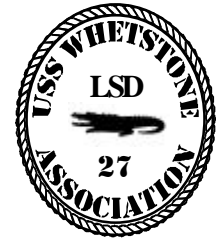




35th Edition



June 2006

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The Rolling Stone is a Quarterly publication of the USS Whetstone LSD-27 Association, INC. The Association is a non profit, historical and educational organization dedicated to promoting fraternal, civic, patriotic and historical memories of those who served aboard.

The New Chief Engineer

By: Everett Ward

Back in 1967 there was a change on *Whetstone* that corresponded to the arrival of a new chief engineer. His predecessor, Lt. Savel, had been shifted from engineering to the operations department and the new lieutenant assumed command of the engineering department, better known in the jargon of the trade as “the snipes.” In the older days they were the “black gang,” but that throwback name is more atoned to the merchant marine, reminiscent of voracious open-mouthed boiler fronts and the insatiable appetite of hand fired coal-burning furnaces in the stoke hole. Anyhow, most people on board did not know the new chief engineer before he arrived on the Stone. Others did. For those on the ship with San Diego boot training residue, his arrival carried the shadow of a portent return of that which had been left behind. The new engineering officer had been part of the Recruit Training Command.

Recruit Training Command in San Diego in January was cold. That is to say at 0500 with a chill east wind blowing in from the Mojave Desert, the temperatures could drop to what seemed to be near freezing. This was a shock to the Tar Heel who had told the friendly Navy recruiter he wouldn't join up unless he was sent to sunny California for boot camp. This ploy, of course, was to escape the artic ravages of Great Lakes Training Command outside of Chicago. It was a bluff, because the decision had already been made. Vietnam was heating up. With school deferments shattered and the local draft board breathing down his neck, the new recruit was already committed to the idea of not being a Soldier or a Marine. Never the less, the mandate made the recruiter smile—a funny kind of smile, if you get the drift, but definitely a smile. “Yes, we can do that,” he said, and the papers were signed. Life was changing.

The story of boot camp in San Diego is an odyssey. Raw civilians, 1960's style teenagers--the best educated, the most privileged, the most independent of any decade before---capable of solving any worldly problem--at

least by mouth, were transformed into a disciplined conformity-- obedient, and squared away sailors of the world's greatest Navy. The product fed into the process was de-individualized, de-privatized, desensitized, remolded, and re-energized to a new cause. Whirling wheels of existence were stalled, braked, and spun again under military---naval military control. The transformation evoked a spiritual change from civilian to military life. It was something like, “Wring out the old; wring in the new.” The person who entered the front gate of Naval Training Center, San Diego, was not the same person who left the center about twelve weeks later.

The subject is complex. It meant learning to live with a variety of people, a cross section or America, from cities, towns, farms, villages and all walks of life. It was an exposure of the self as all characteristics were on open display with multitudes of different types of personalities, races, values, cultures, and eccentricities in a process akin to being a goldfish in a bowl. It meant erasure of ego and replacement with interaction in which life was based on how well people work together and support each other. Life evolved to a discipline not found in the civilian world. It meant folding clothes---this button unbuttoned; that button buttoned---this fold in; that fold out---and direful consequences if any order was broken, making beds, er, racks---hospital style of course, marching, terminology, obedience to commands and orders, and so on, complied and compounded---very complex indeed. It was a regimen in which all basic details of naval military life was drilled and drilled and drilled. The A. E. Neumann “What, me worry?” smile was wiped off leaving an expression dedicated to intense, if not frantic, attention to details, following directions, and willingness to complete the initiation. To say the least, a new depth of soul in the form of discipline and order replaced snug complacency. It was a new being.

It didn't matter what new duty station the new sailor began the Navy adventure and it didn't matter where recruit training took place. On arrival to any duty-station anywhere, the molded form was the same---ready and fit for duty. The product was complete and universal. In 1967 something like

(See *Engineer* on page 4)

Deceased Shipmates



TAPS
Gone the sun,
From the lakes,
From the hills
From the sky
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh.

The shipmates listed below are assumed to be deceased. Information comes from shipmates, the V.A. and relatives of the shipmate.

This information is not Official
Please advise of any errors or omissions

Alqueza, Christiano
Anderson, Foster
Attamont, Tony
Bagley, Donald V.
Bailey, Finley A.
Barbarossa, Russell
Barber, George
Baxter, William
Becker, Leon
Black, Gordon
Blandin, Sherman
Bley, Loyd L.
Bloodworth, Robert
Bortle, Robert
Bourgeois, Clair C.
Brown, Kenneth
Bruce, Mavin D.
Bullock, Charlse S.
Burgess, Thomas R.
Burney, John L.
Burris, Richard E.
Call, Jay J.
Callahan, Alvin
Chidester, Doug
Childs, Cecil C.
Cobb, John V.
Coker, Orval M.
Conine, Bob
Cooksey, Robert
Cormier, Norman
Covey, Gene F
Covino, Frank
Crenshaw, Edwin
Cruz, Antonio R.
Dailey, Wilbur A.
Dalton, Leo
Damron, J. S.
Davis, James
Davis, Murate
Dea, David M.
Dilley, Richard J.
Dixon, Thomas L.
Doherty, Harold
Donzell, Richard
Dudley, Walter
Duerr, Joseph H.
Dunaetz, Hershel
Dyches, Archie
Dykas, Edward J.
Edge, Horace
Edwards, Thomas
Elder, Charles

Eshom, James M.
Esteban, Eduardo
Fern, Richard P.
Fisher, Orval
Flowers, Charlie
Floyd, Brooks
Folks, Arlie Joe
Folks, Macie D.
Folks, Tracie F.
Follis, Jerry
Fontenot, Royle
Foust, Roe
Frank, Victor K.
Franzen, Leroy C.
French, Dean M.
Fritz, Michael
Gafton, Frank C.
Galing, Capt. Searcy
Gamble, William
Geedey, Paul C
Gentry, Alva "Pop"
Gifford, Gilbert
Giovanetti, R. A.
Giusti, Julius
Glover, Joseph R.
Gold, Boyd O.
Gooslin, Don C.
Gorby, Gene E.
Gore, Reefer E.
Gough, Terry G.
Graham, James (Shakey)
Gray, Amos
Greenhill, Edward
Hanson, David
Harbin, Sammie
Harden, Herman R.
Hardy, George D.
Harrelson, Henry
Harrelson, Lonnie
Harrington, Richard
Havelin, Wayne
Hayter, Harvey R.
Heitz, Richard
Henderson, Thomas
Henry, Donald
Hestla, Charles W.
Hicks, Vernon
Hinson, William
Holt, Dennis A.
Houghton, Donald
Howell, Larry T.
Huber, Ewald
Huckaby, Fuller O.
Hulon, Jack

Huneven, Robert L.
Hunt, John P.
Irvin, Herbert E.
Isaac, Reuben E.
Isenberg, Emil
Janssen, Howard J.
Jennings, Samuel S.
Jepsen, Darrell
Johns, Elwood
Johnson, Dan
Johnson, Michael E.
Kadinger, Robert J.
Kauk, Keith
Kermicle, Harlin R.
Ketchers, Lloyd R.
Klemm, Floyd P.
Kodesch, Charles
Koelle, Benjamin
Kress, Edward
Kvidera, Larry
Ladson, Ulmer
Landon, Neal F.
Lanpkin, Gerald T.
Lattiner, Goerge
Ledbetter, Robert L.
Locicero, Joseph
Lohmann, Gayle A.
Loudermilk, John D.
Lund, Larry Thomas
Macayan, Florentin
MacDonald, Paul J.
Maceri, Angelo
Machen, Elton
Maphet, Steve
Martin, James R.
McCord, Warren
McCracken, Harry
McCullough, Don J.
McDougald, Robert
McFadden, William
McInarnay, Michael
McKay, Verlon
McMahon, Walter S.
Miller, Clarence
Milligan, Delester, R.
Moen, Robert
Morrison, Joe
Morritt, Etrall
Murphy, Calvin H.
Murray, James L.
Nelson, Larry A.
Newell, Darrel K.
Nolte, Lester
Olaveson, James L.
Oleson, Ken
Osotio, Ricardo T.
Pankonien, William
Papa, John (Jack)

Parkin, Arthur
Peerson, Jack
Pinder, Marcel
Pinzon, Alfredo J.
Pitts, John W.
Poisson, Conrad
Porteous, Joseph
Powers, Reginald
Proulx, Ronald
Provost, Don
Puckett, Nathan
Redfield, Russ
Rein, Randall W.
Reink, Robert
Richardson, Raymond
Rigdon, Charles E.
Rudd, Malcolm T.
Rumley, III, William
Russell, Wayne
Ryan, Randall M.
Sanders, Clark
Sanders, Morgan G.
Sandoval, Edward M.
Sapp, William C.
Savel, John J., Jr.
Scharnhorst, Fred
Scholly, Victor
Schuette, George
Siciliano, Louis
Sitton, David
Smith, Jay
Smith, Jimmie C.
Smith, Richard L.
Spruance, Edward
Starke, Martin
Staubs, Jr., William
Stelzig, Delbert
Stewart, Jack
Tahamont, David
Taylor, John C.
Terrell, Alex
Thomas, Albert E.
Thome, Christian R.
Tibbets, Joe
Trigg, George
Tucker, Milton J.
Walker, George
Wallis, Larry
Waymack, James L.
Webb, William H.
White, Eddie
Williams, Carlie
Wilson, Glen W.
Winders, George
Zinn, Franklyn K.
Zunick, Joseph L.



