Captain Fired After Ship Runs Aground

After the fine tour we got of the Pearl Harbor during the 2000 Whetstone reunion in San Diego, and knowing she was the last of the LSDs, I’ve had a soft spot in my heart for her.

I found this story interesting - John

SAN DIEGO - The Navy commander of the USS Pearl Harbor has been relieved of duty after the ship ran aground in the Persian Gulf, Navy officials said.

Cmdr. Xavier F. Valverde was relieved of command over the weekend following a preliminary inquiry into the grounding of the ship, according to a July 28 statement released by Naval Surface Forces.

Rear Adm. Kendall Card of the Navy's Expeditionary Strike Group Three said he lost confidence in Valverde’s ability to command.

The ship suffered what Navy officials called a “soft grounding” off the coast of Kuwait on July 21.

"The ship was able to back off the suspected shoal under her own power," said David Hostetter, deputy public affairs officer for Naval Surface Forces in San Diego.

There were no injuries or damage reported to the ship, which is used to transport amphibious vehicles and their crews to and from shore.

Pending the conclusion of a formal investigation, Valverde has been temporarily assigned to the staff of the U.S. Naval Forces Central Command. The Navy did not make Valverde available for comment, and there was no listing for him in the San Diego area.

Capt. Mike Slotsky has assumed command of the USS Pearl Harbor, which is home-ported in San Diego. It deployed in May.

Valverde took command of the Pearl Harbor in November. His age and hometown were not released by the Navy.
Departed Shipmates

We have been notified of a few shipmates’ passing since our last newsletter. Instead of printing the complete deceased list, we have are printing obituaries submitted by family and friends of the decedents. A complete list of deceased shipmates will be published in the January newsletter. Since our last newsletter, we have been notified of the following passing of the following shipmates:

Millard “Ed” Edwards
LeRoy “Lee” Hall
Raymond Mason Linton
Roy Eugene “Gene” Page
Cdr. Mell G. Porter

Leroy “Lee: Hall
SK 1960-63

Lee Hall, 66, of Fairmont, WY died Monday, February 25, 2008 at his home. He worked as a manager of Midwest Veterinary Supply, traveling extensively. Survivors include his wife, Darlene, son, Ryan, daughter, Kimberly, Darlene’s children, Ben DeWar, Molly Staudenraus, Mae DeWar Aust, six grandchildren, Taylor, Bryan DeWar, Blake and Ben Sautenraus, Tanner DeWar and Hartley Aust, and sister, Diane Keute. Memorial services were held Saturday, March 1 at the Schmucker Funeral Service Chapel in New Ulm. Private internment was held at a later date. Lee and family prefer memorials to the Fairmont Youth Hockey Association in lieu of flowers.

CDR. Mell G. Porter

David Vydra received an e-mail from Cdr. Porter’s daughter, Pam, asking us to add her father’s name to our deceased list. Cdr. Porter replaced Captain Robert Ahern who was laid up with a broken arm in June 1957. When he was relieved from the Whetstone, Cdr. Porter received orders making him Commanding Officer of the Naval Communications Station at Charleston, NC.

Raymond Mason Linton
SN (1952-53)

Raymond Mason Linton, died Monday, August 11, at his Powell, WY home. He was 76. He was born November 15, 1931. He attended Black Hills State College and received his master’s degree from Northern State College. He married Barbara J. Hall on May 4, 1952, in San Diego, CA. Raymond was an industrial arts instructor for many years and they lived in California, South Dakota, Alaska and Wyoming. He was in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War, was a member of the National Education Association, Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, Habitat for Humanity and the Methodist church. He enjoyed woodworking, hunting and fishing and was an avid LA Dodgers and Green Bay Packers fan. H is survived by his wife of 56 years, Barbara; sons, David, Jeff, Doug, daughter, Naomi, sisters, Virginia Hyatt of Anchorage, AL and Jean of Warrensburg, MO, nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his parents and brother, Jack. Funeral services were held August 14 at Thompson Funeral Home in Powell. Cremation followed with a private burial to be held in Ray’s beloved Black Hills of South Dakota. Memorials may be made to Habitat for Humanity in the name of Ray Linton.

Millard “Ed” Edwards
DK (1950-54)

Many of you will remember Ed and Lois Edwards from the many reunions they attended and helped with over the years. Ed passed peacefully on September 27 at his home in Palm Desert. Ed has suffered with many health problems over the last couple of years and is now at peace with his Lord. Lois, his brother Tommy, sister-in-law, Margaret, sister Peggy, Sue and Jerry Wheeler, long time friends, grandson, Andrew, granddaughter, Kristen, daughter, Pam, were with him at the time of his passing.

His passing was quiet and peaceful and once he made up his mind to go, that was it...kind of like he did throughout his life. Once he made up his mind, that was it.

We shall miss Ed, his phone calls and good cheer but are comforted to know that he rests in the hands of His Lord.

In addition to the passing of the above mentioned shipmates, we wish to send our prayers and thoughts to George Tucker (SN 1952-53) whose wife, Sally, passed a few days after their return from the reunion in Charleston.

Additionally, Buddy Wilson (SM 1952-55) lost his wife, Blanche, recently as well.

We ask that your thoughts and prayers include these men who have lost their spouses of many years.

As you recall from the last newsletter, Jane Watson had hip surgery and Marvin was busy taking care of her. This printing, Marvin has had rotator cuff surgery and is in the process of healing with Jane taking care of him. Marvin is also having a great deal of back pain and receiving treatments for that as well. In view of these items, we did not request an article from Marvin this publication. We ask that you keep Jane and Marvin in your prayers and thoughts. His article will return next newsletter.

