Make plans for the upcoming Whetstone reunion

AN ASTONISHING TALE OF THE "STONE"
"The Fruit Juice Incident"
By: Jim Good SC 3/c

I was a member of the "Plank" crew of the old "27".
I came aboard the ship as a seaman first class striking for a cook's rate.
When we embarked on our "shakedown" cruise and sailed through the Panama Canal, at some point, Chief Shively, our Commissary Steward ask me to assume the duties of the "Jack of the Dust". This involved having a small working party of mess cooks to bring up the necessary food for the daily needs of the galley.
With this duty, also came the responsibility of being the main person to check the stores as they came aboard.

One day when we came into port, I was on deck checking all items that came aboard and went below to make certain that all was accounted for and the items were properly stowed away. While checking all the cases that arrived in the hold of the ship, I became aware that a case of fruit juice came up missing. At that point, I wasn't sure what to do, but I did realize that I must report the discrepancy to the bridge.
Shortly after I reported the missing case, an announcement came from the bridge. It went something like this, "Now hear this, a case of fruit juice did not reach its destination in the hold of the ship. No questions will be asked if it is returned." (a specific location was designated).

Needless to say the case of fruit juice was returned.

The incident of the missing strawberries in the movie "Cain Mutiny" reminded me of this experience.
Jim Good SC 3/c
1945-46

And Another story
By: John Worman

As usual, one story reminds me of another.
While we were in the yards (Long Beach, I think, but I could be wrong) they took the reefers down for maintenance. They installed a portable unit up on the flight deck as a temporary replacement.
Soon the word went around the engineering spaces "there is no lock on the reefer door!"
Me, being as curious as anyone, went up for a look. Sure enough, there was no lock (or guard). I looked in and before my eyes, there was a whole stack of pies! Now my Dad used to say, "John only likes two kinds of pie, hot and cold", so I hooked one.

In the next few days I revisited the reefer a couple of times. I must not have been alone, as after the first inventory there were some mad people in the galley and there was a lock on the reefer door. I think they put out the word about how many pies were missing, and as I remember it was a considerable amount.
There was no offer of amnesty if the goods were returned as they well knew they were long gone. I think of the unlimited supply of pies occasionally.

Information inside about the upcoming Whetstone Reunion, Oct 11-15, 2006
In Corpus Christi, Texas
We received a snow storm in Nebraska last week with an accumulation of 19 inches. We are thankful for the moisture which is greatly needed. And then yesterday the rain came! Everything is beginning to turn green. A fresh rain is just like reading God's word, it is new news to our spirit and encourages us.

I was talking to my friend today, a military chaplain that returned from Iraq two weeks ago. He shared about so many military men and women giving their hearts to Jesus in Iraq. He was there to encourage and share God's word with those going into battle. Commanders would ask him to go with them and pray for them between each mission. He used Psalm 27 many times when praying for men and women in so many different circumstances. “The Lord is my light and my salvation -- whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life -- of whom shall I be afraid?” The word encouraged and comforted them.

Like a boat needs to be anchored, we need to be anchored in the Lord.. Is the lord the light of your life? Have you made him the Lord and Saviour of your life? Ask Jesus to come into your heart and be the Lord in your life. He will anchor your spirit and encourages us.

God bless you.

Chaplain Marvin Watson (Rm-3, 60-63)
3149 Sequoia Drive
Lincoln, Nebraska 68516
402-421-8957
IN MEMORY
By Jane Collins (daughter)

Robert L. Huneven
EM3 (1945-46)

I am writing to let you know (at my father’s request) that he passed away on December 25, 2005. My dad, Robert L. Huneven was a very brave, honorable man who was very proud to serve his country in the US Navy. He was a true patriot all of his life. He was 80 years old and kept his mind and his smile right until the end and even in the last hours of his life he was thinking of us before himself. As a husband, he was married to my mom for 57 years and they had a very strong marriage. As a friend, everybody liked Dad. He was one of a kind and always had a smile. As a Dad, God blessed me with the best Dad I could ever hope for and I can’t imagine my life without him. I feel pain in my heart, but I know he is in Heaven with all that have gone before him. Would you please see that he gets listed on the departed shipmates section of your records. He was buried on December 31, 2005, with a full military funeral.

Greetings from Your President

James C. Dunn, President
(LT 1967-70)

Six and a half months! Corpus Christi, here we come!

Seattle doesn’t seem that long ago, and October will be here before we know it. I’m really looking forward to Corpus Christi. We’ve got some great events planned like the USS Lexington, the Texas State Aquarium, a tour of the King Ranch, a dinner cruise, etc.