The Chaplain's Corner

Greetings shipmates!

Last night we had a thunderstorm with much needed rain. Nebraska is very dry this year so it was very refreshing to hear the rain fall. We too, as Christians, can become become very dry and crusty if we become detached from the Spirit's life. We become distracted because of taking on agendas and activities not directed by the Spirit. See Galatians 5:16-26.

When the soil of the earth becomes dry, we must wait upon the Lord for the rain. Unlike the rain, we can be refreshed daily with the Holy Spirit. Acts 1:8 tells us we will receive power and the Holy Spirit will come upon us to be witnesses for Him.

Our challenge this month is to be open to all God's spirit has for us. So walk in the Spirit and be refreshed.

Have you made your reservations for the reunion in Corpus Christi? If you have never been to a reunion, I would encourage you to attend. It is a time of fellowship and fun. One special part is the memorial service we have each year is reading the names of our shipmates that are no longer with us. I look forward to seeing you in Corpus Christi!

May God bless you and your families.

*Chaplain Marvin Watson (RM3, 60-63)
3149 Sequoia Drive
Lincoln, Nebraska 68516
402-421-8957
Email: chaplain@usswhetstone.net*

MY STATE OKLAHOMA

MM3 1952-54 Bugner Frank Guymon
EM2 1955-58 Clark Tom Harrah
BM3 1963-65 Dover Fred W. Sand Springs
SN 1959-62 Drake Donald Norman
EM2 1961-62 Knight Richard Broken Arrow
SN 1958-59 Nichols Wiley Midwest City
FN 1949-52 Polk James Norman
MM2 1960-63 Warren Robert Wyandotte
RM 1965-67 Wilfong Ronald Midwest City

DECEASED LIST

If anyone knows of someone that should be included on this list, please contact Kay Goble, 6200 Emerald Pines Circle, Ft Myers, FL 33966 or via e-mail at sectreas@usswhetstone.net

Bold Print is Recently Deceased



Greetings from Your President



Ahoy Shipmates!

TODAY'S NAVY. Ever wonder just what is going on in today's Navy? Well I was curious and decided to find out. A quick Google search brought me to www.navy.mil, and it's full of information about nearly everything you might want to know about the Navy today.

For example, there are 354,287 active duty personnel in the Navy and 281 ships. There are currently 12 LSDs in the fleet, but no new ones on the way. By contrast, there are 13 LPDs in the fleet and 6 more on order. The newest LSDs are the Harpers Ferry Class. They are 609 feet long (about 100 feet longer than Whetstone, and displace over 16,000 tons, over twice what the Stone displaced. The crews are larger than Whetstone by about 30% and they can carry far more troops. Their max speed is 24 knots, 9 knots faster than the old Stone. The Navy's definitely bigger and faster. But the really big dogs of the Gator Navy today are the Amphibious Assault Ships (LHD/LHD). There are 12 in service, and they are BIG. Over 800 feet long and displacing over 30,000 tons, they have a crew of about 1000 and can carry almost 2000 Marines and their equipment. Although not terribly fast by today's standards, their 24 knots would leave the old Stone in the dust. I even discovered an extensive history of Phibron 3 (www.cpr3.navy.mil/main.htm) that mentions Whetstone many times. Brings back some old memories of some of the ops we were on back in the Vietnam era.

Anyway, the Navy website is full of interesting information, from the history of various types of ships to websites of the current active duty ships, and a lot more. It's changed a lot since we served. Take some time to check it out.

CORPUS CHRISTI REUNION. The reunion's getting closer, just three and a half months away. **ARE YOU REGISTERED?** If not, sign up today. And don't forget to contact a couple of your shipmates whom you haven't seen for a while (maybe even 35 plus years) and urge them to attend. Have a great summer, and we'll see you in Corpus Christi.

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

Voluntary Dues

Again, **thank you** to all shipmates that send 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 and contact Kay Goble, 6200 Emerald Pines Cir, Ft. Myers, FL 33966 (239)768-1449, or e-mail:

sectreas@usswhetstone.net Please make checks for dues payable to the **USS Whetstone Association**.

Please use this list as your receipt.

Alfaro, Manuel

Alsleben, Keith

Arata, Sil
Auwen, Bryan
Bell, Charles*
Berg, Alfred*
Bogusch, William*
Boren, Ben
Boswell, Robert G.
Bradach, Jack*
Brewer, Melvin*
Brillou, Paul
Brown, Beryle
Brown, David Lee
Brown, James E.*
Buchanan, Kenneth
Caffey, Irby
Caldwell, William*
Carrell, Zane*
Cickavage, Joseph*
Coldren, Wayne
Coleman, Willie
Cooke III, J. Bleeker
Corpuz, Jr., Bernard
Corwin, Ray*
Cox, Millard
Crawford, F. S.
Cunningham, Michael*
Dinda, Gerald
Doerr, Gary L.*
Draper, L. E. "Rusty"
Dries, Arthur E.
Dunn, James C.
Edney, Edward*
Edwards, H.D. "Sonny"

Elder, Robert C.
Engelken, Ralph L.*
Erath, Jerry
Eshelman, Thomas
Espointour, Maurice
Feathers, Paul J.
Finnes, Roger G.
Goble, Marion
Goodrich, Jesse*
Gordon, Eddie*
Green, Kenneth
Gregory, Carroll
Grubb, Jack L.
Hager, Robert*
Hall, Charles*
Hall, Leroy
Harrelson, Glenn*
Hickman, "Tony"
Hoover, Frederick
Hyatt, Ray L.
Jones, Dale H.
Julian, Frank
Keen, Charles*
Kirby, Joe
Klebacher, Gene*
Kloor, Bill
Larocque, Leo
Leopold, Vince
Loudermilk, John*
Maphet, Steve
McCray, David G.
McDowell, Allen
McManus, Peter*

McNitt, Russ
McQuillen, Tom
Meismer, J. C.
Mezzanotti, Paul
Miller, Charles*
Mitchell, Burley*
Moore, Lane*
Morgan, Jeffery
Mulholland, Howard
Nice, Jr., John
Nichelson, Joseph
Ogletree, Ron
Parris, Eddie R.*
Pearson, Raymond
Pierce, Charles A.
Pilgreen, Vince L.
Pineda, Jamie
Proft, Gerald P.*
Reid, James P.
Reinheimer, Theodore
Richter, Herbert B.
Rudnick, Robert J.
Savoie, Donald
Shimmell, Thomas
Siggers, Jack
SilverRyder, William

Skelley, Jr., Daniel
Solari, Frank*
Stanford, Roy S.
Stene, Larry A.
Stergeos, James*
Stevens, William
Stief, Bernard D.
Stout, William M.
Thomson, John S.
Tucker, George
Ward, Everett
Watson, Marvin*
Weigt, Earl E.*
West, Gordon R.
Wiesemann, Donald
Wilfong, Ronald D.
Will, Howard L*
Williams, Herman
Wilson, Buddy L.
Winslow, Leonard
Wood, Gerald W.
Young, Robert A.
Zdolsek, Martin F.
Zetner, Mike

**NOTE: Marion & Kay Goble
Zip Code Change to 33966
Effective 7/01/2006**

(Engineer from page 1)

18,000 recruits were involved in some comfiture of the training command. About half were in Camp Nimitz, the primary camp where life in the world ended and navy life began.

Nimitz meant four intense weeks of recruit molding, meshing, melding, hammering, drilling, and manufacturing into an acceptable form of Blue Jacket. Discipline was the order of the day. From Nimitz he was marched to secondary training where for another ten weeks the rough product was honed, shaped, and tooled to a final product, able and more than willing to pass in review without embarrassment to the government.

These ceremonies took place during faithful Friday afternoons on Preble Field with grand parades signifying that all military requirements and practical factors were met and the graduating recruits were fleet ready. A photographic head count on such a Friday in 1967 shows not less than 2400 Blue Jackets assembled for passing in review. Admirals and captains were present with other high officials. Bands played and there were many flags. Freedom birds, passenger planes landing and taking off from the new San Diego International Airport, roared overhead with strong purpose and promise. Over all the decorum and excitement, graduating recruits silently radiated the highest motivating force of all---the exit from boot camp. It was the end of a line, an interminable long line, expressed in time, a line whose end was so important nothing else mattered. No thought at all was given to the next three years and eight months as being particularly important. The zeal of that Friday parade was illuminated by the intensity of wanting to get out of that place. Freedom birds made a lovely sight.

After a week in "forming," waiting for new companies to assemble, twelve long weeks of training began in the back yard of Recruit Training Command, Camp Nimitz. It was on the south side, separated from the main portion of the Training Center by a canal with a guarded bridge, sort of out of sight, and where was billeted the lowest order of the Naval caste system. It was an isolation site, a nadir, the dead end of the rear, quarters for the nothings. The new inhabitants of Nimitz were classified as a species lower than the product of a whale privy. There sad sack blue caps-- closely resembling those worn by inmates of the federal penal system, were held up by protruding ears, covering new bald heads as the stage curtain of boot camp lifted and act one began. Be it "digging in" with the left heel of the new "boon docker" work shoe, washing clothes in galvanized buckets with hard soap and stiff brush, marching drill, getting through the chow line without being pegged by any of the eagle eyes of adjutants or company commanders, or any other of the countless new rituals thrust upon them. In four rigorous weeks they learned—and quickly.

