

The Cable

Official Newsletter of the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association



Alumni Association

NOVEMBER 2012

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

Jim Donovan

The long, hot summer is finally behind us. With the more pleasant weather comes the 2012 edition of *The Cable*. I trust you had a happy, healthy, and enjoyable year and look forward to hearing from many of you through our IUSSCAA Message Board, email, Facebook and in person in the coming months. As you know, we try to publish *The Cable* on an annual basis, usually in November. I hope you enjoy this edition and ask that you forward any comments, recommendations, and suggestions to further improve the publication, and the IUSS CAESAR Alumni Association in general, to me at email - Jim_Donovan53@yahoo.com. We really would like to hear from you.

The Association stands at **662 active members** with 27 joining in the past 12 months. We have an archive of 484 former members who have not responded to requests for membership renewal (dues) and, therefore, no longer receive correspondence or the occasional "gee-dunk" that we provide. Please check our membership listing on the IUSSCAA website or your new Membership Directory to determine your own membership status. Expiration dates are listed in both.

Sadly, we list **298 IUSS shipmates in our Memorial Section**, with 24 names added in just the past year. See that listing at the end of this newsletter and on our website, which is updated monthly. For the past 12 years a group of 7 long-time IUSS members have tracked, documented, and recorded the passing of shipmates associated with the IUSS. That group includes Ed Dalrymple, Ed Smock, Jack Holdzkom, Sandy Sanborn, Nick McConnell, Rick Matthews, and me. A special thanks to Jack for taking on the lion's share of this effort.

A note about IUSSCAA finances. Funds in our checking account (dues) are used to pay for fees associated with maintaining our website, software upgrades to computer programs, publication of *The Cable*, and the occasional special mailings of patches, decals and other items to members in good standing.

Plan on attending the **IUSS 60th Anniversary** dinner on **Saturday, 13 Sep 2014** (tentative) at the Waterside Marriott in Norfolk, VA. The IUSS 60th anniversary and reunion weekend will most likely be completely

coordinated by the IUSSCAA - i.e., it will be a total volunteer effort. Scheduling and planning takes about one year. Therefore, we'll be asking for serious volunteers later in 2013 to begin the process. Note: We have **\$670** in donations set aside for the 2014 IUSS 60th Anniversary celebration.

This year marks the **50th anniversary of the Cuban Missile Crisis** and the "coming of age" of SOSUS when the first reported Soviet submarine detections were documented. Several articles in this edition of *The Cable* discuss members' thoughts and recollections of those critical days in October of 1962. Many thanks to Bruce Rule, Ed Smock and Jack Holdzkom for their thoughtful pieces.

We also received articles and stories for this edition of *The Cable* from Dick Rentner, George Widenor, Jason Vogt, Mike Brittingham, Peter Devana, Ron Smith, Peter Marshall, Charlie Costa, Carol McKenzie, Peter Stroux, Lorren Jackson, Ted O'Donnell, Duncan McCarthy, and John Curtin. I trust you will find the 2012 edition of *The Cable* excellent in every respect. I think it's a keeper - worthy of coffee table display!

Kathy joins me once again in wishing you all a safe and happy holiday season and wonderful New Year in 2013. If your travels bring you to the Virginia Beach area we'd love to hear from you.

All the best, Jim

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**CDR Carol E. McKenzie
Commanding Officer
USS GERMANTOWN (LSD 42)**



Former OT Rises to Command of Navy Combatant Ship!

Editor's note: Following is a letter from a former shipmate, CDR Carol McKenzie, USN. OTSN Carol Dilts and I were stationed together at NAVFAC Keflavik in the mid 1980s. Carol is married to OTC Sam McKenzie, USN (Ret). They reside in Sasebo, Japan. - Jim Donovan

"I am merely honored to have the chance to lead our fine Officers and Sailors. I recall saying "I can't change the whole Navy, but I can change my division, department, command. I have something to give and I can make a difference in the lives of the Sailors around me."

I tried retiring once or twice, but Sam kept sending me back to sea.

Command is just AWESOME! I have an outstanding crew that I have molded since I was XO over 28 months ago. It makes for a long, long journey, but ever so worth it. It is hard to believe that when I finish up here I will have 31 years. The best part has been going to sea, traveling the world, meeting mission and serving our great country. I know too, that I gave our children more chances than I could have ever imagined.

Self-reflection along the way is paramount. The sea is a lonely place for an old gal. Sam saw my potential and ensured I had the vision, tools and a chance to achieve it. I never imagined that I would be out here, but along the way several people have given me the vision of what was possible. This is something that is missing in today's youth.

I look forward to the excitement the next year brings. I'm sure it will go all too fast! I enjoy watching the crew perform, grow professionally, form as a formidable team and achieve every mission.

A day's work starts two hours before dawn with going to anchorage; ballasting down to launch LCU's; ballasting up to get underway from anchorage; closing shore to 1300 yards to launch the ship's small boats and AAV's; recovering the ship's small boat; and proceeding into the basin to moor to the pier. Suddenly, the ship shudders, approximately 2,000 yards from the pier. Your worst fear overwhelms you - running aground, shafting casualty, hitting a whale – FLASH, your CAREER GONE. Then suddenly the Combat Watch Officer informs you that there was an earthquake. Suddenly, a small security boat makes a rapid run for the shoreline. Moments later a Tsunami warning is issued. You have the choice: proceed into port, turn around in tight quarters, or conduct an emergency anchorage. You get a call from Port Ops that the pier closed because everyone is evacuating to higher ground. Now you have only two choices left. I chose anchoring. We did, of course, in a matter of minutes slow the ship and find a safe anchorage. My TEAM is exceptionally talented and dedicated to keeping the ship safe. The information was flowing, recommendations were made and the quickly laid plan was flawlessly executed. Later that same day we weighed anchor and proceeded into port to conduct the USMC personnel and equipment on load. All this fun in just 12 hours! AWESOME! You can't write stories like this.

We are headed to Montana or Idaho. My girls are in college up there. Sam and I now have 4 children; 24, 21, 11 and 5. They keep me young and our dreams alive!

CDR Carol E. McKenzie
Commanding Officer
USS GERMANTOWN (LSD 42)

CO's Update – NOPF Whidbey Island

by CDR Jason Vogt

It has been an exciting year at Naval Ocean Processing Facility Whidbey Island. The mission remains as it always has been for our joint U.S./Canada team, but throughout this year we have been fortunate to continue to improve the tools, training, and personnel of IUSS.

Advancements in computer capability are always a welcome addition to the business, whether on the watch floor or at sea, and we experienced both this year. Additionally, The Compact Low Frequency – Active system (CLFA) was evaluated and certified by Navy Commander Operations and Testing and Evaluation Force, giving IUSS another instrument with which to accomplish the mission.

This additional capability has allowed us to increase our size by adding a significant number of young Sailors to the team to properly complement all the SURTASS crews. As with any manning increase, the requisite training requirements have followed. We are proud to have made significant improvements this year in training through close and continued work with Trident Training Facility (detachment Whidbey Island) as their IUSS courses are being developed with the Submarine Learning Center. This improvement in onsite IUSS learning continues to help us improve our skill. Finally, the addition of a second SURTASS trainer will allow the flexibility to ensure NOPFWI MILCREWs will be ready to deploy as well as integrate live training with the Watch Floor.

The highpoint for this year occurred in July as we celebrated twenty five years of IUSS service here in Whidbey Island. We were fortunate to have several of the Naval Facility Whidbey Island Plank Owners on hand, along with many former commanding officers and alumni spanning several of the facility's years. It was rewarding to see so many NAVFAC alumni come and share the day with today's NOPF Sailors and tell their stories of IUSS. Special thanks to CWO4 Shawn Philp and former OTM1 (and current NOPFWI engineer) Tim Wenzel during the 25th celebration, for organizing and hosting those who came before us.

- CDR Jason Vogt, USN
Commanding Officer
NOPF Whidbey Island



On behalf of all NOPF WI Sailors, CDR Jason Vogt presents OTCM (Ret) David Hinshaw and the NAVFAC WI plank owners a silver trophy to commemorate the command's 25th anniversary.



Chief Warrant Officer Shawn Philp points out advances on the watch floor to NAVFAC Whidbey Island plank owners during a tour as part of the Naval Ocean Processing Facility Whidbey Island (NOPF WI) 25th anniversary celebration.



During the 25th anniversary tour of NOPF WI, OTA1 Mark Rodney and OTMCS Doug Bock demonstrate to OTA2 Greg Underwood that old OTs never forget how to change the paper in the Sonar Data Recorder (even if it is only an historic display).

Naval Ocean Processing Facility Celebrates 25 Years

by Lt. Anna R. Sansiveri

WHIDBEY ISLAND, Wash. – Naval Ocean Processing Facility Whidbey Island (NOPF WI) command was honored to welcome back its plank owners during a 25th anniversary celebration, July 13, at NOPF’s outdoor amphitheater.

Sailors currently serving stood side by side with the alumni of the original Naval Facility Whidbey Island (NAVFAC WI) members while Commanding Officer, Cmdr. Jason Vogt welcomed a range of guests including Rear Adm. James Caldwell, Commander Submarine Force, U.S. Pacific Fleet, Capt. Scott Rauch, Commander Undersea Surveillance, the Consul General of Canada, Mr. Denis Stevens, Capt. Luc Cassivi, Commander, Canadian Submarine Forces, Cmdr. Andrew Muir of the Royal Canadian Navy and former commanding officers.

Caldwell expressed his appreciation for the Sailors who have, and continue to serve at NOPF “toiling away in obscurity due to the classification of the mission.”

Rauch commemorated the silver anniversary by commenting on the dedication NOPF’s Sailors have shown to their work through the years, and how the support of the community has enabled NOPF to grow from the original 78 to today’s almost 400 U.S. and Canadian sailors and civilians.

Watch standers displayed historic pieces of gear on loan from the Naval Undersea Museum while sailors, old and new, swapped stories of their time at NOPF WI.

One current wardroom member had a particularly unique story to share. Chief Warrant Officer Shawn Philp first came to NOPF in 1987 as a young Seaman. He remembers his first years in the Navy and was surprised to find himself stationed on Whidbey Island again. He is currently a role model and mentor to young NOPF Sailors as well as the Quality Assurance Department Head.

“I remember arriving as the youngest sailor at NOPF in 1987,” said Philp. “I never thought I might be returning as one of the oldest!”

While the Sound Surveillance System (SOSUS), the heart of NOPF, was conceived in the 1950s during the Cold War, the technology wasn’t proven for over a decade until the first correlation of SOSUS information with a visual sighting was made during the Cuban Missile Crisis. SOSUS processing stations were stood up around the world. Over the next 30 years these facilities expanded to include a small fleet of acoustic surveillance ships that together now makes up the Integrated Undersea Surveillance System (IUSS). With constant technological advances, what was once more than 30 NAVFACs has been consolidated to two NOPFs located in Dam Neck, Va. and Whidbey Island, Wash. Today, IUSS supports operational commanders around the world.

The birth of NOPF WI came at the height of the Cold War. The Soviets were producing submarines at an incredible

rate and patrolling the world’s oceans with ballistic and nuclear weapons.

At the Commissioning in 1987 Rear Adm. Ed Sheaffer declared to the NAVFAC WI crew, “You are part of freedom’s vigilant eye-one that never closes-one that never blinks!”

It was echoed Friday by Caldwell who stated to the current NOPF WI crew, “What was true then is true today.”

The ceremony ended with a few words from Retired Master Chief Dave Hinshaw, NOPF’s first Command Master Chief. His sea stories of the founding years of the facility were a unique perspective for the guests.

“NOPF WI is successful because it has the right people, in the right place, doing the right thing, right now,” said Hinshaw.

Hinshaw was presented a silver statue of Poseidon on behalf of all the sailors that have ever served at NOPF WI. The statue will be proudly displayed in the halls of NOPF, alongside pieces on loan from the Undersea Surveillance Museum, for future generations of sailors to enjoy.

After the conclusion of the ceremony, guests were given a tour of the current facilities, a rare event considering the command’s classified mission.