The hotel has recently been renovated and is right on the water with great views of the bay. There’s lots of shopping and other attractions within walking distance, and the weather in Corpus is supposed to be great in October.

You might check out www.usslexington.com. This website gives complete details about the Lady Lex as well as other area attractions.

Start making your plans to attend now, and call a couple of your shipmates who have been “UA” on past reunions and encourage them to attend as well. Let’s make this another great reunion.

Best regards to you all,

Six and a half months! Corpus Christi, here we come!

Again, thank you to all shipmates that have sent dues and donations to the Association. Without your support, it would be impossible to publish "The Rolling Stone", maintain the Website, find lost shipmates and have our reunions. Dues are $25.00 a year, are tax deductible, and are strictly voluntary. All dues are applied to the year they are received unless designated otherwise. We recognize that not all are able to support the Association, but we welcome support from whomever is able. Dues received to date for 2006 are listed below. An asterisk designates dues paid for additional year(s). If anyone has paid and your name is not listed, please accept our apology. Please contact Kay Goble at 6200 Emerald Pines Cir, Ft. Myers, FL 33912, (239)768-1449, or send e-mail to: sectreas@usswhetstone.net Please make checks for dues payable to the: USS Whetstone Association.

Please use this list as your receipt.

Alfaro, Manuel J.
Alsleben, Keith L.
Arata, Sil
Bell, Charles S.
Berg, Alfred S.*
Bogusch, William*
Boren, Ben
Bosell, Robert G.
Brilon, Paul
Brown, David L.
Brown, James E.*
Buchanan, Kenneth
Caldwell, William*
Carrell, Zane*
Cickavage, Joseph*
Coldren, H. Wayne
Cooke, J Bleeker
Corpus, Bernardo
Corwin, Ray E.*
Cox, Millard A.
Crawford, F. S.
Cunningham, Michael*
Dinda, Gerald
Draper, L. E. “Rusty”
Dries, Arthur E.
Edney, Edward
Edwards, Sonny
Elder, Robert
Erath, Jerry
Eshelman, Thomas
Feathers, Paul J.
Finnes, Roger G.
Flowerree, Robert D.
Goble, Marion E.
Goodrich, Jesse*
Green, Kenneth
Grubb, Jack L.
Hager, Robert W.*
Hall, Charles L.*
Hall, Leroy
Harrelson, Glenn*
Hoover, Frederick R.
Jones, Dlae H.
Kirby, Joe
Klebacher, Gene*
Kloor, Bill
Loudermilk, John D.*
Maphet, Steve
McDowell, Allen
McNitt, Russ
McQuillen, Tom
Meismer, J. C.
Miller, Charles*
Mitchell, Burley*
Morgan, Jeffery
Mulholland, Howard
Nice, Jr., John D.
O:getree, Ron
Parris, Eddie R.*
Pierce, Charles A.
Pilgreen, Vince*
Pineda, Jamie
Proft, Gerald P.*
Reid, James
Reinheimer, Theodore
Rudinck, Robert
Savole, Donald
Shimmell, Thomas
SilverRyder, William
Skelley, Daniel D.
Solari, Frank V.*
Stanford, Roy S.
Stene, Larry A.
Stergeos, James*
Stevens, William M.
Thomson, John S.
Tucker, George
Ward, Everett
Wstson, Marvin
Weight, Earl E.*
West, Gordon R.
Wilfong, Ronald
Will, Howard L.*
Williams, Herman
Wilson, Buddy L.
Young, Lou
Young, Robert A.
Zdolsek, Martin F.
Zetner, Mike
November 3, 2001

Dear John:

In 1953, I cut this article out of the Stars and Stripes newspaper. I think it would be a fitting tribute to one of our departed shipmates, Elton Machen. If you could publish this in the Rolling Stone.

I had the privilege of working with Elton on occasions and he was well liked by all crewmembers. Also, I think Lt. Ulrich did a great job above and beyond his shipboard duties. Best regards,

Vincent E. Leopold
DC2 (1952-1953)

USS WHETSTONE BOASTS FULL PROGRAM OF SPORTS ACTIVITIES ABOARD U.S.S. WHETSTONE IN KOREAN WATERS.
March 22, 1953

During working hours, officers and men of the immense floating dry-dock, USS WHETSTONE, toiled together in a manner that indicates the crew's esprit de corps.

