possible.

"We all love it when Chaps pops in for a visit," said Yeoman 2nd Class Darrell Thomas, who works at NAVSTA Norfolk's admin office. "He brightens up the place and spends quality time getting to know us."

Put simply, Noel is a people person. It doesn't matter what kind of person you are, either. Muslim or Christian,

Chaplain (LT) Noel performs Islamic religious services every Friday (Muslim sabbath) at 1 p.m., in this small room located on the second deck of Naval Station Norfolk's chapel. The Islamic house of worship opened Nov. 27, 1997, as the first and only permanent mosque on any U.S. military base.
admired or seaman, black, white or purple – this friendly, charismatic and energetic man of God in an immaculately pressed khaki uniform doesn't discriminate. He talks to anybody, anytime, anywhere in the fleet.

Just look at the amount of time he's put in since former Secretary of the Navy John H. Dalton first pinned on his brass Islamic crescent moon insignia in a Pentagon ceremony three years ago. Although Noel figures he's only left the Norfolk area a half dozen times, those six trips added up to more than nine months away from his family. In fact, by the time this issue of All Hands hits the fleet, Noel will be visiting Sailors on ships and shore installations located in and around Southwest Asia.

The world is a lot of territory to cover for one man. Noel's ministerial reach is global in nature, because the Navy has Sailors of the Islamic faith assigned to ships and shore installations all over the world. It's his job to see that their spiritual needs are being met.

"An important part of what I do is serve as an advocate for my Muslim shipmates – wherever they may be stationed," said the former Legalman 1st Class who in 1994 received a Navy scholarship to get his master's degree in Islamic Law from the University of Chicago. While in the "Windy City" he earned a joint Master's of Divinity degree from the Lutheran School of Theology and the American Islamic College.

Noel said both experiences – serving in the fleet and the intense postgraduate work in Islamic law – have come in handy since taking the position as the Navy's Muslim chaplain.

"I often get questions from commanding officers in the fleet who ask me to clarify and explain certain Islamic traditions and advise them on how their chain of command can better adapt to and accommodate the specific worship needs of their Muslim Sailors," said Noel.

Addressing the needs of an increasing number of Muslim Sailors is the reason Navy leadership gave the go-ahead for a Muslim chaplain in the first place.

"I think it was a good move," said Navy Counselor 1st Class (SW) Murillo A. Millin, assigned to NAVSTA Norfolk. "I'm not a Muslim, but over the years I have served with several aboard ship. Now they have someone who represents them and looks out for their best interests."

Whether he's living out of a seabag or working out of his tiny office inside NAVSTA Norfolk's red brick chapel, Chaps sees his role as the Navy's Muslim chaplain in very broad terms.

"God is my boss," said Noel. "Sure, like any lieutenant in the Navy, I hope to someday make lieutenant commander, Allah willing, but that's not why I'm here. God has blessed me with this job for a reason — to do His will."

For this mustang, doing God's will means getting out, meeting Sailors – real Sailors with real problems and concerns – and making a difference in their lives.

"Some of my shipmates come to me with serious problems eating away at them," he explained. "That's when I stop all engines, drop anchor and sit with that person and listen to what he or she has to say. I become a friend, a big brother – someone they can confide in."

And what does Chaps do with Sailors who have a hard time opening up?

"I resort to Plan B," said Noel, the boyish grin resurfacing on his face. "Checkers."

So, there is a reason for the checkerboard you see upon stepping into Noel's office.

"Playing checkers serves a dual purpose," explained the light-hearted chaplain. "One, it helps people loosen up a bit and two, it allows me to crush yet another opponent and chalk up another win for God's team!"

Whatever his motive, the formula Chaps uses to reach the hearts and souls of Muslim and non-Muslim shipmates alike is working.

Thompson is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands.
The golfer took careful aim with his putter. His concentration unfazed by the occasional deafening roar of something flying overhead. This time it was a quartet of single-engine fighters, one behind the other, landing gear down and locked, making their final approach to the runway. The golf course happened to be right under their flight path. The golf course also just happens to be on a Caribbean island, and at a U.S. naval station.
The golfer and the U.S. Navy were not the first to discover this little piece of paradise.

Most people think Columbus was the first to set foot on the island, but Puerto Rico had actually been occupied for three millennia before him, starting with the Archaic people. About 2,000 years ago, Arawak people, from the Amazon regions of South America, slowly spread up the Caribbean archipelago and established themselves there. The final wave of the Arawak, the Taínos, began around A.D. 1000, and these are the people Columbus found when he made his second voyage to the Americas in 1493.

In 1508, Juan Ponce de Leon and his Spanish conquistadores started the first island settlement of Caparra, but resettled 13 years later on a small peninsula on the northern side of the island that would later be called San Juan. The city still stands today. Toward the turn of the 19th century, both Puerto Rico and Spain's other remaining possession in the New World, Cuba, clamored for independence. Because of escalating tensions between Cuba and Spain, the U.S. dispatched the battleship USS Maine (BB 2) to protect American lives and property on the island. The Maine exploded Feb. 15, 1898, while at anchor in Havana Harbor, killing more than 250 of the crew and starting the Spanish-American War. Under the provision of the Treaty of Paris, the United States annexed Puerto Rico.

