

# ALL HANDS

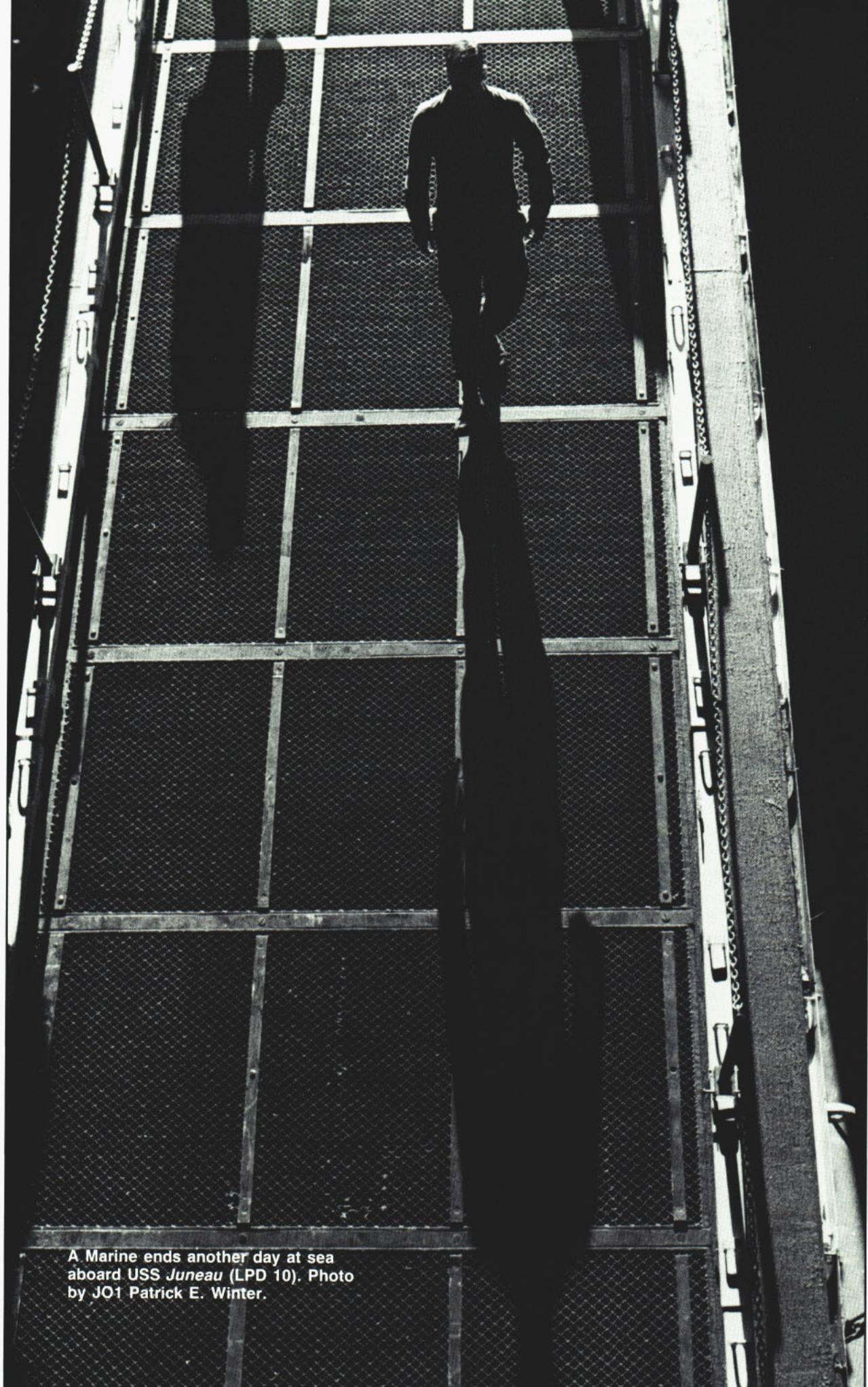
MAGAZINE OF THE U.S. NAVY  
DECEMBER 1989



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Duty in the  
outback

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A Marine ends another day at sea  
aboard USS *Juneau* (LPD 10). Photo  
by JO1 Patrick E. Winter.

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MAGAZINE OF THE U.S. NAVY  
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Photo by PH1(AC) Scott M. Allen

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**Front cover:** PH2 Clint Eastman captures the "frontier spirit" of the Navy men and women stationed on the Australian frontier at Naval Communications Station Harold E. Holt. See story, Page 18. Photo by JO1 Lee Bosco.

**Back cover:** *Arleigh Burke* (DDG 51), named after the three-time CNO and war hero, was recently launched at Bath Iron Works in Maine. See story, Page 4. Photo courtesy of Bath Iron Works.

# News You Can Use

## Navy Recruiting Service Ribbon available

Sailors currently and formerly assigned to Navy recruiting activities may be eligible to wear the Navy Recruiting Service Ribbon. This includes Temporary Military Active and TAR personnel. The award consists of a ribbon bar only (with bronze and silver stars for second and subsequent awards), and no citation or certificate will be issued.

Secretary of the Navy H. Lawrence Garrett III approved the ribbon in February to recognize the unique and demanding nature of recruiting duty. The eligibility date is retroactive to Jan. 1, 1980, for officer and enlisted recruiters, as well as for recruiting support personnel who have successfully completed at least one recruiting tour.

All awards will be on the recommendation of commanding officers. For personnel not currently on recruiting duty, the service member's present commanding officer will determine eligibility from the member's service record. For persons cur-

rently on recruiting duty, commanding officers will verify eligibility requirements prior to the member's detachment, and if appropriate award the ribbon. Career recruiting force personnel permanently assigned to recruiting will be eligible for the ribbon upon completion of three consecutive years of recruiting duty.

Personnel who completed a minimum of 18 months on recruiting duty, but were transferred prior to their original projected rotation date, may submit a waiver request to Commander, Navy Recruiting Command. Waivers will be considered on a case-by-case basis. Personnel who were fault-transferred from recruiting duty (see Enlisted Transfer Manual Chapter 11) are not eligible for the Navy Recruiting Service Ribbon and waivers will not be considered.

The ribbon will be available in the Navy Exchange shortly, and will be available in Navy supply channels in the new year. □

## Blue Angels accepting applications

The Navy flight demonstration team, Blue Angels, is accepting applications for the 1990/91 show season. Billets are open for 1990 for a YN1, YN3, JO2, DM2 and PH2. The 1991 season open billets are for an AE, AD, AT, AZ, AK, AS, AO and airframe ratings at the E-5 and E-6 levels. Those interested should submit a NavPers 1306/7 via Commanding Officer, NavFltDemRon, NAS Pensacola, Fla. 32508-7801. Personnel must be eligible in accordance with Chapter 9 of the Enlisted Transfer Manual, be of the highest moral character professionally and personally, and possess consistent 3.8/4.0 evaluation marks. The 1990 applications must be received by Jan. 1, 1990; the 1991 applications by April 1, 1990.

All applicants will be interviewed by a representative of the Blue Angels at either NAS Pensacola or NAF El Centro, Calif.

For information YNs can call YN1 Carol Franks (904) 452-2583/4; JOs, DMs and PHs can call (904) 452-4784; aviation ratings call AEC Joe Berry, (904) 452-2466/4475. All Autovon prefixes are 922. □

## Holiday drinking and driving

Dec. 10-16 has been designated National Drunk and Drugged Driving Awareness Week. More parties take place during the holiday season, and when combined with alcohol use, the likelihood of highway disaster increases. About half of all traffic fatalities occur in alcohol related crashes. Don't drink and drive — if you drink, use a designated driver to get home. That last drink could cost you your career, or even your life! □

## Conversion programs aid minorities in advancement

Minority sailors frequently experience slower advancement in non-technical ratings because of over-representation, according to a report by the Chief of Naval Operation's study group on equal opportunity in the Navy. Non-technical rating advancement of minorities tends to slow at E-6, adding to under-representation of minorities in senior enlisted grades.

To remedy this situation, first term sailors in non-technical ratings are encouraged to take advantage of the Selective Conversion and Reenlistment and Lateral Conversion Programs for entry into one of a number of technical ratings. "A" school seats are available up until the third quarter of FY90 for the following ratings: aviation fire control technician (AQ), damage controlman (DC), data systems technician (DS), electrician's mate (EM), electronics technician-nuclear (ET-N), fire control technician-ballistic missile/gun (FTB and FTG), gunner's mate (GM), gas turbine system technician (GSM), machinist's mate-nuclear (MM-N) and sonar technician-submarines (STS).

For more information, see NavOp 096/89 and NavMilPersMan Notes 1060010 and 2230180. □

## Aviation for enlisteds

The Naval Aviation Cadet Program offers sailors training and experience in naval aviation. The NavCad program is open to single men and women with no dependents, ages 19-24, with at least two years of college education. After selection and completion of flight training, members will be commissioned as ensigns in the reserves. For more information see your career counselor, or SecNavInst 1040.2 and OpNavInst 1120.2A. □

## Aegis weapons system instructors needed

The *Aegis* Training Center in Dahlgren, Va., is seeking instructors. The center is responsible for training officers, operations specialists, and *Aegis* Weapon System (AWS) fire control technicians, and maintains the core of *Aegis* expertise ashore.

The men and women selected to be instructors will also work with Navy research and development facilities and in-service engineering agents, computer program development, hardware upgrades and weapon system integration. They will also evaluate new ways to employ the AWS, and keep pace with the latest systems.

The *Aegis* Weapon System is the heart of *Aegis* cruisers and destroyers and is changing the way the Navy manages anti-air warfare and the way it fights. With the addition of the anti-submarine warfare combat system AN/SQQ-89 (V)3 and *Tomahawk* weapon system, *Aegis* ships, both cruisers and the new class of destroyers, are even more capable and complex multi-warfare platforms.

Officers assigned to the training center have the opportunity to take professional courses from the Naval War College as well as pursue masters degrees on the base in many engineering and administrative disciplines through Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University. Several local universities provide associate and bachelor's degree programs for both officers and enlisted.

Individuals selected will make a meaningful contribution to projection of U.S. sea power in the 21st century.

For more information about becoming an *Aegis* Training Center instructor, contact LCDR Al Maiorano (officer training) at Autovon 249-1015, commercial (703) 663-1015, or FCCS Tom Micek (senior instructor) at Autovon 249-1905, commercial (703) 663-1905. Washington, D.C., area residents must dial the area code with the number. □

# Destroyer christened

*Arleigh Burke on hand to launch newest Aegis ship, Arleigh Burke.*

Story by JOCS(SW) James R. Giusti

"In the name of the United States, I christen thee — *Arleigh Burke*."

With two home-run-like swings of the traditional champagne bottle and the spray of champagne against the copper-colored hull, Roberta Burke, the ship's soft spoken and petite sponsor, launched the lead ship of the Navy's new *Aegis* guided missile destroyer class — *Arleigh Burke* (DDG 51).

Standing proudly by her side, retired ADM Arleigh A. "31-Knot" Burke, the heroic destroyerman, brilliant naval tactician of World War II and unprecedented three-time Chief of Naval Operations, watched his namesake slide down the ways at Bath Iron Works and into Maine's Kennebec River shortly after 2 p.m., on Sept. 16, 1989.

A crowd of more than 12,000 people saluted the renowned old warrior and the ship that bears his name. The gathering included more than 100 active and retired flag officers, approximately 400 World War II "Tin Can" sailors and surviving members of Burke's Destroyer Squadron 23, "Little Beavers," several members of the admiral's 1923 Naval Academy graduating class and about 100 sailors from the DDG 51 pre-commissioning unit.

"There are no words that can express my feelings," ADM Burke said. "I'm extremely grateful for this honor, but the credit for my success goes to what many other officers and enlisted men did while serving with me."

Mrs. Burke's humorous insight really captured the moment.

"For 66 years I have been running behind Arleigh Burke and today I finally caught him," she said, referring to the honor of being DDG 51's sponsor. "I have always thought Arleigh Burke was bigger than life. And, today, you have proven me right."

ADM Burke is the first living individual to have a class of ship named after him. Others honored by having individual ships named after them during their lives were Rep. Carl Vinson and ADM Hyman G. Rickover.

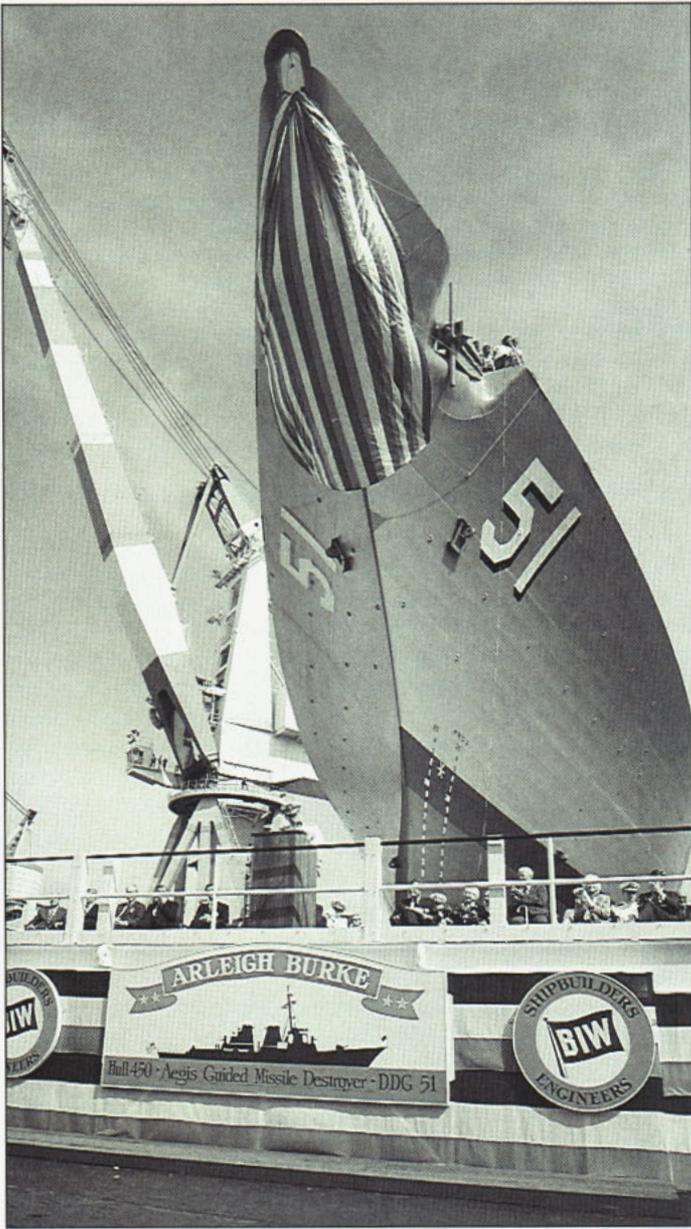
When first told of the Navy's intention to build *Burke* destroyers, the admiral wrote a note to the Secretary of



**Arleigh Burke's sponsor, Roberta Burke, launches the Navy's new *Aegis* guided missile destroyer. Her husband, a World War II hero and three time CNO, stands proudly by.**

the Navy quoting John Paul Jones, "I wish to have no connection with a ship that does not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way."

According to ADM C.A.H. Trost, Chief of Naval Operations, "Never in history has one name been so closely bonded to a particular type of ship. '*Arleigh Burke*' means 'destroyer.' When I think of the ship that will bear that name, we want her to be fast, to be survivable and to be



**More than 12,000 people attended the launching of *Arleigh Burke* at Maine's Bath Iron Works, including members of Burke's 1923 Naval Academy class.**

But when he talks about DDG 51, Burke tells the Navy and her crew, "DDG 51 represents reliability in battle — the ability to fight hard and fight successfully. The sailors in her need to train to fight her. It's no good to have missiles if you can't hit anything. You must practice, practice and practice. Nothing is ever perfect, so you can never get good enough. And if you're really good, you're then probably ready for anything that will happen in battle. Successful naval operations are dependent on all units being ready to fight at any time. That's what gives the Navy the ability to win."

*Arleigh Burke* is a return to the classic destroyer — the sleek greyhound dashing to station amid the smoke of war or fury of a violent sea. The 466-foot destroyer, equipped with space-age radars and weaponry, will help fulfill the Navy's critical need for battle-force-capable ships. The *Aegis* guided missile destroyer is built to meet and defeat the threat that the Navy will face well into the 21st century.

She is going to sea as the Navy's new-age destroyer to: counter cruise missiles and hostile aircraft; destroy hostile surface ships; neutralize hostile submarines; and attack enemy land targets.

"We are building the mightiest, most capable, most fearsome and most survivable destroyer in the history of all navies — the *Arleigh Burke*. She is the surface Navy's future," said VADM John W. Nyquist, Assistant CNO for Surface Warfare.

H. Lawrence Garrett III, Secretary of the Navy and principal speaker said, "'Naval battles,' *Arleigh Burke* once said, 'are won by sinking enemy ships, shooting down enemy planes and missiles and destroying enemy submarines. To be able to do that,'" said Garrett, further quoting the admiral, "'it is well to design, manufacture, have afloat and ready to use, the best weapons systems, engineering systems, communication systems and any other systems you need in battle, that you can get with the money allocated to the Navy.'

"And this ship represents that," Garrett added. "It is the most survivable, the most technologically advanced and the most capable destroyer in the world. It is clearly worthy of the name, *Arleigh Burke*. She and her sister ships will be the workhorses for the Navy. They will carry the load as the Navy's primary surface combatant and will form the core of a flexible, multi-functional naval force.

capable. And we want her crew to be as professional, competent and dedicated to serving the nation as the admiral was throughout his naval career."

Despite failing eyesight and a cane-assisted walk, the 87-year-old retired admiral still feels the tug that draws a sailor toward the sea. Today, he's slowed down from the boiler-bursting speed that earned him his nickname in World War II and workaholic 15-hour, seven-day work weeks that helped him propel the tradition-bound Navy into the age of nuclear-powered ships, sea-launched guided missiles and high-tech anti-submarine warfare technology.

# Arleigh Burke

"We have incorporated the time-tested principles of destroyer combat with our most recent war-fighting lessons of the Falkland War and the USS *Stark* (FFG 31) incident into the design of these ships to provide them with maximum survivability," Garrett said.

*Arleigh Burke* is the first *Aegis* combatant designed from the keel up by the Navy and marks a return to all-steel construction. She introduces a totally new integrated design that delivers massive firepower, high survivability, high-speed sea-keeping as well as other advanced technological features.

Her versatility means this man-of-war can be employed as an element in a surface action group, a Marine expeditionary force and an underway replenishment group, as well as in a battleship or aircraft carrier battle group. As an integral part of a battle group, *Arleigh Burke* will employ the best anti-air warfare and anti-submarine warfare systems available in the fleet today, including those found on the *Aegis*-class cruiser. She will also complement and supplement carrier strike operations with *Tomahawk* land-attack missile capability.

In addition, the ship will be protected by an all-steel hull and superstructure. The construction incorporates a "steel-space-steel" design for added protection to all vital shipboard spaces. Improved and redundant damage control systems enable the ship to better withstand and repair battle damage. The topside arrangement of systems and sensors combined with the latest quieting techniques, ensure that her detectability by virtually all types of sensors is significantly reduced.

*Arleigh Burke* is the first Navy ship with a ship-wide collective protective system against nuclear, biological and chemical agents and her hardening systems will provide greater protection against the effects of nuclear and thermal blasts.

With a 59-foot beam, DDG 51's shorter and broader hull gives her optimum sea-keeping, mobility, speed and stability in heavy seas. Her propulsion system employs four improved LM 2500 gas turbine engines similar to those in the DD 963-class destroyer and the CG 47-class cruiser with a 25 percent increase in shaft horsepower, and a significant reduction in radiated noise.