Largely responsible for the excellent morale aboard is Lt. (jg) Walter Ulrich, Jr., Hagerstown, Indiana, who sees to it that crew members have ample sports activities and entertainment when operations permit.

Ulrich, whose main duties are those of Navigation Officer, lists the program that is well diversified, appealing to the varied interests of the crewmembers.

On the large well-deck of the ship, officers and white hats alike can be seen playing -tennis, volleyball, softball, touch football and basketball, depending on the season.

“Our softball team,” says Ulrich, “is one of the best in the Far East Command. We’ll challenge any ship or station that cares to play us.”

The records speak for itself. Last year’s baseball team, composed of both officers and enlisted men, won 24 of the 25 games. The team’s pitcher—Elton W. Machen, Jr., Metalsmith, Third Class, Lampasas, Texas, averaged 15 strikeouts a game.

Class, Lampasas, Texas, averaged 15 strikeouts a game.

The ‘head’ aboard a Navy ship is the bathroom. On old sailing ships the wind would normally blow from aft to bow and the place the crew went to relieve themselves was all the way forward on either side of the bowsprit, the integral part of the hull to which the figurehead was fastened.

HEAD... The ‘head’ aboard a Navy ship is the bathroom. On old sailing ships the wind would normally blow from aft to bow and the place the crew went to relieve themselves was all the way forward on either side of the bowsprit, the integral part of the hull to which the figurehead was fastened.

FORECASTLE... The appropriate pronunciation for this word is fo’k’sl: The forecastle is the forward part of the main deck. It derives its name from the days of Viking galleys when wooden castles were built on the forward and after parts of the main deck from which archers and other fighting men could shoot arrows and throw spears, rocks, etc. (Also known as the Shipfitter’s Patio)

Manure: S H I T

Manure: In the 16th and 17th centuries, everything had to be transported by ship and it was also before commercial fertilizer’s invention, so large shipments of manure were common.

It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, it not only became heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a by product is methane gas. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen.

Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM!

Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening.

After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the term “Ship High In Transit” on them, which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane.

Thus evolved the term “S. H. I. T ”, (Ship High In Transport) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day.

You probably did not know the true history of this word. Neither did I.

I had always thought it was a golf term.

And another

Submitted by John Worman

A first class Boatswains Mate was riding up in an elevator.
The car stopped and in bounded a young bouncy lady.
She smiled at Boats and bubbled “T.G.I.F”
Boats grumbled back “S.H.I.T”

The young lady was taken back a bit but thought he must not have understood, so she tried again; “T.G.I.F”
Boats grumbled back “S.H.I.T”

Now the young lady is exasperated and said “Don’t you know T.G.I.F means “Thank Goodness It’s Friday?””

Boate replies “Sorry Honey, It’s Thursday”.

We Meet Again!

I got a really nice phone call from Buddy Wilson whom served on the Whetstone from March 52 to July 55. He has promised to send me stories from the ship in the early 50s time period. What a great group we have that will share their experiences!

Anyway, back to Buddy. He did tell me one cute story. He saw a crewmember sitting at a table. Buddy stopped and looked a bit harder. “I think I know you”, he said.

“You ought to” was the reply, “I recruited you” Sure enough, the recruiter, Eldon Rosenberg, had recruited Buddy from Rolla, Mo, then both of them were later stationed on the Whetstone.

It’s a small world.

- John-
Irish Humor
A totally naked young woman walked into Boland's Irish bar in Swinford, County Mayo, Ireland and said to the handsome barman, "Bring me a beer!"

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Haven't you ever seen a naked woman?"

"Aye, plenty o' times," replied Seamus.

"Then why are staring at me?" she said. "Bring me my beer!"

Seamus didn't move.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked.

"I'm waiting to see where you keep the money to pay for it!"

Words to Live By
Indecision is the key to flexibility.
You can't tell which way the train went by looking at the track.
Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.
Sometimes too much to drink is not enough.
The facts, although interesting, are irrelevant.
Someone who thinks logically is a nice contrast to the real world.
Things are more like they are today than they ever were before.
Anything worth fighting for is worth fighting dirty for.
Everything should be made as simple as possible, but no simpler.
Friends may come and go, but enemies accumulate.
If you think there is good in everybody, you haven't met everybody.
All things being equal, fat people use more soap.
If you can smile when things go wrong, you have someone to blame.
Every time you make ends meet, they move the ends.
Not one shred of evidence supports the notion that life is serious.
The more you run over a dead cat, the flatter it gets.
There is always one more imbecile than you counted on.
This is as bad as it can get, but don't count on it.
Never wrestle a pig. You both get dirty and the pig likes it.

