



The Cable

Official Newsletter of the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association

Volume 3 Number 2

FALL 1998

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Ed Dalrymple

By now everyone should be back into a routine after summer's vacations and traveling. The organization continues to grow at a steady pace. A number of members have submitted articles; many of which are in this edition. I am truly grateful for those who have contributed articles in the past but as I look to the future our cup does not runneth over. Articles from the members are important in keeping this newsletter going.

Renewal notices to many of you have been included in this mailing. To date we have had a 99% response rate in renewing membership. If you believe you have been billed in error just let me know. The postal rates will rise in the near future but the intent is to keep dues at the current rate of \$12.00 per residence for a 2-year membership. Please advise when you have changed addresses, as this will eliminate unnecessary mailing costs.

There appears to be emerging interest from a myriad of sources in documenting the history of SOSUS. These are works in progress and it will be sometime in the future before anything will be published. It does indicate that the "System" has achieved the ultimate status of being considered a part of the Navy's history. Stay tuned.

We will publish an updated membership list in the near future. Until next time. EKD

P.S. Please provide your email address to me at ekdaliuss@aol.com if you'd like it published in the membership list.

EDITORIAL CORRECTION

An editing error was made in the previous issue of **THE CABLE**, Winter 1998 Vol. 3, No.1. In the article titled "Prehistory of SOSUS/IUSS" the following corrections should be made:

ELEUTHERA-Bahamas –the closing paragraph should read "...an installation of barium titanate hydrophones designed by Bell Labs went on line recording the first measurements of the infrasonic sea noise spectrum. The watch in the sea had begun."

Secondly, under **SANDY HOOK** – the closing sentence should read "It was Sandy Hook in October 1951 that the first demonstration of passive detection took place."

The editorial staff regrets any inconvenience or misconception the aforementioned errors may have caused and apologize to the author of the article. EKD

NAVFAC MEMORIES

by Mrs. Richard E. Bolin

We started out in Keflavik back in 1967, living off base with no "take off" privileges which meant we had to buy off the local economy. Drinking demitasse coffee, I watched a sheep's head boil in a large pot atop our landlady's stove. Many a frigid walk to the nearby stores yielded net bags of freshly baked bread from the local bakery, Icelandic Esa (sole) and triangular liters of rich milk. Our kitchen, although very large, had only cold running water in a tiny sink inconveniently located and the burners on the stove were thick iron plates that ruined my new pans. Taking a shower was real challenge, as we had to climb a ladder from the laundry room in the basement to a door on the main level of the house and knock to ask if we could bathe. Valla's piano, located above our bed, woke us many nights as we slept as did their thermostat being set too high. Icelandic children romped in their tank undershirts in the summer when temperatures reached 50 degrees. Most of our meals were eaten out at the NCO club because of high prices in town.

Frozen hands soon thawed in Barbados where a mid wife delivered our first child and avocados were as plentiful as Bougainvillea. My mouth still waters for those luscious fruits as our desires anticipate seeing the beauty of that island again someday.

A similar tour in Antigua brought many nights of balmy breezes while at the outdoor movie theater. The softball field sat behind our base house. Many holes in the soil on that field housed Horse Spiders (tarantulas). But still, on base quarters were good, as we had been robbed as we slept one night while living off base.

The waves carrying us and our boogie boards to the shore at Bellow's Beach, Hawaii, our last tour, somehow are not as high in our memories as those are on the East Coast of the Outer Banks of North Carolina. Last year Rick and I took our very first formal vacation since his retirement in 1986 to Buxton where the NavFac was

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