The island ratified its constitution in 1952, becoming the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

First conceived in 1919, a full naval operations base was commissioned here in 1943. Known today as Naval Station Roosevelt Roads, or "Roosevelt Roads," it's on the eastern tip of Puerto Rico, with 8,000 acres of land on the main island and 25,000 acres on the neighboring island of Vieques (vee-YAY-cus), eight miles to the southeast. That much area gives Roosevelt Roads the distinction of being the largest naval station in the world in terms of landmass.

The base on the main island sports an 11,000-foot runway, long enough to handle large cargo aircraft like the Air Force's C-17 Globemaster.

Story by J02 Joseph Gunder III  Photos by J01 Robert Benson
There are no U.S. Navy ships homeported in Roosevelt Roads, but there's always something stopping by for a visit. Two aircraft squadrons deploy to the station (an E-2C Hawkeye and a P-3 squadron) and another is based there full-time. That makes for a lot of Sailors passing through.

"The main mission here is to provide support to Atlantic Fleet ships and give them an operational training environment," said Bob Nelson, spokesperson for the naval station. "We also have an underwater submarine range between Puerto Rico and St. Croix, Virgin Islands. We have a weapons depot here, and we also provide fuel for ships and aircraft."

A portion of the nearby island of Vieques is used as a Seabee encampment. "They maintain the roads and habitats there," Nelson continued. "They deploy there on a six-month basis." Some of the beaches are used as sites for practicing amphibious landings, while other parts are used as target areas.

Although Sailors at Roosevelt Roads work hard, their liberty is some of the best in the world.

"We have recreational activities for Sailors on deployments," added Nelson. More than 20,000 people work on board or get support from Naval Station Roosevelt Roads. Of that, more than 2,400 are military members. Although some members live in the barracks, others choose to live off-base.

Yeoman 3rd Class Robert Claudio of the Naval Station's Administration Department lives in San Juan, the capital of Puerto Rico, and commutes almost an hour each way. "But it's worth it," he said. "I'm not far from Old San Juan."
Neon greens, bright yellows, rich reds and tropical blues paint a beautiful backdrop for island life on Puerto Rico. Historic Old San Juan is a must see for anyone passing through the region. There's also the magnificent beaches and crystal clear waters where visibility can reach 100 feet or more.
“The water and life around the place mystifies me in an unnatural way ...

I cry when I think of Puerto Rico’s beauty ...”

Between all the outdoor concerts, restaurants and clubs out here, it’s pretty exciting. Then there’s all the festivals, the cruises, the tropical climate ... you can’t get bored!”

“People pay top dollar to come to a place like this and yet I’m being paid to live here,” said Aviation Electrician’s Mate 1st Class (AW) Joseph Bernwynkler of Fleet Reconnaissance Squadron (VC) 8. He lives in an apartment in a valley about five miles from the base known as Terrazas Demajagua. “They’ve got it all here. With all the beaches, the rainforests, you could do it all in one day. And you could make it from the mountains to the beaches in 30 minutes. They’ve got a real rich culture. And the people here are real accommodating. Between all the festivals, there’s always something going on.”

“Their Christmas holiday extends from December 1 to January 10 or 11,” explained Hospital Corpsman 1st Class Anita Madche, who served three years at the Roosevelt Roads Naval Hospital. Christmas time in Puerto Rico is a big celebration with friendly neighbors who want to share the joy of the holidays, regardless of who you are or where you’re from.

In fact, there’s so much to do through the station’s Morale, Welfare and Recreation Department (MWR) you
won't have much down time. "We've got a full range of intramural sports ranging from darts to flag football," explained Chief Machinists Mate Don Brown, leading chief for the Roosevelt Roads MWR Department.

"We have bowling, two seasons of softball, basketball, swimming … you name it," said Brown. "In fact we have an annual swim race that goes from Vieques to the main island. Southwest of the island is 'phosphorescent bay.' It's filled with little green organisms that glow at night. You can get a glass-bottom boat tour there. And when you go snorkeling after dark, it's like you're swimming in green light. They glow when you stir the water up with your hand or head."

When asked how clear the water was elsewhere, Brown said, "it's so clear you could be diving in 75 feet of water and look up and see an airplane flying overhead."

But you don't have to be walking on the bottom of the bay to enjoy yourself. Warm breezes, a sprinkling of four centuries of Spanish rule with a hint of Caribbean culture are waiting for you. Don't pass up Puerto Rico. Soak it up, drink it down. You, too, can experience the good life.

Gunder is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands.

Wondrous Water

Looking to get your feet wet? Puerto Rico's pristine waters are the place to do it. Snorkeling and scuba diving are exceptional around the island, with water temperatures ranging from 77 to 84 degrees and underwater visibility averaging 60 to 75 feet, with 100 feet or better visibility in the open ocean.