Approximately 323 sailors (23 officers and 300 enlisted) will man this potent ship — fewer than the complement aboard current guided missile destroyers because of system automation and design efficiency.

Department of Defense's five-year defense plans call for 33 DDG 51-class warships to be built. Currently eight are under construction at Bath Iron Works in Maine, and Ingalls Shipbuilding, Inc., at Pascagoula, Miss. The first 18 *Arleigh Burke*-class destroyers will constitute the first

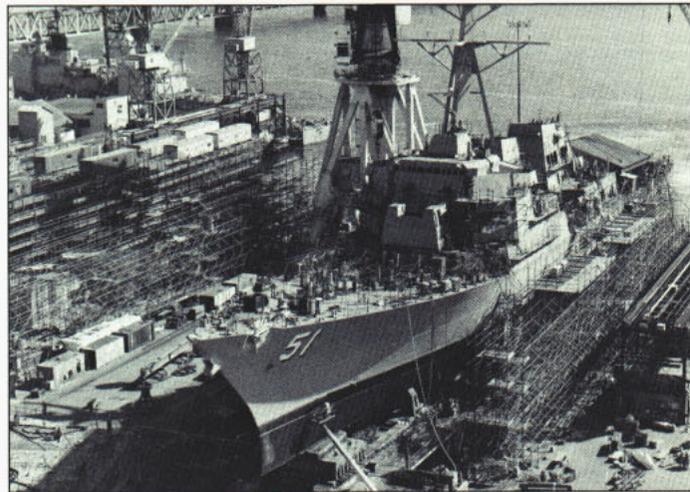


Photo courtesy of Bath Iron Works

**With a 59-foot beam, DDG 51's shorter and broader hull gives her optimum sea-keeping mobility, speed and stability in heavy seas.**

phase of the class, Flight I. Pending combat systems upgrades will be introduced in follow-on flights so that the class can keep pace with technological advancements, and the threat.

*Arleigh Burke* is the general purpose, multi-mission surface combatant for the future that best balances required war-fighting capability and affordability and represents the most versatile, yet least costly destroyer option available.

In short, she is "built to fight" as her motto claims. "On board there is almost a spirit of ADM Burke's World War II battle of Cape St. George, in the Solomon Islands, where the U.S. Navy destroyers stood up to a formidable adversary on the high seas and prevailed," said CDR John G. Morgan Jr., prospective commanding officer of *Arleigh Burke*. "I get this feeling in the soles of my feet as I walk her. It's not a sense of overconfidence but a sense of quiet confidence. If the nation calls upon this destroyer, she and her crew will be capable of performing her mission," Morgan said. "And I'll always feel the presence of ADM Burke in her."

Additionally, *Arleigh Burke* will also enlist the spirit and characteristics of her sponsor — Mrs. Burke. As ADM Trost noted, "Navy tradition says that the spirit of the sponsor rides with the crew throughout the life of the ship. More importantly, we'd like to think that this ship carries the characteristic of her sponsor.

"I do want her to be a tough survivor that's adaptable and flexible to whatever is asked of her," Trost said. "And above all, I want her to be a great lady with a great heart — like you — one that will serve the Navy and the country well." □

*Giusti is managing editor of Surface Warfare magazine in Washington, D.C.*

# “Little Beavers” remember

*Some recollections of serving in Pacific  
with Arleigh Burke during World War II.*

Story by LCDR Jim Harnar, photos by JOCS(SW) James R. Giusti

Among the 12,000 people who gathered in Bath, Maine to observe the launching of a new guided missile destroyer this September were dozens of former Navy men. They said their lives were forever changed by the leadership displayed over an intense five-month period nearly a half-century ago by the living legend after whom the new ship is named.

The living legend is retired ADM Arleigh “31-Knot” Burke, World War II hero, former three-term Chief of Naval Operations and, to those who attended the colorful ship launching ceremony to salute him, one of the U.S. Navy’s most inspirational leaders.

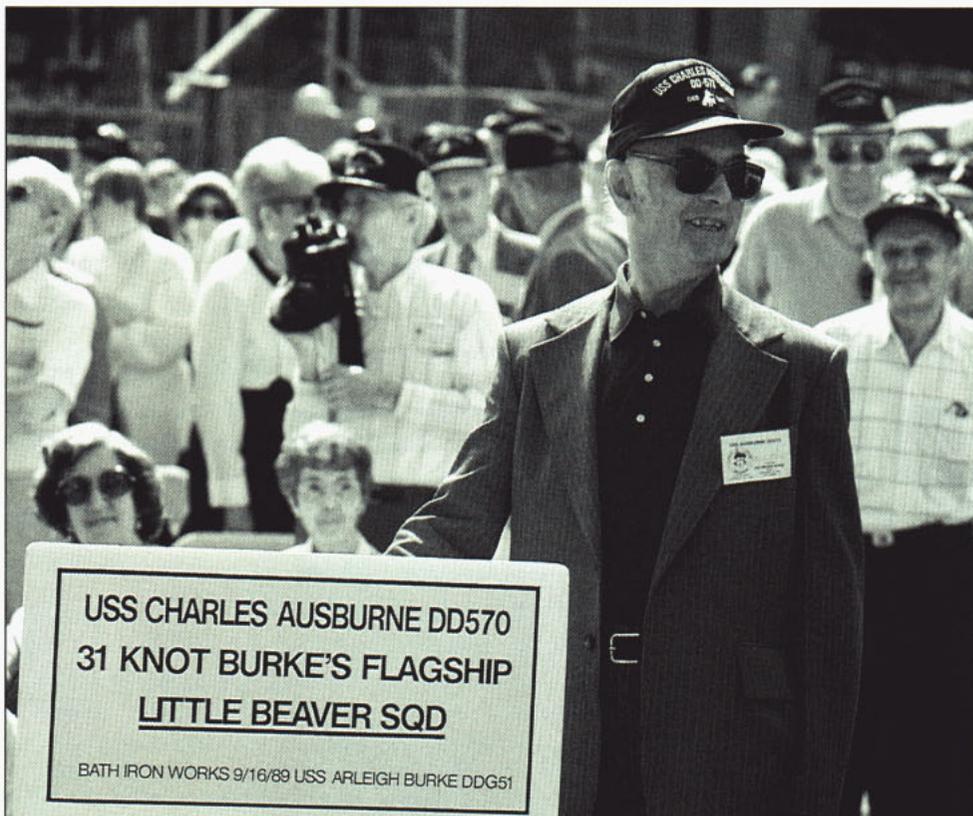
“Arleigh Burke had a tremendously positive impact on my life,” said oil-

man Ed David, who traveled to the ceremony from his home in Casper, Wyo., to pay tribute to Burke. “In fact, I believe the example he set and the leadership he displayed influenced the lives of hundreds of men who served with him in the war. That’s why so many of us came to Maine for the launching of the ship that will carry his name.”

David was just 16, the youngest sailor aboard Burke’s flagship *Charles Ausburne* (DD 570) when he first met Burke in the South Pacific in the fall of 1943. He and more than 100 other former *Charles Ausburne* sailors, now in their 60s, 70s and 80s, scheduled their ship’s reunion to coincide with the *Burke* launching.

Many of them vividly recall the 20 weeks Burke was embarked aboard their ship as Commander, Destroyer Squadron 23. The squadron, known as the “Little Beavers,” fought nearly two dozen battles during that time. In a single month, at the battles of Cape St. George and Empress Augusta Bay, DesRon 23 ships under Burke’s command dealt the Japanese navy a horrible blow, sinking a cruiser, nine destroyers, one submarine and downing some 30 airplanes.

**This former crewman of USS *Charles Ausburne* served aboard “31-Knot” Burke’s flagship during the Battle of Cape St. George.**



# “Little Beavers”

But whenever DesRon 23 sailors talk of the combat they saw in the Solomons, the conversation turns to one man — Arleigh Burke. They talk of Burke’s contagious enthusiasm, his positive attitude, his intense, aggressive style and his keen intelligence. They also talk of his personal modesty and his legendary rapport with his men — a rapport that permitted even the most junior enlisted men to be perfectly at ease speaking with him.

Burke’s name has gone down in the history books as World War II’s most famous destroyerman and as a tacti-

cian credited by the Naval War College with leading “an almost perfect action” at the Battle of Cape St. George. However, he is remembered most by those aboard the ships of his squadron as a “born leader” who had a remarkable influence on so many of the lives he touched.

Burke touched Ed David’s life, even though as a seaman first class assigned to *Charles Ausburne*’s first division he had little direct contact with then-Captain Burke. But David remembers many encounters with Burke and the times Burke would meet with the crew on the ship’s fantail to solicit ideas from enlisted men and officers alike about how the ship and the destroyer squadron might be more effective in combat. He and others remember being deeply awed by Burke’s energy and “gung-ho” spirit.

For David, who never resumed his education after quitting high school to join the Navy, Burke’s leadership style served as a lifelong model that helped him build his own successful oil company.

“There have been many times dur-

ing my life when things were going pretty rough,” said David, “and I would think of Arleigh Burke and what he might do in a similar situation. That often was all it took to get me pointed in the right direction.”

Retired RADM Luther K. “Luke” Reynolds was the skipper of *Charles Ausburne* when Burke was embarked as DesRon 23. Reynolds, now 84 and living in New York City, says his experience fighting alongside Burke nearly 50 years ago had a profound effect on the rest of his life. He was among those who eagerly accepted an invitation to attend the launching of the ship named in honor of Arleigh Burke.

“I became more positive thinking, more aggressive in carrying out certain orders after I served with Admiral Burke,” Reynolds said.

“He had incredible enthusiasm and a will to win in everything he did. I think it rubbed off on a lot of people. It certainly did on me.”

Reynolds remembers the effect Burke’s extraordinary drive had on his crew and on the rest of DesRon 23. “I’m still amazed at just how quickly

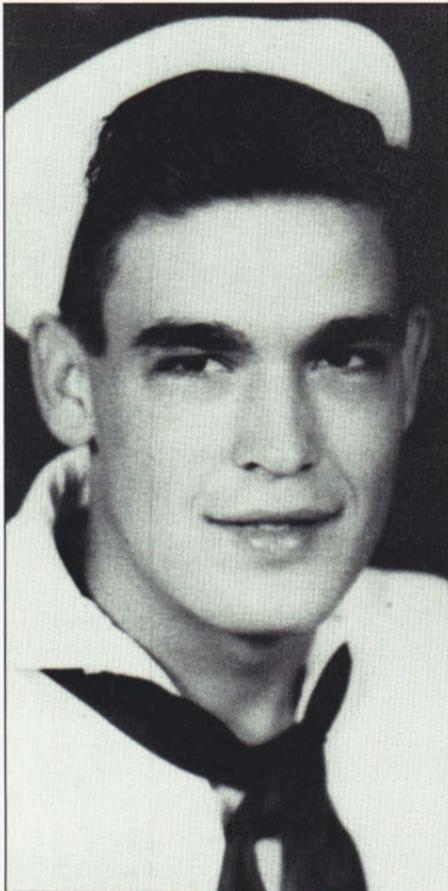
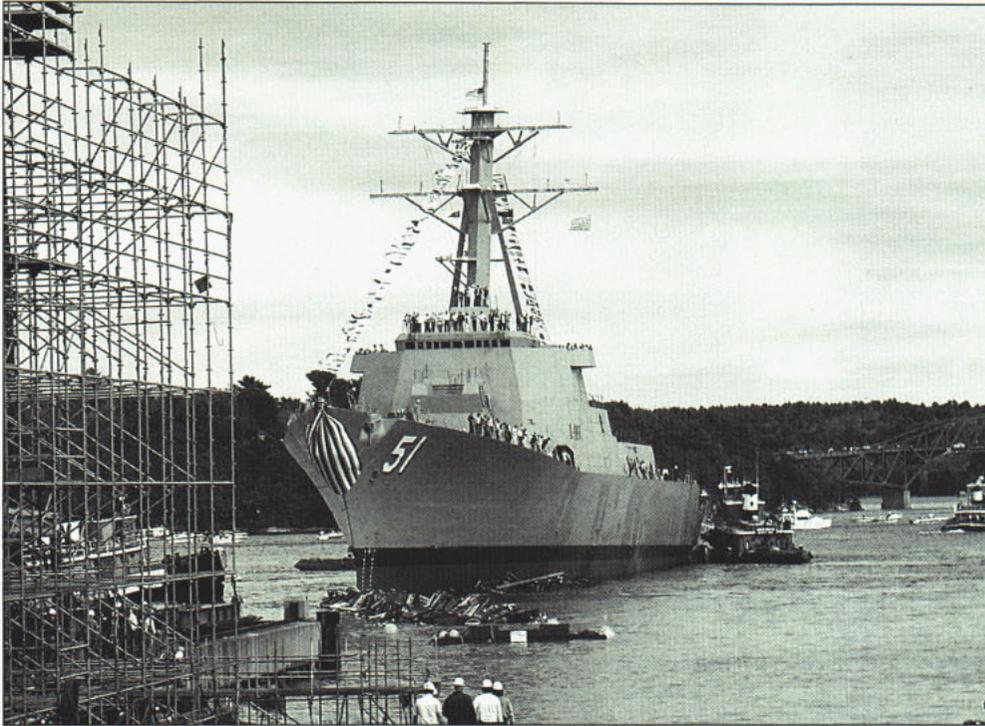


Photo courtesy of Ed David

Above: A portrait of Ed David as he looked in 1943. Right: Former “Little Beavers” pose with their spouses in front of *Arleigh Burke*.





**Arleigh Burke (DDG 51) slides into the Kennebec River as tugs prepare to maneuver her pier-side.**

Burke turned the squadron into such a first-rate outfit," he said. "In just weeks we made a 180 degree turn-around from being a squadron that avoided skirmishes to one that actually sought them out. That aggressive leadership got things going."

Reynolds, who went on to flag rank and retired as Deputy Commander of the Western Sea Frontier in San Francisco in 1957, also credits Burke with being an excellent communicator. He says Burke always took the time to ensure his people knew precisely what was expected of them in combat. And DesRon 23 saw plenty of action. During much of the period that Burke was squadron commander, his ships were responsible for screening the cruisers of Task Force 39 against air and submarine attacks following the invasion of Guadalcanal.

"There was something happening every day and every night," Reynolds recalled. "Admiral Burke made it clear that if a ship was crippled during combat, the others would stand by until it could get help. That meant a lot to the crew and they knew he was as good as his word. I guess many of the men still remember that."

Although Burke was with DesRon

23 a short time, he felt a strong allegiance to the unit and its sailors. Even after leaving the "Little Beavers" to become VADM Marc Mitchner's chief of staff at Task Force 58, Burke often returned to *Charles Ausburne* and other DesRon 23 ships for dinner if the ships were operating nearby. He kept in close touch with dozens of squadron members since the war.

"He never forgot us," Reynolds said.

One young ensign assigned to a DesRon 23 ship was Raymond Peet, who went on to a distinguished Navy career and retired as a vice admiral. "The squadron would have gone anywhere with that man," Peet once wrote of Burke. "If he were going to take us to Japan, we were all ready to go. He was that kind of leader.

"DesRon 23 was truly a red-hot outfit," Peet wrote. "Everywhere we went, we went at high speed, and that was important to the officers and crews of those ships. They knew they were a bunch of hotshots who weren't afraid to go in harm's way. They knew they had a good team, that they could protect each other, that they could shoot accurately and that they had good damage control

teams. All that was a part of Captain Burke's plan."

Burke's ability to lead his squadron in spectacular dashes at high speed helped earn him the nickname "31-Knot Burke." His ability to lead men earned him the respect of many sailors everywhere.

Perhaps the highest compliments of ADM Arleigh Burke were offered by a former crewman aboard Burke's DesRon 23 flagship who now lives in Nebraska and said he will never forget Admiral Burke's leadership, and by Burke's wife of 66 years, Roberta "Bobbie" Burke, at the launching of *Arleigh Burke*.

Mrs. Burke, speaking just before smashing the traditional bottle of champagne against the ship's bow to christen the destroyer in her husband's name, told the largest crowd ever to witness a launching at Maine's Bath Iron Works, "I have always thought Arleigh Burke was bigger than life. And you have proven me right." □

*Harnar is a reservist assigned to Nav-Info Boston 101.*

# EMPRESS II

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*Electromagnetic pulse test system helps protect ships' electronics.*

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Story by JOC Robin Barnette

If you work with a computer on your job, or have any experience with a videocassette player, you know what happens when there's a power surge or loss of power.

At best, the memorandum or evaluation you spent hours perfecting is suddenly gone; at worst, the computer memory is zapped and *everything* you've written for the past month vanishes. Or you come home from work and the digital clock in your video machine is flashing at you; the "soaps" you carefully programmed it to record have all been missed. It's frustrating.

However, more than mere frustration would result if shipboard electronics and computers were similarly incapacitated — it could affect combat readiness or even the outcome of a war. The Navy is concerned about "EMP" — electromagnetic pulse — the non-nuclear by-product

of a high-altitude, nuclear explosion outside the Earth's atmosphere.

EMP is an extremely intense pulse of electromagnetic energy that lasts mere billionths of a second, but it can produce damaging voltage and current in unprotected electronic equipment. Even worse, EMP can cover thousands of square miles. Potentially, a carrier battle group could lose both defensive and offensive weapons control systems, computer capability, command and control functions, navigation gear, all radar and sonar, electrical power and propulsion controls.

Although nuclear explosions aimed directly at our battle groups would be more destructive, it is conceivable that an enemy would prefer to start an engagement with a series of high-altitude explosions simply because of the paralyzing effects of EMP. "If any enemy attack included high-altitude explosions, it would be because they were deliberately seeking to disrupt our communications and computers," said Joan Shafer, a spokeswoman for the Navy's EMP simulator program. "There would be no other valid tactical reason for such explosions."

The Navy has been working since the early 1970s to develop ship "hardening," which will protect against EMP. You could compare such protection to putting surge protection between your electrical outlet and computer terminal or videotape machine. One system was developed in 1973 to test the effectiveness of the Navy's ship hardening, but a system capable of testing ships larger than frigates has not been available.

Not until now, that is — the Electromagnetic Pulse Radiation Environment Simulator for Ships, second generation, known as EMPRESS II, will begin testing EMP protection for Navy ships next summer.

EMPRESS II creates EMP without the nuclear reaction. The system generates a brief, intense electromagnetic

pulse by discharging stored electrical energy into an antenna. The EMP it produces lasts about 100 billionths of a second. When the pulse hits the ship being tested, the responses of the electronics aboard are recorded and analyzed. The information gathered makes it possible for the Navy to design improved EMP protection.

The EMPRESS II system consists of a transmitter mounted on an ocean-going barge, with a power generator and an antenna that is 150 feet tall and 200 feet in diameter. The system includes a mobile data receiver and processing equipment that will be put on ships during tests to collect information.

The mobility of the system on its barge enables the Navy to locate the test system in at-sea sites easily accessible to ships. This is particularly important because there isn't a port available that can accommodate deep-draft ships, such as aircraft carriers, and still meet the needs of EMPRESS II.

Exactly how EMP effects vary between classes of ship, and, indeed, from ship to ship within a class, will be among the most important discoveries Navy experts hope to make once EMPRESS II begins operations. "We soon hope to learn what every ship in the Navy needs to do to be protected from EMP," said Shafer. "It's a complex and challenging test evolution, but the information we stand to gain will be worth it."

The system's first site of operations is in international waters off the coast of North Carolina in an area known as the Virginia Capes. It will operate only during summer months. In the winter, the barge will be berthed at the Navy Supply Center, Cheatham Annex, in Williamsburg, Va. The Virginia Capes region was chosen for EMPRESS II tests because of its proximity to Norfolk-area shipyards and maintenance facilities.