There was a lot of yelling. It seemed each person had a personal hawk who would swoop from nowhere like a screeching phantom when any little detail was not followed to standard. Anything, including moving the eyes the wrong way or even a minor twitch---co-noted as the action of a worm, brought them down. These martial zealots were everywhere—scrutinizing, correcting, pouncing, ever aggressive and on the attack. It was, "Move! Move! Move! You people move entirely too slow!" Even the workers of the galley yelled as trays and utensils were returned for cleaning. They, as it turned out, were also recruits serving their term in service week. They were the ten week veterans and who now gleefully dished out what they

had been dished. The reaction was exhibited in what may be loosely observed as a panicked scurry of movement to which the common name of the recruit was noted: "Squirrel."

Leading Company 67-052 was a Machinist Mate Chief who vowed he was going to brigade the company if it meant death for all hands in doing so. He had been trained to scare hell out of mankind and succeeded admirably well. It was no joke when he informed the "squirrels" under his command that he was God and that he would make, break, and eat recruits. He was dedicated and determined. His word was law, his vocabulary was naval, and his actions were convincing. More power to the fact that he was never satisfied with anything and remained in a constant state of agitation in what would be loosely interpreted as being mad at the world. A Taurus, blowing fire and steam from eyes, nostrils, ears, and nose, Mr. Hartsock—Company Commander and SIR--- commenced the process of turning this cowering crowd of raw recruits, "pukes" according to him, into something the Navy would have. This would involve a lot of marching, drilling, inspections, each day, forever. It began each cold morning at 0500 with a march to breakfast, then a march back to barracks, then a march to the assembly area by the mess hall. There the most stressful, often terrifying, event of the day took place—personnel inspection and drill.

The assembly area for Camp Nimitz was called the grinder. It was the muster field where each morning and each morning thereafter; as things turned out, whether on land or at sea, there was morning muster. Muster: It might be on station or to quarters for muster, but there would be muster, rain or shine, thick or thin. Who can forget the IMC: "Now, all hands to quarters for muster!" Every now and then there might be a "muster on station," but there was always muster. In boot camp each morning, thousands of new recruits were summoned to quarters for muster on the grinder of Camp Nimitz. Later, in secondary training, it was Brainbridge Court, but it began in Nimitz. There they would be inspected, interrogated on eleven general orders in recitation form, words of the day, naval vocabulary, chain of command, and national leaders. Then the brigade would engage in a massive tribal gyration known as physical drill with arms. This involved a series of contorted exercises utilizing a World War I vintage Springfield rifle---" Piece, damn it! Never a rifle!" we were told. In step with music, the minions performed in unison an exercise with the piece with down and forwards, forwards and up, up and shoulders, side pushes, diagonal lunges, forward lunges, front sweeps, overhead twists, and finally ending with side twists. After this warm up, the sixteen-count manual of arms followed.

The whole thing was then capped off with a massive pass in review as martial music was blared over a scratchy loud-speaker system, reminiscent of a Chinese pep rally. Then, with the sailor candidates clapping down the left heel for cadence tempered by nervous force, the appearance resembled a German goose step. From the air the spectacle would have appeared as a checkerboard rug with the various dark squares fraying about, coming together, and then moving in unison up, down, sideways, and backward around the black pavement in a silent but precise movement. On the ground the formations were viewed by the command chain, perched

(See Engineer on page 6)

Three Minute Miracle

NORFOLK - Because of a three-minute miracle, Petty Officer 1st Class Vergil Marshall will reach 20 years' service and retire from the Navy in September.

Wednesday, though, he first had to pay his long-delayed respects to the 47 shipmates on the battleship Iowa who were not so fortunate.

Marshall had avoided this moment for the past 17 years. He sought overseas duty stations, and during a brief tour aboard the aircraft carrier George Washington, he skirted the memorial erected on the Norfolk Naval Station at Iowa Point.

But not a day went by, Marshall said, when he didn't think about those friends who died and how close he had come to being with them.

Marshall was in the middle turret of the Iowa preparing for a routine gunnery exercise on April 19, 1989. He was called out just three minutes before the blast inside Turret 2 rocked the ship and wiped out his division.

A yeoman, Marshall was on his way to his office to type up the firing plan for the next day's shooting when the turret exploded. The ship went to general quarters. Marshall was paralyzed. He had nowhere to go. His general quarters station was inside that burning turret.

"I saw my division go from 23 to 3," he said. "Those were the men that were in my berthing department, my friends, my buddies."

Marshall said he never believed the Navy's attempt to blame one of his shipmates, Clayton M. Hartwig, for the blast. An initial investigation concluded that Hartwig set off the explosion in an act of murder-suicide triggered by a souring relationship with another turret sailor.

Later, an independent investigation launched through the efforts of Hartwig's sister, Kathy Kubicina, concluded there was no proof of a deliberate detonation. Government scientists found that the disaster could have been caused by an inexperienced sailor who rammed the huge bags of explosive powder too far and too fast into the gun's breach. The aging powder also had been improperly stored the previous summer in a way that could have made it unstable.

The Navy sent an admiral to Cleveland to apologize to the Hartwig family.

Marshall said that as his retirement approached, he realized he was ready to visit Iowa Point. He said he told those planning his retirement, "You don't have to worry about the flag, I know how to take care of that."

So as Kubicina joined a group of family and friends reading out his dead shipmates' names Wednesday morning, a line of sailors solemnly passed a folded flag to Marshall.

Nearby, Hartwig's father, Earl Hartwig, sat on a walker and his mother, Evelyn, stood beside him.

Earl Hartwig has Parkinson's disease, and Evelyn Hartwig said she doesn't think her husband will be able to handle too many more services.

After a sailor blew taps and the formal ceremony ended, Evelyn Hartwig approached Marshall.

"Did you know Clay?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"Was he a good boy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled and reached out.

"Can I give you a hug?"

After a brief embrace, she thanked Marshall.

"I hope God blesses you with a long retirement," she said.

It's a Small World

By: John Worman

There is a group of old foggies here in Alamogordo that participated in the Nuclear tests in 1962 with JTF-8 (Joint Task Force - 8), mostly at Johnston Island. They meet each month at a local donut shop and I joined them this month (April). They talked about their experiences and how the conditions were during their assignments.

When I talked about my time on the Whetstone, one fellow said he was assigned to LCU-1497 and had been on the Cabildo (LSD-16) during the tests. I said I knew of the ship, but had never been on her. As the gab session progressed I broke out my copy of the 1961 Cruise book. It was a big hit and it was passed around the table. The LCU crewman looked closely and saw that LCU-1497 was coming aboard and he thought it was his boat. When he saw where all we went on the cruise he was pretty sure he must have been aboard as he had gone to many of those places on 'some' LSD. He didn't remember the Whetstone by name, but he's convinced himself he was on aboard during our 1961 cruise.

Laughing Lamp is on

A man walks into a doctor's office. He has a cucumber up his nose, a carrot in his left ear and a banana in his right ear.

"What's the matter with me?" he asks the doctor.

The doctor replies, "You're not eating properly."

Another Navy Coat Story

By John Worman

I enjoyed Alfred Berg's Peacoat story in the last issue. Again, it reminds me of another story. Do you remember the foul weather coats? They were a light tan coat with a fleece lining that was pretty heavy and WARM!

I wanted one of those coats, but I didn't get much enthusiasm when I asked about getting myself one. "The boiler room seldom gets below 90° so why would you want one" I was asked.

I couldn't be real truthful as I wanted to steal one because I had a motorcycle on the beach. What a good riding coat it could be.

Finally I got one. I think Charlie Walkinshaw must have found it while cleaning the bilges he described in the last issue. Nobody wanted that thing (except me). I did get it off the ship and I wore it for the rest of my enlistment when I rode the bike.

I took it home to New Mexico and wore it every winter. I had a job at White Sands Missile Range as a computer operator, and the coat went there too. Most of the people I worked with thought it had so many layers of scum that it was alive and swore they saw it move on occasion. Finally I suppose some misguided soul mistook it for rubbish and I never saw it again. Sigh, what a good coat those things were.

(Engineer from page 4)

as they were on a raised wooden deck looking down as the review passed before them, watching intently to judge the progress of the metamorphosing process. It might have consisted of the Battalion commanders, usually line officers consisting of lieutenants, lieutenant junior grades, division heads, and several Chiefs in the hierarchy of command. To the recruit, they represented the gods of the Navy.

Close in, the recruits displayed a grimness under the dogged eyes of Chief Petty Officers or CPO's, as they were called, and adjutants as they dodged in and out of the ranks roaring loudly into the faces and ears of any faltering miscreants. In ranks, faces were frozen as if they were trying to distance themselves from the Company Commanders who fired verbal broadsides into the ranks and files of the moving square, first starboard and then port; a new tack; another broadside, firing and loading, again and again—verbal grape, chain, bar, round, and canister—crossing the Tee, then rounding the quarter and raking the stern. Thunder, lightning, smoke, and fear drove the company to obedience or death. Had words been bullets or cannon balls there would have been no survivors.

It is the manual of arms drill that brings this story back to focus, particularly the part of the manual of arms called "inspection arms." Here the bolt handle of the .30 caliber M1903 piece was grabbed and drawn backward, exposing an empty breech supposedly inspected and, on order, the bolt slammed to, leaving about a half inch of the spring loaded bolt toggle or cocking piece latched and extended at the end of the bolt, indicating a cocked status. The piece would have been armed had there been a firing pin in place, but that had been removed for reasons of operational necessity.