"It's always fun to hear feedback from the Sailors who dive," said Jennifer Munoz, manager of Ocean Enterprises, the Navy Exchange's dive shop. "People have seen sea turtles, nurse sharks, manta rays, moray eels and lots of tropical fish. A real treat for the lobster lover is to find a Caribbean and Spotted Spiny Lobster. They're yummy!"

Munoz recommends these two hot spots for the Sailor making a port visit to Roosevelt Roads Naval Base:

All Hands Beach - barge wreck. If you snorkel to the island off of All Hands Beach, position yourself on the left side of the island between the two palm trees. Swim straight approximately 75 yards. On the return trip, be sure to save enough air to transit underwater. Visibility in the waters near the wreck can reach 40 feet. Enjoy!

Brookings Beach - officer's beach. Enter on the ocean side of the small breakwater, then head out around the point. Reef fish are plentiful, and manta rays have been spotted out in the sand flats. Keep your eyes open for nurse sharks, too!

Here's a real deal: Surface Operations at the base offers free boat trips running from Roosevelt Roads to Mosquito Pier at Vieques Island. Diving at Vieques is phenomenal nearly everyday, with the most frequented dive being at Green Beach. Call the Manifest Office for detailed information on boat schedules.

For more information on these and other great dives, call Jennifer Munoz or her staff at 787-865-4485. Go ahead - dive in!

Benson is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands.
The Good Life
It can be argued that no one really needs a $50,000 yacht, or beachfront property on a Caribbean island or a lifestyle that revolves around sunning, deep-sea fishing and scuba diving trips. But, Aviation Electronics Technician 2nd Class Ron Ward disagrees.
Although he has Global Positioning Gear, radios and other high-tech navigational equipment, Ward still relies on good ol’ piloting as he cruises the waters around Puerto Rico.

“The boat is vital to my sanity,” he says, in between sips of something tropical looking. Legs perched on the console of the yacht’s bridge, he eases back in his massive chair. Butterflies hover, cool winds blow, reggae plays in the distance and the sun beats down, forming beads of sweat on his forehead. The only thing missing from this idyllic picture is an attentive butler with white gloves and a hankie to blot his face.

Did Ward mention his airplane? There’s that, too: a Cessna 152 he takes for a jaunt every now and then.

This 25 year-old Sailor isn’t delusional, and he didn’t win a lottery. But it could probably be said that he’s living the good life, ever since he bought the 38-foot Chris Craft yacht.

Ward is the epitome of a Sailor. He lives aboard the vessel he calls Alicia Marie, and its location couldn’t be better: the Roosevelt Roads Marina, in tropical Puerto Rico. He’s surrounded by lush green hills, turquoise waters and cool breezes – a lifestyle he’s been enjoying since he moved on board last year.

“I was living in the barracks, now I’m living on this,” said Ward, gesturing at the floating behemoth. Twenty years ago, he probably would have rejoiced more heartily screaming, “It’s mine, mine, mine! All mine!” while doing cartwheels across the main deck. His unbridled love of boating began back then – at childhood.

As a young Boy Scout he promptly earned the sailing, fishing and canoeing merit badges. Some of his earlier memories of seafaring were camping and canoeing trips in a birch and mahogany canoe built by his dad. “I grew up on the water and have been around boats all my life,” he said. “It was one of my Dad’s dreams to own a boat like this and live aboard. I guess I’m living out his dream.”

A dream indeed. Ward now has earned the ultimate merit badge – Alicia Marie. Step onboard and you’ll see Ward’s pride for yourself. Photos – hundreds of them – plastered neatly to the walls – images that testify to his love of boating and family. On the bathroom door he has his plane pictures, which he shot at air shows across the nation. On another wall he has photos of his family, on another, pictures of his friends.

There’s a special photo among the collage. You probably wouldn’t notice it unless you were really looking close. But there it is. Shot on the fly. A picture of his dad sitting on the back of a boat, taken in Georgia on Lake Lanier. “It’s probably the best photo I have of him,” says Ward. “It’s a special photo for me.”

There’s a picture of his sister, too, being studied this in-port morning by Ward’s mother, Christina, who was visiting with her daughter for a week.

“He’s wanted a boat since he got to Puerto Rico,” said Christina, beaming. “He started hanging around the marinas looking for one and finally did. He talks about the boat a lot – all the time. He’s really proud of it.”

But it’s more than pride. Onboard Alicia Marie, Ward has all the comforts of home: a kitchen, refrigerator, cellular phone, stereo system, TV, large bed, wall to wall carpet... . He takes it all with him on the weekends, when he “sets sail” for nearby islands like St. Thomas, St. Johns, St. Croix, and St. John's, USVI.
"A lot of times my buddies and I will get together and go out to Vieques Island for the weekend.

"We'll leave on a Saturday, spend the day out there, stay overnight, and return on Sunday. We fish, scuba dive and swim; it's really fun." Ward says they all chip in on gas, which is the biggest expense in keeping the 30 year-old vintage boat running. (She only gets about two miles per gallon).