WHIDBEY ISLAND, Wash. - (July 13, 2012) Capt. Scott Rauch, Commander Undersea Surveillance, speaks at the Naval Ocean Processing Facility Whidbey Island (NOPF WI) command’s 25th anniversary celebration, July 13. (U.S. Navy photo / Released)

This article has been previously published at www.navy.mil and the Northwest Navigator (Whidbey Edition) July 27, 2012.

Participation in MINIBEX 3-65

by George Widenor

During my tour on Eleuthera (1964-65), it was requested that our command provide a qualified analyst (ST-0411) to NAS Jacksonville to support an ASW exercise known as MINIBEX 3-65. The analyst would be attached to the OPCON Center, and participate in debriefing both Canadian ARGUS and US VP crews. We performed post-flight analysis of AQA-3 (US) and AQA-5 (ARGUS) grams with the Jez operators before they could secure.

I was picked (volunteered) for the TAD assignment, so on a lazy Sunday afternoon I rode the range liner from Eleuthera to Patrick AFB. The plan was for me to be picked up by a P2-V returning to JAX from a Type 6 mission. Once at the Flight Operations Center at Patrick AFB, I contacted the JAX OPCON Center (by phone) and I was assured that the plane would be arriving shortly to pick me up. I was the only guy hanging around the flight terminal, and eventually the guy behind the counter asked me if there was something he could do for me. "No", I replied, I was waiting for a Navy patrol plane to pick me up. The fellow told me that there were no inbound flights scheduled any time soon.

Concerned that my information may not be correct, I once again phoned the JAX OPCON Center about my flight. I was assured that the P2 was on approach to Patrick, and should be at the terminal shortly. Armed with this update, I approached the counter and told the fellow that I would be picked up shortly. Could he suggest where I should wait?

He looked back over his shoulder at a huge scheduling board and pointed to the section labeled "arrivals". You see a Navy plane on that board? I replied "no". He then said that "nothing" lands at Patrick AFB or arrives at the passenger terminal without being "on that board."

Disappointed and confused, I wandered outside to look around. It was now early evening, and no longer daylight. Within a few minutes, I saw the lights of an aircraft approaching the terminal. When the aircraft got closer, I could see that it was indeed a Navy P2V Neptune. It stopped a short distance from the terminal, and almost immediately a hatch door on the belly of the aircraft dropped open, and a crewmember "hanging upside down from the hatch opening" yelled out at me - "you Widenor?" I replied "yes". He motioned for me to come over to him. When I was beneath the hatch, he grabbed for my suitcase and it disappeared into the hatch. Then two pairs of arms reached out to me, and they took hold and lifted me up through the hatch. The P2 was

already in motion as a crewman pulled the hatch door closed. I had a sense of relief as we made the short flight from Patrick to JAX, but I still wonder if that guy at the counter knew what had just happened. And.....I wondered at the communication between the tower and flight operations.

About a week into the exercise, a Commander attached to JAX OPCON burst into the room I was in and shouted for me to follow him. The Commander had been debriefing a flight crew, and there was obviously a bit of tension between him and the PPC from the sortie being debriefed. The Commander handed a set of headphones to me that were plugged into a reel-to-reel tape player. He turned to the PPC and declared that "OK - here is a first class Sonarman. If he hears an echo, then fine. But if he doesn't, your crew failed to achieve "attack criteria" on the exercise submarine prior to launching your weapon."

As you may or may not remember, the patrol aircraft had a number of sensors on board, including JEZ, MAD, AN/SSQ-15 pinger, etc. Apparently the format for the exercise was to work through the various sensors one by one ending up with the AN/SSQ pinger (active sonar pulse into the water, followed by hopefully, an echo which would confirm the submarine at close range). Achieving the echo, the crew would then "attack" the submarine. Without all sensors being "checked off", the exercise would be deemed incomplete, and any resulting "kills" would be "disqualified" for exercise purposes.

So.....there I was. I thought about telling them that when I attended course 560G there were no ships available during my sea phase week. I thought about telling them that the only echoes I ever heard were on a training tape during my time on the "stack" in the SONAR School lab. I almost blurted out that although the crow on my arm (ST1) indicated that I was a Sonarman, I was really not what I appeared to be. I decided to listen carefully for the echoes that the PPC claimed were on the tape. The PPC and other members of the flight crew circled around anxiously. I put the headphones on and listened to the playback.....I listened to it again, and then a 3rd time. No echoes! I couldn't hear any echoes!! I'm not sure who was more anxious to get out of that room - me or the PPC. I'm pretty sure it was me.

- OTCM George Widenor, USN (Ret)
(NAVFAC Eleuthera 1964-65)

How The System Can REALLY Work (if given the chance)

by Pete Marshall

When I read through the articles and reminiscences in *The Cable* I am struck by the amount of manpower that went into the daily field operations of the system. The electronic processing, daily life with all of its foibles, and simply the issues of living in what was frequently an unusual area and environment were all part and parcel of work at a FAC. But prior to any of those adventures, there had already been a grand bureaucracy engaged to make the FAC a real-life entity. If you read any of today's papers, on-line reports or simply turn on the television, you can quickly become very jaded and decide that the Washington bureaucracy just doesn't work. Well here's one brief example of how SOSUS and IUSS did work and work well in that very same Washington bureaucracy. Let me explain.



Beach Preps

First, a bit of personal background and how I became associated with SOSUS and the IUSS. I served a 32 year career in the Navy Civil Engineer Corps, working on facilities engineering for the Navy's shore infrastructure. For approximately half of my career I used my graduate degree in Ocean Engineering as a Navy diver, carrying construction and building skills into the water. As the OIC of an Underwater Construction Team, one of the customers I served early on was the SOSUS system, repairing and stabilizing ocean cables close to shore and as they passed from sea to shore.

I was rewarded for my field work with an assignment to NAVELEX, Washington, DC in PME 124. I worked for Capt Paul Jacobs and then Mike Mulford. Truth be known, we all worked for Hicks Ford (but

that's a story for another time). I followed Jim Osborne and Don Wells in this Underwater Systems Engineering Branch. During a three-year tour I had adventures landing and repairing cables, recovering all manner of cables and hardware deployed in the ocean and working as the technical advisor for several contracts we maintained with Western Electric, Bell Labs and Simplex Wire and Cable. It was a great tour of duty even if it was in Washington, DC.

If you stand back and consider the overall IUSS, it is a wonder of technology. Consider that we started with an oceanographic research vessel collecting raw bathymetric and acoustic data. From models developed in some of the country's best labs, we then developed and built the hardware and software that would provide virtually real-time operational intelligence to the war fighters. AMAZING!



Beach Landing

So, here's one example of how we got from the start to the finish (at least from a DC perspective):

Midway through my tour in PME124-60 I attended a meeting that dealt with the future deployment of a new Undersea Surveillance System. This occurred sometime around 1982 (but don't hold me to a precise date). Certainly by this time IUSS was both a well-established and well-proven system for the Navy. Yet the deployment of any "next generation" hardware provided new challenges.

Our Financial Program Coordinator in OP-95 at the Pentagon was Mr. Mark Crowe. Mark and Ed Dalrymple (then working at the Pentagon) had called a meeting in our Crystal City offices to align their resource requirement responsibilities with real world operational necessities. The Fleet and the IUSS hierarchy had agreed to an Initial Operational Capability date. Thus, the thrust of the meeting was to validate that the date, still several years out, was attainable and for everyone to look each other in the eye and sign up to execute the plan.

I apologize for not recalling the names of all in attendance, but the resulting meeting still rings clear in my mind. Mark had assembled representatives from:

- The acoustical research team
- The cable manufacturing team
- Ship schedulers
- Military personnel detailers
- Military training personnel
- The wet-end electronic team
- The Military Construction group
- The T-Building electronic team
- The cable installation teams (splicers, divers, etc)
- Electronic processing teams
- And so forth – again my apologies if I left you off the list, but trust me your specialty was included

The grand band of pirates were there: Bell Labs, Western Electric, Simplex Cable, MSC, LANT Fleet Ops, Military Personnel Command, NavOceanO, and all the PME124 codes that covered acoustics, cable liaison, building construction, T-building electronics/processing and all manner of ocean engineering and sea deployments.

Over a four hour meeting period, the entire concept of the development, construction, assembly, deployment, manning and stand-up of this new IUSS generation was laid out; first in a rough priority order and then in a broad timeline. We all had our opportunity to briefly discuss how our piece fit into the big picture and we uncovered what it takes to succeed in the business. Details like: ocean acoustical research would need a two-year lead on ultimate IOC. Cable manufacture was a six-month lead.

Personnel training needed one-year of lead-time, detailing for the training and PCS another six months. When it was discovered that additional military personnel were needed in the pipeline, that added another six months or so for additional recruiting.

And on and on through development and manufacture of hydrophones, multiplexers and processing equipment, approval and construction of a new military construction project, scheduling the beach landing team, scheduling the cable ship, purchasing and loading the sea gear on the cable ship, etc. Working off a white board, the assembled group created the draft critical path and PERT chart of what was required to design and deploy the new system, detailing how each part and piece fit into the whole along with required start and completion dates for everyone's respective piece. It was really a masterpiece of how a complex problem could be broken down into meaningful parts and then reassembled to complete the whole.

When this effort was completed, Mark went around the room, and one by one, the associated technical representative agreed with his/her respective portion or made appropriate modifications so that they could agree. After this meeting, Mark had a prioritized Plan of Action and Milestones for this next generation IUSS with firm commitments from virtually everyone associated with the system.

I learned a lot on that day. I already knew the overall system was extremely complex. The meeting reinforced that complexity in my mind. But I also learned of the professionalism of everyone involved in this program. Success was expected. You didn't have a lot of back-up; we were a pretty small crew for the effort that was being expended on the program. Yet no one blinked. Everyone knew their job and proceeded to execute.

The ultimate system was successfully deployed. While it was not completed without problems, I do recall that we always made our commitments to the Fleet regarding IOCs.

After I left PME I dealt with all manner of complex issues for the Navy. But I look back on that meeting in DC as a superb example of how the Navy bureaucracy can REALLY work to pull off an extraordinarily complex project. It also was just one more demonstration of the professionalism of the group tagged as "IUSS." The team of officers, enlisted, civil servants and contractors performing in this program were absolutely unsurpassed and some of the best folks I had the opportunity to associate with over my career.

- Peter Marshall, RADM CEC USN (Ret)

Naval Station Argentina, Newfoundland, 1966

by Mike Brittingham

VP-10 deployed to Naval Station Argentina, Newfoundland and Naval Station Keflavik, Iceland on January 28, 1966. Seven aircrews and five aircraft went to Keflavik and five crews with four planes were in Argentina. The second day we visited the Operational Control Area where we received a brief of what we expected. The staff was the left-over barrier group which was replaced with VP aircrews. In other words, drop sonobuoys in only designated areas. The Tactical Coordinators were extremely pissed and had a good time at happy hour.

The most fun was the Type 6 flights (coordinated missions targeting friendly submarines for NAVFAC/TSC practice) with NAVFAC Argentina. I was the first TACCO that got successful and another Naval Flight Officer getting the conversions during the Type 6 flights. I was the Flight schedules officer and made out a monthly planner. We flew numerous Type 6 and Type 5 flights as well as surveillance/photo missions to Lajes, Azores and sometimes we flew on to Rota, Spain.

One day in April I had the ready duty and was finishing up the schedule for next week. LTjg Carl Baumann came running in and announced, "They are launching the ready duty!" I grabbed my flight jacket, my hat and began running down the steps to the truck. I raced to the OPCON to get the information. SOSUS was tracking a US nuclear fast attack at 240/18 knots. They gave a radius of fifty nautical miles. We were told to detect, track, and give the exact position of the contact.

Back to the hangar we drove where the P-3 was protected from the snow that was falling. We ran to the aircraft as the massive door was opened. The number 4 engine was started as the hatch was closed. The number 2 was started and the aircraft began taxiing. I checked with the ordnance man that he had plenty of buoys, smokes, and eight simulated MK-44 torpedoes on board. We were airborne in 45 minutes - 15 minutes early.