Upon slamming the bolt home the trigger is pulled, the spring latch is released and the piece is un-cocked. Slamming the bolt home and releasing the trigger is completed as two motions in rapid succession with the order, "To!" Upon the loudspeaker order, "Ready, to!" there would be a thunder clap of bolts being rammed home with an immediate staccato crack of a thousand triggers releasing the spring of extended toggles against empty chambers. It was a sound that spread over the assembly like rolling thunder, accented as a drawn out sound that echoed throughout as though the word "Clack" was being pronounced by a thousand voices. At least that's the way it was supposed to be.

Occasionally, after the din has ceased, there might be a stray click initiated by someone suffering from a delayed reaction or lack of co-ordination. Usually, the errant click would be heard and there would only be a brief roar from a CC somewhere in the forest of people being directed to a whole company. This meant the person who was late in releasing his bolt was unknown and therefore seasonably safe from having his head shoved down the muzzle of a company commander's cannon-like mouth. Otherwise, some poor bumpkin was set upon by a Company Commander and an adjutant, usually one to each ear and addressed in such a manner as to assure that the same mistake would never happen again. This tactic, we learned, was called a grilling; though there was a strong case for the recipient to have argued a description favoring the word "ream." The message was very loud, very precise, and very clear. The incomplete movement of the inspection arms was indeed a serious, unforgivable thing, worthy of keelhauling, maybe even Camp 40-50. In fact, either may have been an acceptable blessing in comparison to being filleted by the vitriolic energy of a company com-

(See Engineer on page 11)

Bonhomme Richard Begins Search for Namesake

The multipurpose amphibious assault ship USS Bonhomme Richard (LHD 6) and guided-missile destroyer USS John Paul Jones (DDG 53) were named honorary flagships March 13 for the upcoming search for the remains of the original Bonhomme Richard, which sank in the North Sea in 1779.

The search project revolves around one of the most memorable battles of the American Revolution, where John Paul Jones, an American naval hero, uttered his legendary words, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

"It's entirely appropriate that these front-line warships are honorary flagships of the expedition, as they are representative of Jones' legacy," said Capt. Jack Ringelberg, president of the Ocean Technology Foundation (OTF).

LHD 6, homeported in San Diego, is the third U.S. warship to bear the name Bonhomme Richard. With a crew of 1,200 Sailors, today's Bonhomme Richard carries into action 1,500 Marines and their aircraft, vehicles and equipment. In 2005, Bonhomme Richard and embarked Marines delivered humanitarian assistance and disaster relief to Indonesian tsunami survivors and conducted security and combat operations in the northern Persian Gulf and Iraq.

"Capt. John Paul Jones and the crew of Bonhomme Richard established the U.S. Navy's reputation for courage and determination in battle, and we are proud and thrilled to be named a flagship for this historic expedition," said USS Bonhomme Richard's Commanding Officer, Capt. Stephen Greene. "Locating the original Bonhomme Richard some 227 years later would be a tremendous oceanographic technical achievement and fitting tribute to Jones and his crew."

DDG 53 is the sixth ship to carry the name of the U.S. Navy's founding father. John Paul Jones, an Aegis destroyer, has represented the ship's motto and Jones' own promise to go "In Harm's Way" during the global war on terrorism.

"The legacy of John Paul Jones is carried forth in our ship on a daily basis, and it is an honor to be associated with such an important research project, one that will hopefully enlighten us more about Jones' most famous ship and certainly, his most famous battle," said James Housinger, John Paul Jones' commanding officer.

"This year marks the 100th anniversary of the celebrated return of Jones' body to the United States," said Ringelberg, "and it would be great to be able to say that we have helped bring closure to this chapter in U.S. naval history by locating the remains of his ship."

The OTF is a nonprofit organization based in Groton on the University of Connecticut's Avery Point campus. Its mission is to foster excellence in ocean exploration, Marine research and education.

Experience

"When a man with money meets a man with experience, the man with the experience gets the money and the man with the money gets the experience."

USS BUSH (DD 529) Enlisted Men Ratings

(Editor note: I found this interesting. I've heard of Seaman 1st class and Seaman 2nd class, but didn't know what it meant as those classifications were long gone when I came aboard. John)

Listed below are definitions for the ratings of enlisted personnel serving aboard the USS BUSH. Other ratings existed during World War II, but the list here is limited to ratings noted in official USS BUSH records. The ratings shown would be typical of other WWII destroyers.

As you read the materials on the website, if the letter C appears in front of one of the rating acronyms below, then the individual was a Chief Petty Officer, the most senior rating for an enlisted man. If the rating is followed by 1c, 2c, or 3c, it denotes whether they are 1st class, 2nd class, or 3rd class. Thus, CTM means Chief Torpedoman's Mate, TM1c is Torpedoman's Mate 1st Class, etc...

Prior to becoming a petty officer, many sailors were either a Seaman 1st Class (S1c) or Seaman 2nd Class (S2c). A new sailor, fresh from boot camp, first reported aboard ship as a Seaman 2nd Class. These new recruits would be assigned to the Deck Division as they became familiar with life aboard ship. As they advanced

toward Seaman 1st Class, they could strive to find a spot with one of the various divisions, if an opening existed. These men were called "strikers" as they worked and trained with a specific unit prior to earning their "rating". When the USS BUSH was lost, records indicate 112 men (about one third of those aboard) were Seaman 1st or 2nd class.

Not all new sailors were Seaman 2nd or 1st class. On par with the S2c and S1c were men with ratings such as Fireman (F) 2nd or 1st class and Hospital Apprentice (HA) 2nd or 1st class. In these cases, sailors would earn their petty officer ratings with the Engineering Division or by becoming Pharmacist's Mates.

The Navy was segregated along racial lines during WWII, with black sailors typically performing jobs such as Stewards, Steward's Mates, and Officer's Cooks. These men assisted the officers aboard ship with some of their day to day needs, such as managing the officer's mess (meals).

All sailors would have specific general quarter assignments. These 'GQ' assignments were often not related to their primary duties. For instance, when under attack a baker might be assigned to work in a 5-inch turret, a steward's mate could be in the 5-inch handling room, and extra radiomen or torpedoman might be assigned to a 20MM or 40MM gun.

RATING SYMBOL	NAME	NOTES
B	Boilermaker	
Bkr	Baker	
BM	Boatswain (Bosun's Mate)	Responsible for ship's hull and deck maintenance, including the motor whale boats.
CM	Carpenter's Mate	
Cox	Coxswain	3rd class petty officer. Next step was BM2c. There was no BM3c rating.
EM	Electrician's Mate	
F	Fireman Part of engineering.	Worked with the boilers that powered the engines.
FC	Fire Controlman	Gunnery, helps deliver ship's gunfire at designated targets.
FCO	Fire Controlman	(Operator)
GM	Gunner's Mate	Responsible for ship's ordnance.
HA	Hospital Apprentice	Thought to be entry level ratings prior to becoming a Pharmacist's Mate (PhM).
M	Metalsmith	
MM	Machinist's Mate	Helped operate the ship's engines.
MoMM	Motor Machinist's Mate	Diesel mechanics
OC	Officer's Cook	
PhM	Pharmacist's Mate	Assisted ship's doctor in providing health care to officers and crew.
QM	Quartermaster	Assists with the ship's navigation.
RdM	Radarman	
RM	Radioman	
RT	Radio Technician	
S	Seaman	Two classes, 2nd and 1st. Initial ratings following boot camp.
SC	Ship's Cook	
SF	Shipfitter	
SK	Storekeeper	
SKD	Storekeeper (Disbursing)	Handled payroll disbursements
SM	Signalman	
SoM	Sonarman	Operates the ship's SOund Navigation Range finding equipment .
ST	Steward	
StM	Steward's Mate	
TM	Torpedoman's Mate	Worked with torpedos and depth charges
WT	Water Tender	Worked with the boilers that powered the ship's engines
Y	Yeoman	Ship's clerk. Helps prepare and maintain the ship's paperwork, such as the deck logs.

"Mommy, Mommy!" said a little boy after coming from playing. "I just saw a man making a horse!" "Are you sure?" asked his mother. "Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished. When I saw him, he was just nailing on his feet."