EMPRESS II has also inspired extensive research into possible environmental impacts by the testing system. The Navy sponsored studies to determine whether EMPRESS II posed any danger to the marine environment or to the public. The studies were completed by several independent sources, including the University of Maryland, the Virginia Institute of Marine Science and the North Carolina State Museum of Natural History. Several environmental impact statements have been filed by the Navy outlining results of various studies. The results of all studies to date indicate that EMPRESS II will have no adverse impact on the environment.

"We have set a two-mile exclusion zone around EMPRESS II to ensure we don't damage the electronics on any pleasure or fishing vessels, and we operate about 20 miles offshore," said Shafer. "The 20 miles is a political necessity, not an environmental one. All scientific tests, and all environmental legal actions, are conclusive — there is no danger to the en-

vironment from EMP," she said. "But, we go that far for good measure."

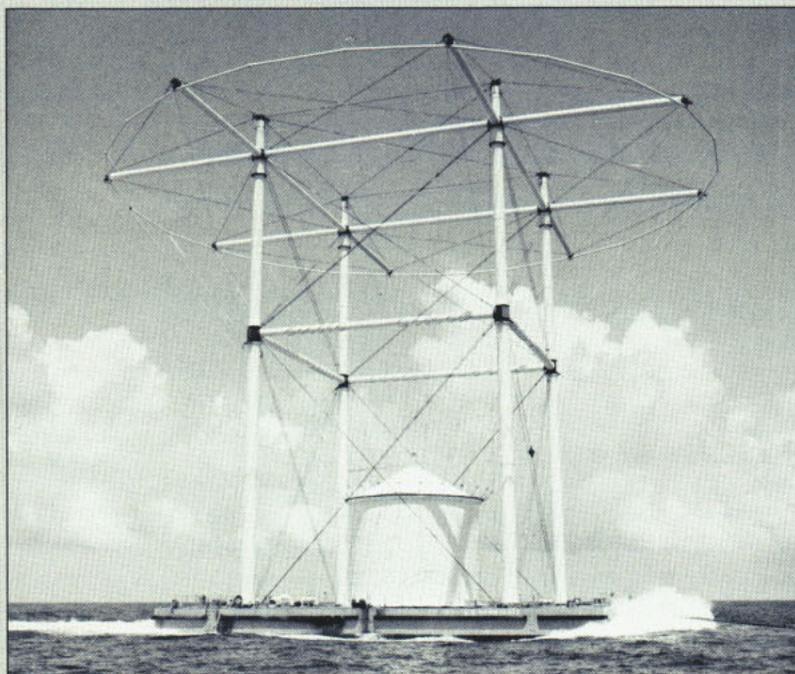
Ship classes currently scheduled for EMPRESS II testing include a DDG in 1990, a British ship — HMS *Norfolk* — in 1991, two CGs, a CVN and another DDG, all in 1992, and another CG in 1993.

Although research, development, design and construction of EMPRESS II all cost about \$40 million, in addition to the \$2.2 million it will cost each year to operate the system, the value of its tests cannot be overestimated.

In today's high-tech environment, protection of the Navy's shipboard computer, weapons and electronics systems is essential to the nation's warfighting capability. □

*Barnette is assistant editor of All Hands.*

**EMPRESS II tests the effectiveness of ship hardening efforts intended to protect naval vessels from electromagnetic pulse. EMP is considered a serious threat to the Navy's war-making capability during nuclear war.**



U.S. Navy photo



Photo by PH1(A) Scott M. Allen

# Sailors vs. sailors

*Some thoughts on U.S.-Soviet exchange visits.*

Story by RADM Thomas A. Brooks

The Soviet sailors are now long gone from the streets and shops of Norfolk as the American sailors are from the kiosks, parks and promenades of Sevastopol. American and Russian seamen take with them memories of unparalleled and largely unanticipated hospitality.

As any American who took the

time to visit and study the USSR has discovered, the Russians really are a warm, peace-loving people and the prospect of meaningful change through *perestroika* really does bring hope to their otherwise rather dreary life.

As any Soviet who has not been taken in by propaganda always sus-

pected, the American people are remarkably outgoing and friendly and America truly *is* the land of plenty. Contrary to what the political officer always said, Busch Gardens is not a national park named after the American President but a place where you can really have *fun*. And Russian girls can be every bit as pretty and entic-

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*The visiting Soviet Slava-class cruiser was a fine-looking ship ... but the missile tubes contained weapons specifically designed to destroy U.S. aircraft carriers.*

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ing as their American counterparts.

All the appropriate toasts to peace and friendship were exchanged, and both pairs of warships departed laden with souvenirs and memories enough to stimulate many a tale for years to come.

But now that the euphoria of the moment has passed, it is perhaps worthwhile to reflect for a moment on what really has changed. The U. S. Navy ships returned to the 6th Fleet and a rather tense patrol of the Eastern Mediterranean where, ironically, their Battle Group is being shadowed by a Soviet Task Group that included the very ships that left Norfolk only weeks before. The memories of port calls had not yet begun to fade when the realities of the modern political world rudely re-introduced themselves.

The visiting Soviet *Slava*-class cruiser was a fine-looking ship and the Soviet Navy Band was talented in playing the "Star Spangled Banner," but the missile tubes contained weapons specifically designed to destroy U. S. aircraft carriers.

While many young Russian sailors returned home with fond memories of a United States very different from what they expected, their political officers are reminding them daily that America and the West still threaten the Soviet Union and that Soviet

Communism and Western democratic capitalism are still irreconcilably opposed systems. The young sailor must find the shopworn diatribe at least a little bit harder to believe, but he is not trained, encouraged, nor, indeed, *allowed* to think for himself and, when the time comes, we must assume, he will do what he is told to do. His political officers hope he will also think what he is told to think. That may now be a bit more difficult to guarantee.

The Russian sailor really is a very different breed from his American counterpart. Both are young, both enjoy sports and fun, but they are products of very different cultures and the differences stand out boldly even in the course of a very short visit.

The American sailor does his job well because he is the product of a society that believes excellence is, in itself, a desirable goal, and that your rewards are usually related to how well you do your job. The visiting Soviet officers could not believe how much responsibility we give our young sailors and how well they perform their often very complex and technical tasks.

Even a short visit to one of the Soviet ships provides interesting contrasts. Soviet conscripts gather in knots on the bow, well away from their officers. They are very reticent; the exuberance of the American sailor

is not in them. They seem to be looking over their shoulders to see if they are being watched. They avert their eyes and will try to drift away if it looks like an officer is approaching. They seem to be intimidated — at least psychologically, and sometimes even physically. They marvel at the responsibility, freedom and autonomy allowed their American counterpart in his everyday duties. In their navy, those duties would be performed by warrant officers or officers. Because there is virtually *no* reenlistment among the conscripts in the Soviet Navy, there is missing the entire petty officer structure which is the key to the excellence of Western navies.

The ships, too, reflect a basic difference in approach. Well-designed with fine lines and good sea-keeping qualities, the Soviet warship nonetheless lacks the sophistication of its U.S. counterpart and attempts to make up for it by a proliferation of sensors and weapons which, while perhaps crude by Western standards, are quite effective and deadly. Combat information and display systems lag well behind ours, as do damage control techniques. The overall impression is one of a navy whose entire purpose is to fire the first shot with such overwhelming surprise and force that an inability to reload or less than outstanding damage control is ir-

# Sailors vs. sailors

**Soviet Admiral Mikhail Khronopulo bids farewell to U.S. VADM R. Paul Iig, ending the U.S. Navy port visit to Sevastopol.**



Photo by PH1(AO) Scott M. Allen

relevant. They don't intend for there to be a need to reload; they don't intend to give an enemy a chance to cause them any damage. The ships reflect well the Soviet intention to win what the late Admiral Gorshkov referred to as "the battle for the first salvo."

There are other differences. Their commanding officers are quite young but they are not given anywhere near the same authority or autonomy as our commanding officers. Indeed, a senior officer from the flag staff is usually looking over their shoulders as a "check pilot," much as our XO's might oversee and coach a new OOD. It is a very different navy indeed.

And it would appear that the military cutbacks announced by Mr. Gorbachev will exact a price from his navy as well. Obsolete ships will be retired and some sold for scrap in the West. There will be personnel reductions as well. But most, if not all, of the ships to be retired were at the end of their useful lives and would have been retired within the next five years anyway. Presumably the personnel to

be removed will also be screened to identify and retire the least effective, just as Gorbachev is seeking to do with the entire party bureaucracy.

In the meantime, the Soviet navy's modernization program continues. Two new classes of aircraft carriers and a dozen other types of surface combatants are under construction; perhaps ten different classes of submarines are also under construction, with more nuclear submarines expected to be launched in 1989 than in any other year this decade. The Soviet navy of 1995 will be a smaller navy (it would have been, whether or not Gorbachev came along), but it will be thoroughly modernized and, ship-for-ship, a much more capable navy than we face today.

The good will and improved understanding generated by the exchange of ship visits are good and healthy. We all hope we see much more of this sort of thing. We also sincerely hope that a lasting peace will be the end product. But we all also remember that we have been here before. We remember Khrushchev, his de-

Stalinization and his reduction of the Soviet navy by more than 300 ships. Yet he also approved the modernization program which gave us the Soviet navy of the 1970s. We remember Brezhnev and *detente* and the great hopes for a peaceful future, while he presided over the largest strategic arms buildup in Soviet history and authorized the carriers, the *Typhoons*, the *Akulas* and much of the rest of what will be the Navy of the 1990s.

These are tumultuous times in the Soviet Union and the future of Mr. Gorbachev or his *perestroika* are by no means certain, even to most Soviet observers. While basking in the afterglow of good will, it would be well to look closely at the weapons systems on that *Slava*-class cruiser and reflect for a moment on just who they were designed to be used against. It only requires a change in the political winds in Moscow and they still could be. □

*Brooks is Director of Naval Intelligence.*

# BuMed update

## *Navy Surgeon General discusses efforts to improve medical care.*

*For an update on developments in the Navy's medical command, including responses to Blue Ribbon panel recommendations, Navy medicine's reorganization and the status of the fight against AIDS, the All Hands editor visited VADM James A. Zimble in the Surgeon General's Washington office.*

**All Hands:** It's been a year since the report of the Blue Ribbon Panel came out. What do you see as the most important issues for the average sailor coming out of that report?

Zimble: The direct care system can provide quality care at lower cost and we have been underutilizing the direct care system. So the main thrust of the Blue Ribbon Panel was how we can increase our ability to use our own facilities. We are now seeing increased access to our facilities. Out-patient visits in our facilities are up by about 15 percent. We are seeing an increase in admissions to our facilities right now up by a modest 3.5 percent, but that's in the right direction. This is an outgrowth of the validation that was done by the Blue Ribbon Panel. So I'm very optimistic and enthusiastic.

**All Hands:** Can you describe briefly the reorganization of the medical command and explain how that will impact fleet sailors?

Zimble: The first move was made

in December of 1988 when we took the first step "back to the future," which was to consolidate the National Capital Region with the Naval Hospital Bethesda, resulting in the recreation of the National Naval Medical Center. The second step was on the fourth of August this year, when I relieved ADM Sears as Commander Naval Medical Command



VADM James A. Zimble

and reconsolidated two echelons of the offices of Op-093 and the Naval Medical Command to re-energize the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. The next step occurred the first of October when we converted our GeoComs to Healthcare Support Offices and at the same time redirected the military command and control from Navy medical command claimancy to the line. Military command and control

will come under the control of CinCLantFlt, CinCPacFlt, CinCUSNavEur, CNET and here in Washington, the Commandant, Naval District Washington.

**All Hands:** That may make sense from the standpoint of the organization, but what does it mean to the average sailor?

Zimble: We expect that the sailor will see better access to medical facilities because we will be more responsive by eliminating some of the echelons of command. We will be more sensitive to the needs of the local facilities, with the line having command and control and a significant measure of accountability. So the average sailor should see better access.

**All Hands:** The Navy has been criticized by Congress for high CHAMPUS costs. How do you intend to bring these costs under control?

Zimble: First and foremost, increase access to direct care. Then increase utilization of the capital investment we have made in our facilities. We'll do that through additional recruitment and retention of care providers — we have some problems in that regard. But we are making gains. We can also do this through contracting initiatives that bring more providers into the direct care system.

We'll also enhance the CHAMPUS partnership program, which allows us

to be able to provide health care when we can no longer do it within the facility. We're looking at a prototype now in the Charleston, S.C., area for catchment area management. This allows the CO to have more control over the health care facility, whether it's within the command or whether it's using some federal facility, sharing with the VA or using a university or a network of providers who are willing to work with us at a cost savings. Those are our ways of controlling CHAMPUS costs. It's interesting to look at our track record since we started this initiative. For 1989 we are coming in just about on our target for CHAMPUS costs. Those CHAMPUS costs are less than we spent for CHAMPUS last year, by a significant amount. Last year CHAMPUS was 53 percent of our budget. This year it is 47 percent of our budget. That's a significant improvement in controlling the CHAMPUS costs. We can very readily respond to Congress that we've been very successful.

**All Hands:** How has the effort to contract civilians to staff naval hospital emergency rooms been received by Navy personnel? Is there any salesmanship that has to be done to get sailors to accept this?

Zimble: No. I think sailors and their families want access to care. They're not really looking to see if that provider is wearing a uniform or not. Where we have our contracts in place they're being well received by the patients.

We have a bit of marketing to persuade our Navy providers that we need to accept contracts. Frequently the contractors are making more money than our providers, yet they don't have any military responsibilities. That's a problem, but on the positive side we *are* increasing access to care, increasing the workload within our facilities, and that means there

are greater challenges to our physicians and other providers, which enhances their professional satisfaction. This relates to readiness for a transition in mobilization and it relates to a better level of graduate medical education which is absolutely essential, as recognized by the Blue Ribbon Panel, as the lifeblood of Navy medicine.

**All Hands:** How do you sort out the treatment priorities, the "bureaucratic triage," between military people, their dependents and retirees?

Zimble: Well, of course, Navy regulations set those priorities. And, it's the nature of military populations that the patients who need health care the least are the ones with the highest priority. It's for that reason that we need to form a base of providers to ensure full utilization of our facilities, so that we don't have to prioritize too strictly to meet that statutory requirement.

**All Hands:** New regulations about frequency of physical exams for Navy personnel have been promulgated. How will this affect health and readiness of sailors and the workload of healthcare personnel?

Zimble: First of all, it's going to enhance the health care of our sailors because we will reduce the need for unrequired care, therefore making access more available for care that is required. The "return" for annual physical examinations was extremely low. For a young, healthy population the annual physical examination really has little worth. Physical examinations of patients who have specific symptoms, of course, will be done. We'll reduce non-effective time of sailors who have to take time off from their work to see us strictly as a part of a bureaucratic process.

We will still continue to monitor certain elements of a physical ex-



amination. We will still have annual dental examinations. At the annual dental examination they will still have a questionnaire to fill out and they will have blood pressures taken, so we're not going to totally eliminate the positive elements of physical examinations. We're just going to reduce the frequency of those elements which have a very small "yield."

Now, as our patients get older, the frequency of the physical examinations increases. Also, those particular sailors and Marines who are in certain occupational categories — the same goes in the civilian sector and in certain occupational categories — we will continue to see focused physical examinations more frequently.

**All Hands:** Is there a shortage of doctors in the Navy?

Zimble: Yes.

**All Hands:** What's being done to attract more and to keep the ones that are on board?

Zimble: The most important element is to provide a fulfilling workplace environment. A work climate that is professionally satisfying, that is rewarding. That applies not just to physicians but to all of our personnel. We can do that first with compensation, we have to certainly be com-

petitive in the marketplace. So when the compensation gaps are very large, we have to request additional bonus dollars for various providers. Beyond that they need to get technical support and administrative support. They need to have available state-of-the-art equipment and they need to have a facility with an atmosphere that enhances good patient care. Not just for the provider, but for our patients as well. We are addressing all of those issues. We have some of the finest professionals in Navy medicine that you can find anywhere. I want them to be professionally challenged, allowed to grow professionally in the field, getting all the professional rewards that should be available to them. If we succeed there, the accession of more people should be easy.

**All Hands: What's the extent of the AIDS problem in the Navy? How do the numbers compare with when we first began keeping track of this problem?**

Zimble: We have identified 2,828 sailors and Marines who have tested HIV-positive since we first started screening back in 1985. As of March 30, 1989 less than half of that number are still on board on active duty. The actual percentage of AIDS cases is very low. Obviously, that's because active-duty people are medically retired before they develop AIDS.

So overall, we don't have a significant problem with the disease operationally. We compare favorably with the general population, mostly because we are screening for infected individuals at all our accession points and we screen our active-duty members periodically.

**All Hands: What areas of Navy medicine need the most improvement? Which areas have improved the most?**

Zimble: The area that needs the

most improvement is getting more people on board. That is by far my number one mission — we're having an extreme shortfall in nurses. I think we're starting to plateau and we hope to see some improvement. But I'm looking for initiatives for retention of our people and for the additional accessions. There are shortfalls in physicians, shortfalls in nurses and in many of our technical ratings.

Where do I see the most improvements? In those very same areas. We have gained almost twice as many doctors this year as we did last year and we brought in far more doctors last year than we did the year before. We have a lot of initiatives that will help us with retention in the nurse corps: additional education for nurses and additional compensation for certain nurses — accession bonuses and bonuses for certain specialties, better promotion opportunities for the nurse corps, etc.

**All Hands: What do you think Navy medicine will look like 10 years from now? What changes do you foresee by the year 2000?**

Zimble: No crystal ball. I don't know what health care delivery is going to look like in the year 2000 because it is very difficult to assess trends in an area that has so many technological explosions. There was no MRI 10 years ago, but Magnetic Resonance Imaging has become almost essential to state-of-the-art medicine. "CAT scan" has become a very routine term, but it didn't exist in medicine 15 years ago. We are seeing some remarkable technological breakthroughs almost each and every day. The fund of medical knowledge is doubling about every three and a half years.

I can tell you some things that we are noticing. We're using hospitals less for inpatient care and more in the ambulatory setting, including a sig-

nificant amount of same-day service. Hospitals will probably work differently in the future. Medicine in general is entering a new era — that of health promotion. It's an idea whose time has come. We're no longer in the business of just providing medical care. We're moving into a new way of thinking, shifting to a new emphasis of providing total health care.

It's an era in which people will need to take more responsibility for their own health. Our job will be to give them the information and resources they'll need to enjoy a healthy lifestyle. That involves things like preventive health services — hypertension control and immunizations, for example. It also involves health protection activities such as occupational health and safety, and accident and injury control. Health promotion activities such as smoking cessation and stress-control clinics are a part of it, too. We need to provide our customers — who aren't yet our patients, and with healthy habits, they are not likely to become patients — with the information and incentives to change their behaviors and enjoy the best possible health. This is part of the future for both civilian and military health care.

We're excited. We're enthusiastic, but whatever we do in Navy medicine, we have to remain a system that is operating in the state-of-the-art in the standards of practice of medicine in the United States. We will do that. I think that with the commitment that we've gotten from our leadership and from the directions we're taking with the reorganization and the emphasis on graduate medical education, we will be far healthier in ten years. I think a larger portion of our workload will be in direct health care and that we will be more and more responsive with better and better access for our sailors and Marines and their families. □

# The edge of the



# end of the world



Story and photos by JOI Lee Bosco

**I**n the hot season, the mercury pushes past 110 degrees. The sun rides across the sky, beating down on desert and ocean. A lone woman trods along an empty beach and watches the sun as it retreats toward the clouds hanging on the horizon. Just before it sinks into the Indian Ocean the sun doesn't seem very far away. It's nearly close enough to touch. People here say that's just an illusion.