Lieutenant Commander Goschke was our Patrol Plane Commander (PPC) and with assistance of the Navigator we proceeded to the datum. I dropped a buoy at datum and proceeded counterclockwise laying buoys at thirty-miles spacing around the

datum. Upon the fourth buoy drop we gained weak contact on the sub. About thirty minutes later we had the sub bearing 245 true. We dropped additional buoys which confirmed a course and speed of 241/18 knots. After marking on top the last plant, the P-3 proceeded to lay a 4000-yard pattern using an active buoy. Pinger 2 was away and immediately it recorded 1400 yards, down doppler. Channel four at datum was away and it reported 2500-yards, up doppler! I said, "Return to buoy 4, course 240 degrees true and bomb the buoy!" The PPC agreed, the master checklist was being read, and the torpedoes bomb bay status light was selected. The drop was mine - MADMAN, MADMAN, MADMAN and I dropped the simulated weapon!

I called for a cup of coffee and began collecting the data for the debrief. The navigator had the Nav and Tactical logs, Radar/Mad, Julie/ECM logs and the Jezebel data. The most important item was the UNH-6 tape which ran during the tactical mission and of course, the radio logs that ended with the flight.

After landing, the airplane stopped in front of the hangar and the Executive Officer climbed up the ladder and shook my hand. "Congratulations Mike," he said "you really did an excellent job in catching our own submarine!" All of my friends were proud of me. The OPCON was alive when I walked in. The senior officer asked if we had a tape of the flight. I showed them the tape and they admitted they had no way of replaying the tape. After I made the phone call, a bus carried the crew and the Executive Officer to the Naval Facility. Finally the tape started with twelve people listening to the SSQ-15 echoes. The tape started with the first drop and from there the story was told. The Naval Facility had two Ensigns monitoring the tape and they were so excited they went to get the Commanding Officer. After hearing the tape the CO shook my hand and said, "Mike you are in fact an indicator of the superior work that the Tactical Coordinator can do - Well Done!"

To all of the Naval Facilities that I have had the pleasure of working with on the East Coast - Newfoundland, Iceland, and in England during the Cold War - **BRAVO ZULU**.

- Captain Edward M. Brittingham, USN (Ret)

My Cold War Story

by Charlie Costa

We used to laugh every time he sang his favorite song... 'What a Difference a Day Makes'.

His name was J.P. Day, and I was stationed with him in the Navy, back in '64.

Our duty station was quite an isolated place, snuggled in the south-eastern corner of Newfoundland, actually an island, and the eastern-most Province in Canada. Cold in the winter, cool in the summer, and windy all year long. It probably has more lakes than there are roads in the U.S.; with rivers to easily match that amount. The wildlife was, by far, a hunter's dream, while at the same time, wonderment for any naturalist. A beautiful place, no matter your interests.

The base was called Argentinia, a name that fooled us, and many more sailors, when reading the transfer orders, upon graduating Fleet Sonar School in Key West, Florida. Was it my fault that it was a close spelling to Argentina? I remember writing home to tell my parents where I would be going. Hi Ma and Dad. I got my orders! I'm going to Argentina! Needless to say, I had to write a retraction letter the next day, so they could call everyone they had told, while wondering how someone, who was supposed to be of at least average intelligence, could survive in the Navy having made a mistake like that. Poor Ma...she would worry all the time and, I can see now, with good reason. Ma, I'm not going to South America, I'm going to Canada.

After graduating Navy Sonar School, they sent a few of us (actually, four out of the eighteen in my class) on to another school called Oceanography school, commonly known as "Behind the Green Door." They called it that because the class was administered...well...behind a green door. It was also solid steel, and it was up on the third floor, off limits to all sonar students and anyone else who had no reason to go there. You had to meet two criteria to enter that door. One was a secret clearance, and the other was what's commonly called, 'the need to know.'

It was an eight-week course for a new system of underwater "Passive Sonar" facilities strung out along both the East and West coasts of the United States. Each facility had a linear array of usually forty listening hydrophones (that's why it's called "passive"...there was no pinging involved, as in active sonar) just beyond the continental shelf. These 'microphones' picked up low-frequency sounds from amazing distances of up to thirty-five hundred miles away. To give you an idea...stations in the Bahamas could track a Soviet submarine (that's what we were looking for) in the northern Atlantic cruising around Greenland and Iceland. Not only could we detect their propeller sounds, but their engine sounds as well.

We had reference books that told us the propulsion of just about every ship, surface or submarine, on earth. To take this one step further, so you will better understand my '*J.P. Day story*'...we'd also track the Russian trawler activity in the northern part of the north Atlantic, daily. Remember, it was during the Cold War, and things were very tense at times (remember the Cuban Missile Crisis?), so keeping an eye on all Russian business was paramount to our purpose. Why their trawlers? In the early sixties, the Russian trawler fleet had a large complement of electronic technicians and was known to do a lot of electronic snooping. Don't get me wrong, they also used these trawlers for their namesake purpose, which was fishing. They had a mother ship out there for weeks at a time to process the fleet's catch.

Also, during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the folks back home would have felt a little more secure if they had been privy to our little secret. The conundrum was that we could never let the Russians know that we could see them (and see them we did, just about everywhere they went) much less ask them to leave a restricted area when we saw them snooping around. We had to "bite our tongues" many times and let them do whatever they were doing in order to collect much more important information about them.

The SOSUS (**S**ound **S**urveillance **S**ystem) was declassified in 1991, with the fall of the Soviet Union.

Now for J.P. Day, and the story of our trip to St. John's, Newfoundland.

Like any other weekend liberty we had up there, we left the base on Friday afternoon, right after one of our watches, to make the 80-mile drive over to St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland. It was one of the places that made our stay on 'the rock' a much more pleasant one. The hunters and fishermen from our group had their way of relaxing to get away from it all. The rest of us had St. John's, a great liberty port, with some of the nicest people you'd ever want to meet: down to earth, honest, and hard-working, in the truest sense of the phrase.

JP and I did the usual Friday afternoon and night things: first checking into our familiar bed and breakfast place; going out to get something to eat; walking around town to see if we could find any of the guys from the base; and then going back to the B&B for some sleep. It was run by a lovely old lady of around forty-five or fifty (remember, we were in our early twenties), whose kids had moved out, leaving her and her husband with spare rooms in their big, old Victorian house. After many weekends of staying there, we became part of the family. We called it a B&B, but we ate more than one meal a day there, she being the best cook in Canada. There were even times when she'd call us down for snacks, when she and her husband craved

the munchies. We always left a puffy envelope in our room when we left on Sunday night, against her wishes. They were wonderful to us.

This particular Saturday morning, we left the B&B at about 0900 and decided to walk down around the docks behind Water Street. It was a very well-protected harbor, with two very large hills at the entrance - sort of like a mini Rock of Gibraltar inlet. As usual, we found six or seven merchant vessels tied up to the pier that morning. As we were walking by one of the ships we saw two deck hands walking along the gunnels. They were wearing black knitted sweaters with matching watch caps. The ship was the *Aletus*, and she was flying a Russian flag.

“Hello,” the tall one said, in a thick Russian accent.

Together, JP and I returned their greeting. “Hello, how are you?”

“No English,” was his reply.

Saluting them, and assuming they'd understand a louder English, JP said, “We are US Navy.”

Their eyes widened. Then the tall one said, “Ah, US Navy,” raising both of his hands, imitating a traffic cop, asking us not to move. He turned and quickly went into one of the passageways, leaving the other sailor staring at us in silence. A few uncomfortable minutes later, he appeared with another guy. He looked to be in his late thirties or early forties. Although he had a heavy accent, his English was very precise and easy to understand - he was the ship's Captain.

“Hello, US Navy. You want come aboard?” extending his welcome, he motioning us to the gangplank. JP and I looked at each other for no more than two or three seconds, then boarded her with outstretched hands to meet his. Noticing JP's expression, I could tell that he was as anxious as I was of our decision to board. I'm sure JP was thinking the same thing I was...“Should we have come aboard? Are we crazy?”

We found ourselves going with the flow as we followed the captain into his cabin. It was a good-sized room, with a twin bed against one wall and a slanted chart table against the other. It also had what I thought to be an oversized porthole on the outside bulkhead. All in all, I'd say it was a very comfortable cabin. He quickly pulled out two stools from behind the door, dragging them over to the chart table. JP and I sat, while the captain eased down on his stool, which had a spring back, looking very comfortable.

There was a map on the table. We saw right away that it was a map of both the North Atlantic with the northern part of the South Atlantic below, extending halfway down along the coast of Africa - a map we were very familiar with from standing many watches back on the base.

Scanning the map quickly, we both could see what must have been the *Aletus*' route: straight tracking lines coming out of the North Sea, down to the west coast of Africa, then turning back up north, slowly veering west, crossing the Atlantic, and ending up to where we were now, in St John's harbor. We felt right at home looking at this part of the world using a Mercator map.

He explained how his ship's mission was to transport water from and to different ports. What? Really? Water? JP and I didn't know what to make of that. Reaching into a drawer, he took out a few pictures. They were different snapshots of the cruise, some taken on board and some on shore. There was one picture of six or seven guys on a sandy beach (quite gray-looking sand) with a woman, all in bathing suits. She was a heavy-set gal, seemingly in her early thirties. Quite hefty but obviously handling it well, sporting a pretty good figure. He said she was the on-board cook who did other odds and ends on the ship. JP and I thought it odd to have a woman on board, but accepted it as being a Russian policy, leaving it at that.

All in all, our host was very gracious and had his Steward bring us a cup of coffee. It was a pleasant visit lasting the better part of two hours. Leaving the ship, we respectfully gave the ship's stern ensign a salute as we approached the gangplank to disembark. Turning to the captain, we shook his hand, each giving him a salute. We walked down the gangplank feeling a little more relaxed than when we made the trip up the gangplank some two hours before.

Upon getting back to the base, JP and I quickly went to our work station to look up the *Aletus* in Jane's Shipping to find more information about her. We did, of course, find the type of propulsion, speed, displacement, etc., but nothing of its intended cargo. We were disappointed.

I'm happy to report that nothing exciting happened. We caused no international incident, and we were not taken hostage. There was nothing Cold War-ish about what happened to JP and me that day.

I just received my Cold War Certificate from the Navy Department, for service to my country somewhere between 1946 - 1991, in what was called The Cold War between Russia and the United States.

It may have been a mistrustful and troubled time for our two governments. I'll even go as far as to say that it was also a hateful time between our nations, but to JP and me, and our friends on the *Aletus*, it was a wonderful experience, and I'm very thankful it happened.

I think of our friends often.

- Charlie Costa STG2, USN 1962-1966

50 Years of ACINT Analysis

by Ron Smith

The Farragut Center's Acoustic Intelligence (ACINT) Department celebrated the 50th anniversary of its acoustic laboratory in June 2012. ONI's first Acoustic Intelligence Analysis Facility became operational on 6 June 1962. The half-century commemoration was celebrated in the department's Collaboration Center with the cutting of a cake by TAC-6, ACINT Department Head Mike Thompson.

Although the analysis facility dates from 1962, ONI's involvement in ACINT actually goes back to 1949 when the Technical Unit (OP-322F2) of ONI's Foreign Section began studying acoustics as part of Electronic Intelligence (ELINT). This interest was stimulated by a requirement for acoustic data to support development of programs such as SOSUS, homing torpedoes and acoustic fuses, and to assist in the appraisal of foreign ships and submarine propulsion plants. In 1952, Eldon Bissett was recruited from the Sound Division of the Naval Research Laboratory and became the Technical Unit's principal sonar analyst.

Starting in 1953, programs to collect and analyze acoustic recordings of foreign naval platforms and sonars gradually evolved. ONI's early role in ACINT was to serve as the designated control point, receiving the raw data and recordings, screening and forwarding the recordings of highest priority targets to two Navy labs for analysis, receiving the analytical results, correlating them with other related data, and disseminating the finished intelligence. This work was eventually moved to an ONI field activity, the U.S. Naval Scientific and Technical Intelligence Center (NAVSTIC), located on the grounds of the Naval Observatory.