Sea Stories by Buddy Wilson

Dear John:

Here are a few things I recall from my service aboard the Whetstone. You may use them as you please. Sometime later I may have some more if you would like

Buddy Wilson, or Buddy "Willy" Wilson, BMSN. I went aboard the Whetstone of March 1952, and that was my home until summer of 1955 I was transferred to the Coronado amphib base summer of 1955 to await separation in Dec 2 1955. I entered the navy Dec 5 1951 boot camp in great lakes. What's so special Dec 5 1951? That's the day the Whetstone set sail back to San Diego ending their first deployment to Korea after being recommissioned taken out of mothball. When I enlisted in the Navy I hitched a ride to Rolla, MO from my home at Duke to join. One of the people in the truck with us was a retired Navy captain. When I told him I was going to Rolla to join the Navy he gave me some real sound advice He said, "Son, you will do ok in the Navy if you will remember two things if it moves salute it, if it doesn't paint it. If you will do that, you will be ok." I thought of him when I got to go to Chicago for my first day of Liberty when I was in boot camp and I saluted the doorman in front of the hotel. By the look on his face he had been saluted many times before. When I enlisted or a year or so before that, I quit high school in my junior year. I thought I had to quit because I had a problem getting to school. It rained a lot that spring, creek would flood, wash out the bridge. Would miss 2 or 3 days. The county would repair the bridge. Buses would run so I could get to school. About a week later here comes the rain again, and, do the same thing over and over. I got so far behind I just quit school. I went to Ft. Wood to work for #1 service club washing dishes in the cafeteria. I became friends with some young army recruits in basic training. Some of them told me over and over "Don't get drafted in the army. Join the navy. You will not like the army." So I joined the Navy. When I went into the recruiting office the Marine Sgt. was sitting at the front desk, he asked, "May I help you?", I said, "I want to join the Navy", I then seen machinist mate first class Eldon Rosenberg sitting at a desk. Eldon Rosenberg stayed with me got me signed up to go into the navy. He asked me what religion I was, I asked him what he meant, he said, "What church? Protestant or Catholic?" I said "Neither, I go to the Church of God." He wrote down Protestant. How many people would remember their recruiter 55 years later. I have a special reason for remembering Eldon Rosenberg MM1. A year or so after I went aboard the Whetstone, while watching some shipmates playing cards, I noticed a machinist mate first class also watching the card game. As I looked at him he looked very familiar, so I asked him, "Do I know you?" he said, "You should, I recruited you." Yes, it was the Eldon Rosenberg who had recruited me into the Navy. Now a crew member of the USS Whetstone LSD 27. What are the chances of that happening? To serve with your recruiter. Also Bill Rosenberg, Eldon's cousin, came aboard to visit Eldon. Bill later was assigned to the Stone after I left. Bill tells me Eldon went to nuclear school, received a commission, and was captain of his own sub, and was Lt commander. Eldon passed from this life. He succumbed to cancer. After boot camp at Great Lakes, I was assigned to the Whetstone. The navy sent us

by train to San Diego to go aboard. Remember this was 1952. When I arrived in San Diego, the Stone was at sea on some kind of training exercise. The navy put us up at a Naval base, I don't remember but one person that was with us that I'd went through boot camp with. But anyway there were more than two of us waiting for the Whetstone to come back. There was a Whetstone crew member returning from leave. His name was Goldberg. Poor fella, When we discovered he was from the Whetstone we gave him no rest. We asked him so many questions he about flipped his lid. Finally he said angrily, "No more questions! You just wait. You will see when you get there" After dark one evening the Whetstone sent number one LCVP to take us to the ship. It was dark and the boat had a cover over the well deck. As we were boarding the coxswain said, "Careful, one of the bilge plates are out." Having no idea what a bilge-plate is, or was, I just hung on for dear life. Just about scared out of my wits. Later I became bow-hook and then coxswain of that same LCVP. When I went aboard the Stone I was assigned to the deck force division 1. I was given a new name. I was no longer called Buddy or Bud Wilson. My new name was "Willy". I don't remember anyone ever calling me Bud, Buddy, or even Wilson. It was Willy. Most everyone was called by their last name, while some, like me, were called by their nickname. For most people, being assigned to the deck force was but a temporary thing, they soon moved on to other ratings, as for me, I wanted to be a Boatswain-mate. You all know what kind of job a seamen apprentice would do, sweeping, swabbing, chipping, and painting. But one job was messenger of the watch, which included reporting to the captain at twelve noon. One of my first, if not the first time, as messenger of the watch I knocked on the captain's office door, entered, clicked my heels together and saluted sharply and said, "Sir, the officer of the deck reports, it is twelve noon, all is well, and the chronometers are wound." Returning my salute and asked with a grin, "Son, what is a chronometer?" -- I said, "'Duh, I don't know, sir." He proceeded to tell me what a chronometer is. That was about 54 years ago. I don't remember the captain's name, but I will never forget what a chronometer is. That's the start of my career aboard the Whetstone. The remainder of these stories may or may not be in chronological order.

By the end of 1952, we were heading to Korea via Japan. We had a new captain, his first command. I just happened to be on helmwatch when we entered Tokyo bay. As most of you know the submarine nets are quite a long distance from where we would tie up, Otherwise the captain or officer of the con would have set special sea detail. And at that time a quartermaster would take the helm watch when we were going into port. When we approached the sub net to go through the opening the officer gave me an order, "Left full rudder." In a few seconds a frantic order, "Reverse the rudder, reverse the rudder." Please remember this happened over 50 years ago, and I'm telling you what I remember. Later I was told the port side collided with a net buoy from about mid-ship to the stern. I have, as far as I know, the distinction of being the only seamen to paint a red-stripe at the water-level without using a paintbrush on the Whetstone.

One time, when special sea detail was set. It may have been the same time we rubbed the submarine net buoy going into the Tokyo bay. Quartermaster Russell came into the wheel-house to take the wheel. Quartermaster Russell was a native American. His nickname was 'Little Beaver'. That is what all the enlisted men called him. Little Beaver. I pressed the buzzer to inform the officer in charge of the con I was being relieved. I should have

said 'Quartermaster Russell', but instead I said 'Little Beaver was taking the helm'. The officer said, "What!" in a very loud voice. I quickly said 'Quartermaster Russell sir.' The officer in charge did not appreciate Little Beaver taking the helm.

On one of the trips to Japan we had a shipmate die in his sleep. We were in port, I believe in Japan. The master in arms came by the second time and rattled his bunk and said "I'll be back in five minutes, if you're still in the rack, I'll put you on report." When the master of arms came back, several men in the compartment were watching to see him placed on report. When the MA touched the sailor he said, "This man is dead." He looked around to ask someone to go to sick bay to get a corpsman, and no one was around. They all had vanished.

One time when we were 1000 miles out of Honolulu Hawaii, we had a shipmate jump overboard. Said he was going home to get his wife. Now I was just told this, I didn't see any of this. They put a boat in the water and got him aboard an LCVP. Then he tried to get out again. They said that boatswain-mate Shaky Graham knocked him unconscious so they could get him back aboard. At another time, the captain's gig was damaged. It is an understatement to say it was damaged. The bowl was completely destroyed. Now the captain had to use an LCVP until it was repaired. We spent a lot of time in Wanson in Korea. We had a detachment of mine-sweeping boats. Every morning, we, the Whetstone crew, would hoist the mine-sweeping boats into the water. They would go into the harbor and clear it of mines if they had found one, they blew it up. After they cleared the harbor of mines the battleship Missouri and some destroyers would go in and bombard the train tracks. The North Koreans would work all night to run a train. One day the train ran a little late. It went into a tunnel into a mountain and the Missouri sealed off one end of the mountain, then went around and sealed off the other end of the mountain. Sealed them in the mountain, but I'm sure they dug out.

We, the Stone, was sitting in the harbor, the Missouri and the destroyers were doing their job, aircraft was flying over us dropping napalm bombs. The armistice went into effect that all stopped. The Whetstone helped move ammo and supplies from Wanson island occupied by the South Koreans. What I'm about to tell you, I hope it's not true. I hope I dreamed it. The ammo and stuff was being loaded into the well deck. A seaman was assigned as a fire watch. That same seaman was caught sitting, on ammo, of all things, playing cards, on a box of hand grenades with a South Korean. And they were both smoking. I don't remember what happened to either the sailor or the South Korean. Being in North Korea when the armistice went in effect was quite an experience for me. We got a new commander and our first inspection we were at muster. For our new captain. He would step in front of each man, look him over, nod his head, go to the next man. A good buddy of mine, the captain started looking him over at his head first, then to his feet. He took a quick back and said, ""My God sailor, what size shoes do you wear?"" My friend said, ""15-D sir"". We all got a laugh out of that.

I was raised in Duke MO until I was 18 and went into the Navy. When I left Duke there was no electricity for the people of Duke. The population of the Stone was about four times that of Duke. I received a letter from my only sister. She said, "Bud, when you come home again, you just flip a switch and the lights will come on." For all of us at Duke that was a big deal.

On the way back to San Diego, ending my first trip to Korea, I submitted a request for 30 day leave. This was Oct 1953. I had not been home since March of 1952. I was on watch and a yeoman got on the phone with some questions. Before he could process my leave request, he said, "Willy, is your real name Buddy?" I assured him that it was. "We need your complete address." Now that was before zip codes. "All you have on your request is Duke, MO. What is your route number?""

I said, ""Don't have one.""

"What is your box number." "I don't have one."

"What is your street number."

"I don't have one."

"What is your house number.""

""I don't have one.""

""What is your apartment number.""

"I don't have one."

He asked, "How do you get your mail?"

I told him, I would walk down to the store, ask Mary Lane for my mail and she would hand it to me.