Roy Eugene “Gene” Page
FN (1964-68)

Roy Eugene “Gene” Page, 61, of Trenton, passed away September 20. He was a lifelong resident of Trenton, GA, was a US Navy Vietnam Veteran, retired as Dade County Director of Public Works and was a member and Sunday School teacher at Milwee Hollow House of Prayer. He was preceded in death by his parents, Herman and Essie Comstock. Survivors include his wife, Edith, son and daughter-in-law, Tim and Susan Page, of Ider, AL; daughter and son-in-law, Melanie and James Govin of Higdon, AL; sisters, Irma Devries and Rosemary Comstock, brother, Carl Comstock, all of Trenton, grandchildren, Whitney Page and Jacob Page, nieces and nephews. Funeral Services were held September 23 at the Moore Funeral Home Chapel with Bro. Mike Williams and Revs. Ronnie Goins and Lonnie Goins officiating. Interment with military honors followed at Brown’s Gap Cemetery.
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 and have our reunions. Dues are $25.00 a year, are tax deductible, and are strictly voluntary. Dues are applied for one year (using date of check as beginning point, i.e. 4/1/08 check applies dues until 4/1/09). We recognize that not all are able to support the Association, but we welcome support from whomsoever is able. Dues received to date for 2008 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 at 6200 Emerald Pines Cir, Ft. Myers, FL 33966, (239)768-1449. Or e-mail: sectreas@usswhetstone.net. Please make checks payable to: USS Whetstone Association. Please use this list as your receipt.

Alleman, G. J.*
Alslbeben, Keith
Anderson, Robert
Beebe, Raymond*
Bell, Charles*
Bisping, Neil*
Blenkorn, Charles
Bogusch, William*
Bolick, Wesley
Boren, Ben
Boswell, Albert*
Bowhausen, Douglas*
Brewer, Melvin*
Britt, Tom
Brown, Byrle
Brown, James E.*
Burt, Sammy
Campbell, Hershel
Carrell, Zane*
Carson, Capt, Grant
Chidester, David*
Cickavage, Joseph*
Cockley, Bill*
Coldren, Wayne
Conover, J. W.
Corpusz, Bernando
Cox, Millard*
Crowd, F. Slaton
Crowder, Franklin
Cunningham, Michael
Dewalt, Gary
Dinda, Gerald*
Doerr, Gary T.*
Draper, L. E. "Rusty"*
Dunn, Jim
Durral, Allen*
Edney, Edward
Edwards, H. "Sonny"
Edwards, Millard*
Feelers, Paul
Finnes, Roger*
Flineree, Robert*
Fortine, Archie
Fox, Sebastian
Fraser, Douglas
Fry, Steve*
Fulghem, Richard*
Goble, Marion
Goodrich, Jesse*
Gordon, Eddie*
Graves, Darrell
Green, Kenneth*
Gruss, Richard
Grubb, Jack
Hager, Robert
Hall, Charles*
Halvorsen, G. H.
Harrison, Burlin
Hart, Walter
Hitt, John W.*
Holister, Victor
Holmes, Robert
Hoover, Frederick
Johnson, Kermit
Johnson, Merrill*
Jones, Dave
Keen, Charles
Kifffman, Helmet*
Kirby, Joe
Kircher, Vincent
Lanphear, George
Leopold, Vincent
London, John
Lonnon, Larry*
Mackall, Terry
Maness, Jack
Matsuyama, James*
McClellan, Jack
McCoy, David
McCoy, Wilburn
McGivock, Bert*
McGreor, Joseph
McKee, David
McManus, Peter*
McNitt, Russell
McQuilen, Tom*
Meismer, J. C.*
Mezzanopoli, Paul
Miller, Charles
Mitchell, Burlisyr
Moore, Lane*
Nichelson, Joseph
Oglefri, Ronald*
Packer, Chuck
Padilla, Robert
Pangress, William*
Parris, Eddie
Pennaal, Floyd
Pierce, Charles
Pilgrin, Vincent*
Pineda, Jamie
Polk, James*
Posey, Billy
Reid, James
Reinheimer, Ted
Remington, Richard
Richey, Albert
Richter, Herbert
Rowe, Horace
Roystes, Raymond
Rudnick, Robert
Sandrock, John
Savala, Manny*
Savvee, Donald
Seaton, Walter*
Shimmell, Thomas*
Shott, Ralph
Shrader, Daniel
Skelley, Jr., Daniel
Smith, Clinton
Solarie, Frank
Speziale, Vito
Spurtag, David
Stanford, Roy
Stergeos, James*
Thomson, Jack*
Thriner, Larry*
Timmons, Garrett
Tucker, George*
Van Guider, David*
Vaughn, Joe
Vitalis, Aurelio
Water, Everett*
Water, Robert
Watson, Marvin*
Weigt, Earl*
West, Cdr. Ray
White, David*
Wiesmann, Donald
Will, Howard
Williams, Herman
Wilson, James
Winslow, Leonrod*
Zdolske, Marin*
Zdorch, John

Of bell bottom blues,
Winged white hats,
And good times in their past.
They recall long nights
With a moon so bright
Far out on a lonely sea.
They knew so well
How their hearts would swell
When old glory fluttered proud and free.
They talked of the chow
Of Cookie would make
And the shrill of the bosun's pipe.
How salt spray would fall
Like sparks from hell
When a storm struck in the night.
They remember old shipmates
Already gone
Who ever hold a spot in their heart,
When sailors were bold, and
Friendships would hold,
Until death ripped them apart.
They speak of nights
Spent in bawdy houses
On many a foreign shore,
Of the beer they'd down
As gathering around,
Telling jokes with a dusty whore.
Their sailing days
Are gone away,
Never again will they cross the brow.
They have no regrets,
They know they are blessed,
For honoring a sacred vow.
Their numbers grow less
With each passing day
As the final muster begins,
There's nothing to lose,
All have paid dues,
And they'll sail with shipmates again.
I've heard them say
Before getting underway
That there's still some sailing to do,
They'll say with a grin
That their ship has come in
And the Lord is commanding the crew.