ACINT collection programs developed and expanded. High-quality recordings were received at an increasingly rapid rate, eventually exceeding the capability of the two Navy labs to process and analyze the recordings, resulting in a two-year backlog. In November 1959, a CNO Advisory Board supported the establishment of a specialized acoustic intelligence facility. It was decided to locate it at

NAVSTIC, where it became operational on 6 June 1962.

NAVSTIC also started a program to provide sonar technicians as ship-riders to provide ACINT technical support to designated collection platforms. This program was so successful that the special Navy Enlisted Classification Code ST-0416, Acoustic Intelligence Analysis Technician, was established in 1965.

As requirements for ACINT data gradually expanded, The Acoustics Division of NAVSTIC's Undersea Warfare Department operated the lab, initially with one analyst, Roger Roesler, who was soon supplemented by Bruce Rule and George Miller and, eventually, by many others. The original NAVSTIC ACINT Division has evolved through numerous reorganizations of ONI and its field activities, resulting in today's TAC-6 ACINT Department in ONI's Farragut Center. TAC-6 now has 66 military, 76 civilians and eight contractors.

Since its opening, the ONI acoustic analysis facility has become the national laboratory for analysis and exploitation of ACINT data and is responsible for the production and dissemination of acoustic signal characteristics information and ACINT-based intelligence assessments to the fleet, DoD and the national intelligence community. ONI's ACINT analysts have produced a steady stream of intelligence on the acoustic characteristics of foreign submarines, surface ships, sonars, weapons, and countermeasures, as well as other valuable information about radiating platforms or systems and their operational use that can be derived from analysis of acoustic data.

The ACINT Department and its laboratory continue to evolve to meet current and future needs. The laboratory will undergo a major upgrade called ACINT Modernization to improve its capabilities so that ONI can continue to provide the high level of intelligence the fleet and IC have come to depend on over the last 50 years.

- Ron Smith (LTjg, SOSUS 62-66; GS, ONI 66-12)

Assignment Cape May, NJ - 1958

by Dick Rentner

Cape May, New Jersey, was my second choice for my second duty station. It was March 1958 and I was on Grand Turk when Chief Wade Fletcher informed me that it was time to make my three choices for where I would like to next serve as an SO2 in the Oceanographic System. I chose NavFac Nantucket for my first choice, then Cape May, and third Cape Hatteras. I didn't consider the West Coast, thinking that I would like to see more of the East Coast first. I already had thoughts of making the Navy my career because I had no idea what I would do as a civilian. I received the basic electronics training in Sonar "A" school but I really didn't have any hands-on experience, and judging from what the ET's did and how much more they knew about vacuum tubes, radios and TV, I didn't think I could cut it as an electronics repairman. Returning to my job in Chicago as a union carpenter installing windows was not appealing, especially since that profession was the reason I joined the Navy in the first place! Besides, here on Grand Turk I had worked my way up to a day-job and was having too much fun going to the beach every day, the movies every night, and just being with my shipmates at the club downing the suds. What more could a young sailor ask for?

I went home to the Chicago area for two weeks leave before I had to report to Cape May. I met a high school friend, also home on leave from the Navy, and he advised me that instead of lugging around the sea bag that held all my worldly goods, I should keep a few things and ship the sea bag to Cape May via Railway Express, the precursor to UPS and FedEx. In those days, besides all our uniforms – a peacoat, raincoat, shoes, etc. – we also had to lug our two blankets and a pillow. Stuffing all this into a sea bag was a work of art and it weighed a ton, so I dropped off my sea bag at the local Railway Express, not knowing whether I would ever see it again.

After a few days at home I decided I needed some transportation to get around the Chicago area, and it would also be beneficial to have a car while in Cape May, so I scraped up enough cash (thanks, Mom!) to buy a 1954 Mercury that appeared to be in good condition. A family friend was a salesman at the local used car lot and assured me that this was a good deal. The car seemed in fairly good shape, and it served me well, at least until I made it to the Ohio Turnpike, where I got a flat tire and discovered the spare tire rim did not fit my car, and that the jack did not work. A State Police car pulled up and after I told him my dilemma, he put both tires in his trunk, and said "get in". He took me to the next turnpike service station

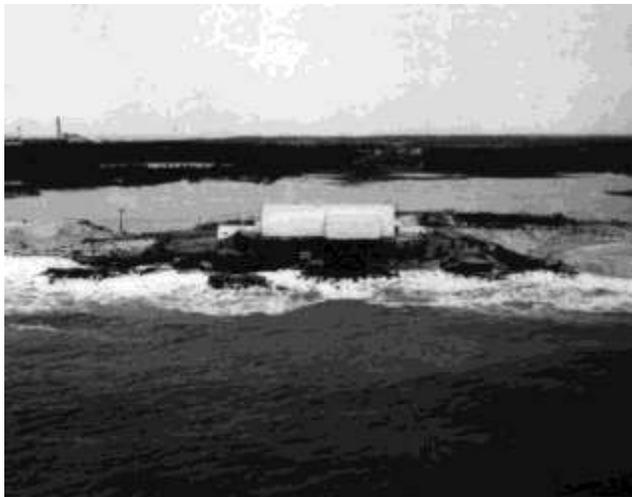
where they put the good tire on the rim that belonged to the car. He also told me that he had noticed one of my headlights was not working. I then had to get back to my car somehow. A tow truck driver said he was heading that way and could take me. Since that day, I have always held a great respect for Ohioans, and a great disrespect for used car salesmen!

Arriving in Cape May, my first objective was to pick up my sea bag. The Railway Express station turned out to be a four by four foot, broken-down wooden shed, with its only security being a small padlock holding the decrepit looking door closed. It was the only structure other than the railroad freight cars at this end-of-the-line railroad station, and it had a large black-on-white sign saying, "Railway Express". I had a difficult time finding someone to claim ownership of this structure, so I walked around the dilapidated station area and finally found an old guy with a gray beard, dressed like a train engineer, wearing old black and white striped bib overalls and matching hat. The only thing missing from his get-up was an oilcan! But he said he could help me, and when he opened the squeaky door he reached in and pulled out my sea bag. I think it was the only thing inside. He was then kind enough to direct me toward the NavFac located on the "other side of town" as he described it. So I threw the seabag in the trunk with the no-good spare and headed for my new home.

After about 30 minutes of driving up and down the road that he had directed me to, I couldn't find the side road going to the NavFac, so I stopped at a local bar and was directed to a little two-rut road leading into a wooded area. I thought I was being set up, but sure enough a short way down at a fork in the road, there was a little sign on the right indicating "this way to Naval Facility, Cape May".

The NavFac was built in a swampy area, near the ocean of course, that was once a World War II Harbor Defense site. The buildings were all elevated and the T-Building reminded me of a Wisconsin barn with a ramp up to the door for the cows to enter. Of course there were no cows, just sailors. Actually, the T-building was built on top of a huge bunker previously named Battery 223. The enlisted quarters where I was going to live the next two years of my life were the same as the Quonset huts I lived in on Grand Turk, but they had a raised wooden floor, not a concrete slab, and were painted Army olive drab. All of the Quonset huts were nearly unoccupied since the majority of the sailors lived off-base. (This was in the era of male-only NavFacs).

One of the most impressive buildings on the facility was the well-supplied and neatly kept Wood Shop that the CB's enjoyed. Evidently it was well used, and not just for military purposes, and not by just any sailor. It seemed that the shop was for the exclusive use of a select few. Some very nice things made there were not found on any Navy inventory list.



1962 Ash Wednesday Storm Deep-sixes NavFac
Cape May

The next morning, after going through the check-in process of meeting all the (self) important personnel on the lower base, I was directed up the huge cement stairway and into the T-building where I was introduced to my leading Chief and assigned to a watch section. I never saw the Chief again except at the XO's mandatory Saturday morning all hands personnel inspection, and then only occasionally as he passed through the "floor" when I stood a day watch. Life here was not what I had grown accustomed to. The camaraderie was missing. Everyone seemed to go in different directions; the only time we got together was on watch or at the Saturday morning personnel inspection. The Radiomen were in a different rotation than the Sonarmen and, of course, so were the Watch Officers. That meant we really didn't get to know anyone except our own four-person watch section. The other three SO's in my section were all married, so they went home to their families after each watch. There wasn't a club on base to get a drink, nor were there any movies shown in the evenings. In the Recreation Hut we could watch TV, read a book, or play ping pong, that is, if you could find a partner. The friendliest person I met at Cape May was a Radioman named Bill Hazelbaker; later I would meet him again when he was a civilian contractor on COSL Staff. Everyone seemed to like him and he liked everyone. But he stood out in contrast to the isolation of the place.

The fun life was gone and, putting it mildly, I was not happy here. I was so glad that I had purchased a car before I came to Cape May. I did a lot of sightseeing on my own in the local area. I strolled on the beach boardwalk, something I had never seen before. I saw the old "concrete ship" built during WWI used to transport American troops back home from Europe, now just crumbling apart near the shoreline at Sunset Beach. I also frequented a few bars, mainly the one where I had asked for directions when I first arrived. I got to know a few locals, but I couldn't keep up with them mainly for monetary reasons. On Saturdays, the bars in town and near the beach area were filled with tourists and young people listening to the live bands. But the cover charge just to enter turned me away.

Then one day, while on an Eve Watch, the heavens smiled down upon me. The Watch Officer said a message just came in stating that an SO2 stationed in Nantucket was requesting a Humanitarian Transfer, which was a duty station swap at "no cost to the government". He wanted to come to Cape May because his mother was terminally ill, and he wanted to be closer to her at their home in New Jersey. Only an SO2 with a minimum of one year experience at any NavFac would be eligible. I was the only SO2 on watch, and I jumped at the chance to leave this place! I immediately said I would do it. I wanted to get all the paperwork completed before someone else got the word and volunteered. The WO was very helpful and got all the paperwork into motion for me – he had nothing else to do on those boring watches. He was just as tired of this place as everyone else! Within a couple days all was settled, and after 3 months of misery in the southernmost tip of New Jersey, I hit the road to my next duty station on a small island called Nantucket, off Cape Cod, Massachusetts, which resulted in four and a half magnificent years.

- CWO4 Dick Rentner, USN (Ret)

NOTE: Dick Rentner completed Sonar "A" School in December 1956 as an SO3 and volunteered to go behind the "Green Doors". He then served at Naval Facilities Grand Turk, 57-58; Cape May, 58; and Nantucket, 58-62. After "B" and "C" Schools in Key West, 62-64, he served aboard USS Brownson (DD 868), 64-68 and USS Belknap (DLG 26), 68-71. He then served on COMOCEANSYSLANT Staff, 71-75; NavFac Keflavik, 75-77; and a second tour at COSL Staff, 77-80. He retired from COSL as CWO4 Operations Technician in November 1980. Dick then worked for 18 years in the civilian shipbuilding industry before signing on with a Naval Architect firm for 11 years designing mega yachts, sport fishing boats, and military small craft. Dick resides in Virginia Beach, VA, with his wife Joanne.

"OUR BOOK" Excerpts

by Ed Smock

Oct/Nov 1962 – NavFac San Salvador surveyed for possible Cuban conflict troop staging area

One day soon after the start of the Cuban crisis, we observed a TOI containing "numerous" unknown sources. So many that we just had to find out what it was. Considering the geography of the area, I decided to take binoculars and the duty truck to see if I could learn anything. It wasn't long before I discovered a very large Naval vessel that was obviously the TOI in question. I made a drawing of its silhouette and headed back for "Jane's"... It turned out to be the USS Hunley AS-31. Later that day we had high ranking visitors who proceeded for the next 3 or 4 days to survey the island and our facilities. Their intent was to use San Sal as a staging area (tent city) to house troops that may be called upon, and for use as a possible medical facility.