But that illusion seems so real when you're stationed on the edge of the end of the world.

**Below: A view of the front gate gives no indication that NCS Harold E. Holt is located in one of the most isolated areas on earth. Right: In the Helix house, a mixed crew performs maintenance on the all-wooden coil structure.**



Far into the outback in Western Australia, 800 miles north of the city of Perth, lies Naval Communication Station Harold E. Holt. Four hundred United States Navy and 50 Royal Australian Navy people and their families are stationed here. They, and the 2,900 civilians who populate the nearby town of Exmouth, are the only full-time human inhabitants for hundreds of thousands of square miles in every direction.

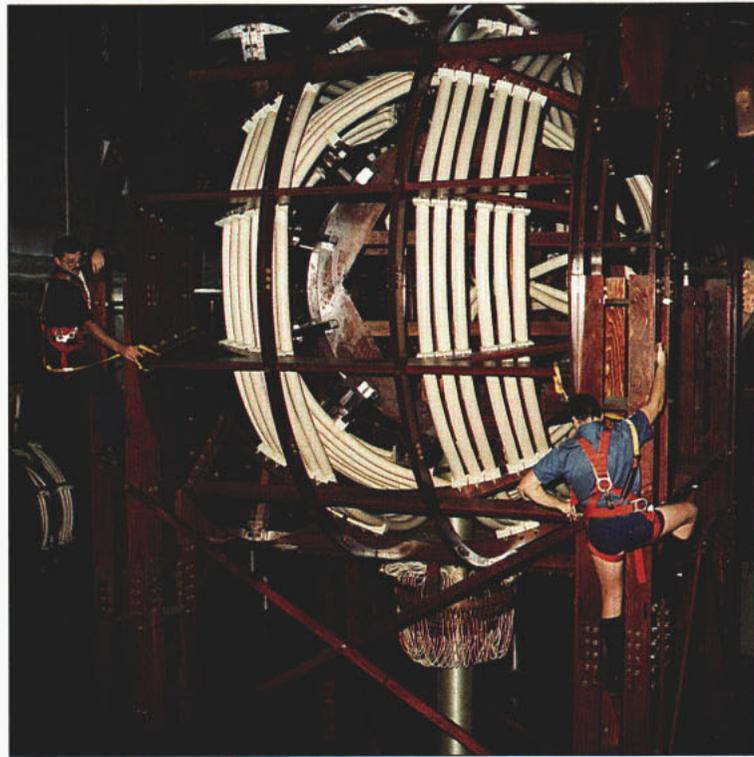
Radioman 3rd Class Kevin Felts has been stationed here for 18 months. He has adapted and now enjoys the isolated life at Harold E. Holt. "At first, I was shocked. *This* wasn't the Australia that I'd heard about. Being stationed out *here* is like stepping back in time," he said. "It's isolated and the surrounding area is so undeveloped, it's like taking a group of people and dropping them in the middle of nowhere a couple of centuries ago."

The joint U.S./Australian base sits near the northern tip of the North West Cape, a sliver of land that juts into the Indian Ocean. To the east Exmouth Gulf is all that separates NCS Harold E. Holt from the rough, hard ground that begins the Great Sandy Desert. The Indian Ocean forms the western border of the Cape and reinforces the feeling of isolation to all who arrive for duty.

But in the desolation there is beauty, and there is work.

NCS Harold E. Holt is the home of Tower Zero, the second tallest structure in the southern hemisphere. The tower stands 1,271 feet tall — more than 100 stories — and is a vital part of the United States Navy's and the Royal Australian Navy's telecommunications networks.

Tower Zero and 12 smaller towers support the anten-



nas that make up the very low frequency broadcast site known as "Area A." That VLF antenna array, combined with a two-million watt transmitter, enable both the United States and Australian navies to communicate with submarines prowling the ocean's depths in this part of the world. Talking to submarines is the primary mission of Navy men and women stationed at "Harry Holt," one of the Navy's most isolated duty stations.

"It takes a while to get used to the desolation," said Radioman Seaman Collette Hebert. "It's funny, as soon as people arrive here they really 'turn to.' Nothing here is familiar, so people get busy on something they know — work. It's probably not so much dedication as it is culture shock."

At NCS Harold E. Holt, United States and Australian navy men and women live and work in an atmosphere of international cooperation and try to live up to the base motto: "Two nations, two goals — Freedom and Peace."

Sailors from both countries work in integrated teams in the three areas of the communications department.

"Area A" is the home of Tower Zero and the wooden helix system that generates the power to reach submarines beneath the surface of the sea.

The main base, "Area B," sits six miles down the cape from the VLF site and is the station headquarters. Located here are the administrative offices, barracks, chow hall and the communications center. An important part of "Area B" is the satellite communications facility, which provides long-distance, point-to-point communications. Both the United States Navy and the Royal Australian



**Left: Tower Zero reaches 100 stories into the Australian sky. Below: Australian and American sailors work side by side in the communications center.**



Photo by PH2 Clint Eastman

Navy have separate message centers in the communications center, the only work areas where bi-national crews are not permitted.

Outside the message centers, the two forces operate as one. Watchbills incorporate members of both forces. Australian and American officers supervise the crews as if they all belonged to the same navy.

Also located at "Area B" is the high frequency transmitter building where 39 transmitters can reach communication stations all over the world.

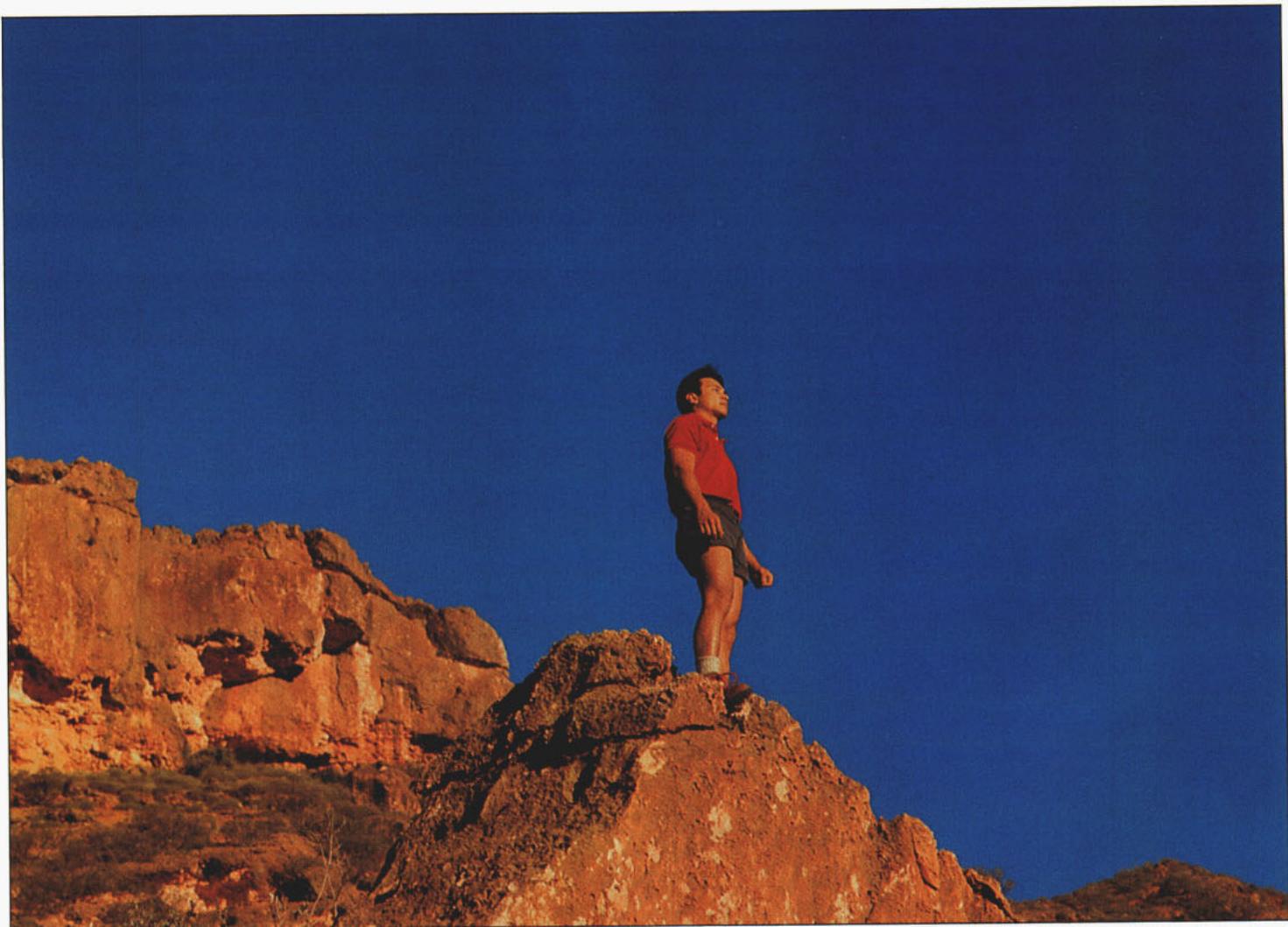
"Area C," 37 miles south of the station headquarters, is the main receiver site where United States and Royal Australian Navy telecommunications are processed. These messages are relayed by microwave to the communications center.

The entire communications complex covers an area of 5,600 acres of the cape.

Royal Australian Navy CDR Ronald Lawrence, the Deputy Commander for the station, is the highest ranking Australian on the station and functions as the executive officer. He pointed out the importance of the station's mission and he favors the shared-duty concept.

"This station is absolutely vital to maintaining the peace through strength and preparedness in the South Pacific and the Indian Oceans," he said. "It is a truly unique and challenging assignment for me. Our forces operate together, and learn from each other."

Lawrence stressed the need for smooth operations between members of the U.S. Navy and the Royal Australian Navy.



**RM2 Quinata enjoys hiking in the rugged terrain that surrounds the base.**

"We have to get along well out here because of the remoteness of this area. This is frontier land, and it's just as unusual a duty station for an Australian as it is for an American," he said. "We learn each other's ways and see each other as members of the same team. That way we achieve excellent results and avoid friction that could be magnified by our remote location."

The attitude of bi-national cooperation has been in place since 1974 when the Royal Australian Navy joined the U.S. Navy at the base. For seven years before that it had operated solely as a United States Navy communications station. NCS Holt is now officially a joint U.S./Australian base.

U.S. Navy CAPT Ron Horner, the station's CO, says his people, Australian and American, work well together.

"All our sailors, no matter what navy they belong to, have to be compensated for their efforts," he said. "Not only in the tangible things, like money or time off, but in other, less concrete ways. Good performers need to know that their leaders respect them. Especially in a place like this."

*A place like this.* It's a phrase often used to describe

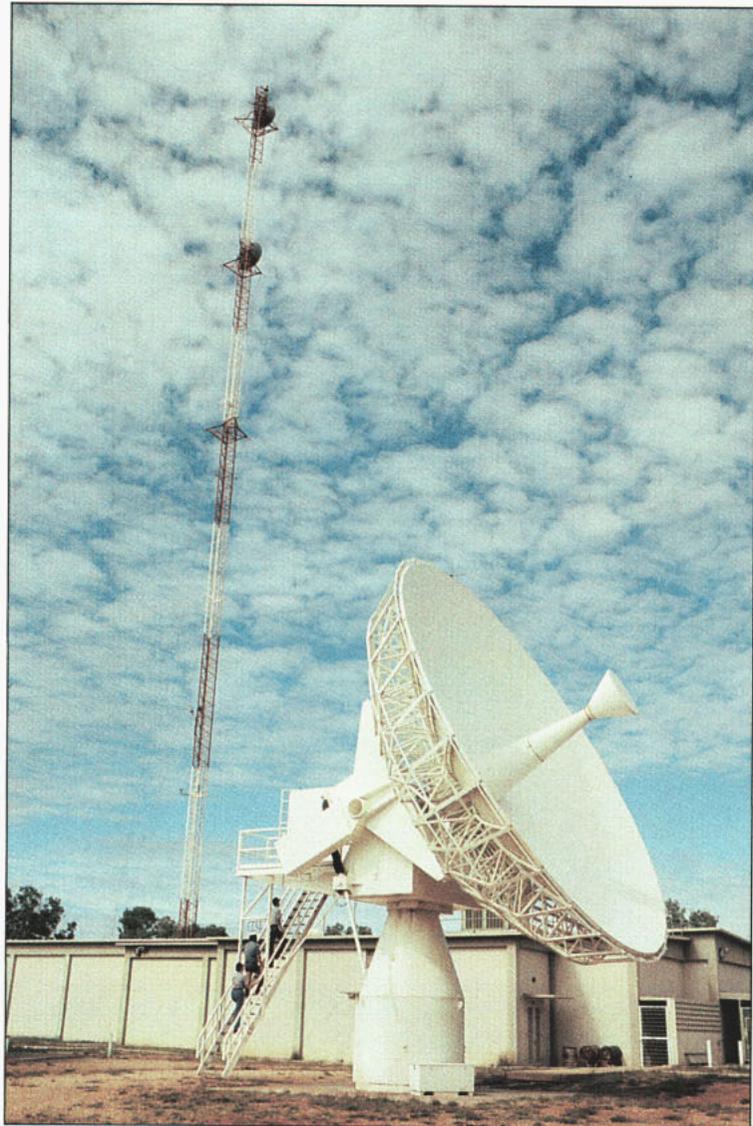
this lonely corner of the continent.

The area surrounding the communications station is a showcase for nature's diversity. Just outside the front gate, the land stretches out in a dry, rolling plain like a scene from the American Old West.

This sparse land is the domain of wildlife that has inhabited this part of the earth for countless centuries. Kangaroos and deadly snakes share this vast territory with emus and dingos. Anthills, seven feet tall, grow from the ground and tumbleweeds blow across dirt roads. This part of the Australian continent, virtually unchanged since before civilization arrived in Australia, belongs to those animals. Human interlopers are as alien here as they can be without leaving the planet.

South of the main base, towering cliffs line the western edge of the cape. Steep rock walls reach up hundreds of feet and form a natural barrier between Exmouth Bay and the Indian Ocean. These cliffs, pocked with deep caves, provide adventurous exploring for the residents of the base. Many say that to enjoy duty here you have to go out and find the fun.

"First, you have to get off the base. Staying on the base would drive me out of my mind," said Radioman 2nd Class Ken Quinata, who has taken up rock climbing since coming to Australia. "I can understand how some peo-



**Left: Satellite communications are an important part of the station's mission. Below: Children, both Australian and American, learn each other's cultures at the joint school in Exmouth. Bottom: Both nation's flags are flown each morning at the school.**



ple are bored here, especially when it gets hot. It's at least 100 degrees and in the short walk from the barracks to the comm center, you're not only covered with sweat, you're covered with flies. People tend to stay indoors on days like that.

"But, off the base, there are so many things to do that I don't get bored. I really enjoy climbing the cliffs and exploring the caves," he said. "Some of the caves have aboriginal art on the walls thousands of years old."

Photographer's Mate 2nd Class Clint Eastman has been able to fulfill a lifelong yearning thanks to his assignment here. "Ever since I was a kid I've wanted to own a horse, but I've never had the chance," he said. "As soon as I heard that it was possible, I talked to a guy who was transferring. He was caring for a horse and I just took over for him when he left."

"There's a lot of wide open spaces here and I ride every day," said Eastman. "I like it here. I could never manage this anywhere else."

The ocean and the bay offer fishing and swimming. The





base recreation department rents boats and four-wheel-drive vehicles. Cook-outs on the beach are very popular. But, if the natural resources of the area don't entice a sailor to rough it, a visit to the town of Exmouth is the only other recreation option.

Five miles from the barracks, the town, or "shire," of Exmouth boasts three restaurants, a cricket field and a golf course where the greens are manicured brown dirt and the fairways look like sand traps.

Bob Burkett, Mayor of Exmouth, is a typical Western Australian. He's the kind of man who is more comfortable behind the wheel of a four-wheel-drive Range Rover than behind his desk in his office at the shire hall. He is quick to shake hands and share his view of life in Exmouth.

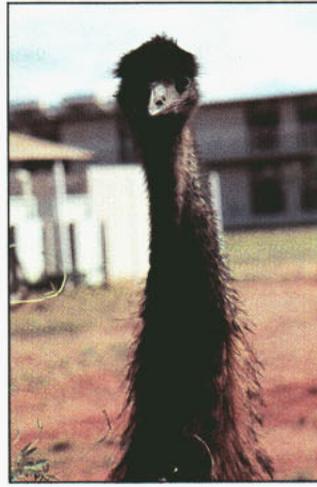
"This town is a 'joint town' just like that base is a joint base. If not for the base, we wouldn't exist," he said. "Our children go to school together and we share our cultures. I like the Americans and I like havin' them here."

All family housing for the people of the communica-



**Top:** Archie Isherwood, an Australian civilian employee since Tower Zero was constructed 20 years ago, works high above the cape on the tower. **Right:** Leading Seaman Electronics Technician (RAN) Wayne Nitschke and RM2 Linda Gibbon take readings from the VLF control console.

Photo by PH2 Clint Eastman



Far left: The "mall" in the shire of Exmouth consists of a dozen small stores where residents can buy necessities. Left: Emus roam freely on the base and highlight the compromise between man and nature in the outback. Below: As dusk falls, PH2 Eastman heads back to the stables.



tion station is in the town of Exmouth. The small school for their children is located there.

More than anyone, the children find Western Australia a difficult place to live.

Jerri Johnson, 11, daughter of Command Master Chief Radioman Bob Johnson, isn't shy about her feelings. "I hate it here. There's nothing to do. No malls, no movies and no place to go," she said.

Is there anything good about this place as far as Jerri's concerned? "Well, I guess I've made some really good friends here, Australian and American," she said. "And, I like the stars. At night you can see all the stars, millions of them. That looks neat."

At night the temperature drops and a chill falls across the tiny outpost. There are no streetlights and moonlight

blankets the quiet region. A young girl sits on a bench in her front yard. The sounds of her parents, just home from duty and preparing dinner, drift from the kitchen. She looks up at the bright full moon. Set amid what looks like every star in the universe, the moon seems a million miles away. No person could ever live there — it's too far away from home.

She's heard some of the grown-ups say that living here is just like living on the moon. They can't wait to get home.

But to her, this *is* home. Even if it is on the edge of the end of the world. □

*Bosco is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands.*

# Aussie speak

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*Learn a new language: English.*

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Story by JO1 Lee Bosco

"Join the Navy and see the world." No one ever said, "Join the Navy and understand the world."

Sailors are the most nomadic of all military forces. We put to sea, work 18 to 20 hour days (sometimes for months on end), and pull into a port in some exotic, foreign land where we have no idea of even the basics of the language. Then we proceed to have a great time. Ask any sailor, after 60 days at sea — *any* liberty port is a *good* liberty port.

U.S. sailors have managed to overcome the language barrier in countries from Thailand to Spain and recently in both China and Russia.

Local citizens may be amused at our attempts to communicate, but most are tolerant and helpful. I've heard a few giggles as I vainly tried to understand where I was and why I should be somewhere else. But, I've never had anyone laugh in my face because I didn't understand their native language.

Not until I went to Australia. And the native language in Australia is *English*.

Things had been going well. I was

in Darwin, Australia, as part of *All Hands* coverage of joint military exercise *Kangaroo '89*. I was billeted in the Royal Australian Army Barracks and could smell breakfast being cooked downstairs.

Jet lag gone, breakfast cooking, Australian sunshine — I felt good. Being an American serviceman, I was an object of curiosity to my hosts at breakfast. Six Australian Army sergeants flagged me down and invited me to sit with them. That's when the trouble started.