Recently Located Shipmates

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cochrann, Robert</td>
<td>QM3</td>
<td>1945</td>
<td>Phoenix, AZ</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dougherty, David L</td>
<td>EN2</td>
<td>1964-66</td>
<td>Linden, VA</td>
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<tr>
<td>Odell, Robert</td>
<td>BT3</td>
<td>1961-64</td>
<td>Roodhouse, IL</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

OLD SAILORS
(Submitted by Ron Hnatovic)

Old sailors sit and chew the fat
About things that used to be,
Of the things they've seen,
Of the things they've been,
When they ventured out to sea.

They remembered friends
From long ago,
The times they had back then.
The money they spent,
The beer they drank,
In their days as sailing men.
Their lives are lived
In days gone by,
With thoughts that forever last.

MY STATE ALASKA

EM3 1958-62 Chidester, David L.
Soldotna, Alaska
Well, here we are with yet one more summer under our belts. Looking back, I came to realize it was fifty years ago this summer that I spent at Great Lakes, Company 312. How often do you think of those days? Myself? It is often. There were some great days and of course along with great days, there goes naturally days that were not too great. But as we all know when discussing our time in the Navy, just the good times are mentioned. I’m sure that most will agree that the time in the Navy was the best times of our lives, I know it was for me, although, one of the worst days was when I walked down the pier in San Diego to board the USS Whetstone.

Looking at it from pier-side, my first thought that went through this sailor’s head was how in the hell am I going to explain this to my older brothers. Number one older brother, Cubby, was a first class gunners mate on Destroyers. Number 2 older brother, Jack, was a deckhand on the battleship Iowa during his tour in the Navy. Number one older brother went on to serve 30 years, 6 months in the great Navy we have.

It took a little while to tell Cubby where I was and what I was on. But like a real dedicated career man, he let me know that we serve where we are told, and that every ship has a very distinct purpose and importance to the task at hand. He was so right.

Like all past members of that great ship USS Whetstone LSD 27, I learned to look at her as a thing of beauty, that was my home and where I was a welcome member of a family that cared for one another. Like all families, we could get into some pretty hot debates, but I always found that five to ten minutes after a very strong verbal discussion, all was forgiven and forgotten.

Just one little story, I was on the throttles in the port engine room, when the lower level man for some reason took my pencil that I was using to log the turns. Well I proceeded to almost start WWIII over a pencil. This very serious debate went on for ten minutes. The top watch wanted nothing to do with it for he was convinced someone was going to die soon and he didn’t want to be the one. You guys know the outcome, five minutes later the lower level man and myself were laughing so much that tears were coming from our eyes. The top watch looked at us like we were both crazy. Probably we were, but it was a good kind of crazy.

Now, here we are fifty years later, and guess what I’m still a little bit crazy as I feel a lot of you are - crazy about my Whetstone family. For you members that receive the newsletter but have never attended a reunion. You can’t imagine what you are missing. Of course, you can’t remember the names of all the people you meet that served on the Whetstone. But, when you look at them and introduce yourself for the tenth time, you know you are shaking hands with a true friend.

So I truly look forward to Astoria in 2010 to meet shipmates that I served with and those whose bond is the Whetstone. Once you are there, it is one great family reunion, which centers around the most beautiful ship that sailed the seven seas, the USS Whetstone LSD 27.

Support our Troops,
Bill Coakley 59-62

Photo of feasibility tests of launching and retrieving C-130 aircraft from a carrier (USS Forrestal—CVA 59 in the mid 1960s.)
**Navigation**

By: Capt Grant Carson

Tempus Fugit (Time Flies)

After only a year on Whetstone, while still an ensign, I was transferred to the staff of Amphibious Squadron Three. Among my duties was Squadron Navigator, pretty heady stuff for an ensign, only a year removed from a cotton milling town in Alabama. And I was severely challenged, since all I had to rely on was my midshipman training. I did have a QM2, but his previous duty had been as a signalman on LCU’s, so he was no help. Indeed, I had to teach him navigation.

I wondered then, and still do, about the disparity of a full lieutenant as navigator of Whetstone, and me, a new ensign, as navigator for a squadron. Later, I wondered even more, because twice when I was on destroyers as Executive Officer, the position of Navigator was only one of my collateral duties.

As an ensign navigator, I was once personally responsible for an amphibious squadron being an hour late for rendezvous with a replenishment group, but I’d rather not talk about that.

The squadron commander, Captain Baker, was a man I much admired. He once took all the junior staff officers on a bar hopping spree in Yokosuka and left them all over town. We had a squadron dentist. Commodore Baker eschewed anesthetic.

Back to navigation. In those days we relied upon three things for celestial navigation.

First was accurate time. Do you remember the messenger of the watch reporting to the captain, “Sir, the officer of the deck sends his respects, reports the hour of twelve, the chronometers have been wound and compared, and requests permission to strike eight bells on time?” I’ve heard some pretty amusing accounts by messengers of the watch who couldn’t seem to put that all together. But accurate time was important to celestial navigation. The chronometers were always wound at noon each day. And the time was never set. Rather, how fast or slow the chronometers were running was recorded (compared), and a correction applied.

Second was accurate measurement of the altitude of known stars. As an aid in identifying stars, there was a Rude Star Finder, somewhat like a circular slide rule. Navigators sighted sextants at morning and evening twilight, with quartermaster standing by with stopwatch, ready to record the time, when the navigator shouted, “Mark!” Only at twilight could one see both the star and the horizon to measure the altitude of the star.

Third was HO 204. (Hydrographic Office Publication 204) This was a series of tables that converted assumed position, star name, altitude and time, with some corrections, into a line of position. Three star sights was the minimum to get a reasonable fix. A reasonable fix was a position within a few nautical miles of your actual position. That was close enough. If you were doing celestial navigation, you were far enough at sea that you wouldn’t run into anything. If closer to shore, you’d be using visual bearings and radar ranges.