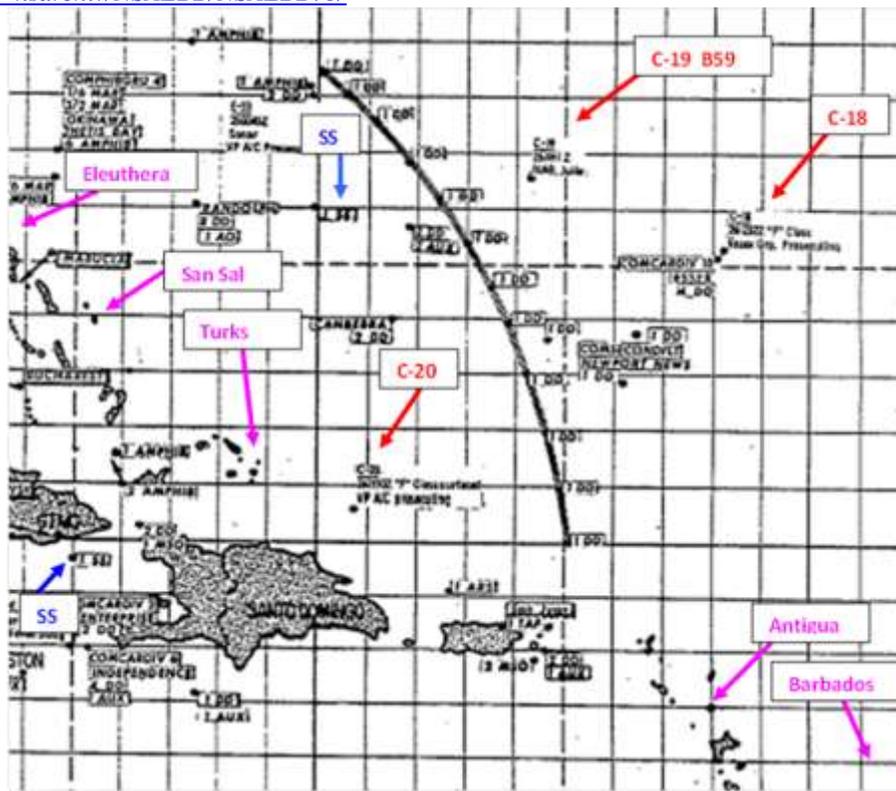
(Ed Smock SO1 San Sal)



USS Hunley AS-31

Oct 1962 - The following Cuban Crisis Chart from Navy Archives has been declassified

<http://www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/NSAEBB/NSAEBB75/>



"Notice the three (3) Soviet submarines (red), our two (2) submarines (blue), the string of destroyers and numerous other Battle Group Naval Surface vessels and VP aircraft - relative to our NavFacs"

"This was not an Exercise, this was Real"

"We were in the Front Row... Best seats in the house..."

"These seats were not for sale...they were earned, "We" had been looking for eight (8) years - We were ready..."

(Ed Smock SO1 San Sal 1962)

Oct/Nov 1962 – Cuban Crisis (A very serious situation not realized by many)

First confirmed detections of Soviet Diesel and Nuclear submarines by SOSUS.
(Ed Smock SO1 San Sal)

Navy SitReps - Cuban Crisis

Ref: The National Security Archive - The Submarines of October - October 31, 2002 (as written):

9. CINCLANT cable to AIG [Address Indicator Group?] 930, JCS, CINCARIB, et al., "Current ASW Status," 26 October 1962, showing visual sightings and SOSUS (sound surveillance system) contacts with Soviet submarines--including C-18, C-19, and C-20--since 22 October.

Source: CHF, 21 (A) SS/ASW Contacts (Closed)-1

11. CTG 81.1 (element of COMSAWFORLANT?) cable to CTF 81 (COMASWFORLANT) "Appreciation of SOSUS Activity in Western Atlantic from 23001Z to 273100Z," 27 October 1962, reports seven SOSUS contacts with conventional Soviet submarines, although noting difficulty of using SOSUS to track C-18 and C-19

Source: CHF, 21 (A) SS/ASW Contacts (Closed)-1

12. CINCLANT cable to JCS, "Summary of Soviet Submarine Activities in Western Atlantic to 271700Z," 27 October 1962, reporting various visual sightings and various technical intelligence contacts of Soviet submarines through radar, SOSUS, MAD, as well as Julie and Jezebel sonobuoys.

Source: CHF, 21 (A) SS/ASW Contacts (Closed)-1

17. CTG 81.1 cable to CTF, "Appreciation SOSUS Activity from 271201Z-2843000Z (?)," 28 October 1962, reporting that SOSUS system "total remaining above normal", including 6 contacts of Soviet conventional submarines: C-18, C-19, C-20, and C-23.

Source: CHF, 21 (A) SS/ASW Contacts (Closed)-1

33. CTG 81.1 cable to CTF 81, 31 October 1962, "Appreciation of SOSUS Activity from 301301Z to 311300Z," reports high detection visibility although a decrease in SOSUS contacts.

Source: CHF, 21.SS/ASW

13. Deck Log Book [Excerpts] for U.S.S. Beale, DD 471, showing tracking and signaling operations, with use of practice depth charges (PDCs), and eventual surfacing of submarine C-19 on the evening of 27 October (local time). The Beale was part of the Randolph ASW task group 83.2.

Source: National Archives, Record Group 24, Records of Bureau of Naval Personnel (hereinafter cited as RG 24), Deck Logs 1962, box 74

16. Recollections of Vadim Orlov (USSR Submarine B-59), "We Will Sink Them All, But We Will Not Disgrace Our Navy", Orlov's account includes the controversial depiction of an order by Captain Valentin Savitsky to "assemble the nuclear torpedo".

28 October 1962 - The U.S. Navy shadows the second Soviet F-class submarine to surface, after repeated rounds of signaling depth charges on 27 October

<http://www.gwu.edu/~nsarchiv/NSAEBB/NSAEBB75/index.html>



Soviet F-class submarine forced to surface after repeated rounds of signaling depth charges

Washington, D.C., 31 October 2002 Forty years ago today, the U.S. Navy forced to the surface a Soviet submarine, which unbeknownst to the Navy, was carrying a nuclear-tipped torpedo. This was the third surfacing of a Soviet submarine during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

After a day of persistent tracking by the U.S. destroyer, the Charles P. Cecil, commanded by Captain Charles Rozier, Soviet submarine B-36, commanded by Captain Aleksei Dubivko, exhausted its batteries forcing it to come to the surface.

On 27 and 30 October respectively, U.S. Navy anti-submarine warfare (ASW) forces sight surfaced Soviet submarines B-59 and B-130. No one on the U.S. side knew at the time that the Soviet submarines were nuclear-armed; no one knew that conditions in the Soviet submarines were so physically difficult and unstable that commanding officers, fearing they were under attack by U.S. forces, may have briefly considered arming the nuclear torpedoes.

Indeed, one of the incidents--the effort to surface B-59 on 27 October 1962--occurred on one of the most dangerous days of the missile crisis, only hours after the Soviet shoot-down a U-2 over Cuba and as President Kennedy was intensifying threats to invade Cuba.

(Note: B-59 equates to C-19 above - Ed Smock)

Remembering the Cuban Missile Crisis

by Jack Holdzkom

Where were you 50 years ago, on Monday, 22 October 1962? I realize that some of our members were not yet born, and many others may have only vague memories of that time or have read about it in history books, but at least two IUSSCAA members -- Chic LoMonaco and I -- were students at Fleet Sonar School, Key West, Florida, and experienced what it was like to be so close to the critical action focused just 100 miles to the south. Chic and I were in separate classes in the 31-week, 560G surface sonar course and would not enter the inner sanctum "behind the green doors" for another six months. Our Director Emeritus, Ed Dalrymple was under orders to attend the SOSUS officer course and arrived a few weeks later, in mid-November, while US/Soviet tensions were still very high.

Word on the Naval Station late that October afternoon was that President John F. Kennedy would make a televised address that evening, on an urgent matter of national importance. While most base residents probably had no idea of what would be the subject of his address, many of us had observed that the waterfront piers - normally occupied by several submarines, destroyers, and other Navy ships - mysteriously had become completely vacant. The President's comments would explain that situation.

In his address, "JFK" revealed that Soviet medium-range, surface-to-surface ballistic missiles with nuclear warheads, capable of striking Washington, DC were being installed on Cuban soil. He said the United States would "regard any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemisphere as an attack by the Soviet Union on the United States, requiring a full retaliatory response against the Soviet Union." Further, he demanded those missiles be removed and stated that a Naval "quarantine" was being imposed on the island of Cuba, to prevent the introduction of additional missiles that were known to be en route aboard cargo ships. Thus began a period of extremely dangerous confrontation between the US and the USSR.

The DEFCON was raised to a higher level. Within an hour after the President ended his speech, all off-duty personnel on the Naval Station were rounded up, mustered, given brief instructions, and posted around the base perimeter in a continuous chain of security watches. We were initially "armed" with flashlights, whistles, and nightsticks. As they became available, within a day or two, these items were augmented by M-1 rifles and clips loaded with eight, .30 caliber cartridges. My watch assignment on that first night was to "guard" the marine railway against swimmers (frogmen) and to blow my whistle if I saw any. I was happy that there was no need to use the whistle! During a later night watch on the long concrete mole pier that juts out into the Gulf of Mexico, I was startled by a loud splash but relieved to discover it was caused by a large Manta ray.

Fleet Sonar School quickly modified its normal schedule, so that we students were attending classes every other day, alternating with days on which we stood security watches, four hours on, eight off. Instructors, all senior petty officers and Chiefs, were also on that daily schedule and were on the watch bill as security section supervisors. They carried .45 caliber side arms when making their rounds.

Key West rapidly became a beehive of additional military activity. Unknown to us at the time, the US had become aware of the missiles in Cuba a week earlier and was ramping up preparations for war. Nike anti-aircraft missile batteries were set up by the US Army in at least a couple of locations on the island as well as at other sites in southern Florida. Several Army divisions were preparing to invade Cuba. The sounds of powerful Navy F-4 Phantom jet fighters and RF-8 Crusaders, probably flying out of the adjacent Naval Air Station at Boca Chica, roaring overhead at all hours, were a common occurrence. These flights were especially unnerving in the middle of the night, as they rattled the Jalousie windows of the BEQs. The Phantoms were probably escorts for the Crusaders, which flew frequent, low-level photo-reconnaissance missions over Cuba.

During the first few days of the confrontation the Soviets repeatedly denied the presence of their missiles in Cuba and raised strong objections to the Naval "quarantine". I remember our Ambassador to the United Nations, Adlai Stevenson, after challenging his Soviet counterpart to deny the missiles and being stonewalled, saying "... I am prepared to wait for my answer until hell freezes over...". He then displayed large aerial reconnaissance photos of missile sites to the UN Security Council and explained what they revealed, exposing the Soviet lies.

Tense negotiations ended about a week later when President Kennedy and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev struck an eleventh-hour deal. In exchange for the withdrawal of their nuclear missiles from Cuba, the Soviets were promised that the US would not invade that Communist-controlled island nation. While this agreement allowed both sides to step back and take a deep breath, we did not relax our guard until late November or early December. The resolution of the crisis and subsequent relaxation allowed a personal happy ending. Fleet Sonar School was able to observe a Christmas - New Year break and I was able to take leave and participate in a wedding that had been planned for that period -- mine!

We had been literally on the brink of nuclear war. To my knowledge we have never before, nor since, been so close to the edge.

- OTCM Jack Holdzkom, USN (Ret)

Faulty Intelligence Nearly "Sank" SOSUS During the Cuban Missile Crisis

by Bruce Rule

The first Sound Surveillance System (SOSUS) station became operational in September 1954, eight years before there was any intelligence available that accurately described the acoustic characteristics of Soviet diesel submarines as they might have been detected in a hostile (actual operational) environment such as the Western Atlantic. In other words, SOSUS personnel had no idea before the Cuban Missile Crisis what acoustic detections of Soviet submarines would look like on their time versus frequency displays (Lofargrams) or how they could be distinguished from non-threat acoustic targets.

