



# Atkron 12 Newsletter



Volume IV, Issue 4

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## Ubangi

### 2006 Reunion

Enclosed with this newsletter is the 2006 VA12 Reunion Registration Form. Please complete the necessary information and return it to me with your payment, no later than 2/15/06. In addition to the Registration form you will need to make your own hotel reservation at the Pensacola Beach Best Western Resort.

*The reunion will kick off **April 20, Thursday evening with our traditional ice breaker. We will have a hospitality suite like previous reunions. It will be informal and you should B.Y.O.B. This is a time for us to reacquaint and meet Ubangi's from different eras. Friday April 21, daytime will be open, you can join a group of us that will be playing golf or just enjoy the area however you wish. Friday evening, there will be a barbeque held at the hotel, it will be informal. On Saturday, April 22, we will tour the The National Museum of Naval Aviation during the early afternoon, and will be having our banquet there starting at 5:30 for cocktail hour.***

## Ubetcha

### Treasury Report

Our current balance is	<b>\$313.49</b>
Previous balance	\$409.61
Dues/Donation since last report	\$ 32.00
<b>Sub Total</b>	<b>\$442.61</b>
PostCards	\$ 45.08
Stamps	\$ 83.03
Envelopes	\$ 13.02
Printing (estimated)	\$142.86
<b>Current Expenses</b>	<b>-\$283.99</b>
<b>New Balance</b>	<b>\$158.62</b>

### VA12 Association Members

Here are names of those that have joined our ranks since the last newsletter.

Dennis Arnold	66, 69
Bill Philips	63, 64

### Reunion Photographer

I have been contacted by Bob Alexander, a photographer from Brandon, MS. He specializes in reunion group photos. He will be coming to our banquet and taking group shots for us. You can view some of his work at <http://www2netdoorcom.blogspot.com/>

### In Memorial

Charlie Lehosit, who served in VA-12 as Line Chief in 1962-64 passed away in Jacksonville, Florida in October, 2005. Our condolences to Charlie's family.

B. J. Manly 62-64

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# A Word From The West

## MEMORIES LOST & FOUND

About a year and a half ago, I was able to reestablish contact with a buddy of mine from our sister-squadron, the VA-66 Waldomen. Bill G and I served our sea-duty tours at virtually the same time.

It was a real revelation, and this past June I worked out a double-whammy deal and got a chance to visit with him and some of his family in central Missouri, while I was visiting an uncle. This meant so much to me, because unlike other eras of military service, those of us who served in the late-70's ran up against some of the most cynical, unhappy, bitter, and frustrating times in the history of the Navy (in fact, all of the Uniformed Services). It has been a tough road to travel, in contacting shipmates from my own time. So it was a real treat to find Bill G living in Salem, Missouri, while I live in Salem, Oregon.

We all met for dinner one evening, and after a while the stories started to flow straight out of us both. I have to say, Bill's memory is vastly better than mine. Whew! Here's a few of them that you all might find amusing.

### ROAST BEEF - WHAT JOHN REMEMBERS

We were on the 1977 cruise, on-board CV-62 Independence. I had roast beef slices for dinner one evening and about 8 hours later started to get sick. I mean to tell you, real sick. I was starting to lose everything from both ends, diarrhea and vomiting. Before mustering for duty at AIMD Shop 3 the next morning (hadn't slept a wink for fear of filling my drawers while asleep), I called in from the berthing compartment and told AT1 "L" (I'll only use his initial) that I was sick in the rack, I didn't know what to do, I couldn't get far away from the head, and this was my first chance to call in the last half-hour, and I had another date with the toilet coming right up! Well, the guy was understanding and I was left to suffer there at the nearest head.

Except, I kept getting sicker and sicker. And then of course, the CO calls a GQ.

So I had to call "L" back and ask what to do, he said stay there. He didn't need any shit-turd puke airman E-3 leaving a stinking trail of green around HIS shop!

Well, that was fine, except that I kept getting sicker. About 2 more hours later, I was so sick I could barely stand up and I ended up calling Sick Bay for permission to break Condition Zebra, on a route down there. I timed it nicely and got there without leaving an unfortunate trail. Made a mess of things once I got there, but at least I got there.

Of course I recovered. I lost a lot of weight in the process however. Food Poisoning! Can you believe it?

### ROAST BEEF - BILL REMEMBERS THE REST OF THE STORY

All these years, I had thought that I was the only one who got sick. I was so out of it with the loss of fluids, I

knew there were other sailors there in Sick Bay but I never got a chance to talk to anyone.