An interesting note about HO 204 was that it was compiled by out-of-work mathematicians during the depression, a project of the Works Projects Administration. Commodore Baker once suggested that I reduce my star sights using spherical trigonometry, the way he did when he was an ensign, before HO 204. I told him I would be happy to do that, using a Table of Haversines on the bookshelf, legacy from the past, and we would know where we were in about three days.

When I was CO, NROTC Unit UCLA, in the 1980s, we had a junior class in celestial navigation. Our courses were open to all university students, and celestial navigation was always over-subscribed, the attendance limited by number of desks and equipment. Many civilians, yachtsmen and the like, wanted to learn celestial navigation.

All gone! Five years ago, the Naval Academy stopped teaching celestial navigation. Now one finds sextants at antique stores, along with slide rules and the like. With a $200 hand held device, one can find his position within a few yards. On ships, I’m sure electronic displays, as opposed to charts, continuously show the ship’s position. I suspect there may not even be a billet of ship’s navigator.

But I know celestial navigation, and I can write backwards with grease pencil on a vertical plot. If WWII ever comes back, I’m ready!

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**Woops**

It has been pointed out to me that my article in the last newsletter about receiving your “Rolling Stone” via email was not quite as clear as I imagined. David Vydra wrote a much better explanation and it’s on page 1.

John

**One Difficult Question**

An interviewer says, “Tell me your choice. I can either ask you ten easy questions or one very difficult question. Think hard before you make up your mind.”

“Ummm, I’d like one very difficult question.”

“You have made your own choice. Good luck to you. Tell me which comes first: day or night?”

“The day, sir.”

“And how did you reach that conclusion?”

“Sorry, sir. I can’t answer that. I said I would only answer one difficult question.”

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**What Happened?**

Some People Make Things Happen, Some Watch Things Happen, while Others Sit around and Wonder What Happened.
Pizza Navy Style

Coming from a back woods Mississippi town I had never seen or even heard of a PIZZA until I reached San Diego. When the Stone started on my first cruise in 64 I began to hear about a pizza parlor called Shakey’s in Pearl City near Pearl Harbor. I don’t remember if we were going or coming to west pack, but when we got to Pearl, a group of us (probably 7 or 8) decided to go get us some Shakey’s pizza. I don’t remember who any of them were. We walked off the base and turned away from Honolulu to the west. It was supposed to be about a mile to the place, but I swear it was more like five.

By the time we got there we were all ready for something cold. We sat down at one end of a long table and two pitchers of beer were ordered and since I didn’t drink, I ordered a pop. The manager brought the beer and looked us over. Then he pointed to a guy in the group and said, “How old are you”- He said, “I am 18”- The manager said, “Let me see your ID”- The kid said OK I will move to the far end of the table.- The manager said, OK but if I see you touch a beer I will call the shore parole. This kid was what is called a kiddy Cruiser because his mom signed for him to join while he was still 17 years old. I don’t remember how many pizzas we ordered but we had a good time.

There were times when the ships cooks tried to make pizzas but they were never as good as Shakey’s.

After my first cruise there were occasions in SD when we were tide up on piers seven or eight and in the evenings, some one would go over to National City and bring back pizzas. I didn’t like to do much walking so I would let others take the walk, another mile that seemed like five to me.

One night some one said, “I’m buying, who is flying?” That was the usual signal that pizza was in the works. What this meant was they wanted a pizza and they would buy you one if you would go get them. Reynolds (MM3) said, “I will go”. That night, there were more people who wanted one than the currier could carry and he asked for some help. I really didn’t want to take the walk but I got tired of hearing all the whining so I relented.

I didn’t know where to go, but Reynolds did; we walked out the south gate toward National City. On the way to the pizza shop, we decided to eat ours before we took the return trip to the ship.

We finally reached the shop and placed our orders. We got ours first (one each) and eat them while we were waiting for the rest to get ready. About half way through our pizzas, we decided to order another one for ourselves to take back to the Stone, so we did. We left the pizza shop that night with no less than eight pizzas.

The walk back to the base really seemed long with all that extra weight. When we reached the base we tried to give some pizza to the marines at the gate, just to lessen our load. They didn’t want any so we had to carry the whole load the remaining three blocks to the stone.

After it was all over I was glad I had gone with Reynolds on that pizza furry. I have thought about that trip quiet a few times over the past 40+ years and I always smile.

Tom Lucas
MM3

Liberal vs. Conservative

I'm reminded of the time that Catherine - a little girl in our neighborhood - told me that she wanted to be President one day. Both of her parents, liberal Democrats were standing there with us - and I asked Catherine - "If you were President, what would be the first thing you would do?"

Catherine replied - "I would give houses to all the homeless people."

"Wow - what a worthy goal you have there Catherine." I told her (while both parents beamed), "but, you don't have to wait until you're President to help the homeless. You can come over to my house and clean up all the dog poop in the back yard and I will pay you $5 dollars. Then we can go over to the grocery store where the homeless guy hangs out, and you can give him the $5 dollars to use for a new house."

Catherine (who was about 6) thought that over for a second, and then replied, "Why doesn't the homeless guy come over and clean up the dog poop himself, and you can pay him the $5 dollars?"

Welcome to the Republican Party, Catherine*

Ole and Sven & The Sears Catalog

Two young men from up in Minnesota were looking at a Sears catalog and admiring the models.

Ole says to the Sven "Have you seen the beautiful girls in this catalog?"

Sven replies, "Yes, they are very beautiful. And look at the price!"

Ole says, with wide eyes, "Wow, they aren't very expensive. At this price, I'm buying one."

Sven smiles and puts him on the back. "Good idea! Order one and if she's as beautiful as she is in the catalog, I will get one too."