This was the case because, before the Cuban Missile Crisis, almost all acoustic detections of Soviet diesel submarines available to SOSUS analysts for reference purposes (a signature library) involved surfaced operations. Before October 1962, no US intelligence activity had any detections of Soviet diesel submarines operating at long (detection) ranges in a snorkel mode. This was a critical shortcoming because snorkel mode acoustic signatures differed significantly from surface mode signatures.

The FOXTROT Class Soviet diesel submarines that deployed to the western Atlantic during the Cuban Missile Crisis snorkeled on only one outboard diesel-driven shaft line to conserve fuel. Use of a single outboard propeller produced off-axis thrust which had to be compensated for by an off-set rudder angle. Both conditions significantly disturbed the inflow to that propeller producing high levels of low-frequency noise (cavitation). In contrast, operation on the surface on two propellers - the operating condition of almost all Soviet diesel submarine detections made before the Cuban Missile Crisis - produced a more uniform wake inflow to those propellers which reduced the level of cavitation with the result that engine-generated low-frequency acoustic signatures were more detectable than the propeller sources.

When collateral intelligence confirmed Soviet submarines were operating in the SOSUS surveillance area west of Bermuda as the Cuban Missile Crisis developed, the question became: "Why isn't SOSUS detecting them?"

Only after the US naval blockade reduced the amount of commercial shipping (and acoustic detections thereof) in the SOSUS surveillance area did detection of unusual acoustic signatures become evident. More by a process of elimination (there were almost no other candidates) were those detections evaluated as possible Soviet submarines. A P2V ASW surveillance aircraft was sent to investigate one of these unusual SOSUS detections (1). The aircraft sighted a snorkel mast and, upon dropping an acoustic sensor (sonobuoy), detected the same unusual acoustic signature reported by SOSUS.

Even though these acoustic detections bore no similarity to then known Soviet submarine detections, it was obvious they were valid which answered the above question: "Why isn't SOSUS detecting them?"

When recordings of these SOSUS detections were subsequently sent to the activity responsible for the final evaluation (analysis) of SOSUS data, there were serious doubts about their validity, doubts that were allayed only by the aircraft sighting and the acoustic correlation between the aircraft sensor and SOSUS.

It was not until 1963-64 when the Project BRIDGE Norwegian SOSUS site provided more than 20 detections of deploying and/or returning Soviet diesel submarines (2) that the apparent anomaly of the Cuban Missile Crisis detections was explained, i.e., snorkel-mode detections were predominantly - or exclusively at long range - composed of propeller cavitation sources. During the 1963-64 period, SOSUS emerged from what should be described as "The Acoustic Dark Ages." SOSUS became its own source of acoustic (signature) intelligence and no longer had to rely on the other collection systems which had previously provided limited and non-representative detections of Soviet diesel submarines. Basically, SOSUS "boot-strapped" itself out of support intelligence oblivion during the Cuban Missile Crisis.

These and subsequent SOSUS detections of Soviet diesel and nuclear submarines also became the basis for the Soviet submarine acoustic signature content and detectability assessments used by all other operational Navy acoustic sensor systems. This remains an often overlooked major contribution by

SOSUS to the field of ASW Intelligence over many years following the Cuban Missile Crisis. The conclusion that snorkel-mode Soviet submarine acoustic signature bore no similarities to any Soviet signatures collected before the Cuban Missile Crisis means that any snorkel-mode signatures detected by SOSUS before October 1962 would not have been recognized. (3) Further, Navy schools responsible for training SOSUS analysts, were, at least as late as 1961, still teaching that some Soviet diesel submarines used four-stroke/cycle engines. Such engines were not used by any long-range post-WWII Soviet submarines until JULIETT Class units became operational in 1963. It is probable no Soviet diesel submarines deployed to areas for which SOSUS provided surveillance coverage until the first ZULU and FOXTROT Class units became available for long-range deployments in the mid- to-late 1950s. All of those submarines employed Kolomna 37D two-stroke/cycle engines. So, until 1962, SOSUS was looking for the wrong acoustic signatures from submarines with the wrong engines.

Historical notes: although a NOVEMBER Class Soviet nuclear submarine deployed into the North Atlantic at least as far south as 60N in July 1962 (4), and employed speeds as high as 24 knots, the failure of the Soviets to deploy any nuclear submarines in connection with the Cuban Missile Crisis suggests they had limited confidence in the operational reliability of those platforms during operations in areas as distant as the Western Atlantic. In reality, the front-line (deployable) Soviet Submarine Force in 1962 was little better than the German Navy would have had in 1945 had they been able to deploy snorkel-equipped Type XXI submarines in significant numbers, i.e., FOXTROT Class submarines were only very marginally improved Type XXIs.

End Notes:

(1) NAVFAC Grand Turk, target ITEM 025, designated CHARLIE-20 by COMASWFORLANT.

(2) Chapter 8, THE NORWEGIAN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE, 1945-1970, by Olav Riste.

(3) A 1965 review of all then still available signature data on SOSUS contacts evaluated as possible Soviet diesel submarines during the years prior to October 1962 identified a single valid detection held earlier in 1962 by the ABLE and SUGAR arrays at CAPE HATTERAS. That target was a FOXTROT Class

submarine detected while conducting a 14-knot surface transit on a northeasterly heading while returning to the Soviet Northern Fleet. Initial contact occurred as it became dark in the contact area and continued for several hours until it was lost as a function of increasing range from ABLE.

(4) On 6 July 1962, NAVFAC Barbados reported a Soviet nuclear submarine on bearing 027, a bearing that, at a range of about 3200 nautical miles, splits the GIUK Gap between Iceland and the Faeroes Islands.

So little was known at that time about the acoustic signatures and detectability of Soviet nuclear submarines that recognition of the contact by the involved Barbados watch section was truly impressive.

The signature was detected for several hours. The involved speeds were between 21 and 24 knots.

Upon receipt and review of the Barbados data, the SOSUS Evaluation Center (EC) in Norfolk sent it as a valid detection to the Data Processing Unit (DPU) at the New York Naval Shipyard, the activity established by Joe Kelly for the final analysis of all SOSUS contacts reported as Soviet.

DPU assessed the Barbados contact to have been twin turbines from a US Navy oiler, and there the matter rested until the chance discovery at the Office of Naval Intelligence in 1964 of an HMS OBERON patrol report. That report described detection of a Soviet nuclear submarine operating at 24 knots on 6 July 1962 near 60N, several hours after Barbados lost contact.

That correlation ended the uncertainty; the Barbados contact became the first SOSUS detection of a Soviet nuclear submarine, albeit not officially confirmed until almost two years later. Detection range was about 3000 nautical miles.

- Bruce Rule

(NAVFAC Eleuthera 1959-60, FSS Key West 1960-61, COSL 1961-63, ONI 1963-92 and 1996-2007 with total of two years TAD to Norway 1963-1999)

(Editor's Note: Second Class Sonar Operator Bill Tilley is believed to be the NAVFAC Barbados on-watch operator responsible for the 6 July 1962 initial recognition/reporting of contact # 27103 - the first ever SOSUS detection of a Soviet nuclear submarine.)

Short Quips from Members

Top Ten Indicators of a Poor Maintainer

- by *Lorren Jackson*

You know you don't belong in the maintenance gang when you:

10. take three days to realize the problem on beam 27 isn't a bad transistor or a faulty ground wire; it's the broom straw in the stylus holder.
9. plan to get rich by selling the old, defective silver-plated relays on the 400~ MG set for thousands, when they only cost about \$60 new!
8. practice the phrase: "they were all aligned yesterday".
7. realize - **AFTER** the fact - that the MSO test bench cord is *extremely* short.
6. discover (also **AFTER** the fact) that the MSO test cord also has **ZERO** stretch capability...and the shop floor is very dense.
5. have a coffee cup with your board-level troubleshooting motto on it: "replace the cheap parts first".
4. (this one will make more sense to you old ET types...and maybe RMs) are told by the LPO: "several techs have been electrocuted by the High Voltage warning light on the FRT-39 transmitter. Be careful when you climb up to dust it". And you believe it!
3. have a unit troubleshooting motto of: "reseat the thing; maybe it's dirty contacts (and it often *was*!).
2. complete STG A2 phase (remember that?) with a final average of 78. Then about five years later, vowing to do far better, you take the exact same course again (except no synchro/servo unit) with a final average of 76!

And the Number ONE indication of a poor maintainer:

1. are sitting in the 400~ room on a laid-back summer day; the outside door open to let in the sea breeze as you use the magnifying glass to toast ants - you realize the EMO is behind you, watching.

My Time with the Organization: WESTPAC Acoustic Survey OPS

- by *Peter Stroux*

As CO, USS Neptune (ARC 2) 1965-1967 I had plenty of ups and downs. However, a non-typical situation related to "stuff happening," happened: In the spring of 1967 we were concluding a highly successful month of acoustic survey in the Western Pacific, working out of Yokosuka, Japan and were proceeding to port for a few days of liberty and minor repairs. Ha! About a day's steaming (literally-- Neptune had two, five-cylinder Skinner Uniflow reciprocating steam engines) out of port, the chief engineer reported some foreign noises in the number one engine but it did not seem to be serious.

As we proceeded on, the noise got more intense so we shut down number one and proceeded to port on number two engine at best speed of about ten knots, still thinking the problem was not serious. As we approached port, a Japanese Navy destroyer flying an Admiral's flag was also headed in on a crossing situation where, by the rules of the road, Neptune had the right-of-way. However, not wishing to push our luck, we slowed some more and "graciously" permitted the destroyer to proceed ahead thus preventing a possible collision since the DD was not about to give way and also saving the Admiral's face. They dipped their flag to us, a sign of mutual understanding and respect.

Satisfied that we had not created unintended consequences we put in alongside a pier and awaited a shipyard inspection party to assess our unidentified engine noise. With their little stethoscopes and rods, the Japanese machinists advised that we had a cracked piston head and that it needed to be replaced. Fortunately, we carried a spare piston (24 inches in diameter and secured against a bulkhead in a store room about three levels down).

They had to cut out part of the deck house over the engine room and another over the store room to pull the damaged piston and replace same in the engine. What started as a week in-port period turned into a three-week nightmare (although the crew loved the extra liberty). Fortunately, our masters exerted enough pressure on the yard to give us priority and the replacement piston worked out just fine. All in a day's (make that three weeks) work servicing Project Caesar.

Christmas in Canada

-by Ted O'Donnell

Argentia in December, 1963, a time to consider placing a Christmas tree in your home for this coldest winter holiday season of my four Christmas Holiday seasons in Newfoundland. No worries; the base had many trees for sale in a nice lot for tree sales near 900 housing.

One day, I was thinking about saving some dollars since the trees cost \$15-20 each, so I approached my friend, SO1 (now CWO4 Ret) Bob Dufford and suggested that we drive up a forest road and search for two nice trees to take back for our in-house displays. Bob readily agreed.

As we began our drive, the already falling snow became heavier and caused a small amount of concern at the time. We arrived at a promising location and did find one great tree. I was sure that we would find another and we both agreed that this would be Bob's tree. We then began a search for a second tree, noting that it was snowing so heavily by this time that the road we were parked on might not be drivable much longer.

It was not long before we decided it was more important to make it back to base safely than it was to find a second tree. Following a somewhat precarious drive back to the base and the smirking Marine guards at the main gate as we passed by, we dropped Bob and his tree off at his house and I proceeded to the for-sale lot to purchase a tree for my house.

It didn't look as good as Bob's tree. If it wasn't my idea in the first place I would have supported a suggestion that Bob pay half the cost of my tree. But, what are friends for? Bob and his wife, Maureen, were very good friends and those days together with that special winter are very nostalgic.

Plank Owners - NAVFAC Argentia!