So here we are in June, 2005, and Bill G says 18-20 guys got sick. 18-20! The Hell, you say!

Bill G was a qualified diver and always kept up with the guys in the dive shop. At the next liberty call (Naples of course!) the CO or the Engineer, or somebody, wanted some of the divers to go over the side and check something on the hull. They knew that was a problem because we always got a large racket reverberating up from way down there whenever we made any high speed.

They asked Bill G if he wanted to tag along and of course he said yes. They found a tear in the hull of unknown origins. There was a void compartment open to the sea, of course.

The top side of that void compartment was the deck of a freezer space where frozen meat was kept.

Except that when one side is exposed to ambient-temperature sea-water in the Mediterranean, it's pretty tough to keep roast beef frozen. So there was a lot of rotten meat in that locker and I got a good dose of it. And Bill G speculates that the rend in the hull would only have been caused in that spot and in that shape and pattern, by the sail of a Russian submarine acting out the part of a sucker-fish on a shark.

### BILL REMEMBERS THE UFO

This is one that I don't recall at all. It's a complete mystery to me.

On the Independence, we had Elevator 1 on the starboard side forward. Elevator 4 was opposite this, on the port side. We had birds fly straight through, all the time when close to land.

We were on maneuvers and work-ups in the Bermuda Triangle. Bill says that he and a bunch of officers and sailors, including the chip's CO, had their attention called to a luminescent green light, under the ship, just following along. While they were watching, it rose up out of the water as a small luminescent ball, and floated slowly in through Elevator 1, through Hangar Bay 1, and out Elevator 4. And then it disappeared. A whole bunch of them wanted to get by, by saying, "Nah, didn't see a damn thing, whatcha talking about?" But Bill says this didn't go for long and eventually with enough Fleet brass sitting around tables grilling each man, they all had to recount what they saw.

### AT1 LEADBOTTOM AND THE SEA-SICKNESS TEST

Bill and I accepted a cordial invitation by our rich Uncle to attend a sea cruise, and so we started the 1977 cruise. We soon found that the leading petty officer at AIMD Shop 3 was an AT1 who had been in the Navy 14 years, and this was his first cruise. In fact, the first time he had ever been on any sort of ship. 14 years, huh? On top of that, his last name was very similar to the character in the McHale's Navy TV show, where everybody called the CO "Leadbottom".

One time, all of us old salty E-2s, E-3s, assorted salty old sea-dogs, miscellaneous sailors, E-4s and a

smattering of E-5s there (average age probably about 21 or 22, I bet) all started to wonder what kinda Navy it was that would put an untried, untested sort such as this Leadbottom feller, in charge of a real important enterprise like Shop 3. My Missouri buddy Bill G was there too.

After some careful discussions, deliberations and speculations, an AE1 in the shop named Ray C, rigged up a test to measure Leadbottom's seaworthiness. While Leadbottom was out to chow, Ray and a few other conspirators rigged up a metal washer dangling from a string. The washer hung in open direct sight overhead and to one side, but placed just far enough out of the normal field of view that you wouldn't necessarily notice it unless you looked right at it. Sitting at the chair he used, the washer was in peripheral view only.

The string was white and melded in invisibly with the off-white color of the painted items attached there in the overhead. It ran a route over ventilation ducts, wiring bundles, plumbing links, jet-fuel lines, water lines, and all manner of braces and fixtures, over to the test-bench where Ray and a couple other guys worked. At the business end with the washer, from a duct down to the washer, the string went past a brace that would put a side-to-side motion on the washer, when Ray or another sea-worthiness-test technician would merely tug down on the string ever so slightly. The idea was to get the washer to sway back and forth from the "english" put on by that brace bit, and see if the swaying motion would make Leadbottom sick enough to heave.

There was a whole conversational story worked up. With diversions, cut-outs, changes of pace, some fake arguments and the like all planned. All designed to keep him planted in that chair. We knew we had to wait for calm seas and just such a day came. The whole shop timed it so that we had all been to chow already, or were soon to return, by the time Leadbottom's chance came. He returned in a half hour or so and went back to work. Ray had a co-conspirator sit down in a chair directly under the washer and engage Leadbottom in a conversation in which he had to look repeatedly at conspirator - TEST TECHNICIAN - Mark C. Ray was over there at his bench and started working the string, standing on a box to see over the top of his own test set bench.