Ward cites numerous benefits as a live-aboard. "You don't have to pay $550,000 for a house in the area with an ocean view. I have the ability to completely disappear on the weekends. I can go cruising when I want to. The neighbors around me are cool - a really tight community who look out for each other. I get rocked to sleep every night and I have complete freedom. Not only that, but living aboard a boat is a good conversation starter.

"When I tell people I live onboard a boat, they always do a double-take. Now I can't go anywhere without people asking how my boat is. Over at PSD they didn't know how to handle my BAQ pay when I first moved aboard. There was nothing in their paperwork about how to pay a person in my situation; there was no box to check." Ward receives all the money a single Sailor living in an apartment or home would receive. The money goes toward slip fees ($200 per month) boat payments and maintenance.

When I tell people I live onboard a boat, they always do a double-take. Now I can't go anywhere without people asking how my boat is. Over at PSD they didn't know how to handle my BAQ pay when I first moved aboard. There was nothing in their paperwork about how to pay a person in my situation; there was no box to check." Ward receives all the money a single Sailor living in an apartment or home would receive. The money goes toward slip fees ($200 per month) boat payments and maintenance.

There was another benefit Ward cited as a live-aboard: a great view. "I have the ability to wake up and change my view."

For the ultimate scenes, he leaves it up to nature. "I sometimes sail over to Vieques Island before nightfall to get away from the city lights. The stars out there are amazing - millions of them."

Gazing upward, with the starry sky as his roof, Ward may realize he's looking at a million other twinkling reasons that make living aboard a yacht dreamlike.

A dream he's living, called the good life.

Benson is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands

Ward's 38-foot yacht is one of many in the Roosevelt Roads Marina. For $200 per month he gets a private slip, membership at the yacht club, storage space and more.
The TELLER of TALES

Story and photos by John Robert Benson
Boatswain's Mate 1st Class Sheldon Ezell has learned about loss. He sees it everyday in the eyes of those he brings to the Arizona Memorial. Some are veterans, most aren't. Most are simply Americans who are saddened, and maybe still a bit outraged, by the events of Dec. 7, 1941.

Ezell knows every horrible detail of that fateful morning. He has read the books. He has studied the facts. But it is what he has learned from the myriad of actual survivors he has met during his tour that gives shape to his tone and power to his words – words with which he tries to capture the tremendous grief and unconscionable horror of that Sunday morning, 58 years ago. When he speaks it is usually to small groups of no more than five. But his words always bring tears, as well as stunned silence, shock and disbelief.

He begins to talk, an eerie quiet falls throughout the group.

"As the torpedo planes made their initial runs on battleship row, USS Oklahoma [BB 37] received much of their attention. The ship was hit with nine torpedoes in the first 10 minutes of the attack and quickly capsized."

Ezell speaks solemnly as he pilots his 70-foot tour boat over what remains of USS Arizona (BB 39).

"At 8:06 a.m., USS Arizona took her death blow. A single 1,760 pound bomb hurtled through the air striking near Turret No. 2, penetrating deep into the battleship's interior. With a tremendous blast Arizona blew up, killing most onboard. The blast blew men off the decks of neighboring ships, threw tons of debris into the air and sent the 1,177 men on Arizona to their grave."

Ezell drives the boat to the doorstep of the USS Arizona Memorial and those on board take a moment to visit the shrine room, where the names of those killed aboard are inscribed in stone.

When they depart my boat you can see the appreciation in their faces as they stop to shake my hand and say thank you.

With uncanny precision, honed with years of practice, BM1 Sheldon Ezell pulls the 70-foot, 230 horsepower tour boat alongside the USS Arizona Memorial.

Ezell raises the flag above the USS Arizona Memorial on a bright Hawaiian morning.
Thousands of Americans know Ezell, though they may not know his name. "He's the guy who drove us out to the Arizona Memorial," some recall. "He's the one who told us the story," say others.

Ezell is the conduit for the nation's most visited National Park memorial. For Ezell, working in and around the historic waters makes for a job he calls enviable. "As the veterans tour the memorial, you can feel their grief," he said. "When they depart my boat you can see the appreciation in their faces as they stop to shake my hand and say thank you."

The Gulfport, Miss., native has been at the Arizona Memorial Detachment for nearly two years. And although his goal is to make chief and eventually receive a commission as a warrant officer, Ezell continues to do his part to ensure those brave Sailors of Pearl Harbor will never be forgotten.

Benson is a photojournalist for All Hands.
The officers and crew of U-152 pose for a group photo with their American prisoners as the sub enters Kiel, Germany, Nov. 15, 1918. Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Junius Fulcher is pictured seventh from the left (wearing a white Navy officer's cap); Lieutenant Frank Muller is to his right, wearing a civilian cap.