"*G'Day mate, avaseat. Pete Hogan 'ere, no relation mate. So you're the yank journo come to oz for Kanga '89. What'll it be for brekkie, PE and B!*"

The sergeant at the head of the table was speaking to me but other than his name I understood none of what he said. I introduced myself.

"*First trip to Lucky Country, eh! Well the army is always as happy as a dog with two tails to put up with a navy fella, for a short bit anyway. Glad ta see you're in your navy bag of fruit.*"

Things were getting worse.

"*Hold a mo, when's your knock off!*

*Are you up for a pub crawl! We 'ave to show off the top end.*"

"*Right, sheilas beyond compare up here,*" another one said.

"*I'll 'ave to check with the trouble and strife, but sure, we can give it a nudge,*" a third added.

They had all joined in and the conversation was now like a fast moving river. All eyes turned to me and I was expected to jump in. I couldn't swim. My embarrassment was delayed by the arrival of breakfast. Good, time to think. I understood most of the words individually but strung together they made no sense to me. Halfway through the meal it started again.

"*We 'eard you're gonna do stories on yank and aussie team up, good on ya. Are ya gonna see the rock! Steer clear of the crocs up here and you'll be awright.*"

"*Yeah, and don't bother with the dead heart unless you've got one of us with you.*"

"*How long are ya with us! You've got to catch some footy while you're here.*"

This last statement must have contained some secret code because it set

off an argument among the men at the table. I understood the word "rugby" and a few unprintable phrases as they were heatedly tossed back and forth across the table.

Hogan picked up his plate and motioned for me to follow him. We sat at a nearby table and, while the argument raged on, Hogan explained.

"Don't mind the boys, there's a pretty strong rivalry between footy and rugby, not to mention league and union," he said.

After a little explanation, I understood that "footy" was Australian

Rules football. Rugby, another popular sport in Australia, is split into two categories, union and league. The rules differ slightly but to devotees those differences are what make each game the better one. Comparing footy to the two versions of rugby is like comparing apples to oranges to nectarines. That argument is a favorite pastime of Australians.

Hogan is the mess manager at the Larakeyah Army Barracks. He told me that if I needed anything while in Darwin, he's the man to talk to.

I told him that the only thing I

needed was a translator.

"Wot, that bit before? The guys were just 'avin ya on, y'know joking. We don't always talk like that — we do some, but not always," he laughed.

Well, what did they say?

Here is the transcript, according to Hogan, in American English.

"Good morning buddy, sit down. I'm Pete Hogan, no relation to Paul Hogan, the Australian actor. So, you're the American journalist who's in Australia to cover *Kangaroo '89*. What do you want for breakfast? Poached eggs and bacon?" Hogan asked.

"This must be your first time in Australia. Glad that you're staying with us even if you are a sailor. We don't see too many U.S. Navy uniforms around this mess," he said.

"Wait a minute, what time do you get off work? Let's go out and have a drink in town. We're pretty proud of the Northern Territory and we'll give you a tour," Hogan said.

"Yeah, the women are great up here," said another.

"I'll let my wife know and we'll go for it," a third said.

"You're doing a story on U.S./Australian cooperation during *Kangaroo '89*. That's great. Are you going to see Ayer's Rock? Be sure to watch out for crocodiles while you're in Darwin," Hogan continued.

"And don't go into central Australia without someone who knows the area," another said.

"How long will you be in Australia? While you're here you should go to an Australian football game."

After the translation, Hogan laughed.

Was that really what they said? I asked Hogan if he wasn't having me on too.

"Me, trick you? Now would I do that to a mate? That's what we said, you can bet on it," he said. "Fair dinkum." □



*Bosco is a photojournalist with All Hands.*

# Christmas for prisoners of war

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*Former POW recalls holiday experiences.*

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Story by CDR Frank Evans

Stumbling in the dark, with only a glow below the prison door giving him light in his cell, he came across a broken desk. Rubbing his hand across the top, he could make out words that had been carved there: honor, courage, integrity.

They had been left by another POW who had been imprisoned in the Vietnamese cell.

For CDR Harry Jenkins, this would be the first Christmas in a cold, damp prison in North Vietnam — the first of seven Christmases away from his wife and three children. For almost five years his family did not know whether he was dead or alive. By the time he was freed in February 1973, he had been held captive for more than seven and a half years, of which two and a half were in solitary confinement.

Jenkins, now a retired Navy captain in Coronado, Calif., often recalls

those bleak Christmases past.

It was Saturday, Nov. 13, 1965, when Jenkins, skipper of Attack Squadron 153, flew off the deck of the carrier USS *Oriskany* (CV 34) in his A-4 *Skyhawk*. This was his 133rd mission, and it was to be the final day of his six month combat cruise.

"I was on a road reconnaissance mission near Dong Hoi, and we didn't spot anything, so we started back to the ship," Jenkins said. "I happened to see what looked like a truck parking area, so I told my wing man that I was going down to investigate the tracks. I was tired, very tired, and made a few mistakes which led to my capture. I dropped down to 30 or 40 feet and was flying about 300 knots. I started to hear gunfire and saw the tracers from the 37s streaking by me. This wasn't new to me. Without much concern for it, I tried to pop into the low overcast and thus gave

them a stern-on shot, which is the easiest shot you can give a guy, and he chased in on me."

Jenkins ejected at 2,500 feet and he knew before he hit the ground that he would be a prisoner.

Over the next 10 days, he was dragged through villages as the Vietnamese moved north to Hanoi.

"I got to Hanoi about 6 a.m. and was taken to Walu prison," Jenkins said. "It was a French prison built in the late 1800s with thick stone walls and broken glass embedded on top of the ledges."

He was taken immediately to interrogation where he gave his name, rank, serial number and date of birth.

"They didn't accept this and went right into the torture with ropes," he said.

His wrists were bound tightly behind his back with many small turns of cord, palms together. Next

his elbows were pulled together and bound in the same fashion. And then his biceps were pulled together as closely as possible and bound. Next he was placed in a sitting position on the floor. A large steel bar was placed across his ankles and some clamps around his ankles. Then the bar was tied to a bunk loaded with lumber so that the bar would cut into the tops of his ankles. The intent was to cause pain, but not threaten Jenkins' life.

"All the circulation and feeling in my lower arms and the rest of my body were restricted by the ropes," he said. "At one time, while I was bound, I was able to roll over and look at my hands. I tried to move my fingers but I could see that they were not moving. My hands had turned the color of oysters. I thought at that point I was going to lose my hands. There was no feeling, no muscular control. It took about three hours of this torture to bring me to the point where I answered further questions."

It was four days before he left this area of the prison and was placed in another block with eight cells. He was contacted by another American, CAPT (later rear admiral and Medal of Honor winner) James Stockdale. Before he was shot down, Stockdale had been Jenkins' boss.

Two days before Christmas, Jenkins was moved to a camp called "The Zoo." He lived alone in a cell 15 by 15 feet with nothing in it except a wooden pallet.

It was here that Jenkins and his fellow POWs devised a means of communicating through prison walls, using a special code.

"There was nothing special about that first Christmas," Jenkins said. "It was cold, very cold. In North Vietnam, the weather gets down to 40 and

stays there until March. Since the building was all brick, it was like sitting in an ice box. Also, one blanket was not enough to keep you warm. The night before Christmas, the guards gave me a pair of sandals cut from truck tires with some thongs made from the inner tube," he continued. "I also received a bar of soap and a cup."

Christmas Day was just another day, except that each prisoner wished each other a Merry Christmas by code and hoped that they would be home for the next one.

It wasn't until 1969 that the North Vietnamese made more of a fuss

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***"On Christmas morning we all sang. I'll always remember that."***

---

about Christmas. They decorated a tree and took each prisoner to see it.

"They put on a feast of turkey, water buffalo, rice and very sweet rice cake, called *bonchon*," Jenkins said.

On Christmas Day, 1970, the prisoners held their first combined worship service, only possible because they were moved into the Hanoi Hilton after the Son Tay raid in November. Until then they had been dispersed in camps around the area.

"It was the most touching Christmas service I ever attended," said Jenkins. "There were about 45 of us together and we sang from memory. We held a devotion to remind ourselves what Christmas was all about."

By Christmas 1971, Jenkins and the

other senior officers had been placed in a building where they lived in groups of four. "In this camp, we formed a choir, with other members from other cells down the hall," he said. "We practiced the songs and got pretty good."

"On Christmas morning, we all sang through the doors and celebrated the birth of the Christ child. I'll always remember that Christmas," he added.

"In early December, 1972, we knew something had happened. We could hear tremendous explosions and we knew from the sound that it had to be B-52s bombing Hanoi," he continued. "Then suddenly the bombing stopped. We knew some agreement had been reached. Shortly thereafter on Jan. 20, 1973, we were read a copy of the peace accords."

Returning to San Diego in February 1973, Jenkins received a promotion to captain, decorations and medals, and a hero's welcome. In describing Jenkins' brand of heroism, Stockdale said, "Despite our frustrations, torture and anger, Harry never lashed out at anyone. He was a kind person who never turned on a friend."

But this isn't the story's end.

In 1974, Jenkins assumed command of USS *Denver* (LPD 9) and headed back to the Far East to participate in the evacuation of Vietnam.

"We picked up thousands of refugees," he said. "They came by sampans, small boats, anything that would get through the water."

Jenkins gave up his command in 1975 and became an amphibious commander. He retired in June 1978. □

*Evans is a reservist assigned as Public Affairs Officer with Readiness Region 18 in Denver, Colo.*

# Uncommon duty

## The Pentagon tour guide

Story and photos by JO2 Phil Alessi

- A one-time Dairy Queen cashier from California poses for photographs with the President of the United States.

- A former Dayton, Ohio, salesman escorts VIPs down miles of historic corridors.

- A construction worker from Des Moines, Iowa, stands stiffly at attention while rendering honors at military funerals and ceremonies.

- A graduate of a travel agent school from a small North Carolina town becomes the first woman on a military drill team.

The Navy offers varied duty opportunities to all who join the sea service, but some find themselves serving their country in ways they never dreamed of — as Pentagon tour guides.

But serving as escorts to visitors at the Pentagon is not their only duty — they also serve on the Navy's presidential honor guard or drill team. Honor guard duty is generally a two-year tour, with a six-month collateral duty assignment to the tour office. Two of the sailors also serve as guides on board the display ship *Barry* (DD 933), permanently moored at the Washington Navy Yard.

"Although we are assigned to the Pentagon for six months at a time," said Airman David Helmon, "we are always on standby for the honor guard, and can be pulled out of here at any time." That point was emphasized recently, when Helmon was called upon to participate in burial honors for sailors lost in the USS *Iowa* (BB 61) tragedy.



Upon assignment to the Pentagon, the new guides are put through a two-week training period before being allowed to serve the public. The current squad leader, Aviation Machinist's Mate 3rd Class Daniel Luke, is tasked with ensuring that the trainees are completely familiar with the basic tour, as well as any alternate routes that may have to be utilized.

"The new people are given a 10-page commentary to memorize, and then assigned to Petty Officer Luke," said Army Sgt 1st Class Colin M. Sayer, the current director of the tour program. For about two weeks, Luke walks the tour route with new guides, playing the part of a tour group, making sure they are

**SA Ferris leads her group through one of the Pentagon's many corridors. Ferris and other sailors on tour duty also serve on the presidential honor guard and drill team.**

following the right route and that they have memorized the information correctly.

"They not only have to learn to walk backwards while talking to perfect strangers, there are certain military facts they have to convey to the visitors," said Sayer. "We certainly don't want them to put out incorrect information concerning some of our nation's most distinguished military figures."

Once the initial training period is



over, the new guides are then assigned their first tour and accompanied by Luke or another experienced member of the office. This helps them get comfortable with their new assignments and offers them support during the transition period as a solo guide. Spot-checks are made on all guides, usually on a weekly basis.

The tour at the Pentagon includes corridors dedicated to the different branches of the armed forces as well as halls honoring some of the greatest military figures in our nation's history. Included in the tour for visitors is the Hall of Heroes, where the names of the more than 3,500 Medal of Honor recipients line the walls, and the Military Women's Corridor,

highlighting women of the armed forces and their contributions to our nation's military heritage.

Guiding visitors on the approximately one and a half mile tour can sometimes provide a few light-hearted moments for the tour office.

"We usually do a pretty good job of keeping the group from wandering off," Helmon said. "But one day, two little kids, about seven years old, just walked into the Secretary of the Navy's office. Being a sailor, and walking through the Navy Corridor, I started to panic." But he kept his cool, found the missing children, returned them to their embarrassed parents and continued the tour without further incident.

**When AN Helmon leaves for his next command he says what he'll miss most about being a tour guide is seeing the excitement on faces of children when they first enter the Pentagon.**

Although some new sailors apply for duty with the honor guard in boot camp, most are realistically looking in other directions in pursuit of a Navy rating. After boot camp, Seaman Apprentice Danielle Ferris was scheduled to go to the Naval Surface Warfare Center for duty. She never got there.

"They had me picked for something at the warfare center," she said, "but they never told me what it was. The next thing I knew, I was assigned

## Uncommon duty

to the honor guard and collateral duty with the tour office."

Never in her wildest dreams did she expect to go from being a Dairy Queen cashier in Escondido, Calif., to being photographed with President Bush during the inaugural ceremonies.

"There have been a few naval officers in my family," Ferris said, "but I was the first to go the enlisted route. They really got excited when they found out I was headed for Washington and assignment to the presidential honor guard."

In 1988, more than 125,000 visitors toured the Pentagon. That keeps the 22 guides in the office busy conducting at least two and sometimes three or four tours every day. Winding through the same corridors day after day can get tedious, repeating the same information over and over.

"Sometimes you get distracted," said Helmon, "and you have to stop and wonder if you just repeated yourself. It's so easy to do when you're going over the same thing day after day, but you really don't want to look foolish or say anything to embarrass the Navy."

That's why it's not unusual to hear a joke or some good-natured kidding along the tour route, usually at the expense of someone's home state or a colorful figure in military history.

Duty with the tour office also offers its less than glamorous aspects. The inevitable paper work must be dealt with and that job falls to the tour office staff. Navy personnel manning the desks are AD3 Daniel Luke, Seaman Jeannie M. Cleary, and Damage Controlman 3rd Class Sherry Fossett.

According to Fossett, on temporary assignment from Barry, "There is just



no escaping the paper work. There are monthly reports to be put out, correspondence that has to be answered and the scheduling of VIP tours has to be kept up to date."

Office drudgery aside, duty in the Pentagon tour office seems to have left a lasting impression on those assigned there.

SN Bianca Outerbridge, of Williamston, N.C., was assigned to the honor guard in 1986 and eventually became the first woman member of a military ceremonial drill team. She expected to finish her military obligation with the unit. But the Pentagon called and she was quickly indoctrinated into the tour office. And after months of walking backward and narrating to total strangers, she says, "I love it! I was happy when I found out I was coming over here, and I don't want to leave until my enlistment is up."

Those sentiments were expressed by all of the sailors assigned to the tour program. They have had the opportunity to experience varied and

**AN Helmon tells an occasional joke to break the monotony of guiding the same tour several times a day. Helmon says a laugh helps him keep his attention on what he's doing.**

rewarding duty assignments as well as interaction with personnel from all branches of the armed forces. Most arrive not knowing what to expect. But they leave with personal satisfaction, knowing they have served within the very hub of the military community.

"I'm really going to miss it," said Airman Helmon, who recently transferred to USS *Theodore Roosevelt* (CVN 71). "I made a lot of good friends here. But one of the things that I will miss the most is the look on those kids faces when they first come in here. They see the size of the building, all the uniforms. They're really excited about being in the Pentagon. I definitely am going to miss that." □

*Alessi is a reservist assigned to OI Det. 1304, Philadelphia.*

# Flight of the editor

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## *Out of the office and into the cockpit*

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Story by W. W. Reid, photos by PH1(AC) Scott M. Allen

The A-6 jet engines were terrifying. As *Intruder* 516 maneuvered carefully into launch position, a scorching hurricane of jet blast forced the USS *Forrestal* (CV 59) flight deck crew members to cower momentarily until the aircraft finished its turn. The thunderous roar of the big Pratt & Whitney engines tore at everyone's ears, elaborate hearing protection notwithstanding.

Even though I was securely belted into the right-hand A-6 seat, sealed under a canopy pressurized to 30,000 feet, fully fitted out with fire-proof flight suit, high-impact flight helmet, steel-toed boots, oxygen mask and all the gear (knife, signal mirror, dye marker, smoke candle, fire starter) necessary to survive every conceivable circumstance — I felt vulnerable.

The pilot inched the aircraft forward so the launch crew could lock 516 into the catapult.

A dozen urgent questions raced through my mind, competing for answers: Can I reach the ejection seat handle? Will I remember how to release the parachute straps if I wind up in the water? Do I have enough "lunch bags" stowed in various flight suit pockets, in case of air-sickness? But presiding over all this last-second fussing was a single, persistent, dominating question:

"How the hell did I get myself into this?"



**A**lmost a year ago, LCDR J. Morgan Smith, NIRA Print Media Division Director (and my boss), came into my office, told me he was tired of me editing other people's stories and that I should send *myself* on some interesting story assignment. Normally, one of the crack *All Hands* journalists or photographers would be the first choice for a major TAD, and I wanted to keep it that way.

"Too busy for any TAD," I said, hoping that would be the end of it. It wasn't.

Smith didn't stay away for long and soon got to be a pest. To get him out of my hair, I asked for a carrier launch in an A-6 *Intruder*. Smith didn't flinch on the carrier request, but thought I would prefer an F-14.

"F-14s are overexposed," I said. "The *Intruders* don't get the credit they deserve."

Smith said he'd try.

I knew AirLant would hate it.

\* \* \*

"AirLant loves it!" Smith crowed as he burst back into my office the next day, triumphantly relating the mutual enthusiasm with which he and the Public Affairs Officer of Commander, Naval Air Force Atlantic had sealed my fate. "All you need is your up-chit, your anthropometrics and your water survival training."

"My what and my what?" I didn't like the sound of any of this stuff.

"The first step," Smith said, "is your flight physical."

\* \* \*

"Your flight physical is essentially the same as any other routine physical," said LT Chris Murphy, the doctor on duty at the Naval Air Facility clinic at Andrews Air Force Base, Camp Springs, Md. "The only major differences are checking your eardrums for flexibility and thoroughly documenting your dental structure."

He had me pinch my nose and blow as hard as I could. My ears popped and squeaked, while Murphy peered in them with one of those little lights. "Looks fine," he said.

A full set of X-rays "documented my dental structure." Murphy said with an apologetic smile, "It's for 'positive identification.'" I caught his drift.

\* \* \*

"Welcome to the Aviation Physiology Training Department!" LT Jon Etheredge, head of the physiology lab at NAS Patuxent River, in southern Maryland, was a cauldron of enthusiasm.

After we survived a day and a half of survival lectures, we got our chance to survive the first of the simulators: the altitude chamber.

"This is gonna be *fun*!" Etheredge gushed, speaking to us over the intercom, from behind two-inch-thick glass,



outside the altitude chamber. "This is a training device, not a torture chamber."

Maybe so, but in the next hour we learned the hard way that functioning at 20,000 feet (even 20,000 *simulated* feet) is next to impossible, and *recognizing* the fact that you aren't functioning is *totally* impossible. I made a botch of a simple patty-cake drill and another guy got so oxygen-starved that he couldn't even identify ordinary playing cards. The worst part is, we both *thought* we did fine. That's the way oxygen deprivation works.

We stayed in the classroom for an hour's observation, to be sure there were no ill effects from our simulated ascent and descent, then broke for lunch.