Whetstone in the News
San Diego (10/6/66)

Definition of Outdoor Barbecuing
It's the only type of cooking a "real" man will do:

When a man volunteers to do such cooking, the following chain of events is put into motion.

1. The woman goes to the store.
2. The woman fixes the salad, vegetables, and dessert.
3. The woman prepares the meat for cooking, places it on a tray along with the necessary cooking utensils, and takes it to the man, who is lounging beside the grill, drinking a beer.
4. The man places the meat on the grill.
5. The woman goes inside to set the table and check the vegetables.
6. The woman comes out to tell the man that the meat is burning.
7. The man takes the meat off the grill and hands it to the woman.
8. The woman prepares the plates and brings them to the table.
9. After eating, the woman clears the table and does the dishes.
10. The man asks the woman how she enjoyed "her night off."

And, upon seeing her annoyed reaction, concludes that there's just no pleasing some women.
FIRST DAY
By Tom “Charley” Walkinshaw
MM (1962-65)

I went aboard the “Stone” in Seattle in 1962. A cab let me out at the pier and left. It took a minute to see there really was a ship there. It was covered with a cloud of smoke and dust. Noise, confusion and yard birds everywhere. Not exactly what I had expected. My sea bag and duffle bag, which probably weighed more than I did, somehow helped me deal with the disappointment.

On the quarter deck I dropped my sea bag in a small cloud of dust. The messenger pointed to a hatch and said, that is B&M Divisions compartment.

Inside the compartment were a bunch of guys, standing around the compartment table, that had a cardboard box on it. They were laughing and swearing but seemed to be having a good time. One guy had a knife and was moving it around inside the box. I later found out he was an MR they called Harpoon Harry because he was always trying to harpoon sharks. I believe his last name was Caldwell. Curiosity got to me and I went to take a quick look in the box. There were two crabs inside that Harry was forcing to fight. After a while, one of the crabs lost. Harry stabbed it, swore a couple of times, picked up the box and left.

Disappointment on the pier, now this. What the hell had I gotten myself into!

The next day I was assigned to work in the starboard engine room where I was soon asked if I had a pair of bilge divers. I said I didn’t know. They laughed and assured me I did. Cleaning bilges is nasty! The idea is to remove anything that doesn’t belong - rags, tools, paper, etc. It’s dirty, it stinks from oil, it’s wet and claustrophobic the first time you get stuck.

After crawling in the bilges in the morning, I went to chow. Since I wasn’t quite sure how to get to the mess decks, I wondered all around for awhile. During this time, a 3rd Class Petty Officer stopped me and told me immediately after chow I was to start chipping paint in a gun mount he showed me. I finally found the chow line, hurried through chow and went to work, chipping paint in the gun mount.

At the end of working hours, I went back to the compartment where I was quickly and cruelly asked where I was all afternoon. I explained what happened. They seemed a little mad at first, but said, I hadn’t done anything wrong because I had followed the orders of the Petty Officer.

After this, they seemed very amused and took me to see Dahlenburg MM1 who was in charge of the engine room. He wasn’t amused at all but told me I wasn’t in trouble and left to have a talk with the 3rd Class Petty Officer. I have always wondered what was said, but then I was too new and scared to ask.

So ended my first day on the “Stone.” After awhile I settled in and though every day wasn’t fun, I liked being a machinist mate on the “Stone.”

It is strange how time twists memories. That first day was terrible then...now it is really kind of funny.

Charley

WE RECENTLY RECEIVED SOME PICTURES FROM PAUL BRILLON (MM3 - 1956-59) TAKEN IN 1958. SPACEM KEEPS US FROM PRINTING MANY AT THIS TIME BUT HERE ARE A FEW FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT. HOPFULLY, WE CAN ADD SOME TO THE JUNE 2006 NEWSLETTER. REMAINDER WILL BE ON DISPLAY AT REUNION.

IS IT ART OR NOT??

A controversy is brewing in Sarasota, Florida. This 25 ft. statue standing in the downtown marina area, along with impression art sculptors, is getting bad reviews. Many say this doesn’t belong with the contemporary sculptures and want it removed. When Don and Rose Smith, Pat Heitz, Kay and I were in Sarasota in March, we noticed that of all the numerous pieces of art displayed, this was the only one that had a group of people milling around, appreciating the statue. Couples from World War II thru the Vietnam era were taking turns standing at the base of the statue, sharing a kiss and remembering how great it was to come back and be welcomed home by that special someone after many days of being so many miles away serving this great country of ours! We hope Sarasota decides to keep the statue for all to enjoy. It is quite a site!
I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe, the destroyer beneath me feeling like a living thing as her engines drove her swiftly through the sea. I liked the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the 1MC, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I liked Navy vessels -- nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers. I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea, Antietam, Valley Forge, memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome. I liked the lean angular names of Navy "tin-cans" and escorts Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy, Damato, Leftwich, Mills - - mementos of heroes who went before us. And the others - - San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago - - named for our cities.