Three weeks later, Sven asks his friend Ole, "Did you ever receive the girl you ordered from the Sears catalog?"

Ole replies, "No, but it shouldn't be long now. I got her clothes yesterday!"

Serve?

A man walked into a Florida bar with his alligator and asked the bartender:

"Do you serve lawyers here?"

"Sure."

"Good. One beer for me and a lawyer for my alligator."
**At NY Airport, a Room for the Troops**

SYRACUSE, N.Y. - Weary Soldiers traveling through Syracuse's airport will soon have a special room to pass the time while waiting for rides and flights - thanks to some local veterans.

Hancock International Airport officials will establish a special hospitality room at the airport, which is frequently used by Soldiers from the U.S. Army's 10th Mountain Division who are stationed 75 miles to the north at Fort Drum.

"These guys put their lives on the line, and they sometimes find themselves stuck here for hours and hours, with nothing to do, no place to go. We just didn't think that's how our military men and women should be treated," said Loren Davies, a former Marine who spent nearly nine years working at the airport.

The "Gregory J. Harris Military Courtesy Room" - named to honor a Marine listed as missing in action in Vietnam - will open July 29.

While spokesmen at airports in Albany, Buffalo and Rochester said they go to great lengths to accommodate the needs of military travelers, the Syracuse airport is apparently the first in upstate New York to have a hospitality room exclusively for their use.

The room - a converted lost baggage claim office - won't be anything fancy, said Davies, 66, the commander of the Chittenango detachment of the Marine Corps League.

It will be furnished with some comfortable furniture. Free snacks, bottled water and soft drinks will be provided. Maybe even razors, shaving cream and toothbrushes so travelers can freshen up. Eventually, Davies said he hoped to have a computer set up in the room so traveling military personnel can use the Internet.

"The only requirement is that they be active duty or active reservists - Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Airmen. We don't care if they're being deployed or just traveling," Davies said.

Davies came up with the idea, along with friends Leroy Bowen, an Army veteran who still works at Hancock, and Gene Leimer, a former city policeman and retired Navy submariner.

Working at the airport, Davies and Bowen said they were troubled by the way Soldiers had to sleep on the airport floor, using their backpacks for pillows, or curl up uncomfortably on hard benches.

Because it's a smaller airport, with no flights coming or going between midnight and 5:30 a.m., restaurants and newsstands close down by 9 p.m. or so, added Syracuse Aviation Commissioner Anthony Mancuso.

Airport employees, and even city police, often volunteered to run out for coffee and doughnuts for the Soldiers. But Davies felt there ought to be a permanent, reliable service.

"It's a place where they can go with their buddies, guys with the same interests. It gives them a little privacy, a place to rest, relax. We think it will work out well," said Mancuso, a veteran of the Navy Reserve.

---

**Last Lady WW I Vet is gone**

The last known surviving American female World War I veteran, a refined Civil War buff who met face-to-face with the Secretary of the Navy to fight for women in the military, has died. She was 109.

Charlotte Winters died Tuesday at a nursing home near Boonsboro in northwest Maryland, the U.S. Naval District in Washington said in a statement. Her death leaves just five known surviving American World War I veterans.

In 1916, Winters met with Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels to persuade him to allow women in the service, said Kelly Auber, who grew up on South Mountain, where Winters and her husband, John Winters, settled.

When the Navy opened support roles to women, Winters and her sister, Sophie, joined immediately in 1917, Auber said. By December 1918, the Naval District said more than 11,000 women had enlisted and were serving in support positions.

Winters served as a secretary and retired in 1953 with the rank of yeoman in the U.S. Naval Reserve.

Friends said she was proud of her role but didn't like to be fussed over as she grew older and there were fewer and fewer WWI veterans alive.

"Why are they doing this for me? I don't deserve all this," Doug Bast of Boonsboro recalled her saying.

Auber said Winters was "an absolutely refined lady" who with her husband was fond of traveling the country looking for burial spots of fallen Civil War generals.

"She was very proud of her accomplishments, and when asked, she'd say it was the thing to do, to be patriotic. And, she was very patriotic," Auber told The Hagerstown Herald-Mail.

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**MY STATE OREGON**

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Don't smoke the rope.

This title is from an old navy saying. Most of you have probably forgotten our rope classes in boot camp. One thing they told us was a little rope history.

In the old navy, all the ropes were made of Manila hemp. It was strong, relatively light weight and resisted rot. Sea grass rope is similar but breaks down faster in the damp conditions than does the hemp. So in the sailing days all the rope used by the US navy was Manila hemp. Some of you may know that the hemp is in the marijuana family. Manila hemp, though not as potent as the Mexican varieties, will still give you a high, thus the old saying, “Don’t smoke the rope”. Punishment was issued to the sailors caught smoking the rope but it didn’t stop the practice.

Our navy did try to replace the hemp with other things, and after the sailing days ended they did manage to shift to mostly Sea grass until nylon ropes became available.

Now it was in Yokosuka Japan in 1964 and the Whetstone was tied along side a floating pier at the US navy station there. One day I heard the call over the PA for 1st and 2nd divisions to man the pier and it stirred my curiosity, so I went up to the bow, with my camera.

Attempting to dock across the pier from us using two LCMs as tugs, was the USS Worden (DLG 19). The wind was gusting occasionally up to about five knots striking his starboard bow at about 45 degrees. There was a heavy mist and the air was chilly for that time of year. Every time he would get close to the pier, the gust of wind would pick up and push him away. Finally the wind let him get close enough to throw over some ropes. These lines were about 2 & 1/2” in diameter and made of nylon. I think her crew threw several lines over on the pier when a sustained gust came up pushing them back again.