USS Galveston (C-17) was the escort vessel for Ticonderoga's convoy in late September 1918. Without the ability to communicate with Ticonderoga and being responsible for ensuring the safety of the entire convoy, there was probably little the Galveston could do to prevent the tragedy.
On the morning of Sept. 30, 1918, in the waning days of World War I, a small Navy cargo ship clashed with a German U-boat in the middle of the North Atlantic. The slugfest lasted for two hours, with both ships firing at times from point blank range. It wasn't a grand sea battle by any stretch, but the Herculean efforts of the American crew to defend their ship remain one of our Navy's most enduring episodes of bravery under fire.
It probably began like a thousand watches before. Ensign Gustav Ringelman slowly climbed the ladder to the bridge, let his eyes adjust to the pre-dawn darkness outside and then reported to the OOD for his passdown.

Loaded with railroad ties and soldiers, Ringelman’s ship, United States Transport Ship (USTS) Ticonderoga, was sailing east in a convoy of 23 vessels bound for France. But Ticonderoga was a good 5.5 miles astern of the formation, barely making the base speed of 9.5 knots. Engine trouble, probably caused by bad coal, had plagued the little Transport Service ship since her departure from the United States, and now it was placing her in harm’s way.

This was prime hunting ground for German U-boats. And Ringelman’s watch was about to become anything but ordinary.

All was quiet until about 5:45 a.m., when Ringelman spotted what appeared to be a submarine on the surface a few degrees off the port bow. It was U-152, a German attack boat, and she was lying athwart the Ticonderoga’s course - just waiting.

Ringelman called the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Commander James J. Madison, sounded general quarters and ordered the forward gun crew to open fire.

A protective cover had been placed over the gun, and while the crew worked frantically to remove it, Madison took the conn and attempted to ram the U-boat. “Immediately [Madison] put his helm hard to starboard,” recalled Ringelman, “and came within 25 feet of ramming the submarine.”

The U-boat skipper, Kapitanleutnant Franz, having seen the transport bearing down, sped up and threw his helm to port. Then he shifted his rudder again and crossed Ticonderoga’s bow, avoiding yet a second attempt by Madison to ram the boat.

All the while, the German gun crew poured fire into the little ship. “Before we could get a shot off,” said Ringelman, “the submarine fired an incendiary shell, which struck our bridge, killing the helmsman, crippling the steering gear and setting the amidships section ablaze.” A second salvo rocked the bridge again, throwing Madison to the deck below, and then a third wiped out the forward gun and its crew. In a matter of seconds, more than a dozen Sailors lay dead.

Madison himself suffered shrapnel wounds to the face and shoulders, and he’d broken his left knee in the fall. Though in great pain, he made his way back to his chair so he could continue to conn the ship. What he didn’t yet know was that the radio had been totally demolished, making it impossible for Ticonderoga to call for help. Slowly and silently the convoy sailed on, blissfully unaware of her plight.

Relieved of his duties on the bridge, Ringelman dashed aft to take up his battle station on the 6-inch gun. When he got there he found only two others, a chief boatswain’s mate and a gunner’s mate, left to man it. They tried to shoot right away, but deck obstructions prevented the gun from being trained far enough forward to hit the U-boat, now off the starboard bow. Just as Madison turned sufficiently to bring the gun to bear, U-152 submerged.

Ten minutes later Franz surfaced and resumed the dreadful shelling. Ringelman returned the fire shot for shot, blasting away as fast as the gun could be loaded, but the enemy’s marksmanship was just too good. Before long, the 6-inch gun was also snuffed out. “We manned that gun until a shell struck us underneath and put [it] out of commission, as well as ourselves, disabling us,” said Ringelman.

At about 6:15 a.m., U-152 unexpectedly dove
again. Some Sailors began to cheer, thinking they had scored a hit. But others were more pragmatic. They knew that *Ticonderoga* now lay virtually defenseless. No steering gear, no guns—not even a radio to call for help. And there were literally dozens of wounded men to care for. If that U-boat came back, there would surely be hell to pay.

It came back. Weary of the gunfight, Franz positioned his U-boat a thousand yards off *Ticonderoga*'s starboard beam and let loose a single torpedo. It struck her just aft of the engine room bulkhead, lifting her hull clear out of the water. Ensign Clifford Sanghove, the third assistant engineer, had been below decks fighting fires. The blast pinned him between the bulkhead and some wreckage. For a moment, he thought he was dead. Crushed about the hips and chest and struggling for every breath, he somehow wrestled free and climbed out of the compartment. He was the last man to leave the engine room alive.

Up on deck, a ghastly sight awaited him. Dead and dying men lay all about, awash in seawater and blood. The shrapnel had been wickedly effective. "Most everybody on board our ship was either killed or wounded to such an extent that they were practically helpless from shrapnel," recalled Ringelman. Those still conscious groaned in agony, while those still able tried to comfort them. Of the 240 men aboard, less than 50 now remained alive.

The ship began to settle fast. Madison ordered her abandoned, but the lifeboats were of little use. Most of them had been shot full of holes. Others swung violently from their falls, smashing into the side of the ship with each roll. Sailors and soldiers alike scrambled furiously to lower and man the few seaworthy boats. It was a futile effort. As Ringelman told it, "We had also several boats which were swamped immediately, due to the falls carrying away—the submarine had shot them away before—and holes in the boats, and there was not another boat that got away that I could see. Every boat that attempted to get away was either swamped or something happened to it."