I liked the tempo of a Navy band blaring through the topside speakers as we pulled away from the oiler after refueling at sea. I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even liked the never ending paperwork and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word, they were "shipmates"; then and forever.

I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now set the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side. The work was hard and dangerous, the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea was ever present. I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

I liked quiet midwatches with the aroma of strong coffee -- the lifeblood of the Navy permeating everywhere. And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness. I liked the sudden electricity of General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations," followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war -- ready for anything.

And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them. I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke. A sailor could find much in the Navy comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yard-arm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

Remembering this, they will stand taller and say, "I WAS A SAILOR ONCE."
PEACOATS

You remember them... Those ton and a half monsters that took the annual production of thirty-five sheep to make. Those thick black rascals with black plastic buttons the size of poker chips. The issue coats that drove shore duty chief petty officers stark raving nuts if they caught you with the collar turned up or your hands in your pockets.

Hey, you rubber sock, get those gahdam hands outta them damn pockets! Didn't they issue you black leather gloves?" So, you took your hands out of your pockets and risked digital frostbite rather than face whatever the Navy had in store for violators of the 'No Gahdam Hands In Peacoat Pockets' policy. There's probably a special barracks in Hell full of odd E-3s caught hitch hiking in sub-zero weather with hands in peacoat pockets.

As for those leather gloves, one glove always went missing. "Son, where in the hell are the gloves we issued you?" We??!! I don't remember this nasty, ugly bastard being at Great Lakes when the 'jocks and socks' petty officers were throwing my initial issue seabag at me and yelling, "Move it!!" As for the gloves, once you inadvertently leave one glove on a whorehouse night table or on the seat of a Greyhound bus, the remaining glove is only useful if a tank rolls over the hand that fit the lost glove.

In the days long ago, a navy spec. peacoat weighed about the same as a flat car load of cinder blocks. When it rained, it absorbed water until your spine warped, your shins cracked and your ankles split. Five minutes standing in the rain waiting on a bus and you felt like you were piggy-backing the statue of liberty. When a peacoat got wet, it smelled a lot like sheep dip. It had that wet wool smell, times three. It weighed three and a half tons and smelled like 'Mary had a little lamb's' gym shorts. You know how damn heavy a late '50s peacoat was? Well, they had little metal chains sewn in the back of the collar to hang them up by. Like diluted navy coffee, sexual sensitivity instruction, comfortable air-conditioned topside security bungalows, patent leather plastic-looking shoes and wearing raghats configured to look like bidet bowls, the peacoat spec. has been watered down to the point you could hang them up with dental floss. In the old days, peacoat buttons and grocery cart wheels were interchangeable parts. The gear issued by the U.S. Navy was tough as hell, bluejacket-tested clothing with the durability of rino hide and construction equipment tires.

Peacoats came with wide, heavy collars. In a cold, hard wind, you could turn that wide collar up to cover your neck and it was like poking your head in a tank turret. The things were warm, but I never thought they were long enough. Standing out in the wind in those 'big-legged britches' (bell bottoms), the wind whistled up your cuffs and took away body warmth like a thief. But, they were perfect to pull over you for a blanket when sleeping on a bus or a bus terminal bench. Every sailor remembers stretching out on one of those oak bus station pews with his raghat over his face, his head up against his AWOL bag and covered with his peacoat.

There was always some 'SP' who had not fully evolved from apehood who poked you with his billy bat and said, "Hey, YOU!! Get up! Waddya think yer doin? You wanna sleep, get a gahdam room!" Peacoats were lined with quilted satin or rayon. I never realized it at the time, but sleeping on bus seats and station benches would be the closest I would ever get to sleeping on satin sheets.