-by John Curtin

After an apprenticeship at Nantucket I received successive orders to Bermuda, Hatteras and finally Argentia. There I was greeted by LCDR George H. Mullahy, the prospective CO, and LTjg Al Christopherson. An exceptional group of enlisted men were to become "plank owners". ET1 Terry Noonan (who made E6 on a "kiddie cruise"); BU2 Wall, who won the design contest for the NAVFAC logo; MCPO Hurlburt, who was among the very first to attain the E-9 rank; and RM1 Wayne Gaddy, who

was fully qualified in crypto repair. With them was a growing cadre of well-qualified young men.

With the able assistance of Tony Yates, a Seabee welder who had been transferred from Nantucket, the NAVFAC softball team won the base championship and then the Atlantic Fleet championship. As I recall, Tony was the only person to be promoted to Chief Welder that year.

The "Argentia Hilton" (aka the BOQ) was a far cry from Nantucket Quonset huts. The BOQ housed the WECO installers and a bar - an explosive combination! The installers worked hard during the week and partied harder on the weekends. Since mixed drinks were ten cents and beer free at Friday "Happy Hour", a running start to a party was not a costly affair.

One memorable party led to the Skipper and I meeting with an angry, make that very angry, Admiral at 0700 on a Saturday morning. The outcome of the meeting led to the removal of the installers from the BOQ and their relocation to some 1940-era Quonset huts. Then, since the WECO contract required "BOQ or equivalent" housing (and there being no "equivalent" housing closer than ninety miles of bumpy dirt roads away, in St. John's), the poor Admiral had to have the installers relocated to their former quarters. Note: If you have out-partied a bunch of Naval Aviators you really have partied!

Because there was considerable down time during the installation period, Captain Mullahy arranged for a variety of activities to keep us busy. Since I was a hunter and fisherman I had no need of special activities, but I nevertheless most enjoyed such things as barrier flights with VW 11, ASW patrols with VP 23, Ice-patrol flights with the Coast Guard, and sailing on the USS AEOLUS (ARC 3), USS THOR (ARC 4), and USS SHELDRAKE (AGS 19) as they installed the cables. A consultant to the Navy was the man who had skippered the OCEAN MONARCH when it laid the phone cable from England to Capetown, South Africa: CAPT Henry Lawrence and son Rodney - interesting "yarn spinners, both".

An interesting sidelight was the Navy's effort to get "Old Navy" supervision of the sonar watch sections which were manned by a bunch of young officers and enlisted men. Thus we came to know and appreciate Chief Bosun Wright, Chief Cook Pennix and Chief Storekeeper Dehil.

The WECO resident engineers were remarkable people; of particular note were Ken Rich, Herb Brown, and the unique Stan Kloc.

My experience in the Navy was life-altering. The Navy took a lab-rat nerd microbiologist and taught me that people are at least as interesting as microbes, and a lot more fun.

Many years after I had left the Navy I met CDR Joe Kelly on Sanibel Island, FL. From our conversation about my service on Nantucket, Bermuda, and Argentina he, of course, knew that I had been involved in Project CAESAR/SOSUS. At that time I was still under the impression that the term SOSUS was a classified term and I was uncomfortable with our conversation.

What an awesome amount of responsibility was given to a young junior officer. What a gentleman he was! I consider it an honor to have met a person who, in his own way, was instrumental in a successful outcome of the "Cold (especially in Argentina) War."

Bermuda Memories!

-by Edward "Duncan" McCarthy

I reported to NAVFAC Bermuda after about 15 months at Hatteras. Met, courted and married the former Dudley Trentham at St. James Somerset 53 years ago. We left in September 1960 when I left active duty for about five years. During that time Dudley, the children, and I variously returned to visit her family a few times.

In 2006 we returned after a 41-year hiatus and found remarkable change. A couple of years ago I discovered *USS BERMUDA The Rise and Fall of an American Base*, a self-published book by Don Grearson. It's extensively footnoted, a heavy read at 455 pages, and pricey at \$50.00. I had to own a copy and waded through all of it although my principal interest, the NAVFAC years, wasn't a large part of the book. The remainder of the book dealt with the Navy's closure of the various installations in the islands. The process was not amicable and, if Grearson's assertions are correct, Bermuda was not

well- treated.

Tudor Hill (NAVFAC) and Morgan's Point (NAVSTA) are not accessible and there appears to be little activity at either site. A round-trip ferry ride to Rockaway is about the only way to see anything at Morgan's Point and is worthwhile as one sees a number of the small Great Sound islands otherwise missed.

The Rockaway ferry landing is immediately adjacent to *Far Rockaway*, the former CO's quarters, a lovely house which is sadly now in advanced decay. My shipmates and I went to some great parties there as bachelors. (Captain Harry Badger had two attractive daughters of appropriate age!)



CO's Quarters - "Far Rockaway"

Some other changes I've identified are the demise of *Ledglets* and *Lantana* and a significant improvement of *Fort Scaur* as an historical attraction. Included is a replica pop-up muzzle-loader cannon in an emplacement atop the hill.

I suspect that I'm one of the oldest members of IUSSCAA. My class at Key West was, I believe, the first group of non-engineers to be trained as watch officers. When I entered active duty, SOSUS was a BUSHIPS program. In July I concluded 25.5 years at SUPSHIP Gulf Coast (consolidation of SUPSHIPs New Orleans and Pascagoula), an element of COMNAVSEASYS COM (BUSHIPS' successor).

Argentina, Newfoundland 1983-1985: Remembering the Good Times

by Peter Devana

I was posted to NAVFAC Argentina in the spring of 1983 and left in the summer of 1985. During my time there I held two positions, Detachment (Det) Commander for the Canadian contingent of this commanned facility, and also Base Operations Officer (OPSO) in the "T" Building.

The USN Base Commanders during my time there were Capt Bunch and Capt Payne. On my introductory visit the Base was in the midst of their annual Operational Readiness Inspection which resulted in Argentina being awarded the overall Battle 'E'. I realized right then that I would be under a lot of pressure to follow that performance of 1983.

A month or so after that introductory visit, my wife, Sharon and our teenage daughter, Lisa arrived and we were honoured with a fabulous American Meet & Greet attended by all the Base Officers..

We had a great time in Argentina and it was not all work, in spite of the fact I had to carry a pager 24/7 and once figured out I worked upwards of 80 hours a week fulfilling my duties as Det. Commander and OPSO.

Outside work, one of the first things my wife and I took on was starting a Sports Officials' organization. When we arrived we attended a interdepartmental basketball game and were astounded by the high level of play but horrified at the low level of officiating. Since we both had University experience as Basketball Officials we decided right then to make some changes. I was also a certified Softball Official, so together with Everett Vann, an American field service rep who worked in the "T" building with me, we decided to form an Officials' Organization and train interested personnel to National Certification in four sports; Basketball, Softball, Football and Volleyball. Everett Vann was a certified ASA Softball Official and also a certified Football official. The only other sport being played in the Interdepartmental League was Volleyball so we decided to get a Canadian National Volleyball Clinician and before too long we had new officials from the base certified in all four sports. It's interesting to note that in Volleyball most of our top officials came from the older teenagers of off base civilians. This same group had already gained the respect of the players as they had participated as well trained timers and scorers in the other sports. Our daughter Lisa actually designed our official crest

which we all wore on our organization uniforms. The Athletes really appreciated our group and Capt Joe Payne, our Commander, even officiated in his expertise, football. He didn't get too many complaints from the players, as I recall.

While we were in Argentina a message came in one day from Canadian Forces Maritime Command HQ in Halifax soliciting Canadian Forces units to compete in a fund raising event to raise money to refurbish the last existing Flower-Class Corvette (HMCS Sackville) used in the Battle of the Atlantic during WW2. At the next Dept Head Meeting I proposed we have an Interdepartmental competition to see who could raise the most money. Wow, don't ever challenge Canadian sailors, USN sailors, Marines, and CBs to any competition. In about 2 months NAVFAC Argentina raised the most money and won the "Save The Sackville" competition hands down, was awarded a brass plaque and we were invited to Halifax to receive the award which was mounted on the ship for all to see in the Maritime Museum located in HMS Dockyard .

By the way, the Ops Dept won the "on base" competition to the dismay of all other Departments, but to be honest the Ops Dept had an advantage. Our watches worked 24/7 and at every watch change we sold "day old" doughnuts supplied to us free by Tim Horton's in St John's. Tim Horton's is the most famous doughnut shop in Canada and was named after its founder, a very famous defenseman who played for the Toronto Maple Leafs of the NHL in the 50's. Every day we had a driver go to St John's on Canadian Forces business and on his way back he filled the CF Staff Station Wagon with our free booty and everything was pure profit. I have never seen so many doughnuts consumed by so few to win our private on base battle.

The sports facilities at Argentina were superb to say the least and the Canadians partook in everything but in my mind contributed very little. I contacted a Canadian Commodore who was in my chain of Command and suggested we should apply for a Canadian Forces grant to buy the North East Arm Recreation Camp (part of Base Recreation) two Laser Class sailboats. I wrote up the request in accordance with our Canadian Forces Administrative Orders (CFAOs). Commodore Fred Mifflin fully endorsed it, and in no time the boats arrived and were officially christened at the Arm by the Commodore himself.

Fred Mifflin was a born Newfoundlander and always wanted an excuse to visit his Detachment at Argentia so we had a definite inside track when it came to favors. After retirement Commodore Mifflin became a Federal politician (Member of Parliament) and was, for a time, Canada's Minister of Fisheries.

Capt Joe Payne once tasked me to organize an authentic Canadian Forces Mess Dinner to be held in the O Club for all to attend. It was compulsory for all officers to attend, as Mess Dinners are considered a parade. We made this one a "mixed" Mess dinner so wives, spouses, girlfriends, etc., could attend. I took the challenge, got all the official protocol together, and trained everyone who was attending on the procedures to be followed and we all had a great time. The Americans just loved the pomp and ceremony of it all and we had several very important guests at the head table including the Newfoundland Lieutenant Governor representing our Queen, the RCMP Superintendent for the Province and the famous ("infamous" some would say) Conservative Newfoundland Member of Parliament, The Right Honorable John Crosby. We invited the Premier of the Province, but unfortunately he could not attend. What a fabulous fun-filled evening we all had, complete with the Bagpipes!!

Now you are probably beginning to wonder if we ever worked; we sure did. The Ops Dept won the Battle "E" again in 1984 and 1985 and the Unit received the Meritorious Unit Commendation (MUC) for 1984. It was a very happy two years indeed!!!

I decided to leave a winner so in the summer of 1985 took my family on our final posting, flying the CP 140 Aurora as TACCO out of 407 Squadron in Comox, BC. On completion of that tour I retired after flying on all of the Canadian VP Squadrons, beginning in 1962. My first VP trip was a Cubex mission in Oct 62. What a way to start!

Since the Cold War was nearing an end in 1987, my job as a dedicated Sub Hunter was also ending, so I retired to my home in Victoria, BC.

For any of my Argentia Shipmates who read this, my family will never forget our experiences working with the VERY BEST!!

Peter N Devana
Major, Canadian Forces (retired)
CF Detachment Commander 83-85
Base Operations Officer 83-85
Naval Facility Argentia, Newfoundland, Canada

CAPT Paul Jacobs, USN (Ret) receives Surface Navy Special Recognition Award for 2012

SURFACE NAVY ASSOCIATION

2550 Huntington Avenue, Suite 202 • Alexandria, Virginia

2 November 2011

CAPT Paul Jacobs, USN (Ret)
4031 University Drive, Suite 200
Fairfax, VA 22030

Dear CAPT Jacobs:

It is my pleasure to inform you that the Surface Navy Association (SNA) has chosen you as one of the recipients of the Surface Navy Special Recognition Award for 2012.

You have been selected based on your historic rescue of the Vietnamese refugees and recent documentary of the event entitled the "The Lucky Few".

As you are well aware, the Surface Navy Association is a nonprofit organization that recognizes our military Surface Warriors both in the Navy and the Coast Guard. The Association was incorporated in 1985 to promote greater coordination and communication among those in the military, business and academic communities who share a common interest in Naval Surface Warfare. Our association consists of over 7200 members, encompassing active duty Officer and Enlisted military members and corporate executives. You can find more information on the internet at www.navydna.org.