One lifeboat remained in good repair. Running on pure adrenaline, Ringelman raced forward and found Madison lying unconscious and bleeding. He picked him up, carried him amidships and put him aboard. Manned mostly by soldiers—about 15 of them—the boat was lowered into the water and cast off. It was the only one to get away clean.

Lieutenant Frank Muller, the executive officer, was now in charge of *Ticonderoga* and concerned himself only with saving lives. He ordered Chief Quartermaster Tappley to tie a white blanket on the ship's aftermast, signaling surrender. Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Junius Fulcher, the first assistant engineer, likewise made his way to a porthole and waved a white pillowcase. But Franz would have none of it. Defiantly, he surfaced again and opened fire on the ship, killing another half dozen Americans in as many seconds.

With *Ticonderoga* sinking rapidly now, Tappley's survival instinct just took over. "Thinking about jumping in, he picked up a piece of plank near where the executive officer and five other men were standing, but for some reason I thought the better of it."

He glanced around, saw a raft on top of the boat deck, and dashed for it. "I made my way up to that, and there found 12 men, three of whom were very badly wounded, lying on top of this small [shed] alongside the raft. I asked them why they were there, and damn soon found out, for just then a shell struck about two feet under me, going directly through the [shed]."

Tappley, Sanghove and Ringelman quickly loaded the three wounded men onto the raft and pushed it into the water, some 20 feet below. The fall was too great, though, and the raft capsized. As the men scrambled to get back on, the remaining 12 survivors jumped in after. And not a moment too soon.

"A few minutes after getting on the raft," noted Tarpley, "the vessel went down, stern first, sinking completely in about 10 seconds. We then drifted off on the raft."

*Ticonderoga* was gone, but the battle was far from over. Franz was furious, believing that the Americans had kept shooting after the white flag went up. He ordered his gun crew to fire on the lifeboat, a despicable act even by the standards of the day. Failing to score a hit, he pulled U-152 alongside and badgered the survivors at gunpoint, demanding to know who and where the commanding officer and gunnery officer were. He also wanted information on what the ship was
carrying and where she was headed. But he got nothing.

The frightened survivors lied, as they hid Madison in the belly of the boat—covering him with their own bodies. The captain is dead, they said, and so was the gunnery officer. They said nothing of the ship’s destination.

The Germans were not so easily convinced and took two Sailors aboard for interrogation. Then they lashed the lifeboat to the stern and took off with it in tow.

Tapley watched in morbid fascination from the raft as the little lifeboat struggled to stay afloat in the wake of the speeding U-boat. Luckily, the line parted from the severe strain before the lifeboat could be swamped.

U-152 remained in the vicinity, her crew picking up floating crates of potatoes and other provisions. While scavenging, they came across Muller clinging to some wreckage and took him aboard as well. Having had no luck in prying information out of the lifeboat survivors, they then made for the raft.

“They asked for the captain, chief engineer, and gunner, all the time covering us with revolvers,” recalled Tapley. “We told them the chief engineer was dead, but that the first assistant engineer [Fulcher] was on the raft, so they took him aboard the submarine, putting the two seamen back on board our raft.”

One of those seamen was Chief Machinist’s Mate Rudolph Alicke, a man of German descent. He begged to remain aboard the U-boat, but Franz flatly refused. “Get back on the raft,” he demanded. “What do you mean fighting us, against your own country? Only God can save you now.”

As a final insult, Franz ignored the desperate pleas for medical assistance, and promptly departed.

But these were men who, like their captain, simply refused to quit. First among their priorities was to lash together the raft and the lifeboat, for there were no provisions on the former and no Sailors on the latter to help navigate. By 2 p.m. the wind and waves had brought the raft close enough so that five men, Edward J. Willoughby, Tapley, Ringelman, Sanghove and a carpenter named Turner, could swim from it to the lifeboat. Once aboard, they tried to fasten a line to the raft, but a gale began to blow and made the task impossible.

The same fickle weather that had joined them was now tearing them apart. “We tried for four hours to get back to the raft to give her a line,” remembered Tapley, “but the wind prevented us from doing so.” With each passing hour the raft drifted farther and farther away, the cries of the
wounded becoming more and more faint. There was nothing anyone could do.

No one knows exactly how many men were left on that raft — probably between 10 and 12. Virtually all were injured, some gravely. Without food or water, they didn’t stand much of a chance. They were never heard from again.

The lifeboat drifted under sail for four days before being picked up by the British freighter S.S. Moorish Prince, bound for New York. The men had survived on a scant ration of one apricot and two spoonfuls of juice per day. Only Madison, who was feverish and delirious at times, was given water.

Aboard U-152 Muller and Fulcher remained isolated. Neither knew of the other’s presence for four days. Fulcher was kept in the forecastle with the warrant officers and Muller, whom Franz believed had been in command of Ticonderoga, was quartered with the officers. After a brief period of fruitless interrogation, they were allowed to roam free aboard the sub and were generally treated well. They were finally set free at the German naval base in Kiel after the armistice was signed Nov. 11, 1918.