"Don't pig out too much," Etheredge suggested. "After lunch, we have ejection seat training."

\* \* \*

"You will experience high Gs in the ejection trainer," the instructor announced. "About 17 Gs, as a matter of fact. But don't worry — it's only for a short duration."

After an afternoon of training, we were ready to "punch out." One by one, we were strapped in, then yanked the ejection handle and slammed ten or twelve feet toward the ceiling, rocketing up a steel pole.

"Seventeen Gs would do you in, if it lasted for ten seconds," said the instructor. "But for a quarter-second, it's not too bad."

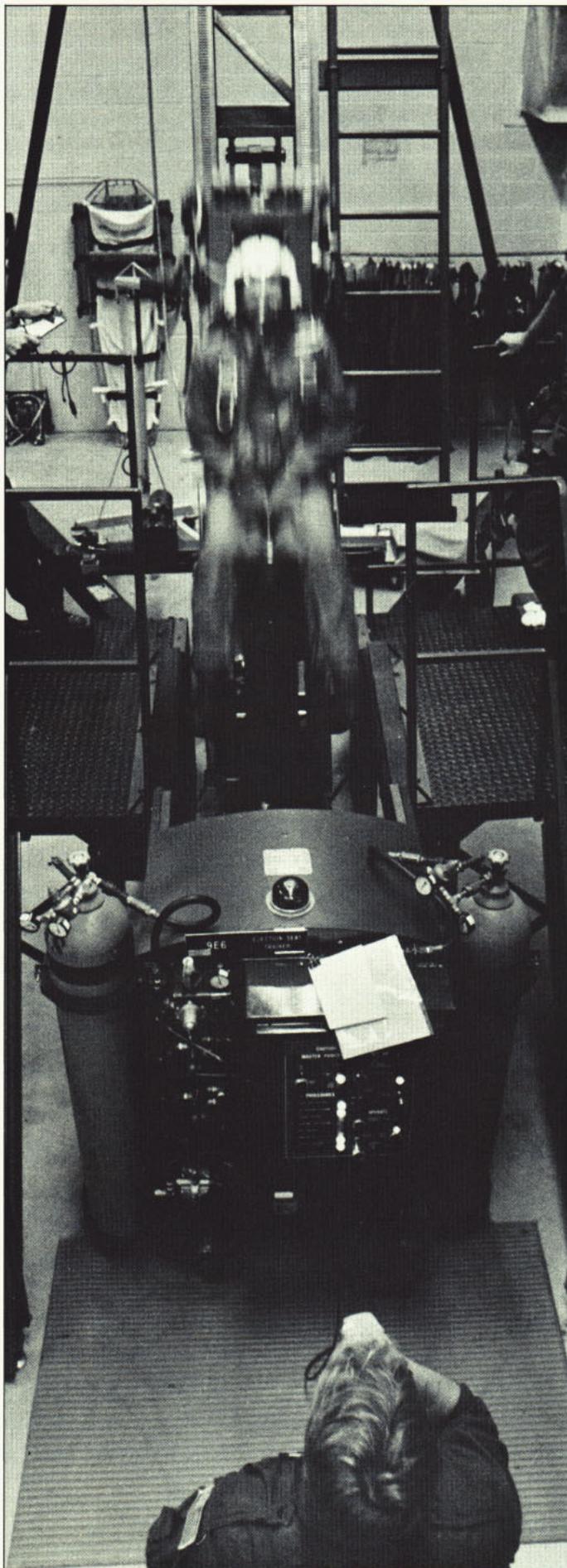
"Most exciting quarter-second I've spent in months," I said.

As we began securing for the day, skinning out of our harnesses and flight suits, Etheredge stopped by with one of his peppy salutations. "Get a good night's sleep, campers," he said. "Tomorrow, we go swimming."

\* \* \*

The pool building at Pax River was huge, smelled more powerfully of chlorine than most pools and had a high ceiling, which amplified the echoes. After preliminary instructions, we walked single file to the back area, where all the gear was stowed. On the way, I dipped a hand in the water. It was warm. Good.

If we were going to spend as much time in this pool



**Far left: First you learn *how* to pull the ejection seat handle. Left: Next you learn what happens *after* you pull the ejection seat handle. Above: Then you learn how a lack of oxygen can affect your patty-cake skills.**

as I had been led to believe, I wanted it to be warm.

"Now, we don't want you to psyche yourselves out," one instructor warned. "You'll put on this gear — flight suits, G-suits, helmets, harnesses, boots and all — and you're going to assume you'll sink."

I thought that seemed like a logical assumption.

"Well, you won't," he continued. "All this stuff is designed to float. And when you're wearing it, you'll float, too. Trust me."

Glowing with trust, I pulled on my heavy, wet flight suit and my very heavy, very wet flight boots, along with gloves, helmet, G-suit, harness and inflatable life vest ("LPA"). Didn't get to inflate it, of course.

The first drill was a 75-meter swim — three lengths of the pool, three different strokes: breaststroke, sidestroke and backstroke. Then we had to tread water for 15 minutes, followed by 15 minutes of what they called "drown-proofing" (looked like plain old "drowning" to me). Next, we practiced dragging ourselves into, and flopping out of, life rafts. Then we practiced huddling together in circles in the middle of the pool to conserve body heat. Then they blew their whistles and told us we were done.

We'd passed our survival swim, which meant we were now ready for "devices."

\* \* \*

"We operate four devices here at Naval Aviation Water Survival Training." Electrician's Mate 1st Class (DV) Stephen Schererhorn's voice reverberated around the wet walls enclosing the devices pool in building U-40 at Naval Air Station Norfolk.

"You will be tested in parachute drag, parachute drop, helo hoist simulator and . . ." he paused for dramatic effect, ". . . the dunker." There was a quiet chorus of sincere groans. "That's right," Schererhorn gloated. "The helo dunker is up and fully operational, and you'll all be go-

# In the cockpit

ing through it. But first we have to get through the parachute devices, so let's get started."

Every one of these insidious exercises resulted in warm pool water being rammed up your nose. But I was learning one valuable lesson: the gear and the procedures *work*, you just have to be patient. If you panic and struggle, you'll fail and they'll have to rescue you. If you have to be rescued, it doesn't count and you have to do it again.

I drank plenty of pool, but I didn't have to be rescued.

"OK," the instructor yelled, "you've done drag, drop and hoist. Now take off your LPA, harness and G-suit and report to the dunker pool."

\* \* \*

The helo dunker is a metal drum with about eight seats, three large windows and one door. The object is for trainees to strap themselves into the device, be lowered about eight feet under water and egress successfully. The drill simulates an aircraft crash-landing in the water and allows students to learn to overcome the disorientation and fear that can be fatal in egress situations.

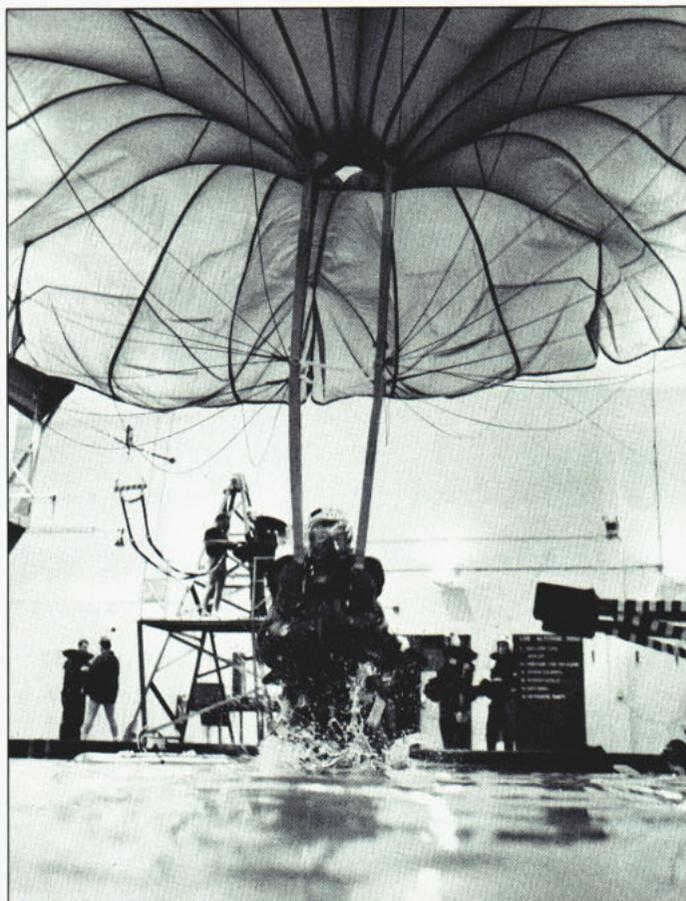
There are three interesting variations to the basic underwater egress drill, whereby instructors can add realism to the exercise. The first is inversion; since an aircraft can tumble as it sinks, the dunker can be rotated, allowing trainees the realistic opportunity to escape right-side up, up-side down, or anything in-between. Another variation is blindfolding; not every crash is in broad daylight. A third variation is to limit the exits trainees can use. Normally, one would expect to go out the nearest exit, but then plunging into the ocean in an airplane is not your basic normal experience.

As the instructors laid down the ground rules for passing the dunker test (if you release your seat belt before the dunker comes to a complete stop, or if you require diver assistance at any time, you have to repeat), I began to experience genuine fear for the first time since I undertook this whole adventure. I felt such a fundamental aversion to being strapped into a container that was going to be sunk in ten feet of water, that I was momentarily tempted to walk over to the nearest instructor, announce quietly that I wouldn't be continuing the training, take a hot shower and go home.

That would be the end of my primo magazine article, but better the end of the story than the end of me.

However, I was in the third, not the first, group to go, so I took the extra time to psyche myself up and resolved to wait and see how things went.

Things didn't go all that well. Out of the first group, there was one early release, one diver assistance and one guy who made it out of the dunker OK, but came to the surface choking and vomiting. "If this professional aviator winds up half-drowned," I wondered, "what are the pros-



pects for a civilian, couch-potato, English major bureaucrat like me?"

As I watched my shipmates disappear below the surface, I picked up on one potential problem: the danger of waiting too long to take your final breath before going under. It's natural to want to shorten your non-breathing time by not holding your breath too soon. But some people were taking their last breath as the water splashed around their face; one dunkee took water up his nose just before going under and so was in trouble right from the start. He needed diver assistance almost immediately. I learned from his suffering and resolved to take my last breath when the water rose to my waist, not my chin.

Then our turn came. The dripping dunker waited ominously up on the ceiling. I hesitated going up the ladder, but choked down my panic and proceeded.

The first egress was upright, out the same exit. I grabbed my last breath early, waited until the dunker was completely sunk, popped my harness and swam out. So far so good.

Other rounds included exiting from an upside-down position and exiting blindfolded (wearing goggles painted black). The key to success was patience and avoiding panic, which is easy to say and hard to do. Rescue divers were all around. It was a frightening experience, frightening enough to make you want to do it right the first time, so you didn't have to repeat.

The final round was over and my team came to the surface one by one, gasping.



Far left: The moment of truth, when your parachute stops being your best friend and becomes your worst enemy. Left: Listen to your friendly dunker instructor's advice, or else (lower left) you may need diver assistance.



The instructor greeted each of us at the pool's edge. "Good job. You're done." The nicest thing anyone said to me all day.

As the last group of "re-runs" assembled (paying the price for early releases or diver assistance by going again), the rest of us headed for the showers.

Before we got back on the bus back to Pax River, we stopped by the front desk to get our signed and sealed qualification paper work.

"Congratulations," said Schererhorn. "You're ready to go flying."

\* \* \*

"Ready to go flying?" The mischievous mirth of the AirLant PAO, LT Paul Jenkins, was apparent, despite the interference caused by the Autovon line from Norfolk to Washington.

"Guess so," I replied, with some hesitation. No backing out now.

"Great!" said Jenkins. "We got you VA 176, the 'Thunderbolts,' on board *Forrestal*. You'll probably be flying with the CO — Rocco Montesano. They call him 'The Mad Italian.' You'll love it!"

Jenkins could scarcely contain his glee.

"OK," I said. "When do I go?"

"Couple of weeks. I'll send you a message."

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it!" The Autovon line went dead and suddenly my office seemed very empty and very lonely.

\* \* \*

The huge flight deck was deserted, stretching empty — no people, no aircraft — for almost as far as the eye could see. It was the biggest ship I'd ever seen.

"It's quiet now. Enjoy it while you can — it won't be quiet for long." My official escort was LCDR Leo LeDuc, one of the aviators with VA 176. It was 0700 on what promised to be a hot Florida Monday. We were walking along the flight deck as *Forrestal* maneuvered out of her mooring space at Mayport. We were soon steaming at well over 20 knots to reach our area of flight operations.

\* \* \*

Following a more or less complete tour of the ship and being set up in a stateroom, I was continuing my orientation in "Ready Five," the VA 176 briefing room, when someone stuck his head in the door and said, "1400 — aircraft coming in!"

"Come on," said LeDuc. "Now the fun begins."

We went up to the "pri-fly," a viewing area up in the Air Boss's space, and then went out to "vultures' row."

The most impressive thing about flight deck operations is the noise. Moving out of the heavily insulated pri-fly into the open vultures' row walkway required passing through an impressive, vault-like, sound-proof door. Once that big door thudded shut behind me, I was overcome by an almost indescribable sound.

The sound isn't simply loud and it isn't perceived only through the ears. As a jet goes to full military power, those engines produce a combination roar and scream that tears at your ears, the thunder rips through the air and seems to strike at your very bones. Shock waves pound against your chest. Your entire body seems to be compressed by sound.

Being out in the open suddenly seemed like a very bad idea.

Without heavy-duty hearing protection, anyone on a fully operational carrier flight deck would be incapacitated in seconds.

The noise is only the most obvious hazard of life on the flight deck — jet blast sweeps back and forth as aircraft maneuver; the unwary can be whisked over the side in the blink of an eye. The jet-fuel vapors fill the air; close-fitting safety goggles are an absolute necessity, not only because of JP-5 in the air but because of the scorching exhaust and fast-flying debris being blasted about.

# In the cockpit

The pace of operations is bewildering. With aircraft being launched and recovered simultaneously, it's possible for a dozen jets to be in motion on the flight deck at the same time, some at speeds of 130 knots. Nothing separates these roaring juggernauts from one another or from the hundred or so people scattered about the flight deck but a few painted lines. The Air Boss sometimes gets pretty irritable, especially during night ops, as he struggles to keep all those planes and people sorted out.

Around one in the morning, the blazing, roaring, non-stop action finally stopped. Despite the 10 knots of wind moving steadily over the flight deck, the air was still heavy with jet fuel. Aircraft of every type were lined up with their wings folded and their tails hanging over the edge of the flight deck. Serenity had, for the moment, replaced the explosive ballet of aircraft and aircrews.

But tomorrow would be another day.

\* \* \*

"Morning!" Aircrew Survival Equipmentman 1st Class Mark "Silky" Sileikis, VA 176 safety petty officer, was ready to take me on my tour of a working flight deck.

"It's not really that dangerous down there, as long as you do exactly what you're told, and stay with me at all times," Silky said with a stern smile.

"OK with me," I said. "I wouldn't know where to go if I was on my own, anyway."

"Don't worry," said Silky. "You won't be going anywhere on your own."

\* \* \*

After stopping at the parachute loft to get rigged out in flame-resistant shirts, cranials with built-in hearing protection, steel-toed boots and flotation devices, we stepped out of the big door and onto the flight deck.

Even with the soundproof earmuffs, the noise level was painful — much worse than from up on vultures' row. One A-6 exhaust was only about 15 or 20 feet away. The thunder was so overpowering that I instinctively crouched down on one knee.

Sileikis grabbed me by the shoulder and tugged me to one side. "C'mon," he shouted. "We're gonna watch some launches!"

Weaving our way through half a dozen aircraft in various stages of launch preparation, we arrived at the shooter's position, between the forward catapults.

Silky jabbed an insistent finger toward the deck at my feet. "Stay!" he snapped, as though addressing an untrustworthy spaniel. I stayed. He walked quickly up to the shooter, yelled something in his ear and gestured toward me. The shooter nodded and turned back to launching aircraft.

"Have to let him know whenever someone who isn't supposed to be here comes into his area," Silky yelled.



"Let's watch for a while."

The forces at work during a catapult launch are breathtakingly powerful.

The "cat" kicks loose, then zings down the deck with a sort of whistling "rip," covering the 250 feet in two seconds, before slamming into the water brakes at the end of the run with a ship-shuddering shock. That characteristic "kick-rrrip-thud" is felt throughout the ship during cyclic ops. Wherever you are, whatever you're doing, you know they're launching aircraft; if you're sitting down, you feel it in the seat of your pants; if you're walking around, you feel it in the soles of your shoes. The entire ship dances to the tune of flight deck ops.

As I crouched on the flight deck cowering between the two cats, watching first one then the other fling aircraft weighing 10, 20 even 30 tons off of the ship, I wondered how the jets were kept from being pulled apart.

\* \* \*

"Well," said LeDuc when I put the question to him later, down in Ready Five, "if you set the cat for a 50,000-pound shot, and the aircraft only weighs 25,000 pounds, structural damage is a distinct possibility."

I didn't relish the prospect of sitting in a fully fueled aircraft for which the cat stroke hadn't been properly calculated, and said so.

"That's what everybody out there is working to avoid," LeDuc said, "that and a 'cold cat.'"

"Come again?"

"When the catapult stroke is not strong enough to get the aircraft airborne, it's called a 'cold cat,'" LeDuc explained. "The jet just sort of rolls off the end of the carrier like a rollerskate rolling off the end of an ironing board."

"I see."

He flashed a sympathetic smile. "That's why you are *always* prepared to punch out," he said. "That's why you had all that ejection seat training at Pax River, remember?"



**Far left: View from the cockpit shows a crowded flight deck, but after the final checker (left) gives the thumbs-up for launch, you're on your own.**

fit of my flight suit. It was a personalized flight suit, with my name and "Editor, ALL HANDS magazine" beautifully emblazoned on the left chest pocket. It was a terrific suit. But as our launch hour of 1300 approached, my nervousness combined with the stifling afternoon sun 100 miles off the coast of Florida and my nifty but close-fitting suit, to make me hot and uncomfortable.

"You got your 'lunch bags?'" Lowe asked. I unzipped my left shoulder pocket and produced two quart-sized Zip-Loc freezer storage bags. "Good," he said. "Please use them. We really *hate* to have to go into that cockpit to clean up after somebody who got sick."

"You can count on me," I said with a forced smile.

\*\*\*

"Looks like nice flying weather," said Aviation Fire Control Technician 3rd Class R. P. Taylor as he helped me settle into the right-hand seat in the cockpit of *Intruder* 516. The 516 was one of the squadron tankers, and we were going up to "pass gas" to *Forrestal* aircraft going through cyclic ops and other exercises.

I had been sent up early, because it was assumed it would take a bit longer to get me properly fitted into my bombardier/navigator seat on the pilot's right side. But the plane captain and his crew were very efficient (and I was very compliant) and it didn't take long at all, so I had some extra time to sit in the sun and sweat profusely as I contemplated my fate.

Montesano entered the cockpit from the left side and prepared quickly but thoroughly.

"OK," he said, "let's go." He signaled for the engines to be started. The crew had already backed up the huffer, which would supply the power to turn over the Pratt & Whitney J52-P8Bs. The engines spooled up quickly and I remembered how frightening those thunderous engines had seemed from way up on vultures' row; I now found myself *sitting* on that same thunder. After calling for the engines to be started, Montesano armed his ejection seat, then helped me arm mine. It may have been an operational necessity, but it didn't give me a good feeling.