Early in my naval career, a career-hardened (lifer) first class gunner's mate told me to put my ID and liberty card in the inside pocket of my peacoat. "Put the sonuvabitches in that gahdam inside pocket and pin the damn thing closed with a diaper pin. Then, take your heavy folding money and put it in your sock. If you do that, learn to never take your socks off in a cathouse. Them damn dockside pickpockets pat 'cha down for a lumpy wallet and they can relieve you of said wallet so fast you'll never know you've been snookered. Only a dumbass idiot will clam-fold his wallet and tuck it in his thirteen button bellbottoms. Every kid above the age of six in Italy knows how to lift a wallet an idiot pokes in his pants. Those little bastards learned to pick sailor's pockets in kindergarten. Rolling bluejackets is the national sport in Italy."

In Washington DC, they have a wonderful marble and granite plaza honoring the United States Navy. Every man or woman who served this nation in a naval uniform, owes it to himself or herself to visit this memorial and take their families. It honors all naval service and any red-blooded American bluejacket or officer will feel the gentle warmth of pride his or her service is honored within this truly magical place. The focal point of this memorial is a bronze statue of a lone American sailor. No crow on his sleeve tells you that he is non-rated. And, there are further indications that suggest maybe, once upon a time, the sculpturer himself may have once been an E-3 raghat. The lad has his collar turned up and his hands in his pockets.

I'm sure the Goddess of the Main Induction nearly wets her panties laughing at the old, crusty chiefs standing there with veins popping out on their old, wrinkled necks, muttering, "Look at that idiot sonuvabitch standing there with his collar up and his gahdam hands in his pockets. In my day, I would have ripped that jerk a new one!" Ah, the satisfied glow of E-3 revenge. Peacoats... One of God's better inventions.

Submitted by:
Alfred S. Berg  (EN1 - 1963-64)
SAN ANTONIO CHILI COOK OFF

Those of you live in Texas know how true this is. A Chili Cook off takes up a major portion of a parking lot at the San Antonio City Park. Judge #3 is an inexperienced Chili taster named Gene from Decatur, IL. Gene says he is honored to be selected as a judge at a chili cook off. The original person called in sick at the last moment and he happened to be standing there when the call came in. He was assured by the other two judges (Native Texans) that the chili wouldn't be all that spicy and besides I could have free beer during the tasting, so he accepted. Following is the scorecard notes from the event. Remember - Judge 3 is inexperienced Gene.

CHILI #1 --- MIKE’S MANIAC MONSTER CHILI
Judge #1 - A little too heavy on the tomato. Amusing kick.
Judge #2 - A nice smooth tomato flavor. Very mild.
Judge #3 - Holy shit, what the hell is this stuff? You could remove dried paint from your driveway. Took me two beers to put the flames out. I hope that is the worst one. These Texans are crazy.

CHILI #2 --- AUSTIN’S AFTERBURNER CHILI
Judge #1 - Smoky, with a hint of pork. Light jalapeno tang.
Judge #2 - Exciting BBQ flavor, but needs more peppers to be taken seriously.
Judge #3 - Keep this out of the reach of children. I am not sure what I am supposed to taste besides pain. I had to wave off two people who wanted to give me the Heimlich maneuver. They had to rush in more beer when they saw the look on my face.

CHILI #3 --- FRED’S FAMOUS BURN DOWN THE BARN CHILI
Judge #1 - Excellent firehouse chili. Great kick.
Judge #2 - A bit salty, good use of peppers.
Judge #3 - Call the EPA. I have located a uranium spill. My nose feels like I have been snorting Drano. Everyone knows the routine by now. Get me more beer before I ignite. Barmaid pounded me on the back. Now my backbone is the front part of my chest.

CHILI #4 --- BUBBA’S BLACK MAGIC
Judge #1 - Black bean chili with almost no spice. Disappointing.
Judge #2 - Mint of lime in the black beans. Good side dish for fish or other mild foods, not much of a chili.
Judge #3 - I felt something scraping across my tongue, but was unable to taste it. Is it possible to burn out taste buds? Sally, the beer maid, was standing behind me with fresh refills. That 300lb woman is starting to look HOT. Just like this nuclear waste I’m eating!!! Is chili an aphrodisiac???

CHILI #5 --- LISA’S LEGAL LIP REMOVER
Judge #1 - Meaty, strong chili. Cayenne peppers freshly ground, adding considerable kick. Very impressive.
Judge #2 - Chili using shredded beef, but could use more tomato. Must admit the cayenne peppers make a strong statement.
Judge #3 - My ears are ringing, sweat is pouring off my forehead and I can no longer focus my eyes. I farted and four people behind me needed paramedics. The contestant seemed offended when I said that her chili had given me brain damage. Sally saved my tongue from bleeding by pouring beer directly on it from the pitcher. I wonder if I’m burning my lips off.