At this time only one of his four lines to the pier was tied off and the rest were about to be. As the destroyer drifted away from the pier, every one let go of the ropes, but the one that was tied could not be loosened fast enough and the weight of the ship pulling against that rope was tremendous. As the strain begin to stretch the nylon it started to moan and everyone on the pier took to the heel and away they went. I had heard about what nylon ropes would do when they broke and I ducked inside a hatch under our rope reels on the bow. I peeped around the corner as the rope stretched beyond its limits and started snapping. It sounded like multiple fire crackers going off in rapid secession; then it gave off a tremendous sound almost like a rifle shot as it fully turned loose. Then came the recoil with the thrust of the rope went down and it rapidly wiggled across the pier toward the Stone and stopped. We were lucky this time, everyone had gotten away safely and there was no harm done.

The Worden was blown clear by the wind and back out past the end of the pier. As I recall he made about two more tries before they managed to get tied down.

Obviously the broken nylon rope had to be thrown away, BUT if it had been hemp, there would have been plenty of smokes for everybody. ;~)

Tom Lucas MM3

Hi John: Keep up the good work

I do enjoy reading your finished product. Don't know if this will be of interest to you or not and don't know if this continued after I left Whetstone?

One of the things that always bugged me was being told that I had to contribute to a charity cause and was always pressured to do so by my superiors. At least once a year the ships were notified by the Squadron CMDR that a set monetary amount was to be the ships contribution to the local community Annual Charity Fund (Red Feather or Community Chest) The result was that each division officer had to hit up his personnel on payday for their contribution. My solution to this problem was to come up with a plan to accumulate funds for these anticipated fund drives. So I came up with the idea of:

#1. Start Bingo Games with the proceeds of card sales: 50% back to players for prizes. 50% to go into the Charity Fund.

#2 Any clothing left adrift went into the Lucky Bag and to get it back you paid for it. The money went into the fund.

#3 Any monies confiscated from a raid on illegal gambling went into the fund. If you want your money back all you had to do was accompany me to the C.O. and plead your case.

An account book was maintained to verify funds collected and disbursed and subject to audit. This fund ended the need of confronting the crew for donations.

This plan was discussed with the C.O. for his approval. This worked out very well, but on some occasions the C.O wished to donate more than the Squadron CMDR had mandated and I'm sure that this was to make a good impression. My job was to remind the C.O. that this money was the crews money and not to be so free with it. Example: Goal $500—C.O. wished to donate $600 My recommendation was $525 C.O. $575 We settle for $550 With the Whetstone crew's 100% contribution complied with.

So this was the purpose of the Bingo Game and why it was created.

Martin F. Zdolsek LC DR USN RET.

Dirty Magazines

Soon after being transferred to a new duty station, my Marine husband called home to tell me he would be late - again. He went on to say that dirty magazines had been discovered in the platoon's quarters and they had to discipline the whole squad. I launched into a tirade, arguing that many men had pictures hanging in their quarters at our previous post, so his new platoon should not be penalized for something trivial.

My husband calmly listened to my gripes and then explained, "Honey, dirty magazines. the clips from their rifles had not been cleaned."
CARRIER SUITABILITY EVALUATION: C-130

A friend I worked with for 30 years served on the USS Forrestal in the mid 1960s. This series of test occurred while he was assigned to the ship and I found it interesting, and I hope you do too - John

Early in October 1963, NATC PATUXENT RIVER, Md., received a problem assignment which caused all hands to do a double-take: "Determine the feasibility of operating the C-130 Hercules aircraft aboard the CVA-59 and later class carriers."

Once authenticated, the assignment was passed to Carrier Suitability Branch of the Flight Test Division. The branch, having never had a multiengine pilot on its roster, had an immediate problem. It was decided that it would be easier to teach an experienced carrier pilot to fly the C-130 than it would be to teach an experienced C-130 pilot to fly a carrier approach.

The aircraft, a KC-130P, on loan from the Marines, was delivered October 8th. Minor modifications, accomplished in three days, consisted of removing the refueling pods from the wings, installing a smaller nose landing-gear orifice, and replacing the standard C-130 antiskid brake system with the Hy-trol Antiskid Braking System Mk II used on a Boeing 727.

To facilitate familiarizing the two "fighter" pilots assigned to the project, Lockheed-Marietta provided a C-130 test pilot. A volunteer flight engineer from VR-1 completed the crew.

The entire conduct of the evaluation centered around one restriction on the aircraft, a maximum safe limit sink speed of 9 f.p.s. In the first analysis, this was quite a restriction considering that the lowest average sink speed for aircraft currently operating in the fleet is 11 f.p.s. (Grumman's S-2'S and C-1A'S).

The shore-based test program at Na-val Air Test Center, Patuxent River, had two principal objectives:

1. Determine the optimum pilot technique for takeoff and landing with emphasis placed on reducing sink speed and touchdown dispersion.

2. Obtain enough data from a series of maximum effort landings and takeoffs between 80,000 pounds to 120,000 pounds gross weights to determine realistically the feasibility of taking the aircraft aboard ship.

Objective No. 1 was accomplished on the second flight. It was found that approaches on the optical landing system (OLS) provided the most positive control of sink speed and touchdown dispersion. In fact, during shorebased tests, the sink speed averaged only 5.6 f.p.s. in a 30 OLS glide slope. The touchdown dispersion was within plus or minus 50 feet of the established touchdown point. The standard OLS approach was modified to include a verbal "cut" by the Landing Signal Officer (LSO) when the airplane was two to four feet above the deck. The "cut" substantially reduced ground roll distance in that it enabled the pilot to safely initiate engine reversing while airborne, so that the elapsed time between touching down and reaching full reverse thrust was minimized.