Another time we were entering Tokyo bay, I don't remember when, but we entered Tokyo bay several times. This time we were to drop off a barge. We had, I think, picked up in Korea. At the time, my special sea detail duties was on the focal wearing the sound powered head phones. We dropped anchor, balanced down to off-load the barge, the con told us several times to let out more chain because we were drifting. Finally the con gave us the order to house the anchor. When we hoisted in the chain, the anchor was not at the end of the chain. The boatswain-mate first class said ""Willy, tell the con, we've hoisted the bitter end of the chain no anchor." The next day, the chief wards machinist Mr. Gentry said, "Willy, I had to laugh, the way you calmly reported to the con we had lost the anchor. No excitement in your voice at all." While we're on the subject of anchors, we tied up at a pier or dock at Treasure Island. For some reason or the other, they took one of the anchors off, and laid it on the dock. A day or so later the Stone was moved to another pier or dock, and our chief boatswain-mate set an anchor watch. Starting at 5 pm until 7 am. Yes, I was one assigned to guard the anchor. As if someone would, if we didn't watch it, pick up the anchor, throw the 37,000 pound anchor over his shoulder and walk off with it. A lot of people had a good laugh about having to guard the anchor. It was not so funny for us having to watch the anchor. If my memory is correct, when we arrived in the war zone of Korea, the officer of the con sounded general quarters. As we were racing to our battle stations. Some of the crew was then saying, "This is it, this is it!" About the time we got the covers off our 40 and 20 mm gun, a jet aircraft flying low passed right over us. It didn't come back. We were all glad we didn't have to shoot at the plane going that fast. We also had a 5 inch gun. One time, a tug-boat, I think, pulled a sled with a very long cable may of called it WIRE ROPE. We fired the 5 inch at it. I don't remember if it was hit. What I do remember is it broke a lot of light-bulbs in our sleeping quarters. Someone said firing the 5 inch did more damage to the Stone than it would the enemy.

One time when we fired at a sled behind the tug-boat the concussion from the blast caused a hydrostatic release to drop one of our life-boats into the water. That time the 5 inch broke light bulbs and released the life boat.

We had dropped anchor just off the coast of North Korea,

(See Sea Story on page 10)

(Sea Story from page 9)

why, I don't know. We were there for a few days. Several watches were set around the perimeter of the ship. One morning I had the early morning watch, at the quarter deck, probably the 6-8, or the 4-6 AM watch .(you can see I have been out of the navy for awhile the time thing) When I relieved my shipmate he gave me a grease-gun. We had been using Thompson sub-machine guns to stand watch. I had received some training on the Thompson but the grease-gun I had just seen one, no training. When daylight came, I walked over to the side, with the grease-gun pointed in a safe direction. Started looking it over. I thought I should know more about it, just by chance I may have to use it. You probably guessed what happened next. When I lifted the metal cover (flap), which covers the breech, I don't know how it happened, but the dang thing fired 2 or 3 rounds. I looked to my left, there sure was a lot of Gold braid coming down the ladder from the ward-room to the quarter-deck. They asked me what happened. I told them just what I told you. That seemed to be the end of it, until a day or so later, I was on stand-by on the starboard wing wall on a 40 mm. The chief's gunner's mate called me down from the gun. I had never been or since, had my rear end chewed out like I got from him. Later I became a gunner's mate striker, but I had to wait for that chief gunner's mate to be transferred off the ship.

We were taking on supplies one day, mostly food stuff if I can remember right. All hands working party to get the supplies taken care of. Low and behold someone stole a 5 gallon can of frozen strawberries. What happened next would make one think it was Mr. Robert's navy. The supply office had a conniption. He led a search party, searched every inch of the ship. He was determined to find that 5 gallons of strawberries. I'm not sure if the strawberries were missing, or stolen, or what happened to them. I am sure, that the supply officer never found them. This gave us something to talk about for some time.

I think before I made first trip to Japan we went to Bremer-ton Washington. Again, this is what I remember. A helicopter deck was built over the well-deck. They installed quarters for the admiral and we became flag ship. The quarters was built between the con and the 5 inch gun. While we were at Bremer-ton two of my shipmates and I hitchhiked to Vancouver. A family picked us up in Canada who had already a car full of family. We all managed to get into the car. I sat on grandma's lap for several miles. One of the highlights of my time on the Whetstone was standing boatswain-watch and getting to pipe and admiral aboard, with the whole nine yards. With side-boys and all. I don't remember the year. It must have been around 1954, after the Korean cease fire, or the armistice. I had taken a boatswain-mate test several times. Was told all the rates were fleet competition after the cease fire, the fleet had a lot of BM3. No one made BM3, while I was taking the test. That is, on the Whetstone. So consequently we were short of BM3. I was assigned to take my turn standing boatswain watch. This one day we got word an admiral was coming aboard to visit our captain. As luck would have it, I had the boatswain watch. The young officer, He, sure was sweating it out. By then I thought I was pretty salty. By that, I must have been about 21 years old. I assured the officer we would get the admiral aboard ok. He would ask me, "Are you sure you can do it? Have you ever done it

before?" I'm sure he would've been more competent of the boat-swain of the watch had been a rated petty officer. Anyway, with the side boys, four I think, we got the admiral aboard the Stone. That was my first and only time to pipe an admiral aboard the Stone. I felt real good about myself as I said earlier. I wanted to be a boatswain-mate.

John, that about all for now, I may have some more later if you would like. Do want to say I have been blessed by the Good Lord. My Wife going on 49 years, two daughters and two sons. And to know Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. And Blessed of God to serve my country on the Whetstone almost 4 years. And all the places we were able to visit. And my heart goes out to the more then 50,000 that didn't get to return home to their families for the price they and their family paid for our freedom. We are all very blessed to live in this great country. USA

MY STATE TEXAS

EN3	1961-63	Adams Jr	Carzie	Plano
SK2	1956-58	Alleman	Gerald L.	Houston
BT3	1951-53	Anthony	Lloyd	Lufkin
SM	1961-63	Bell	Charles	Kirbyville
SM3	1956-60	Bell	Rex D	Aransas Pass
MM3	1956-59	Brillon	Paul	Freeport
		Brown	Bernard	Abilene
BT2	1967-70	Bryan	Otto (Coy)	Huntsville
QM2	1951-52	Caffey	Irby R.	Mineola
EN2	1963-67	Carrell	Zane	Leander
LT	1957	Carson	W. Grant	Gainesville
BT2	1952-55	Cihak	Welsey	Arlington
SM3	1969-70	Crouch	Joe	Kaufman
SN	1950-54	Daniel	Walter F	Huntsville
BT	1962-65	Divine, Jr.	Orlando	Santa Fe
EM	1960	Dodson	Milton	Houston
LCDR	1967-70	Draper	L. E. "Rusty"	Odem
SN	1950-52	French	Forest	Mount Pleasant
SHCM	1958-64	Garza	Luis "Lou"	Corpus Christi
SM	1967-70	Goss	Kim	Sugarland
RD2	1951-54	Hager	Robert W.	Galveston
SM	1951-55	Hammock	Odell	Beaumont
SN	1950-54	Harris	Bill	Dumas
EM3	1967-70	Holleman	Jimmy G.	Duncanville
SFP3	1961-63	Hulen	Donald E	Laporte
BT	1952-55	Hyak	Thomas	Victoria
BT2	1960-61	Junco	Hector	Castroville
RM2	1959-60	Koenig	Clyde W	Austin
SM3	1967-68	Lunday	Don L.	Anson
FP	1951-55	Machen	Mrs. Bernice	Waco
BM	1968-70	Martin	Bill	Baytown
EMFN	1959	Mason	Wilbur	Amarillo
RD2	1964-65	Milligan	Donald	Fairfield
EM2	1961-64	Moore	Clovis (Lane)	Corpus Christi
SK3	1956-58	Moses	Burl	Throckmorton
BM2	1966-70	Mosley	Terry	Amarillo
BM	1957-58	Newton	Jerry D.	Laredo
BT2	1956-57	Ruvio	Joseph	Fredericksburg
ET3	1963-64	Schyvincht	Dennis	Pasadena
SN	1950-52	Seese	Ray	Conroe
BT CH	1950-55	Shows	J. B.	The Woodlands
HM3	1958	Smith	Tommy B	Spring
QM2	1966-70	Stergeos	James P	Mansfield
BM	1957	Stover	Al	Austin
BM	1962-64	Thompson	Donny	San Diego
TN	1963-65	Torres	Salito R	Fairfield
YN1	1958-59	Zaring	Ron	Houston

(Engineer from page 6)

mander.

On one certain late January morning in 1967 the air was cold. There was a gray overcast with fog, and the sounds that carried over the parade field seemed to be amplified by the dampness. The air carried the crisp orders of the inspectors as they descended on the opened ranks. Orders bellowed left and right, from afar, near, from all sides, echoed throughout the compound and reverberated on the hill sides off Moholland Drive, blanketing further into the Marine Recruit Command next door to Camp Nimitz. Cerberus was on the loose, and hungry.

Each recruit was waiting for his turn. Each turn came. Down each line until the inspector was going over the next person down. Then it was him. Hearts pounded and stress levels elevated to a peak. It was a visitation of fate as the inspectors worked their way down each file, descending on each victim while keeping a sharp weather eye up and down the files for any movement or effect by which attention would be directed to an offender. As an example, failure to maintain a proper "parade dress" stance while under arms, a crime perpetrated by allowing the hand to slope downward below the heavy canvas duty belt instead of keeping palms open and parallel to the duty belt. Discovery resulted in having the arm and offending hand thrust down behind the belt, leaving the recruit tied up to the elbow, piece in one hand; the other hand bound and corseted. It was an exhibit to all why everyone should learn, and quickly, the order of parade rest under arms and how it related to a sharp military appearance.

"What is your first General Order, lad!" answered by, "Sir, my first General Order is, Sir: To take charge of this post and all government property in view. Sir!" To the left might have been, "Who is the Secretary of the Navy, lad;" answered with, "Sir, the Secretary of the Navy is, the Honorable Paul H. Nitze, Sir!" and to the right: "What is this dirty skive shirt during in my inspection! Are you some kind of hog!" Occasionally, there might have been a punctuation with a break such as, "What are you looking at, squirrel? Square those eyes to the front!" and so on. At the time the person under inspection might be patted down. Hands would be plunged into pockets in an aggressive search for unauthorized items or counter-brand as they were called. The pockets were supposed to be empty and if there was anything in them at all it was counterbrand. It is worth repeating, those pockets were supposed to be empty.