CHILI #6 --- VERA’S VERY VEGETARIAN VARIETY
Judge #1 - Thin yet bold vegetarian variety chili. Good balance of spices and peppers.
Judge #2 - The best yet. Aggressive use of peppers, onions and garlic. Superb.
Judge #3 - My intestines are now a straight pipe filled with gaseous, sulfurous flames. I am afraid that when I farted, it will eat through the chair. No one seems inclined to stand behind me except that Sally. I can’t feel my lips anymore. I need to wipe my butt with a snow cone.

CHILI #7 --- SUSAN’S SCREAMING SENSATION CHILI
Judge #1 - A mediocre chili with too much reliance on canned peppers.
Judge #2 - How hum, tastes as if the chef literally threw in a can of chili peppers at the last moment. I should take note that I am worried about Judge #3. He appears to be in a bit of distress as he is cursing uncontrollably.
Judge #3 - You could put a grenade in my mouth, pull the pin and I wouldn’t feel a thing. I’ve lost the sight in one eye and the world sounds like it is made of rushing water. My shirt is covered with chili, which slid unnoticed out of my mouth. My pants are full of lava to match my shirt. At least during my autopsy they’ll know what killed me. I have decided to stop breathing. It’s too painful. I am not getting any oxygen anyway. If I need air, I’ll just suck it in through the 4-inch hole in my stomach.

CHILI #8 --- BIG TOM’S TOENAIL CURLING CHILI
Judge #1 - The perfect ending, this is a nice blend chili. Not too bold but spicy enough to declare its existence.
Judge #2 - This final entry is a good, balanced chili. Neither mild nor hot. Sorry to see that most of it was lost when Judge #3 farted, passed out, fell over and pulled the chili pot down on top of himself. Not sure if he’s going to make it. Poor feller. Wonder how he would have reacted to really hot chili?
Judge #3 - No report

Marion Goble (BM 1962-66)
CORPUS CHRISTI, TX
REUNION
October 11-15, 2006

Best Western Marina Grand Hotel
300 N Shoreline Blvd, Corpus Christi, TX 78401
361-883-5111 or 800-444-6835

USS Whetstone Rate
Single  $65.00 + tax $74.75
Double  $69.00 + tax $79.35
Triple  $69.00 + tax $79.35
Quad    $69.00 + tax $79.35

Located in the heart of downtown Corpus Christi, The Marina Grand Hotel is within minutes of the USS Lexington Museum, Texas State Aquarium, The Columbus Fleet, Science and History Museum, Bayfront Plaza Convention Center and the downtown entertainment district.

This hotel offers 171 rooms all of which are accessed via interior corridors. Each room has a balcony, providing partial view of the bay and marina. In room safes are available for a surcharge. Parking is free and the hotel offers all the amenities of a larger facility.

A complimentary Continental breakfast is provided each morning. Although hotel does not have its own restaurant, there are several dining options within walking distance of the hotel.

Please call the hotel directly (361-883-5111) or (800-444-6835). Please request the group rate for USS Whetstone Association Reunion when making reservations to guarantee you receive the special rate extended to our group. Reservations must be made by 9/10/2006.

To confirm reservation, all guests will be required to (1) provide a major credit card at the time of making the reservation to establish a guarantee method of payment or (2) send a deposit equal to one night’s room and tax charges to the hotel reservation office within seven (7) days of making the reservation.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!!

REUNION OPTIONAL EVENTS OVERVIEW

Thursday Day Tour — USS Lexington and Texas Aquarium
(Day begins with historical city tour, continuing to USS Lexington for ship tour, lunch and memorial service. After the memorial service, we will continue to the Texas State Aquarium for an tour of this wonderful aquarium.

USS LEXINGTON TOUR -- Find action, adventure and excitement on America's most famous aircraft carrier! Nicknamed "The Blue Ghost" by Tokyo Rose herself, the USS Lexington is a true living legend. Decommissioned in 1991, this 910-foot, 16-deck, 33,000-ton aircraft carrier is now berthed in sparkling Corpus Christi Bay. 100,000 square feet and eleven decks are open for touring, climbing, learning and fun! .

TEXAS STATE AQUARIUM -- Your experience begins on the walkways which feature images of whales, rays, dolphins, sharks, and the Gulf of Mexico itself. You enter the building by walking under our signature "waterfall" representing a full submersion into the Gulf of Mexico. You not only travel an aquatic journey from the shore to the depths of the Gulf, but also have the opportunity to observe dive shows, feeding demonstrations, and have a "hands on" experience with sharks, stingrays. .