Madison and the 21 remaining survivors arrived in New York City a few days after their rescue. For his bravery and determination in the face of incredible odds, Madison earned the Medal of Honor.

There were many heroes that day. Some we know about; some we never will. The battle they fought on the lonely Atlantic more than 80 years ago wasn’t large or grand or even historically significant. But in terms of courage and selflessness — in terms of loyalty — it was truly epic. And they proved the old adage: it really isn’t the size of the dog in the fight, it’s the size of the fight in the dog.

Author’s Note: USS Galveston’s(C 17) official history notes that she attempted to come to Ticonderoga’s rescue, and in so doing, forced the U-boat under. She wouldn’t have been able to linger, because doing so would have left the rest of the convoy unprotected.

LCDR Kirby is the Still Media Department Head at the Naval Media Center, Washington, DC.
As Americans, as well as Sailors, we can all look back with some pride on all that our nation has accomplished since we declared independence from England 223 years ago. Of course, since this is the CyberSailor speaking at ya, I'm going to find some way to tie our independence and this month's Fourth of July celebrations to the Web. Just check this out...

I don't need to tell you that 223 years is a long time... long enough for a lot of us to forget what the nation had to go through to become who and what we are today. I found an extraordinary site on the Net that let's us look back to the way we were: The Library of Congress has a number of online exhibits that provide an amazing look back. One, called "American Memory: Historical Collections for the National Digital Library," (http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ahome.html) has links to remarkable images, documents and recordings, including one section called "America's first look into the camera" (http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/ahome.html). Featured are high-quality images of the earliest Daguerreotype portraits of Americans, many by portrait artist Matthew Brady, whose work has become a large part of our collective national memory. Also featured are links to holographic reproductions of the Declaration of Independence, Civil War photos, early baseball cards, and just about anything else you can think of that defines who we are, and where we came from.

Another interesting site takes the name "ushistory.org," and can be found at www.libertynet.org/ihah/index.html. The site says it's "created and hosted by the Independence Hall Association in Philadelphia ... to bring American history to life for visitors worldwide on the Internet." The site is centered mainly around Philadelphia and Pennsylvania landmarks and the historic events associated with them. Links offered include the Liberty Bell, and virtual tours of historic Philadelphia, and Valley Forge.

The appearance of commercial websites in All Hands does not imply endorsement by the Departments of the Navy or Defense.
The history of the United States is tied directly to the
discovery of the “New World.”
The page covers that as well, in a "Documents of Freedom" section. There, you’ll find the
text of Columbus’ letter announcing his discovery of
the Americas, as well as the
Mayflower Compact, the U.S.
Constitution, the Bill of Rights
and the Gettysburg Address.
I love all the early U.S. stuff
available on the Net. But
America didn’t stop making
history in the 1800s. One of
the best indicators of that is
the fact that of all the
museums in the Smithsonian
complex on the Washington,
D.C., Mall, the most popular is
the National Air and Space
Museum. The museum’s
homepage on the Web is also a
popular destination. You’ll find
it at www.nasm.edu. The site
includes images of displays at
the museum, including such
singularly American items as a
lunar module, John Glenn’s
spacesuit and the infamous
Apollo 13. This is a large site
with lots of exhibits to “wander
through.”

Another site I came across
should be a hit with the kids.

“Kidsdomain.com” has a great
set of pages dedicated to the
Fourth and all the hoopla
surrounding the celebrations
(http://www.kidsdomain.com/
holiday/july4/index.html). At
the top of the page is a link
called “Why Do We
Celebrate?” Other links take
you to games based on the
day, as well as Fourth of
July related clip art, activities,
recipes, and software for both
the Mac and PC. One nice
thing about the pages: Even
though it’s a “dot com” site, I
never came across an ad trying
to sell me, or my kids,

anything.
I’m just scratching the
surface of Fourth of July-
related sites here. When I think
of the Fourth of July, looking
to the Net for info is not my
first inclination. But think
about it: The Internet and its
creation is just another chapter
in the growing book of U.S.
history and American achieve-
ment, and another reminder of
why we celebrate every July.
Happy Fourth of July, and
happy surfing!

Cyber Sailor

www.ushistory.org

www.nasm.edu
Eye on the Fleet

is a monthly photo feature sponsored by the Chief of Information Navy News Photo Division. We are looking for high impact, quality photography from sailors in the fleet to showcase the American Sailor in action.

Combat Direction Center Track Supervisor OS3 Michael Winstead from Walshville, Ill., monitors air activity around USS Kitty Hawk (CV 63) during operations near Guam.

Photo by PH3 Chris D. Howell
Leading Seaman “Rocket” Stevens of Australian Clearance Diving Team 1 (left) and GM2 Trevor Fortner of Explosive Ordnance Disposal Mobile Unit 5 do an inverted rappel off the rappelling tower at the EOD compound in Santa Rita, Guam. Both were participating in Tri-Crab '99, the annual trilateral training exercise with Australia, the Republic of Singapore and U.S. EOD technicians.