Countering the demands, answers were either yelled back, squeaked shrilly, or by a strained whisper. Sometimes voices were simply lost. In which case the intimidated one drew even more attention. In boot camp, intimidation tendencies quickly evaporated. Only God could help those who might cry. The canapé of voices went on as though they were deliberately controlled and timed in highs and lows. Occasionally, there might be a silence or perhaps some pitiable answer such as, "Sir, my memory fails me, Sir!" followed by a loudly voiced opinion by an inspecting Chief or First Class Petty Officer as to the quality of the recruit's memory. The same opinion was given to those who unwisely chose in, say, the case of an unacceptable shoe-shine, a plea of no time to complete this important task. The recruit who chose this response was usually informed of what he could do with time. In time, it was learned the best answer, though poor, was to submit to the mercy of the inspector by offering, "Sir! No excuse, sir!"

Each man in each company was inspected from top of head

to tip of shoe---loose buttons, or buttons buttoned that were supposed to be unbuttoned, those that were unbuttoned but should have been buttoned, etc, shaves, ears, stencils, and hats. Particularly sensitive was the skivvie shirt---perhaps the most aggressive element of the process whereby the inspector would vigorously grab the shirt by the collar pulling pull it up and out to observe the inner liner of the neck ring. Any minute discoloration around the neck was like gasoline tossed on a raging fire. Ring around the collar was noted as a derivitative of the what ever state the recruit hailed from as that state's "sunshine." It was synonymous for scrounge. The term "scrounge" became an anathema of doom in the threatened form of blanket parties, wire brushes, and brillo pads. Even a minute lint ball picked out by the eagle eyes was enough to set off a banshee fury that caused a shriveling effect on the surrounding ranks. The appearance of a lint ball to the inspector was filth, it was gear adrift, it was a violation of orders, it was totally unacceptable and not in keeping with good naval order. Scrounge designation was avoided by rigorous scrubbing of necks with Lava soap and scrubbing Tee shirt collars with a stiff brush. The end results were very clean necks and Tee shirts with holey collars. After all, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness, Sir!"

On this morning it appeared there was an inordinate number of lint balls, an intolerable increase in the scrounge count, and a heavy case-load of amnesia in the assembled companies. The chilled air was warmed. One finding was particularly outstanding and brought a recess in all the other sounds that emanated from the ordeal. Across the field a particularly vociferous inspector found cigarettes in the shirt pocket of a hapless victim, an event that set off flocks of seagulls as they sensed danger and make their escape from the galley dumpster area.

There was a series of provocative expostulations from that direction that brought silence to the entire field. This was death and all hands were electrically zeroed in on the sound effects. Essentially everything stopped. A naval vocabulary was loosened that would have stolen fire from hell. That Chief was a true expert. He had developed the naval vocabulary to an art form. It went on for about a minute, "Blankety, blankety, blank, boom, bam, boom!" except no word was repeated. Finally, there was an order that carried over the entire unseeing mass of humanity: "Open your, blank, blank, mouth! Now, chew, blank, blank, it!" Silence. "Now, blank, blank it, SWALLOW!" This was followed by a dead still. The muster sounded like a graveyard. Seconds later the drama was concluded by retching and dry heaving sounds of the unfortunate recruit who that morning had sworn off smoking for a lifetime.

Another quick silence followed, almost like that of stage scenery being rearranged, a space in time equal to that of a lighting strike having struck and those near by realizing they had not been struck. People began to breath again. Then, the tempo of the morning inspection resumed as though nothing had happened. The routine was close to its climatic end. The thunder of the morning tempest began to recede until the last faint echoes rolled across the hills adjacent to Mulholland Drive.

It was time for the morning exercise. "Come to ready!" The blaring rhythmic music began its scratchy broadcast and the routine of morning exercise known as physical drill with arms commenced. There were seven contortions to be performed

with the piece to the recorded tune apparently borrowed from a carousel. "One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four! One, two, three, four!" One, two, three, four!" Each movement repeated four times. The last cycle, the side twists, ended with the order, "Halt! the music stopped, then, "Order arms!" The manual of arms followed, and it was here that a grave omission occurred in the ranks of Company 67-052.

It was in the final part of the thing that it happened. Upon the order of inspection arms several thousand bolts slammed open throughout the assembly area. On the order "To!" several thousand bolts slammed home, followed by another several thousand triggers being released and the prolonged clack sound of several thousand mainsprings of the 1903 Springfields releasing their tension against empty chambers. There was one exception: Mine.

The order, "To!" was immediately followed by present arms and the resumption of the marching music being piped over the system. In quick succession the brigade was ordered to order arms, then right shoulder arms, then, pass in review, the crescendo of the morning activity. Ach! In the process, I had missed the trigger and had failed to "fire" the cocked piece. The damned thing was cocked. Though measured in seconds, the interval of the order and the act of commission had passed. Now any unauthorized movement, so much as a twitch or even a darting eye was subject to bring down the wrath of the CC. If released there would be one loud click in the ranks of Company 052 that would undoubtedly bring down every chief petty officer/company commander and adjutant from all the other assembled companies. They would descend like wasp on the sole figure that filled the marching latitude and longitude of --- 2nd file, 8th rank, billet number 58. Imagination spoke: "If a discovered cigarette could generate such wrath, a cocked piece would undoubtedly bring about a clubbing with the piece itself. All the native Chiefs would take a part in the pulverization. They would come like seagulls to a piece of bread." There was a high anxiety factor at play. After the sound and light show of the morning, one thing that I did not want was to get caught with this cocked piece. Certainly, death was near. What to do? "God! Think fast!"

In the scurry of orders getting the brigades moving to pass in review under the cover of the music, there was a chance to click off this deadly "piece" without getting caught. But no---"Company 052, forward, march!" came before I was ready and the whole company was headed for the reviewing stand. The bolt of that .30 Caliber, 1903 Springfield must have been extended a foot and every Chief Petty Officer in Boot Camp must have been looking at it; no, not at it, but at me! There was one at every corner and at every side. They were watching the passing companies with the intensity of Marine guards at the main gate at liberty call.

At right shoulder arms the right hand is under the butt of the weapon, the left hand is on the left side where it is supposed to be. Obviously, any movement of one hand to the other was out of the question. The best option was to leave it alone and follow the belief that nobody would see it. Logic prevailed. There were several thousand recruits passing in review, 60 in Company 052 alone. That meant several thousand bolts on pieces that were resting at home safe and sound in the un-cocked position. After all, the extension of the cocking piece extended only about an inch, who could possibility see it? Besides, there would be a break after the drill, some opening would present itself and I could un-cock the piece simply by holding the cock pin while pulling the trigger and let the cocking piece slide home. The cocking mechanism would

simply slide quietly back to its unarmed position as the tension on the mainspring was released, and a great mental relief would transpire. Better yet, a quick pull on the trigger was needed. Yes, particularly with an order to shift to "left shoulder, arms", the trigger could be pressed quickly and surreptitiously. That was it. Upon an order for left shoulder arms I would be keyed to release the bolt. The sound of boon-dockers, hundreds of them stomping in-step, the blaring music, and the shouts of company commanders over the music would cover the sound well enough for it to go unnoticed. Just wait for a "left shoulder, arms" order. That was it. I would live to see another day in boot camp. The music played on and company 052 clomped in unison closer to the reviewing stand.

We did two left turns and headed straight for the stand. There was no left-shoulder arms. There was only, "Eyes, right!" We were there. Then over the speaker came the stroke of doom: "Company commander, Company 052 there is a man in the 8th rank with his piece cocked. Bring that company around again!" Yup, that was me. In a blur there was an adjutant on one side and the Company commander on the other. I was dead. Hands reached in, there were words, the piece was fired. The company did not stammer, stall, or slow down. It marched on. It was over. The CC was bellowing as never before, not so much at me, but at all of us. I was relieved. It was over. Well, it really wasn't.

Mr. Hartsock marched us straight out to the far end of the grinder and went on as though we had lost a week of training that had to be made up that morning. Kipling would have called it "double drill and no canteen." We learned countering, left and right oblique, to the rear, stack arms, un-stack arms, the manual of arms---again, and to perfection, without any breaks. Anybody who requested a head call break was dully informed of other options. None of them would interfere with HIS time. This, of course was after breakfast, which always featured coffee and milk---lots of milk. Eyeballs floated and there was great and urgent need as bladders strained. There wasn't a break until 1200. We were ready for that one. Well, we survived and I guess there might be hundreds of other adventures of boot camp. It all became familiar as we metamorphosed into Uncle Sam's sailors. It seemed Mr. Hartsock eased up a bit but in reality we moved up to his expectations. In the end he said we were the best company he had ever commanded. I bet he said that to everybody. We didn't brigade, but we came within a point, and we did pass in review on a fine April afternoon in 1967. My orders directed me to *USS Whetstone (LSD-27)*.