The SNA Special Recognition Award was established to recognize members and individuals that have contributed to the Surface Warfare Community with excellence that is above and beyond promoting our community.

We would like to present the Award to you at the Association's National Symposium Awards Luncheon on Thursday, 12 January 2012 at the Hyatt Regency Crystal City Hotel in Arlington, Virginia. You and a guest are cordially invited to attend. The association will help fund your travel and lodging but we cannot fund additional guests.

The luncheon will begin at noon. Additionally, we would like you to join us for our Annual Banquet that evening at 6:00pm . Please contact Marianne Catina or Annette Hendrickson at the Surface Navy Association headquarters, 703-960-6800, for details and to arrange your reservations. Congratulations and I look forward to seeing you on January 12th.

Sincerely,
Ronald A. Route
Vice Admiral U.S. Navy (Ret)
President

Editor's note: CAPT Jacobs was PMW 124 (1977-81). You can obtain a copy of the documentary "The Lucky Few" DVD online and also view the documentary at www.usnavytv.org and search "The Lucky Few".

PEOPLE NEWS – Winter 2012

662 active members, 484 in archives, and 298 on the Memorial List.

* New Members

Ex-LT ALBERT ALEXANDER, USNR - Louisville, KY. Served at NAVFAC Ramey 1962-65. Married with 4 sons, Al retired from Ford Motor Company after 30 years. ***CAPT HARRY BENTER, USN (Ret)** - Sun City Center, FL. Served as Commanding Officer, NAVFAC Keflavik 1976-78. CAPT Benter and his wife Jacqueline have 5 children. He was an Episcopal priest since 1989 in MA, NY and FL and is now fully "retired". ***Ex-LT JAMES CARMODY** - Jersey Village, TX. Served at NAVFAC Argentina 1969-71 as CDO and Maintenance and Supply Officer. "Married 43 years to Tippy Carmody who became the school nurse at USNS Argentina for one year. Currently, I am a practicing attorney in Houston, Texas. www.carmodylex.com. I very much like renewing old friendships."

***Ex-OTA1 (SW) SCOTT CZARCINSKI** - Chesapeake, VA. Served at NAVFAC Adak 1986-87, NAVFAC Argentina 1990-92 and OSSD 1992-94. Scott is currently a Civil Service Information Assurance Manager (IAM) at Naval Information Operations Center (NIOC) Norfolk working with Navy enlisted ratings IT, CTN, CTM, CTT, etc. ***LT WILLIAM DAVEY, RCN/CF (Ret)** - Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Served twice at HMCS Shelburne/CFS Shelburne including 2 years in OPS and 2 years as XO. ***Ex-OT2 MICHAEL DESMOND** - Tinley Park, IL. Served at NAVFAC Midway 1968-69, NAVFAC Keflavik 1969-70 and NAVFAC Coos Head 1970-71. Married with two children, Mike is fully retired. ***MAJ PETER DEVANA, CF (Ret)** - British Columbia, Canada. Served at NAVFAC Argentina as Canadian Det Commander/Base Operations Officer 1983-85. "Retired in Victoria and Lake Cowichan, BC (two homes). Spend time equally in both places. Very interested in fly fishing and world travel. Wife and I spent two great years at NAVFAC Argentina and really enjoyed our tour."

***Ex-LT JOHN DOLAN, USNR** – late of Menlo Park, CA. Served at NAVFAC Cape Hatteras 1963-65 and COSP Treasure Island, CA 1965-67; sadly, John passed away in February. ***Ex-ET PAUL DUNCAN** - Vienna, VA. Served at NAVFAC Brawdy 1988-90. "Worked in the Comm Shack then moved to the watch floor where I became the Navy's first ET to qualify for the IUSS insignia. Worked under OTMCS Cowdrick and CWO4 McNulty and alongside AT&T engineers Rick Watts and Steve Averyt. Also worked with BBN engineer Lacey "Skip" Greene." Married with two sons, Paul is self-employed as a consultant in the energy business. ***Ex-OT1 JACK FOIDL** - Leesburg, VA. Served at NAVFAC Ramey 1969-70, NAVFAC Keflavik 1970-74, NAVFAC Brawdy 1974-76, NAVEX/NOSC San Diego 1976-78. Worked for TRW 1978-2001. Currently employed by MITRE Corporation since 2001. Following 14 years support to the National Reconnaissance Office, Jack now supports the National Geospatial Intelligence Agency in Northern Virginia.

***OTA1 ERIC GELSTON, USN (Ret)** - Chester, MD. Served at NOPF Dam Neck, NAVFAC Keflavik and COMUNDERSEASURV. ***Ex-RM TYGE GIBSON** - Chesapeake, VA. Served at NOPF Dam Neck 1995-98 and IOSC Norfolk, VA 2001-03. Currently employed with Booz Allen Hamilton. ***STG1 BRADLEY HEISLER, USN** - Suffolk, VA. Reported to NOPF Dam Neck in August, 2011. Assigned as a Sensor Operator in Team Two.

***Ex-DS2 DEBORAH HENRY** - Virginia Beach, VA. Served at NAVFAC Barbados 1977-79 and SURTASS 1985-2006. ***CAPT ROBERT HOBSON, USN (Ret)** - Lafayette, CA. Served at NAVFAC Coos Head 1958-59, NAVFAC Point Sur 1959-60 and as Commanding Officer NAVFAC Coos Head 1960-62. CAPT Hobson is presently practicing law in San Francisco with his son in the firm of Hobson & Hobson. The father of two sons with three grandchildren, CAPT Hobson is associated with the Naval Order, Navy League, Association of Naval Aviation and Association of the US Navy (formerly the Naval Reserve Association). ***Ex-OT RANDALL HOWSER** - San Antonio, TX. Served at NAVFACs Keflavik, Adak, Barbers Point, Midway and Pt Sur. Also served at COSP and on board USS SAMPLE (FF-1048). ***Dr. CLEO JANSSEN, DVM (Ex-OT2)** - Milwaukee, WI. Served at NAVFAC Keflavik 1975-76 and NAVFAC Pt Sur 1976-79.

***CAPT DONNA JASITT, USNR (Ret)** - Cookeville, TN. Served at NAVFAC Antigua 1979-81, COSP 1981-84, FLTASWTRACENLANT 1987-89, and COSL 1989-91. CAPT Jasitt also served as Commanding Officer, Naval Reserve Unit NOPF Dam Neck. ***Ex-USN JENNIFER KING** - Abilene, TX. Served at NAVFACs Adak 1991-93, Whidbey Island 1993-93 and Keflavik 1993-94. ***USN Ret - LAWRENCE LEAVER** - Zieglerville, PA. Served at NAVFACs Lewes 1963-64, Keflavik 1969, Nantucket 1969-71, Barbados 1971-73; TASS - USS ALBERT DAVID (FF-1050) 1973-74, COSL 1975-78, NAVFAC Grand Turk 1979-80, and COSL 1980-83. Currently the owner of Leaver Consulting.

***Ex-USN LEAH OLSEN** - New Bern, NC. Served at NAVFAC Pt Sur, COSP, NAVFAC Keflavik and RTF Dam Neck. ***Ex-USN ERICK PARDO** - Lansing, MI. Served at NOPF Ford Island, NOPF Whidbey Island and NAVFAC Brawdy (2 tours). ***Ms LISA PEVERELLE, CF** - Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. IUSS tours include CFS Shelburne 1988, NAVFAC Argentia 1989-91, and NAVFAC/NOPF Whidbey Island 1991-94. ***Ex-OT1 JAMES RANKIN** - Charleston, WV. Served at NAVFACs Bermuda, Argentia, and Keflavik 1970-73; NAVFACs Grand Turk and Cape Hatteras 1975-77; and NAVFAC San Nicolas and NOPF Dam Neck 1977-83.

Ex-OT1 JEAN ROBINSON - Virginia Beach, VA. Served at NAVFACs Brawdy, Cape Hatteras, and Keflavik. Also served in an IUSS assignment at COMOPTEVFOR. Jean retired as a C4ISR manager at US Joint Forces Command and Joint Staff. "I was the Comms officer for several major exercises which tested over 700 DARPA initiatives with several of our Coalition partners. It was incredible, but if I had not had the training and background as an OT I could not have done it! I loved being an OT! Just as Marines say "Once a Marine always a Marine" the same goes for OTs!" **Ex-USN BRUCE RULE, GS (Ret)** - Louisville, KY. Served at NAVFAC Eleuthera 1959-60, Fleet Sonar School, Key West 1960-61, COSL 1961-63, ONI 1963-92 and 1996-2007.

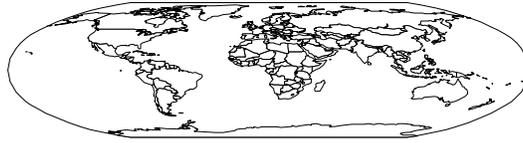
OTA/STG1 TRACY SELLERS, USN (Ret) - Vinton, IA. Served at NAVFAC Pacific Beach 1984-86, USS HAYLER (DDG-997) 1986-90, and NOPF Whidbey Island 1994-97. ***MAC ANDRE SMITH, USN** - Oak Harbor, WA. Served at NOPF Dam Neck 1991-94 and NAVFAC Brawdy 1994-95. ***LCDR JOHN STABB, USN (Ret)** - Anchorage, AK. Served at NAVFAC Argentia 1968-70. "After retirement from the USN, went to seminary on the GI Bill and served as a Lutheran parish pastor for 12 years. Currently living in Alaska and working as a substitute teacher in the Anchorage School District."

In Memoriam

We regret to report the passing of the following 24 “shipmates” from our IUSS Community whose names have been added to our website IN MEMORIAM page since the November 2011 issue of THE CABLE. Sadly, that page now contains 298 names.

Last Name	First Name	MI/aka	Rank/Rate/Title	System Affiliation	Deceased
ARMSTRONG	Robert	M.	SOO3	USN 1959-1965	Oct 2011
BOYES	Gary	R.	OT_	USN 1980s-1991	Jul 1991
CRAMPTON	Robert	Louis, Jr.	OTACS	USN 1970s-1990s	Jan 2012
DEVINE	David	L.	LT	USN 1960s-1970s	Oct 1996
DOLAN	John	K.	LT	USN 1960s	Feb 2012
EASON	Virginia	L. "Ginger"	LCDR	USN 1970s-1987	Apr 1987
ECKSTINE	Martha	M.	Civilian	GS 1980s-1990s	Jan 2012
EVANS	Kirk	E.	CAPT	USN 1969-1993	Aug 2012
GAGNON	Richard	R.	RMCS	USN 1967-1969	Aug 1996
GALIPEAU	Roger		STCS	USN/GS 1955-1994	Feb 2012
HARRIS	Richard	D.	LTjg	USN 1961-1965	Jan 2002
HOLBERTON	Larry		OTMC	USN 1970s-1980s	Jul 2012
HOLDERBY	Anderson	Byron, Jr.	RADM, CHC	USN 1970s	Aug 2012
MARTIN	Daniel	D.	OT1	USN 1970-1977	Jul 2012
McCANN	Wayne	K.	STCS	USN ~1969-1971	Jun 2012
McNEW	Charles	O.	SKC	USN 1970s	Aug 2006
PITRE	Mark	O.	EN3	USN 1990s	Aug 2012
POE	Richard	E.	RMC	USN 1970s	Jul 2012
POTTER	Charles	R. "Randy"	OTM1	USN 1974-1994	Apr 2012
SIGNORELLA	Mario		OTASN	USN 1990s	~1993
STUBBLEFIELD	Kenneth	D. "Ken"	OTACS	USN 1960s-1980s	Jan 2006
TAYLOR-BROWN	M.	DeWayne	CWO3, ex-OTCM	USN/Contr 1962-2000s	Jan 2012
TREADWAY	Sharon	Lee	OT2	USN 1980s	Feb 2012
WOOD	Llewellyn	"Llew"	Civilian Contr	1980s-2000s	Sep 2012

IUSS / CAESAR



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www.iusscaa.org***