Even after Montesano sealed the canopy, the roar made conversation impossible, so we put on our oxygen masks, enabling us to use the aircraft intercom. Montesano asked, "Ready to roll?"

"I guess so," I replied.

Montesano eased the throttle forward — the roar intensified to a scream and we began to move. My breathing quickened. A small but persistent knot formed in the pit of my stomach.

As we thundered along, barely at walking speed, the sun streamed through the canopy. Sweat started trickling down my face.

\*\*\*

"You *have* had all your ejection seat training, right?" asked CDR Rocco Montesano, Commanding Officer of VA 176. He and I were going flying together in less than an hour, so he sat me down in the back of Ready Five for a little heart-to-heart.

"This is one topic we don't joke about," Montesano said. "If I say, 'Eject! eject! eject!' I'm not kidding — eject immediately, as you've been trained to do."

"Right," was all I could think to say.

"You also have to realize that you may not *get* the word to punch out," he continued. "Use common sense. If you look to the seat next to you and all you see is a smoking hole, it's probably time to get out." He smiled reassuringly. "With all the fuel we're carrying, we'll be about 54,000 pounds, which will mean a pretty hefty catapult stroke. Are you ready for your cat shot?"

"I'm not sure." That probably wasn't what he wanted to hear, but I had to be honest. "It seemed pretty violent from what I saw down on the flight deck," I said.

"Oh, it is," he said, "but if you're properly prepared, it's fun!"

\*\*\*

"You're gonna have fun today," said PR2 Lowe as he stood me on a chair in the parachute loft to check the

# In the cockpit

Montesano continued briefing me as we rolled down the deck toward the end of a line of four aircraft waiting behind the jet blast deflector for their turn to launch.

"Once we lighten our fuel load a bit," he said, "we might go to 20,000 feet or so and try some moves."

"Moves?"

"Sure, you know, aerial maneuvers. This is a *very* agile aircraft," Montesano said proudly. "Of course, if we do anything that makes you feel uncomfortable, let me know, and we can always level off."

"Thanks."

\* \* \*

As we waited, moving up one every couple of minutes or so, the heat in the cockpit built up.

The "kick-rrrip-thud" of the catapult continued regularly. Our turn was coming.

Sweat was now streaming down my face. As I exhaled with each breath, puffs of oxygen caused the sweat that was collecting along the top edge of my mask to splatter against the inside of my visor. I couldn't see. While I still had time, I dug into my pocket for my handkerchief, raised my visor, popped my mask and mopped everything off, then quickly reassembled myself.

"That's OK, right now," said Montesano. "But once we get into launch position, keep your hands below shoulder level. You don't want to do anything with your hands that the shooter might see as a salute. The salute means we're ready to launch — once that salute is given, we're in a loaded gun."

"Right."

We were now right behind the jet blast deflector. There was a thunder of engines on the other side. Kick-rrrip-thud. The JBD was slowly lowering. We were next.

\* \* \*

Montesano eased us up into position, riveting his attention on the launch director as he led us into the catapult. My pilot now became very busy, running through checklists, testing comms, controls and guidance systems.

I felt terrified, but at the same time, my spirit soared with a delicious anticipation. I may have been afraid, but I sure wasn't bored. I checked my pulse — 19 beats in six seconds, almost 200 beats per minute. Nope, I wasn't bored.

I couldn't see the shooter from my bombardier seat, so I wouldn't know exactly how the launch preparations were going. However, I could see (through my rear-view mirror) the final checker crouching behind the right wing tip. I could also see the green-shirted catapult operator. By watching him, I would know when the big button had been pushed.

Montesano advanced the throttle to full military power.

I thought the engines were loud *before!* The thunder soared up the decibel scale. The pressure of the sound was painful. Montesano pivoted the stick in quick circles, "dusting off" the controls. I glanced in the mirror; the final checker on my side was kneeling, with both arms thrust outward in a thumbs-up. Ready on the right.

"ARE YOU READY?" Montesano shouted at me into his mike.

"READY!" I bellowed, substituting volume for courage.

"OK, HERE WE GO!" Montesano snapped a salute to the shooter. I grabbed the sides of my seat and put my head firmly back against the headrest — my helmet clacked against the metal. I faced straight ahead, but shifted my eyes hard to the right, so I could watch the catapult operator. He was staring at the shooter.

I couldn't believe the engines could keep up that incredible noise. The aircraft was vibrating — something had to give.

Suddenly the cat operator shot both arms straight overhead. He spun to look aft, then whirled to check forward, then turned back to his control panel and dropped his right arm to push the button.

Engines roaring, *Intruder* 516 remained locked, shuddering and straining, waiting . . . waiting . . . then, the catapult struck and the holdback bolt snapped.

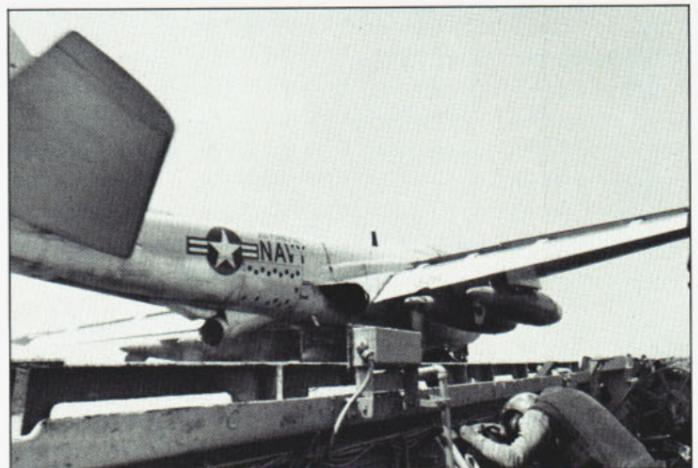
\* \* \*

I have often heard naval aviators trying to describe the sensations accompanying a catapult launch. They inevitably fail, but I sympathize with them; it is impossible to describe.

I have also heard those who have never experienced a cat shot trying *not* to be impressed, citing their experiences on some "loop-the-loop" ride at Seven Flags Over South Dakota as somehow just as exciting.

Trust me on this one: be impressed.

Comparing an aircraft carrier catapult launch to a carnival ride is like comparing champagne to Kool-Aid.



\* \* \*

The instant the bolt snapped, I was crushed into my seat by six Gs of transverse force.

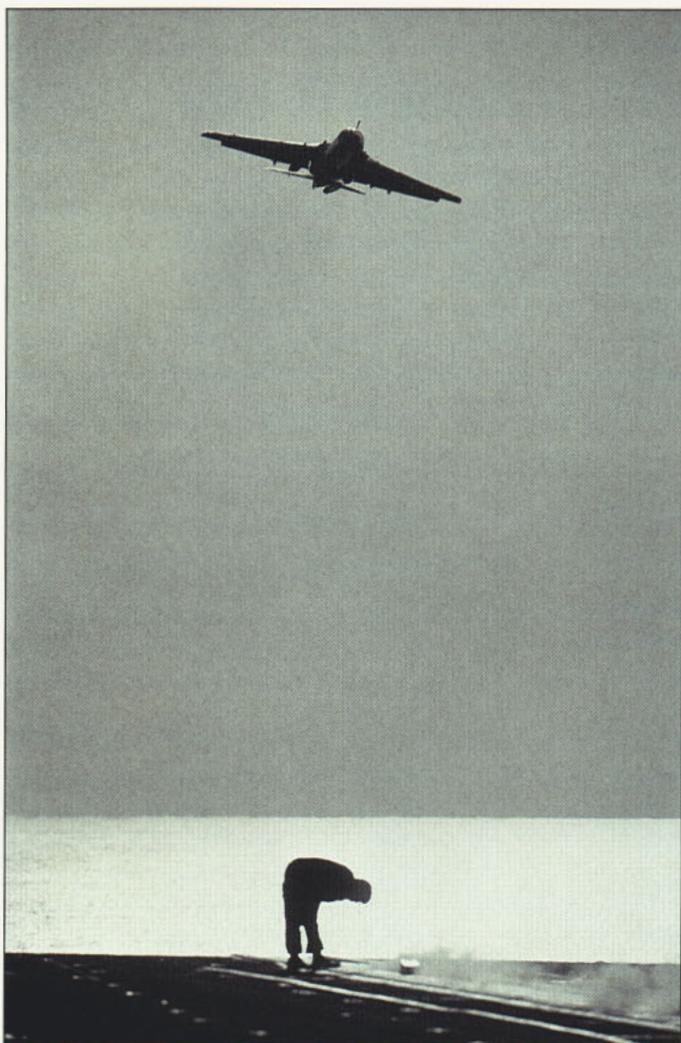
I was pinned, made helpless by the Gs, and could only stare, terrified and thrilled, at the end of the deck, flying at me like a rocket. I had a sickening sensation of falling off a cliff as the horizon hurtled toward me. It was horrible and wonderful, all in the same bewildering moment.

In an instant, the deck was gone and the aircraft seemed to sag slightly as we came off the end of the ship, then the wings dug into the air. We were flying!

As the Atlantic Ocean streaked away, 50 feet below us, Montesano retracted the landing gear and we started to climb. I was totally exhilarated! All the pressure, wondering and worry of the past months of preparations evaporated. The thrill of the launch was definitely worth all the trouble and work that led up to it.

"Well, what do you think?" said Montesano.

"Most fun you can have with your clothes on!" I



exulted, meaning every word of it.

"Can't argue with that. Let's go find some customers," he said. "I know you're going to be busy taking notes and writing your story, but you can help out by watching for approaching aircraft — a lot of folks out there are looking for a drink."

We quickly reached 10,000 feet and started cruising, waiting for "customers."

I looked hard, peering into the wild blue yonder. Clouds, sea and sky formed different backdrops for spotting aircraft, or anything else. On the horizon, which seemed well below us, the sky was a hazy, grayish blue. Straight overhead, as seen through the A-6 canopy, that same sky was dark, clear blue, tending toward black — it was the edge of space. The Atlantic was a dark slate color and had a velvety smoothness about it as it crawled beneath us.

I noticed the cockpit air conditioning was working very well, now that we were airborne. My sweat-soaked flight suit was getting pretty chilly.

Suddenly, Montesano said, "Oops, there's one. Couple thousand feet down to the left — an A-7. See him?"

I said I couldn't.

Montesano tweaked the stick. The *Intruder* flipped in an instant quarter-roll to the left. It was impressive (and a little frightening) that the aircraft responded so quickly, but I still didn't see the A-7 he had spotted. "Still too far to the left, I guess," I said, hanging on for dear life.

"Oh, sorry," he said. "Here. This better?" He tweaked the stick the other way and 516 snapped into a half-roll to the right. I was set to crash through the canopy and into the ocean below (or was it above?) but my harness bit into my shoulders and held me firm. I spotted a silver speck streaking along just above the water. "Yeah, I see him. Thanks." We instantly snapped back to level flight. I was momentarily queasy, but the feeling passed.

Clearly, flying in tactical aircraft had little in common with riding in, say, commercial airliners. An A-6 pilot can, seemingly, do anything, go anywhere, instantly, with the greatest of ease. This is the kind of flying we do in our dreams, like a magic carpet or Peter Pan, not at all like riding a 737 to Cleveland.

We dipped, we slipped, we dove, we even seemed almost to stop at the top end of one maneuver, hanging in the air for a moment. If you want to go somewhere, just tweak the stick, and you're there — as easy as making a wish. It was wonderful. It was the freedom of flight.

The A-7 caught up to us, and gave us a "package check," looking under and around our aircraft, to be sure all gear was properly deployed to pass gas. He left, and we rendez-

**Far left: When an A-6 goes by at 130 knots, it's best to keep your head down. Left: Long gone.**

# In the cockpit

voused with four thirsty *Tomcats* who had been chasing bogies at Mach 2. One by one, they drifted in from the left, plugged into 516's deployed drogue and drank, quickly but deeply — the first took 2,300 pounds of JP5 in about two minutes. The others refueled in much the same manner, with Montesano holding 516 in a steady, 10-mile circle.

After the fueling cycle was complete, Montesano said, "Let's go down and visit the ship."

I said, "Sure!" But I wouldn't have agreed to this "visit" quite so blithely if I had realized that by "go down" Montesano meant "drop out of the sky like a 25-ton rock!"

He hauled the stick hard over to the left and shoved the throttle forward. All I could see, wherever I looked through the canopy, was the Atlantic Ocean as Montesano put 516 into a power dive.

The G-forces were building as we pulled hard to the left during the plummet. I tried to pick out the G-force indicator on the instrument panel, but I couldn't focus my eyes well enough. One instrument, which I reluctantly concluded was the altimeter, was spinning wildly — the others seemed steady.

I was experiencing gray-out — the brilliant colors of sky and ocean and VA 176 logos were draining away to a melancholy monochrome.

But after going from 10,000 feet to 500 feet in about 30 seconds, we leveled off and everything returned to normal (or as normal as life can get when you're skimming over the surface of the ocean at 300 knots).

"I've got permission for a fly-by," Montesano announced.

Sure enough, *Forrestal* was looming on the horizon, just to my right. Montesano advanced the throttle, I was squeezed back into my seat and the airspeed indicator spun up to 500 knots. The altimeter read 250 feet.

We rocketed by *Forrestal* so quickly, I couldn't really see the ship, couldn't tell if anyone noticed our fly-by.

"Oh, they noticed," Montesano said with a chuckle. "The Air Boss would announce it. That's why we do it — it gives the squadron a big boost to see our aircraft come by, low-level, at speed. You look back, you'll see we left a pretty good vapor trail."

It was true. I could easily trace our course of the last mile or so by the white streaks stretching through the sky.

We climbed up off the deck, but we didn't reduce speed. We just climbed and climbed.

"Let's have some fun," Montesano said. Writing furiously on my spiral notepad, I was barely paying attention; this was some great stuff and I wanted to get it all down as it happened. The aircraft was moving, twisting, there were G-forces in different directions. I looked up from my notes to find the ocean sliding down from high up on my left to take its rightful place underneath the aircraft.

"Did we just do what I think we did?" I asked.

"We did a roll, if that's what you mean," Montesano answered. "How did you like it?"

"Well, actually, I missed it," I admitted. "I was taking notes."

"No problem," said Montesano breezily, as he leaned against the stick, slowly turning the aircraft upside down in the opposite direction of the last roll.

I put down my notepad and watched in speechless awe as heaven and earth traded places. The Atlantic Ocean stretched out overhead. Beneath us, the blue blackness



of sky and space reached up to the sea, becoming less black and more blue until, where it met the ocean above it, the two were the same color.

Then Montesano finished the roll and the universe resumed its accustomed configuration. I exclaimed at the beauty and wonder of it all.

"Glad you liked it," said Montesano. "Time to go home."

We went into another hard, diving turn. But by now I was a veteran, able to deal routinely with high-G maneuvers.

As we passed over *Forrestal* at around 5,000 feet, CV 59 was coming around, into the wind. She was churning a bright, brilliant blue wake that was a striking contrast to the darker, slate-colored Atlantic surrounding her.

Montesano said, "Look at the ship's wake."

"Pretty," I said.

"Y'know," he said, "sometimes it's hard to believe they actually pay us to do this."

"What a world," I said.

Montesano turned to me. He had his visor down and his oxygen mask on, so I couldn't see his face, but he turned to look at me anyway, for emphasis. "What a country," he corrected me.

\*\*\*

As we cycled into the pattern that would lead eventually to landing, I looked down at *Forrestal*. For a ship, it was huge. But for an airfield, it was pretty damn small.

\*\*\*

Our last aerial maneuver was the "carrier break," a quick snap turn required to keep a long line of aircraft waiting to land from forming, thus presenting an inviting target for the enemy. It wasn't as wrenching a move as I'd been led to expect. Either Montesano was being easy on me, or maybe I was starting to get the feel for these aerobatics.

Montesano "called the ball" and there wasn't much



conversation between him and the landing signals officer after that. He made a few minor throttle and rudder adjustments, but basically kept 516 steady as we flew into the deck at 120 knots.

At the moment of impact, Montesano rammed the throttle full forward, in case we had "boltered," missing the wires. But we didn't get far. *Intruder* 516 had snagged the two-wire cleanly. As we reached the end of the wire, there was a pretty healthy yank, but it didn't compare to the impact of the cat shot.

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We released the cable and taxied around to park. We came to a stop, the plane crew chocked the wheels and Montesano secured the engines. As we unbuckled our harnesses, I turned to him. "Thanks, Commander. That was a phenomenal experience."

"Our pleasure," he said. "You did fine. Thanks for writing about the 'Thunderbolts.'"

As I lifted myself out of the cockpit, I found my legs were a little rubbery, so I worked my way down the side of 516 rather gingerly. Several people, including PR2 Lowe, were waiting to greet me.

"Where's the lunch bags?" Lowe asked, insinuatingly.

"Right here," I said. I reached into my shoulder pocket and brandished the unused Zip-Locs with a triumphant flourish. "Here, give them to the next guy."

I was feeling pretty cocky.

\*\*\*

Two days later, I was on my way back to the office. It seemed incredible to be back in this familiar, safe, quiet world; I'd had a taste of a very different life. And I liked it.

I wasn't sure if the people who were living that remarkable carrier existence enjoyed it as much on a day-to-day basis as I did during my one-week visit. But I had survived an extraordinary experience; I had my "primo story."

My days in the cockpit were over; my days in front of the word processor would now resume.

I pushed the button for the elevator. While I was waiting, a young lieutenant walked up and began waiting, too. He was fit, handsome and highly decorated, for an O-3.

He was also wearing aviator's wings.

The elevator was taking forever. "Damn elevators never work," I said.

"Probably just on a 'high-floor cycle,'" he said. "Nothing to worry about." And then he flashed his confident aviator's smile.

I decided to take the stairs. □

*Reid is All Hands editor. Allen is an All Hands photojournalist.*

**Above left: *Forrestal* as seen from the A-6 cockpit. Far left: Calling the ball. Left: *Intruder* 516, comes home again.**

# Keeping them honest

Story by JO2 John Joseph

For Radioman 1st Class Pamela K. Berry, serving as an investigator in a challenging field such as law enforcement isn't an easy task. But as she works on cases from larceny to drunk driving, putting her best foot forward is the key to her success.

Berry works at the security department at the Naval Amphibious Base, Coronado, Calif. "Being the only woman in the command investigative unit was a little difficult at first, because in the police field everyone has their doubts about whether you can handle certain situations. It's like that anywhere you go," said Berry. "You have to prove yourself so others can judge you fairly."

Due to her work at her Navy job and her volunteer work in the civilian community, she was recently named "Military Woman of the Year" for the Naval Amphibious Base. The award is given to a Navy woman, chosen from one of the commands on the base, who upholds the highest traditions of naval service.

Berry said she found the honor especially rewarding because, as an investigator at the security department, she has succeeded in what has traditionally been a male dominated job. Berry feels that dedication and desire have been the traits that helped her earn the special award.

"It's really nice to be recognized in this way," said the nine-year Navy veteran. "I consider myself to be a hard charger, but to be selected for this award is a real honor."

Berry began her tour with the security department as a regular patrolman, and soon advanced to watch supervisor. She then received another promotion into the command investigative unit. Assignment to that

unit is an indication that Berry has excelled at all the phases of law enforcement at the amphibious base.

Berry acknowledges that her job, at times, can be risky. "Usually, on base I feel pretty safe. But there are times when we have to go into the civilian community," she said. "Looking for



**RM1 Pamela K. Berry**

civilians who have been involved in a military crime can be dangerous. Sometimes an investigation will take us into sections of the community that are really unsafe. That's when we have to be extremely careful."