Thursday Evening — A free night to enjoy wherever you choose. Simply stay at the hotel and chat with shipmates or take this opportunity to catch the local trolley outside the hotel, stepping off to enjoy dinner at one of the many restaurants in the area or visiting some of the other attractions in the area and do a little shopping. It is your choice!!

Friday Day Tour — Kingsville and the famous King Ranch  “Giddy-up” and come see Texas as it was and is! This is a guided tour of the famous King ranch, “Birthplace of the American Ranching Industry.” Stop at the visitor’s center to stretch your legs, pick up your guide and off we go for the King Ranch Historical Tour. Next a stop at “The Saddle Shop” and the Historic Downtown Kingsville. Then back in the saddle again for a short ride to the world famous “Joe Cotton’s BarBQue” for a unique dining experience. “Head ‘um up, move ‘em out” for a short trip back to our bunkhouse after a South Texas adventure.

Friday Evening — Harbor Dinner Cruise aboard the Royal Princess II
A luxury 100 foot cruiseliner with 120 maxium seating. Our own private yacht for a unique dining experience and dancing. Enjoy a spectacular view of Corpus Christi, the Port of Corpus Christi and the Bay while enjoying a leisurely evening.
USS WHETSTONE LSD-27
2006 Reunion Reservation Form
Wednesday, October 11, 2006—Sunday, October 15, 2006
Best Western Marina Grand Hotel — Corpus Christi, Texas

A few optional events have been selected for you to participate. If you aren’t interested in attending the optional events or only a couple and would prefer to do things on your own, there are many sites and tours in the Corpus Christi, Texas area. A Hospitality Room will be available from 3:00 pm Wednesday through Saturday afternoon for shipmates to gather and visit (refreshments provided). Ship memorabilia will be on display. Please bring any items you want to share.

NAME:______________________________________________ PHONE #:__________________________________
GUEST/GUESTS: ____________________________________ E-MAIL: ___________________________________

Complete Reservation Form and mail with money to: Kay Goble, 6200 Emerald Pines Circle, Fort Myers, FL 33912. Make checks payable to USS Whetstone Association

DEADLINE: Reservation forms and money must be received prior to September 10, 2006

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Optional Events (Transportation &amp; Gratuities Included in Price)</th>
<th>Cost Per Each Person</th>
<th>Total # Attending</th>
<th>Amount Enclosed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10/11/2006 Wednesday Evening</td>
<td>Welcome Reception @ Hotel Dinner and Cash Bar 6:00 pm - 10:00 pm</td>
<td>$20.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>10/12/2006 Thursday</td>
<td>All Day Tour (Lunch included) USS Lexington &amp; Texas State Aquarium 9:00 am - 5:00 pm</td>
<td>$61.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>10/13/2006 Friday Afternoon</td>
<td>All Day Tour (Lunch included) Kingsville and King Ranch 8:00 am - 3:00 pm</td>
<td>$65.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>10/13/2006 Friday Evening</td>
<td>Royal Princess Dinner Cruise 7:00 pm - 10:00 pm</td>
<td>$64.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>9/11/2004 Saturday Evening</td>
<td>Banquet (Best Western Hotel) Cash Bar Available: 6:00 p.m. Dinner - 7:00 - 8:30 pm</td>
<td>$50.00</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
To order any Ship’s Store item please contact Marion Goble, 6200 Emerald Pines Circle, Ft. Myers, FL 33912, (239)768-1449 or e-mail: shipstore@usswhetstone.net When submitting an order, please make checks payable to: USS Whetstone Association. All jackets and golf shirts are navy blue with gold lettering. T-shirts are navy blue with gold lettering or gray with navy lettering. Hats are navy blue with gold silhouette of ship or white with navy blue silhouette of ship.

Items for Sale:
- Ball Caps (With Silhouette) $20.00
- Golf Shirts (S,M,L,XL) $30.00
- T-Shirts (S,M,L,XLG, XXL) $20.00
- Jackets (S,M,L,XLG) $40.00
- Jackets (XXL & XXXL) $42.00
- Yosemite Sam Patches $8.00
- Mousepads (Ship Picture) $10.00
- Zippo Knives w/Ship Silhouette $20.00
- Zippo Lighters w/Ship Silhouette $13.00
- Whetstone Pictures $15.00
- Whetstone Pictures on Canvas $20.00

Also available are 1957, 61, 66, 67/68 and 69 cruise books for $20.00.

Note: All Prices Include Shipping