It was the arrival of the new engineering officer to *Whetstone* that brought that day back into perspective. His name was very familiar as he had been in the Recruit Training Command of San Diego. Had he been a member of the reviewing party that fateful morning? No one can be sure. However, it may be presumed that he, indeed, was part of the recruit training command and frequently reviewed the companies as they marched onwards to graduation day. A fact was clearly illustrated by the Training Command Cruise-book, *The Anchor*. His name was Lieu-

(See *Engineer* on page 13)

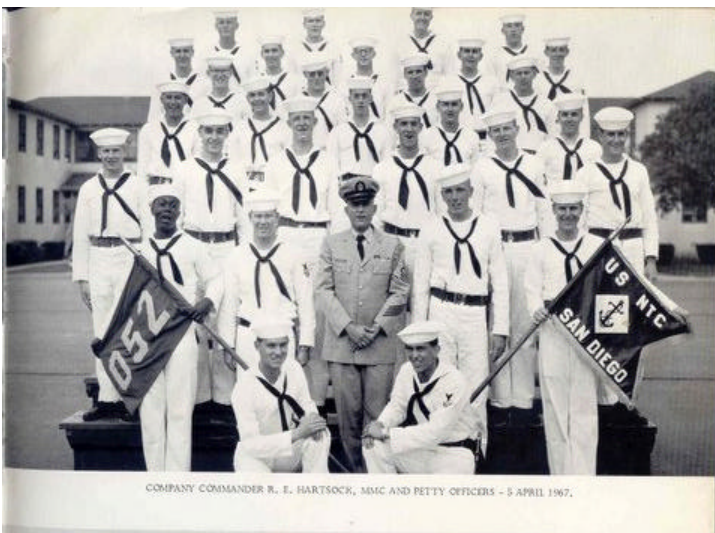
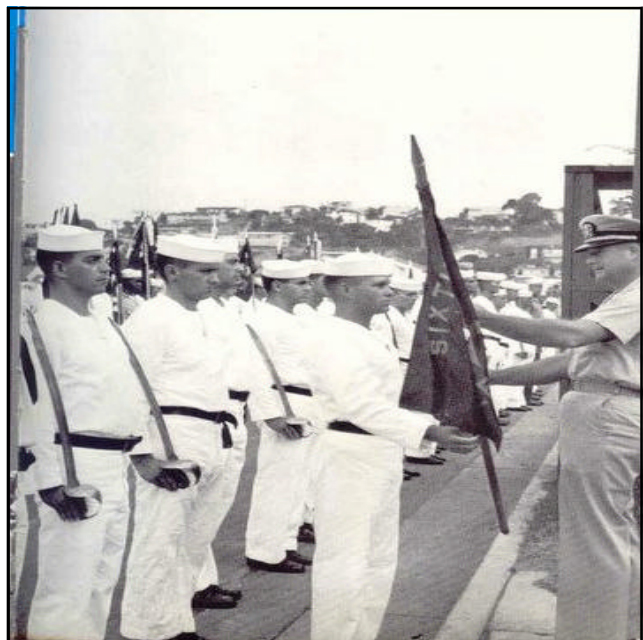
(Engineer from page 12)

tenant L. E. Draper, USN, and now he was aboard *USS Whetstone*. Was this to be deja vu?

As things turned out, Mr. Draper was pretty squared away. From June of 1967 to April, 1970, the *Stone's* Chief Engineer made the propulsion machinery behave and last out two deployments to Wes Pac. In those last two years of her service, his department steamed the ship over 70,000 miles. Promoted to Lieutenant Commander, he chose to stay with the ship for its final deployment, a cruise remembered as being a record setter for endurance, without an upkeep period or R and R, and a well earned Navy Meritorious Unit Citation. It meant getting the most from what has been described as "much used" equipment. That says a lot for his leadership and all the snipes of the engineering department.

I remember him giving me and other shipmates a ride to the gate from Mole Pier, the backside of the Naval Station, where the ship was relegated after the last cruise just before the decommissioning process began. I can't be sure, but I believe he was the officer in charge at the time of the decommissioning. That would technically make him the last captain of the *Stone*. In any case, when he reported aboard, I remembered his picture and name in the chain of command at San Diego Boot Camp. It was one of those things the recruits were supposed to know and recognize. I really believe the first time I met Mr. Draper was on the grinder of Camp Nimitz when he spotted a cocked piece marching before him. Pictures found in the *The Anchor* portray him at his duty by a reviewing stand on Brainbridge Court at that fine place remembered so well as where the beginning began.

Everett Ward
YN3 1967-1970



COMPANY COMMANDER R. E. HARTSOCK, MMC AND PETTY OFFICERS - 5 APRIL 1967.

Picture middle right:
Lt. Draper---Presenting a 3rd Week Award
Picture lower right:
Lt. Draper---Presenting a 6th Week Award

**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.

Thank you for the early reservations!!! Keep them coming...We want to see a great turnout for this special time together

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 33966.

Make checks payable to USS Whetstone Association

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

<p style="text-align: center;">Wednesday - October 11, 2006</p> <p>Hospitality Room Available: 3:00 - 6:00 Check-in & Registration: 3:00 -5:00 pm</p> <p>Welcome Reception: 6:00 - 10:00 pm Cash Bar Available at 6:00 pm Welcome: 6:30 - 7:00 pm Dinner: 7:00 - 10:00 pm</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Thursday - October 12, 2006</p> <p>Hospitality Room Available All Day Tour: 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Corpus Christi Historical Downtown Tour USS Lexington (Lunch /Memorial Service) Texas State Aquarium</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Thursday - October 12, 2006</p> <p>Free Night - No Scheduled Activities</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Friday- October 13, 2006</p> <p>Hospitality Room: 8:00 - 6:00</p> <p>Tour: 8:00 a.m. - 3:00 p.m. Kingsville and famous King Ranch With "Joe Cotton's BarBQue" lunch</p> <p>Dinner Cruise: 7:00 - 10:00 pm Royal Princes II Luxury Cruiselinier (Dinner, Dancing)</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Saturday - October 14, 2006</p> <p>Hospitality Room Available: 8:00 - 5:00</p> <p>Business Meeting: 9:30 - 10:30 a.m. Women's Meeting: 9:30 - 10:30 a.m.</p> <p>Banquet: 6:00 pm. - 11:00 pm Cash Bar Available at 6:00 pm Dinner: 7:00 - 8:30 pm (Entertainment after dinner)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Sunday - October 15, 2006</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DEPARTURE</p>
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Date	Optional Events (Transportation & Gratuities Included in Price)	Cost Per Each Person	Total # Attending	Amount Enclosed
May be Paid 1st Day of Reunion	Registration Fee Per Shipmate (To cover expenses of hospitality room & reunion)	\$15.00*	N/A	\$ 15.00*
10/11/2006 Wednesday	Welcome Reception @ Hotel 6:00 pm - 10:00 pm Dinner and Cash Bar	\$20.00		
10/12/2006 Thursday	All Day Tour (Lunch included) 9:00 am - 5:00 pm USS Lexington & Texas State Aquarium	\$61.00		
10/13/2006 Friday Afternoon	All Day Tour (Lunch included) 8:00 am.- 3:00 pm Kingsville and King Ranch	\$65.00		
10/13/2006 Friday Evening	Royal Princess Dinner Cruise 7:00 pm - 10:00 pm Harbor Dinner Cruise & Dancing	\$64.00		
10/14/2006 Saturday Evening	Banquet (Best Western Hotel) 6:00 pm - 11:00 pm Cash Bar Available: 6:00 p.m. Dinner - 7:00 - 8:30 pm Entertainment - 9:00 - 11:00 pm	\$50.00		



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SHIP'S STORE

To order any Ship's Store item please contact Marion Goble, 6200 Emerald Pines Circle, Ft. Myers, FL 33966, (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)	\$32.00
T-Shirts (S,M,L,XLG, XXL)	\$20.00
Jackets (S,M,LG,XLG)	\$45.00
Jackets (XXL & XXXL)	\$47.00
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

JUST FOR LAUGHS

A senior citizen and retired veteran, bought a new Corvette convertible in Florida and headed for the interstate, wearing the typical vet's vest decorated with armed forces pins and buttons. With the top off, he quickly gunned it up to 85 mph. The wind blowing through what little hair he had left felt really good and he had a rush out of it. It felt so good that he gassed it up more..90..100..110. He looked in the rear view mirror and saw a state trooper in a Mustang with his lights on headed his way. "I can take this guy," the old man said to himself. So he punched it...120..130..145. "What in the world am I doing?" said the old man after a few seconds. "I'm too old for this. I'm going to kill myself." So he let off the gas, pulled over, and waited for the trooper. When the cop walked up to the car and saw the wrinkled old man, he said, "ok, look. It's Friday afternoon before Memorial Day weekend and my shift is over in 10 minutes. I've heard just about the excuses in the world for speeding. But if you can give me a new one I've never heard, I'll let you go and enjoy the weekend." After pausing a moment the old man replied, "Years ago my wife ran off with a Florida state trooper. So when I saw you coming after me, I thought you were trying to bring her back." The trooper's response: "Have a great weekend, sir."

Submitted by Ron Hnatovic

Marketing Lesson

I learned a lesson in marketing from a man who bought an old boat, a trailer and a motor from me. "Thanks," he said as he loaded them up. "I'm planning to resell them."

Good luck, I thought. I had been trying to get rid of them for months. But when I ran into him a few weeks later, he'd sold everything.

"How did you manage that?" I marveled.

"I took out an ad: 'Heavy-duty boat trailer with free boat.'"

When the buyer came to get it, I asked if he had a motor. He said no. I told him I happened to have one in my garage.

He bought that too!