She knows that it hasn't only been her professional performance that's enabled her to be selected as "Military Woman of the Year." Berry is also active in the civilian community as a volunteer with the Big Sisters organization in San Diego.

"Mostly I work with girls from the

ages of 6 to 16 who haven't got parents or have a single parent. I work with young girls who have problems," she said. "I spend time with them and show them that people care about them."

The award hasn't changed Berry, but she has noted that the honor has changed the way some other people treat her. "I think I've gotten a lot of respect from my co-workers and from the other commands because of the award," she said.

"Petty Officer Berry's award has had a great impact on our department," said Electrician's Mate 1st Class Leonard Abeyta, head of investigations for the security department. "There were several women on base competing for this honor and she was chosen, and that shows you that she's a quality person."

Taking on responsibility is routine for Berry, who also serves as the security department's career counselor and supply petty officer in addition to her other duties.

According to Berry, these responsibilities help her strive for excellence.

"I have a lot of extracurricular activities on and off the job," she said. "No matter what the assignment is, I always try to give 100 percent."

Berry will continue to do her job in the same competent manner that has become her trademark. She says that she is proof that if a person gives her best effort, anything is possible.

"As long as you have the determination to overcome obstacles nothing can stop you," she said. □

*Joseph is assigned to NIRA Det. 5, San Diego.*

# Bearings

## Blue Angel Number Six grants a hopeful child's wish

Diana Benes bought tickets for her whole family to the Duluth, Minn., Air Show 75 miles from their Hill City, Minn. home. Her son Christopher was the most enthusiastic about seeing the Blue Angels fly



LCDR Cliff Skelton gives this fan a moment to remember.

overhead — he'd been their fan as far back as he could remember.

Unfortunately for Chris, only days before the air show, he was hospitalized for complications of muscular dystrophy. Hospital officials told the family not to take Chris out of the area in case special follow-up or support treatment became necessary. Chris missed the air show.

Still, Christopher's story didn't end on a sad note. Benes called the North Region Office of the Muscular Dystrophy Association in Duluth.

The MDA staff, along with a local news media representative and Navy Recruiting District Minneapolis personnel, got the Blue Angels — at least one of them — to Chris.

Working with the Minnesota

Highway Patrol, which provided a helicopter and pilot, the group made arrangements with the Benes family to drive Chris to the airport at Grand Rapids, Minn. At mid-morning on the Friday before the Duluth Air Show, LCDR Cliff Skelton, Blue Angel Number Six, arrived via helicopter at the Grand Rapids airport. Skelton visited with his excited fan, giving him a package full of photos and notes from the squadron. "I'll call you when we get back to Pensacola to see how you're doing. OK?" Skelton said to Chris before leaving.

"You bet," Chris answered. His smile said it all. ■

—Story and photo by LCDR Gary Morey, Naval Reserve Det. 0916, Minneapolis, Minn.

## U.S. and Japanese military forces celebrate Perry landing

Festivals and ceremonies are as common to the Japanese as baseball and Chevrolets are to Americans. The Japanese hold a myriad of festivities each year celebrating such

things as adulthood, children, senior citizens, sports, culture, the vernal equinox and their constitution, to name but a few.

One such observance, well known to U.S. service members stationed in Yokosuka, is the Perry Memorial Ceremony. This annual event, held during the summer, harks back to 1853 when Commodore Matthew C. Perry landed in Kurihama, Japan. Perry delivered a letter from then-President Millard Fillmore requesting diplomatic relations. This helped to establish a dialogue between the U.S. and Japan and resulted in the U.S.A./Japan Amity Treaty.

Along with strengthening ties with the United States, this treaty also spurred Japan to open diplomatic channels with England, the Netherlands and France.

The event was monumental. It marked a turning point in Japanese lifestyle and politics and was the be-

ginning of Japan's development in the international community. Today, Japanese culture, art, literature and food have become an integral part of global society.

Recently in Kurihama, Japanese and Americans commemorated Commodore Perry's historic landing. Officers from the U.S. Navy and Japanese Maritime Self-Defense Force talked about Perry's sojourn and how he delivered the letter from President Fillmore. That letter was a message of hope, written in ink 136 years ago. It was a hope that soon became inscribed in history. U.S. and Japanese service members come together once a year to pay tribute to Perry. They also set their sights toward the future, reaffirming the positive relationship that has become the hallmark of the two Pacific countries. ■

—Story by JO3 Devin Lindsey, PAO, U.S. Naval Forces, Japan.

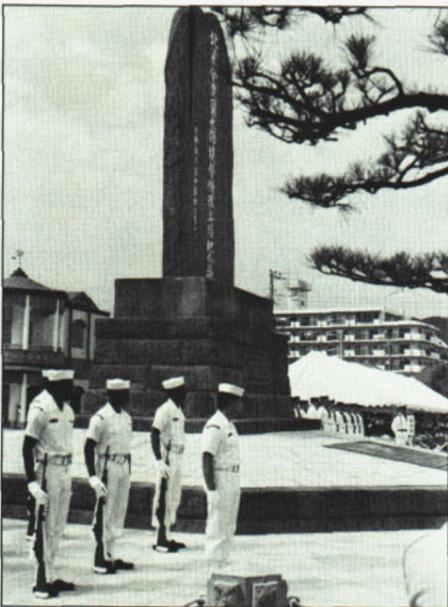


Photo by JOC Kent Hansen

# Bearings

## 'Old salt' centenarian pays a visit to USS *Enterprise*

Reading about the history of the Navy is one thing, but having the chance to speak with someone who lived life as a sailor more than 80 years ago is a special learning experience. Recently sailors aboard USS *Enterprise* (CVN 65) welcomed 102-year-old Art Davis aboard the aircraft carrier for a grand tour.

Davis was born Nov. 2, 1887, in a sod hut in Newcastle, Neb. — the day North Dakota became the 39th state and Grover Cleveland was serving his first term as President. Davis enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1908.

Davis was amazed by the size of the nuclear aircraft carrier. "I never realized carriers were this big," Davis said. "I've only seen them in pictures."

Not only did carriers not exist when Davis joined the Navy 81 years

ago — "They didn't even have airplanes in the Navy yet," Davis said.

Davis spent most of his sea time aboard the four-stack destroyer, USS *Barry* (DD 2), according to Michael Prone, Davis' grandson-in-law, who with his wife, Davis' granddaughter, Jill Brigham, accompanied Davis on the tour.

"*Barry* was a coal-fired ship," explained Prone. "The fuel was fed into the furnaces by hand. Art made \$15 a month back then."

Admiring the view out the port side window from the captains seat on the navigation bridge, Davis asked about the two ships berthed at the next pier, and smiled when he was told that one of them was USS *California* (CGN 36).

"Art sailed aboard one of the past Navy ships called USS *California* through the Golden Gate in 1908," Prone said. "It was part of Teddy Roosevelt's 'Great White Fleet.'"

From the bridge, Davis and his party were escorted to the flight deck, where Davis was presented an official *Enterprise* ball cap and poster of the carrier. Later, Davis joined the commanding officer in the captain's gig and CAPT H.T. Rittenour gave Davis a tour of the outside of *Enterprise*.

As the two men cruised around the ship they compared sea stories of the old and new Navy, Davis illustrating his stories with a scrapbook of his Navy days, showing ships long-since decommissioned — it was hard to tell who was more impressed, Davis or Rittenour. By the end of the visit, *Enterprise* had a much better understanding of the sailors who served in the Navy before aircraft carriers were a reality, and according to Davis, he had memories "that would last him the rest of his life." ■

—Story by JOSA D.N. Kennedy, PAO, USS *Enterprise* (CVN 65).

**Enterprise** sailors share a laugh with an "old" friend.



Photo by PHAN MARK WARD

## Woman serves three of five branches of U.S. Armed Forces

Many young men and women decide to serve their country in one branch of the armed forces. On occasion, some service members decide to cross over and serve in a second branch. It's rare, however, for an individual to have served in three different branches during their military career.

Illustrator-draftsman 1st Class Lillian Clark is one of the minority. She's served in the Air Force, Army and currently, the Navy aboard USS

*Simon Lake* (AS 33), homeported in Holy Loch, Scotland.

Clark's military career began in 1972.

"I was a Morse code operator while stationed with the Air Force between 1972 and 1973," she said.

After a brief stint in the civilian sector as a truck driver, Clark joined the Army and served from 1975 to 1977. She worked as an interrogator and linguist in both the French and German languages.

Following her tour in the Army she attended college. When her college funds ran out, she decided to return to the military, this time in the Navy.

Clark became a sailor hoping to work as an interpreter. When that didn't work out she chose to be a draftsman.

Clark says she intends to finish up her military career with the Navy. ■

—Story by JO2 Tim Morse, Navy Public Affairs Center, Norfolk.

## Ranger sailors rescue 39 boat people from sinking barge

Boat and helicopter crews from aircraft carrier USS *Ranger* (CV 61) recently rescued 39 Vietnamese boat people from their sinking barge in the South China Sea.

The 65-foot barge was first spotted by an A-6 *Intruder* from Attack Squadron 145 drifting about 80 nautical miles southwest of Cubi Point, Republic of the Philippines. Helicopter Anti-Submarine Squadron 14 rescued 22 survivors.

Lowered by cables from the hovering helicopters, rescue swimmers attached "horse collar" flotation devices to some of the stranded Vietnamese. Others were helped into a floating rescue net.

"It wasn't exactly a perfect day for a rescue," said first-time rescuer Aviation Anti-submarine Warfare Operator 2nd Class (AC) Neil Packard. "When I got to the barge I saw a couple of sharks. I wasn't too comfortable with that."

Once on the barge, Packard evacuated a man holding a 2-month-old baby. "I told the man to slide off into the water," Packard said. "I grabbed the back of his life jacket and held him and the baby out of the water."

Despite losing one of his fins in the powerful ocean current, Packard was able to maneuver the pair under the waiting helicopter, which lowered a rescue net to the water. "While I was putting the man and the baby inside the net, a young boy jumped off the barge," Packard said. "I grabbed him and put him inside the net, too."

*Ranger's* motor whale boat came alongside the listing barge under the direction of boat officer LT Bill Lynch. "The seas became 15 feet and greater, and the boat was moving up, down and sideways against the barge," said Lynch. "It made for a tough rescue. When we pulled alongside the barge, there were already people topside trying to jump into the boat."

As the boat returned to the barge to evacuate the remaining people, a rain squall passed over the area with winds gusting to more than 20 knots. Lynch said the boat "bounced around like a cork in a bathtub."

*Ranger's* medical officers examined the 24 men, eight women, and seven children, the youngest aged two months. They were found to be



Photo by PH2 James Hampshire

LT Jonathan B. Ply gives water to a child, one of 39 rescued by *Ranger*.

in good condition, but tired and hungry.

The ship treated the evacuees to baths, clean clothes, Navy chow and a good night's sleep before giving them a helicopter ride to Naval Air Station Cubi Point, Republic of the Philippines. ■

—Story by JO1 David Masci, PAO, USS *Ranger* (CV 61).

# Mail Buoy

## Making a point

A fine article in the June 1989 issue of *All Hands* on "Patriot's Point." However, "Barnette is the senior writer for *All Hands*" failed to recognize a part of the U.S. Navy.

It was reported that the Boy Scouts used the facilities and did not mention the U.S. Naval Sea Cadets who meet on the *Yorktown* every month.

—Father Newmarch  
Charleston, S.C.

## Sailors fulfill special wish

Our family visited Norfolk as guests of the Navy this past spring on a trip sponsored by the Dream Factory of Wilmington, Ohio. The trip was to fulfill our son's special wish to see the Navy in operation, since it is his dream to fly a helicopter off a carrier.

Details were arranged by LT Paul Jenkins and LCDR Mike Johns of AirLant and Archie Galloway of SurfLant. To our surprise, Frank was given a royal welcome. The Fighter Squadron VF 14 [the Tophatter Squadron] at Oceana and the captains, crew and Marines from the USS *Dwight D. Eisenhower* (CVN 69), USS *San Jacinto* (CG 56) and the USS *Scott* (DDG 995) rolled out the red carpet on his behalf. The pride they felt in serving our country was evident as each explained his duty or operation of the equipment.

Because having leukemia might prevent our son from joining the Navy, VADM J.S. Donnell made Frank a member of the Atlantic fleet, and he received other commissions on-the-spot. The kindness and attention they gave him was overwhelming.

Frank returned home with photos, plaques, caps, patches, jackets, charts and the greatest memories a young man could ever have. We are grateful to all who cared and gave so much of their time.

A special tribute is due to the captain and men of USS *Iowa* (BB 61). They treated Frank to a reception with the best chocolate cake ever baked, and presented him with photos, a plaque, a "Big Stick" replica, charts and a photo signed by the sailors from Ohio.

The crew showed their pride in serving on the "World's Finest Warship." They offered Frank words of encouragement in fighting his own battle against cancer, saying: "Fair winds and following seas, keep up the battleship spirit, never say 'can't,'

don't let it keep you down, best wishes, and God bless." What they didn't say or write was expressed in their eyes.

We shared in the sorrow of the tragedy aboard *Iowa*. We offer the same words of encouragement to the captain, CDR Fred Moosally, the crew and the families of those brave men who died. For whatever cause of the tragedy, we know that before they gave their lives in service to our country, they gave their hearts to our son. May God grant them eternal rest and abundant blessings upon their families.

— Michael and Joan Dury  
Columbus, Ohio

## No more "bad publicity"

I have completed reading the July edition of *All Hands* and I must comment on your article, "Fit to be Navy." On Page 8 in the center column it states that the highest smoking rate is among sailors assigned to surface ships. Men are more likely to smoke than women, and more enlisted smoke than officers.

I don't smoke, but I would like to speak about statistics. During the past year and a half, about 13 months were spent at sea. So how does one quit smoking and get a vigorous workout while at sea? There are more men in the Navy than women. There are more enlisted personnel than officers working a shift of 12 to 18 hours, and there is little time to say, "I think I'll go workout, shower, eat and still get some sleep."

With the amount of drills, training and flight operations, a person may miss more than one meal and have to survive off gedunk, instead of waiting for an hour in line where he can get dried out pork chops and rice.

People on shore commands are the ones who participate in triathlons. Fleet sailors get off work in port and can only think of going home to enjoy the next 10 days before going out for another month and a half. Liberty is mostly spent on recreation instead of three-hour power-lifting sessions.

I'd like to see more articles on how people at sea work on physical fitness instead of being the brunt of bad publicity. We can only do what we can — with what we have.

—ET3 Paul A. Rodriguez  
USS *Nimitz* (CVN 68)

# Reunions

• **1st Marine Aircraft Wing Vietnam Service** — Reunion May 1990, Tysons Corner, Va. Contact Rob Waters, 1st MAW Association, P.O. Box 7240, Freeport, N.Y. 11520; telephone (718) 990-0741.

• **USS Simon Lake (AS 33)** — Reunion June 8-10, 1990, Charleston. Contact J.R. Craven, 1268 Marvin Ave., Charleston, S.C. 29407; telephone (803) 556-2954.

• **USS Abnaki (ATF 96)** — Reunion June 1990, Chicago, Ill. Contact Joseph J. Columbara, 720 E. Country Lane, Collinsville, Ill. 62234; telephone (618) 344-8869.

• **USS Lake Champlain (CV/CVS 39)** — Reunion proposed early 1990. Contact Phillip E. Nazak, 70 Hill Ave., Johnson City, N.Y. 13790-2914; telephone (607) 729-4783.

• **USS Storms (DD 780); USS Warrington (DD 843); USS Vogelgesang (DD 862)** — Reunion proposed 1990, in Michigan. Contact Ray Didur Sr., P.O. Box 282, Cement City, Mich. 49233-0282; telephone (517) 592-6941.

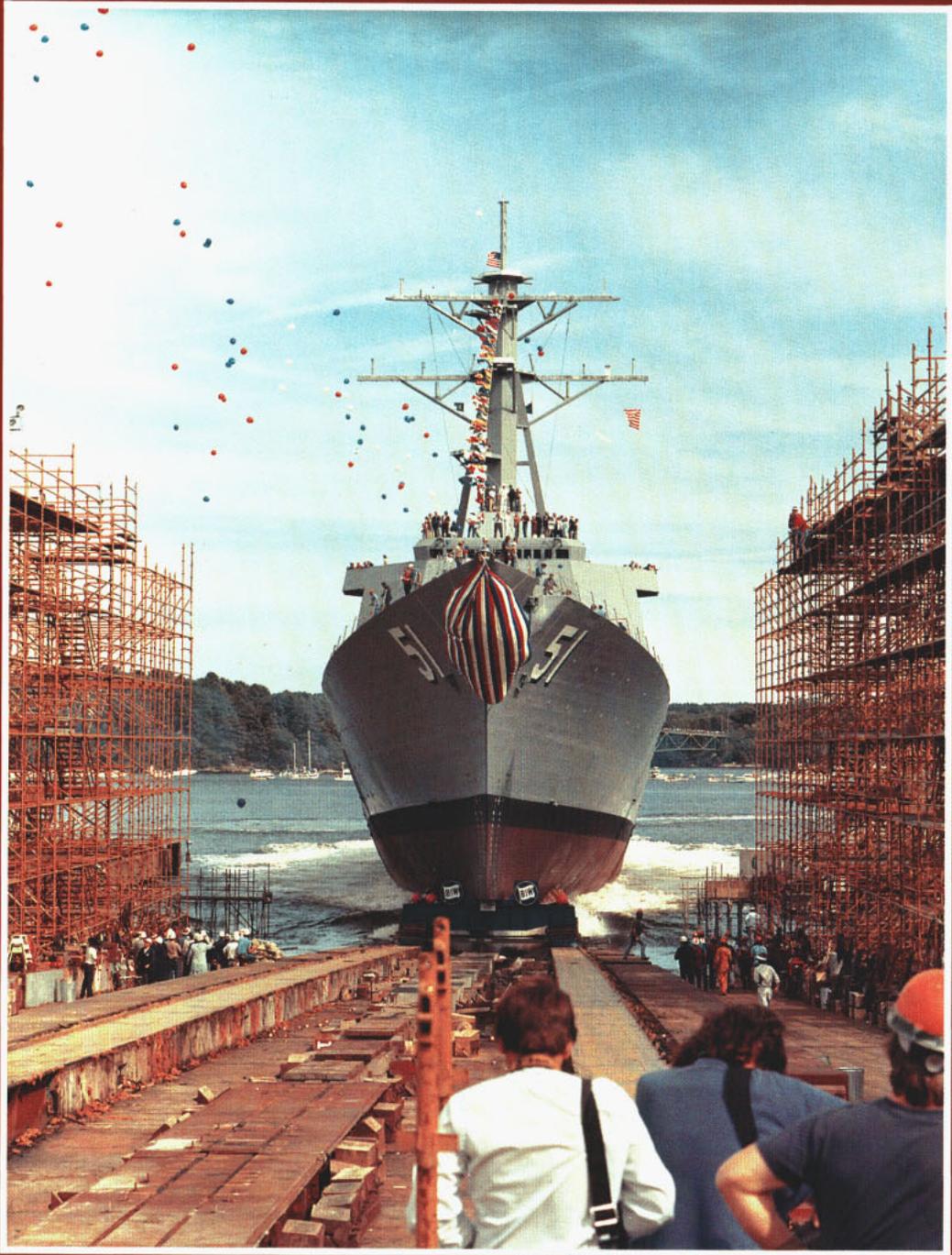
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RM2 William Patterson of USS *John Young* (DD 973) paints a local schoolhouse in Phuket, Thailand, with help from a local child. Sailors from *Young* and USS *Gridley* (CG 21) did community relations work while on liberty in Phuket. Photo by PH1 Michael D. Flynn.



**Navy's newest destroyer ● Page 4**