The pilot and copilot procedures during the approach and landing, both ashore and afloat, were as follows:

The pilot maintained complete control of the airplane to touchdown. The boosted flight control system enabled the pilot to fly the aircraft very easily with his left hand while manipulating the throttles with his right hand. At the "cut," the pilot smoothly but expeditiously moved the throttles to the fully reversed position. At touchdown, both the pilot and copilot commenced maximum braking action. Coordinated with touchdown and braking, the copilot relieved the pilot on the control column. The copilot maintained a wings level attitude with ailerons while neutralizing the elevator. Upon being relieved on the control column, the pilot shifted immediately to nose wheel steering while continuing to hold engines in full reverse.

All approaches were flown at 79 knots at 85,000 pounds to 99 knots at 120,000 pounds. A sensitive airspeed indicator was installed for preciseness. Because glide slope and lineup corrections required all the pilot's attention in the final stages of the approach, the copilot monitored airspeed verbally over the "hot mike." An angle-of-attack system was installed prior to the tests but proved incompatible with the procedure outlined above.

Measured maximum effort takeoffs were made following most of the landings. Minimum takeoff distances were obtained with a flap setting of 75 percent (50 percent for normal field takeoffs) and rotation at 3 knots below takeoff stall airspeed. At the predetermined rotation speed, 57 knots at 85,000 pounds to 75 knots at 120,000 pounds, the nose was rotated 22 smartly to 50 on the gyro horizon and held until reaching the one-engine-out minimum control speed.

Sinking speeds, touchdown dispersion, takeoff and landing distances were recorded by the Mitchell camera and the Fairchild flight analyzer. Results of shore based tests reduced to standard day, zero wind conditions showed shipboard trials feasible.

Shipboard Trials

The first of three separate ship-board evaluations conducted aboard USS Forrestal (CVA-59) was concerned with determining the effects of carrier airflow disturbances on airplane control characteristics during the approach.

Prior to making approaches to the carrier deck, the flight deck was cleared with the exception of airplanes and equipment that could be parked even with or outboard of the island structure. The cross-deck pendants were disconnected at one terminal end and placed along the edge of the flight deck. A white center line was painted along the axial deck center line extending from the bow to the ramp. The LSO windshield was lowered to protect it from the propeller wash during takeoff and for wingtip clearance during landing.

Surface winds during the initial trials on October 30 (just 22 days after receiving the airplane) were 25 to 30 knots and varying in direction up to plus or minus 300 relative to the axial deck. Deck motion was moderate with noticeable yaw as a result of the low speed of the ship (5 knots). The gusty and variable winds produced excessive lateral and directional disturbances during the latter stages of the approach. The speed of the ship was increased 10 knots to reduce yaw motion and stabilize wind direction. Although the resultant winds over the deck were 40 to 50 knots, the lateral control problems encountered previously were lessened and were tolerable.

(See TEST on page 10)
WARRENVILLE, Ill. - Ed Hoy was stationed in Frankfurt, Germany, at the end of World War II when he and a fellow soldier happened upon a little girl in the street.

Hoy gave the child her first orange and never forgot the joy of holding her in his arms. He has told the story many times over the years, never imagining he would see the child again.

But on Aug. 1, the "little girl" -- Gertrud Klaus, 67 -- walked into Hoy's life once more. And with just a few simple words, the German immigrant sent chills down the former GI's spine.

The ex-Army man, now 88, first met the little girl and her grandparents in 1945 as he was leaving an opera house where the Red Cross was distributing hot dogs and Coca-Cola to American soldiers.

Hoy and his friend promised to bring the family some food the following day.

The grandfather told the soldiers that if they made good on their promise, they were welcome to join the family for wine and song.

"I came back the next day and gave the hot dogs to the old folks and lifted the little girl up," Hoy said. "In my jacket was an orange. They were not available in the war. My wife sent me one dipped in paraffin wax to preserve it. I thought I'd take this to the little girl. She felt it in my jacket and asked, 'What is this?' I told her it was an orange. She took it. Of course I had chocolates for her too."

Last week Klaus visited Hoy's Warrenville stained-glass supply company with her daughter, Petra Kaiser, who is one of the company's vendors. Kaiser, 47, of Cape Coral, Fla., has known Hoy for 10 years, but never made the connection to her mother.

Hoy asked Klaus where in Germany she lived as a child, and she said Frankfurt.

"I asked if the opera house was still there across from the railroad station," he said. "She said yes and said, 'I remember how an American soldier gave me my first orange.' Chills went down my spine."

Hoy said he didn't know what to say right then. But the next day when he saw Klaus' daughter again he peppered her with questions about her mother, including her age. He was stunned to learn that the dates and family facts matched up.

Klaus was not with her daughter that day, and the two have since returned to Florida. Hoy, whose daughter Lucy is a metro copy editor for the Tribune, said he doubts he'll ever see Klaus again because he's too old to travel and spends much of his time taking care of his wife.

But Klaus said Monday that she remembers Hoy fondly.

"My whole life, I remembered this moment," she said by telephone from Florida. "My love for America was born then."

Hoy sent Kaiser a memento to pass along to her mother: an old photo of Hoy dressed in his soldier's uniform during the war.

Kaiser said she had heard the story about the orange all her life. She said her mother would often remark about how kind the American soldiers were.

"She said the American soldiers were really friendly and that they helped people when the war was over," Kaiser said. "Then the story of the orange came up, about how one of the soldiers came and gave her the first orange of her life."

Kaiser said her mother was astonished to see Hoy again.

"She is amazed," Kaiser said. "What are the odds, you know?"

Vertical glide path control under all conditions was adequate. It was noted, however, that the aircraft exhibited a tendency to rise above glide slope, requiring frequent nose-down corrections to maintain a centered "meatball." Nineteen touch-and-go landings were accomplished under the conditions outlined above.

The second and third shipboard evaluations were conducted under more favorable wind conditions, and full stop landings and deck launches (21 of each) were completed success-fully. Gross weights for the first landings were 85,000 pounds and were raised by increments by refueling to 121,000 pounds. Takeoffs at a gross weight of approximately 90,000 pounds were made from the angle deck. The landing distances were within the predicted values based on shorebased test data and ranged from 270 feet at 85,000 pounds to 460 feet at 121,000 pounds. One landing made during a rain squall at 109,000 pounds required 495 feet to stop.