Photo By PHAA Crystal M. Brooks

Crew members onboard USS Ross (DDG 71) simulate fighting fire during a recent drill. Ross is in the Adriatic Sea in support of Operation Allied Force.

Photo by PH3 Renso Amariz

To be considered, forward your images with full credit and cutline information, including: full name, rank and duty station. Name all identifiable people within the photo and include important information about what is happening, where the photo was taken and the date.

Commands with digital photo capability can send attached .jpg files to: navynewsphoto@hq.navy.mil.

Mail your submissions to:
NAVY NEWS PHOTO DIVISION
NAVAL MEDIA CENTER,
2713 MITSCHER RD., S.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20373-5819
Eye on the Fleet

Black Out

Electronic Counter Measures Officer LTJG Rob Oberlander is pictured in an EA-6B Prowler as it flies in formation with other planes from Tactical Electronic Warfare Squadron (VAQ) 139.

Photo by LTJG Rob Oberlander

Anthrax Insurance

HM3 Paul Miller inoculates one of nearly 5,000 Sailors on board USS Kitty Hawk (CV 63) with the Anthrax vaccine. All of Kitty Hawk's crew must be inoculated before heading into the Arabian Gulf in support of Operation Southern Watch.

Photo by PH1 Spike Call
GOING, GOING, GONE

Point-detonating 5-inch, 54-caliber rounds fired by USS David R. Ray (DD 971) explode at the waterline of the freighter New Carissa. The punctures were needed to facilitate flooding and ventilate trapped air to expedite the sinking of the ship.

Photo by JOC Lance Johnson

ON THE ROCKS

USS Hawkbill (SSN 666) surfaces through the ice during Submarine Arctic Science Expedition 1999 (SCICEX '99), the fourth of five joint U.S. Navy and civilian science community expeditions.

Photo by JO1 Rodney Furry
He fired at mock enemy ships a hundred times in practice, but FTC(SS) Gregory T. Fisher never thought he would be called upon to sink a real ship with a deadly torpedo.

He did that for the first time this year, and he didn’t miss. With one turn of a torpedo launch switch deep in the bowels of USS Bremerton (SSN 698), Fisher ended the life of a menace that plagued the Coast Guard, EOD technicians, a Navy destroyer, fish and wildlife, an oil company, state officials, an entire community and even the nation.

Fisher sank the mighty ship New Carissa. All hail, the new warrior king.

The Mark (MK) 48 torpedo he launched, silently rocketed from the submerged Bremerton toward the target, sensed when it was directly under the ship and instantly exploded, sending the hulk to a watery grave. In the torpedo room, high fives spread all the way around. “We were all very excited,” said Fisher. “The whole crew was rallying around the event. You can go through a whole career and never fire a war shot at a ship. I’ve been in for 13 years, and this was my first.”

You may remember the story of New Carissa, the ship that wouldn’t go away. Last February, stormy seas ran the oil-laden freighter aground on the Oregon coast, where it started leaking some of the 400,000 gallons of oil it carried.

Officials feared a spill of Exxon Valdez-like proportions if the ship broke apart in the surf, so Navy EOD technicians were called in to use plastic explosives and napalm to set the ship ablaze. But the fire succeeded in burning away only about half the oil on board, and the ship split in two. Next, authorities went forward with a plan to tow the massive bow section of the 640-foot vessel 200 miles out to sea and sink it in thousands of feet of water.

A powerful tugboat using a 3-inch thick, 1,000-yard towrope heaved on the stuck bow section. It creaked and moaned; it budged and crept.

Soon New Carissa broke free and began trailing the tug toward open ocean.


Then a mighty 30-foot wave snapped the towline, and the bow section again beached further up the coast.

Another effort was made to tow the bow section to open water. This time, a team of four tugs oversaw the operation, and soon it was 300 miles off the Oregon coast, the intended spot for its final execution.

The ship went out with a boom, quite literally. News media helicopters circled overhead, the mighty destroyer USS David R. Ray (DD 971) loomed nearby, and Fisher, in Bremerton, remained unseen, unheard and under the water.

Naval EOD technicians again rigged the floating menace with explosives. With a mighty boom they exploded. But the floating section (with oil inside) remained unscathed. She didn’t sink.

David R. Ray opened up a barrage of 70 rounds from her 5-inch guns. Still, New Carissa refused to go down. “[She] had nine lives and was not willing to cooperate with us,” said CDR Cliff Perkins, the destroyer’s commanding officer.

You can almost imagine his next order, perhaps scripted like World War II movie: “With a nervous, shaky hand he wipes his sweaty brow, “All efforts have failed. Bring in Bremerton,” he says.

Camera angle goes wide as the Carissa explodes in a huge fireball. Bremerton sails into the sunset. Credits roll.
This morning I loaded 24 Sidewinders, 12 Mavericks, 30 Paveway laser-guided bombs and 16 HARM missiles onto a dozen F/A-18 Hornets and watched as they shot off the deck of USS Theodore Roosevelt for combat sorties over Yugoslavia.

Then I had breakfast...

**WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY?**

**Navy... Join the Adventure**