All of the rest of us started to either scramble up onto our benches and look over the top at Leadbottom, or those of us that could keep a straight face and not give away the jig just wandered over and watched the show.

I can't recall exactly, if it took about 10 to 15 minutes, but ol' Leadbottom went from human skin tone, to pale grey, to sorta whitish, and then a few shades of green. Mark C and a few of the real "operators" would not let him go to the head, they knew he was getting sick.

They kept the animated conversation going. Ray is still

over there working the string and about to bust a gut. Some of us standing close by decided that we might give up the jig by breaking down into laughter, it was so beautiful, the perfect caper, that we wandered off. We didn't want to blow it for all of us.

And sure enough, Leadbottom had to excuse himself very abruptly at one point and run to the head. A couple of the guys tagged along and later verified that he had had to blow chunks, which we had already assumed because he ran away so quickly.

I don't think I had laughed that hard since THE IMPOSSIBLE SIT-UP caper in boot camp.

And now after all these years, I don't recall if we ever gave up the deal to Leadbottom and told him about it.

John Larch 76-79

## Newsletter

As you can see, the newsletter seems to be running out of steam. I will be happy to keep it going, but there may not be enough news to run it quarterly. This is the time of year, when I ask you to send in next years dues, please let me know if you want it to keep going by dropping your check in the mail before mid February. At or after the April Reunion, we will have to decide about the future of this effort. Any suggestions will be appreciated.

## Association Dues

Please submit your 2006 dues (\$12.00) as soon as you are able. Some of you have paid forward and do not owe for next year. The following is a list of those that are paid up through 2006

<b>Tom Lannom</b>	<b>Ed Thomas</b>
<b>Gary Hall</b>	<b>John Larch</b>
<b>John McLain</b>	<b>Frank Osborne</b>
<b>J.D. Rogers</b>	<b>Rod Dunlap</b>
<b>Jackie Grant</b>	<b>Thomas J. Micheli</b>
<b>Neal Russo Jr.</b>	<b>Jerry Thomas</b>
<b>Bob Fossum</b>	<b>Chuck Dickey</b>

Also, some have paid part of 2006 dues and still owe some. Here are the names. Email me and I'll let you know what you owe.

<b>Pat Walters</b>	<b>Rich Forristall</b>
<b>Joel Parrish</b>	<b>Eric Harvie</b>
<b>Frank M. Smith</b>	<b>James Renfroe</b>
<b>Bruce Carawon</b>	<b>Eric Harvie</b>

Sonny Chapman  
Steve Carroll  
Ted Huzak  
Marion Lumby  
Robert Kaplan  
Jerry Schwartz  
Russell Wise  
Chuck Pendleton

Rich Kickline  
Theron Hill  
Carl Stoffer  
Robert Parker  
Bill Heck  
John OConner  
Bill Manly



## INFO

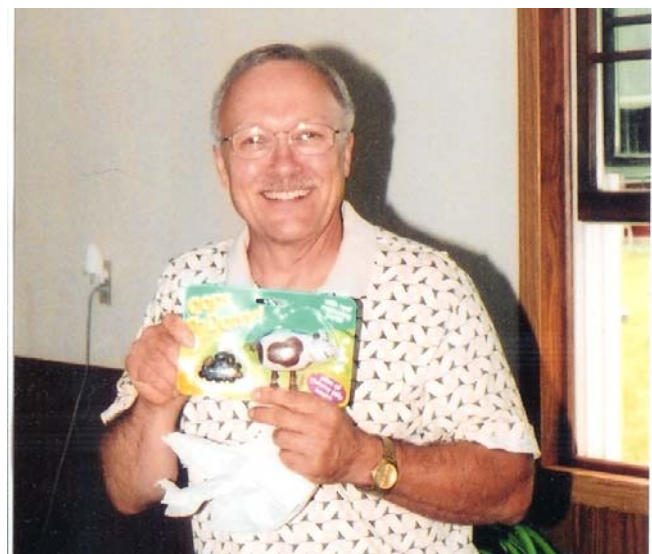
Joe Kyle  
10421 Barbara  
Pinckney, MI 48169  
Home Phone 734-878-0556  
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Cell Phone 810-923-4426

## Photos

These are Blue Angel Shots sent to me by  
Ray Daniels 77-79



Bill Sigmon today, Bill was pleased to still be able to button his uniform some 30 years later, ok you can breathe now Bill. 73-77



Dennis Arnold happy to turn 60. 66-69