The average shipboard sink speed was only 5.2 f.p.s., a real surprise.

Airspeed control throughout the approaches was easily main-
SYRACUSE, N.Y. - A 22-gun British warship that sank during the American Revolution and has long been regarded as one of the "Holy Grail" shipwrecks in the Great Lakes has been discovered at the bottom of Lake Ontario, astonishingly well-preserved in the cold, deep water, explorers announced Friday.

Shipwreck enthusiasts Jim Kennard and Dan Scoville used side-scanning sonar and an unmanned submersible to locate the HMS Ontario, which was lost with barely a trace and as many as 130 people aboard during a gale in 1780.

The 80-foot sloop of war is the oldest shipwreck and the only fully intact British warship ever found in the Great Lakes, Scoville and Kennard said.

"To have a Revolutionary War vessel that's practically intact is unbelievable. It's an archaeological miracle," said Canadian author Arthur Britton Smith, who chronicled the history of the HMS Ontario in a 1997 book, "The Legend of the Lake."

The finders of the wreck said they regard it as a war grave and have no plans to raise it or remove any of its artifacts. They said the ship is still considered the property of the British Admiralty.

Although the vessel sits in an area where the water is up to 500 feet deep and cannot be reached by anyone but the most experienced divers, Kennard and Scoville declined to give its exact location, saying only that it was found off the southern shore.

The sloop was discovered resting partially on its side, with two masts extending more than 70 feet above the lake bottom.

"Usually when ships go down in big storms, they get beat up quite a bit. They don't sink nice and square. This went down in a huge storm, and it still managed to stay intact," Scoville said. "There are even two windows that aren't broken. Just going down, the pressure difference, can break the windows. It's a beautiful ship."

Smith, who was shown underwater video of the find, said: "If it wasn't for the zebra mussels, she looks like she only sunk last week."

The dark, cold freshwater acts as a perfect preservative, Smith said. At that depth, there is no light and no oxygen to hasten decomposition, and little marine life to feed on the wood.

The Ontario went down on Oct. 31, 1780, with a garrison of 60 British soldiers, a crew of about 40, mostly Canadians, and possibly about 30 American war prisoners.

The warship had been launched only five months earlier and was used to ferry troops and supplies along upstate New York's frontier. Although it was the biggest British ship on the Great Lakes at the time, it never saw battle, Smith said.

After the ship disappeared, the British conducted a sweeping search but tried to keep the sinking secret from Gen. George Washington's troops because of the blow to the British defenses.

Hatchway gratings, the binnacle, compasses and several hats and blankets drifted ashore the next day. A few days later the ship's sails were found adrift in the lake. In 1781, six bodies from the Ontario were found near Wilson, N.Y. For the next two centuries, there were no other traces of the ship.

Explorers have been searching for the Ontario for decades, and there have been numerous false finds over the years, said Eric Bloomquist, interpretative programs manager at Old Fort Niagara.

Kennard, an electrical engineer who has been diving for nearly 40 years and has found more than 200 wrecks in the Great Lakes, Lake Champlain, the Finger Lakes and in the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, began searching for the Ontario 35 years ago but quit after several frustrating and fruitless years.

Six years ago, he teamed up with Scoville, a diver who developed the remote-controlled submersible with students from the Rochester Institute of Technology. Since then, the pair have found seven ships in the lake.

Over the years, Kennard obtained documents from British and Canadian archives on the Ontario, including the ship's design plans. Even then, it took the pair three years of searching more than 200 square miles before they found the vessel earlier this month.

After locating the wreck with the sonar, the explorers used the submersible to confirm their find, documenting their discovery with more than 80 minutes of underwater video.

"Certainly it is one of the earliest discovered shipwrecks, if not the earliest," said Carrie Sowden, archaeological director of the Peachman Lake Erie Shipwreck Research Center of the Great Lakes Historical Society in Vermillion, Ohio. "And if it's in the condition they say, it's quite significant."

A rare feature that helped identify the ship: the two crow's nests on each mast. Another was the decoratively carved scroll bow stem. The explorers also found two cannons, two anchors and the ship's bell.

The clincher was the quarter galleries on either side of the stern - a kind of balcony with windows typically placed on the sides of the stern-castle, a high, tower-like structure at the back of a ship that housed the officers' quarters.

Kennard said he and his partner have gathered enough video that it will not be necessary to return to the site. He added that they hope to make a documentary about the discovery.

There are an estimated 4,700 shipwrecks in the Great Lakes, including about 500 on Lake Ontario.
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, white with navy blue silhouette of ship or red with gold silhouette of ship, or camouflage with gold silhouette of ship (red and camouflage hats and DVD of Reunions are new items).

**Items for Sale:**
- Ball Caps (With Silhouette) $20.00
- Cruise Books (57, 61, 66, 67, 68 & 69) $20.00
- DVD of Reunions (1996-2006) $10.00
- DVD of Charleston Reunion (2008) $10.00
- Golf Shirts (S,M,L,XL) $35.00
- T-Shirts (S,M,L,XLG, XXL) $20.00
- Jackets (S,M,L,XLG) $50.00
- Jackets (XXXL & XXXL) $52.00
- Mouse pads w/Whetstone Picture $10.00
- Yosemite Sam Patches $8.00
- Zippo Knives w/Ship Silhouette $20.00
- Zippo Lighters w/Ship Silhouette $13.00
- Whetstone Pictures on Canvas $24.00

**Note:** All Prices Include Shipping

This information is courtesy of David Vydra:

In the last newsletter someone inquired about the ribbons that the Whetstone had earned. As far as I am able to discover, there were no others.