



Atkron 12 Newsletter



Volume IV, Issue 2

va12.com

June 2005

Ubangi

Ubetcha

Reunion Plans

The 2006 Reunion is getting off to a stutter start this time. As most of you know the Pensacola area was hit hard last fall by hurricane IVAN, this has caused many of the hotels and resorts to close and undergo remodeling. Most will reopen later this year, but I have had limited success in finding a suitable site up to this point. I have a motel lined up at Pensacola Beach. It is a nice place; well it was and will be again soon, with any luck. The cost is a bit more expensive than Jacksonville. I believe we can expect to pay around \$129 per night for a gulf side room. I am expecting to send a deposit as soon as I receive the contract from The Best Western Resort in Pensacola Beach. I will post the details on our website when they are available and in the next newsletter. We do have a man on the ground there. Bob Brooks one of our pilots from the late sixties lives at Pensacola Beach and has offered to assist in the Reunion efforts. He has toured the hotel and believes it will meet our needs. We appreciate your assistance Bob.

Football team Identified

Just back from an extended trip to Australia and New Zealand and in reviewing the last Newsletter you had a picture of some officers who were on the football team. They were in the Squadron at the same time I was and they are left to right:

Ltjg Pete Geithner: Pete was a great pilot and loved to fly - he transferred out to the squadron and was assigned to test pilot school at Plax River.
Ltjg Gene Howell : Gene was from Jacksonville and a bachelor. He was revered by the married guys because he always took the duty on Christmas day. Gene retired as a Captain in the USNR.

I believe the officer in the Blue uniform is Ensign Tom Davis. A very nice guy, Tom crashed an A4-D at Sea during a Cruise in 1958, and unfortunately died.

Lt Hunt Hardisty: Hunt, an Annapolis graduate, was an outstanding officer, who we just knew would have a successful naval career. We were right, Hunt went on to be a 3 star Navy Admiral and commanded the Pacific Fleet,

Lt. Ted Lloyd: Another Annapolis graduate, Ted was the Admin officer in VA -12. **Bill Doody 55-58**

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

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VA12 Association Members

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

Harmon Winborn 66, 68

USS America

PRESS RELEASE

USS AMERICA CARRIER

VETERANS ASSOC. INC.

May 16, 2005

On Saturday, May 14, 2005 the United States Navy made history by sinking one of its own super carriers, the USS AMERICA. After a mission that began on April 19 and saw live fire testing on the AMERICA, there was a solemn moment of silence as she was scuttled and allowed to slip beneath the waves in some 6,000 feet of water in the Atlantic Ocean.

Since the results of these tests are to be used in designing the next generation of aircraft carriers, the USS America Carrier Veterans Assoc. Inc. is requesting that the first carrier in the new class be named the USS AMERICA CVN78.

Please join us in our quest and visit our web site, www.ussamerica.org to link up, or go directly to www.cvn78.com, where you will find letters you can send to the White House, SECNAV, your Congressmen and Senators. Please help us honor the memory of the name sake of our country. GOD BLESS AMERICA
Tom Tramantano
President

Hellrazors

The 2005 "Hellrazor" (VA/VF 174) reunion is scheduled for November 04 & 05 in Jacksonville, FL. For information please contact;

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Sea Story

Most of the sea stories you read in newsletters are funny and show the happy side of cruises long ago. When we think hard about it there were a lot of hardships we all had to endure and that is what brings everyone together. An incident occurred which I have

lived with all these years and was the most disturbing thing than anything else that happened on our cruise. We were off the coast of Brazil, not yet to the Equator, conducting blue water operations during the daytime and clear skies. It was March 8, 1970. Blue water operations are flight operations with no divert field so we had to keep the Shang in sight. Ltjg Frank Green was in VF-162 and their aircraft was the F-8 Crusader. He came down to the ready room and we briefed for an air combat maneuvering flight. A dogfight flight. I was to launch with 6 Mark 76s and bomb the spar which the Shang towed all the time. We launched and I waited to get on the spar, but something happened that prevented that. Frank joined up and we climbed to 20,000. On the climb I learned that he could hear me on Tower frequency, but could not transmit. We switched to tactical and he couldn't hear or transmit. So we switched back to Tower and by hand signal I asked what he wanted to do. He indicated he wanted to proceed with the briefed flight. So as we got to 20,000 we took opposite headings, flew about 3 miles apart and turned back at each other to begin the fight. It was a typical F-8/A-4 situation where I could turn inside of him, but when I got close he would hit burner and climb away from me. This went on until we got down to about 10,000 and I called him to come down and we would do some tail chase. I tried to keep transmissions to a minimum since we were on Tower frequency. He dumped his nose and screamed in front of me and I tried to catch him, but he kept getting further away. At about two miles I thought I saw something come off his airplane. He rolled twice to the right and I was about to call him when he leveled out and then started a descending left turn. By now we were down to about 5,000 feet. Again, I was about to call him to tell him if he didn't have control of the airplane to get out and about then he leveled out. I thought he had it under control and didn't want to transmit on Tower. Suddenly, he rolled into a steep right hand turn, his nose dropped straight down and went in the water before I could say anything. Frank was the first of 3 pilots we lost on the cruise. We lost 10 airplanes yet no one took a hit from enemy fire. I have always wondered if I had just called to caution him about getting out if he would have done it. Later it was speculated that what I saw was his

port UHT(unit horizontal stabilizer) separating from the aircraft and that he never could have saved it. This is one of the bad things that happened that I promised myself I would never forget. It is easy to remember the good things. We tend let the bad things disappear. I did meet the best people in the world and some of them are my best friends to this day. I wouldn't trade the experience of the 1970 cruise for anything, but I sure wouldn't want to repeat it!

Fat Tom Lannom 69-70

The Word From The West

THE INSPIRATION

I watched a JAG re-run the other day; Harm and Mac are sent to investigate what may have been a crime committed on a submarine. Traditional Navy environment, men only! Next to no privacy, cramped close quarters. Not just any female marine gets the assignment either, it's Sarah MacKensie, who is built like a brick \$%^t house. EXCEPTIONALLY healthy!

While Harm and Mac are on the job, a few of the men have decided to do some investigating of their own. How would a female serving on a submarine be able to pop tall from the rack and prepare for an emergency? How sea-worthy would a female marine be? Hey, every single man must count on and trust every other sailor with their lives. Everyone has to learn to get along and co-exist! Everyone pitches in to do a job. They have to depend on their shipmates in an emergency! We have to know! We all have to fight a fire! Hey!

This is important! What kind of skivvies would this female Marine be wearing on a sub?

Several of the enlisted guys decide to "conduct a drill" to test their new shipmate. In a passageway outside the quarters where Mac is sleeping, they perform a little hocus-pocus with an alarm. This is a test for the good of the entire crew, mind you. (Cheese it, it's the XO!)

At just the right moment, (The coast is clear!) the alarm is sounded, the guys are all standing there in the passageway, and Mac instantly rolls out of her rack.

- Oh! Ooops!
- Sorry, Colonel!
- Eddie, look what ya went and di...
- You big doofus, I can't believe...

For about 10 seconds, the group of 4 or 5 enlisted sailors gets a view that will inspire sea-stories for

decades to come. She's wearing short socks, silky little shorts, and a tight t-shirt top that is cut off somewhere not-too-far south of the, just below the, far enough under, well let's just say that you can see a lot of her stomach but the skimpy t-shirt cannot hide her chest heaving up and down from excited breathing. The nips are HARD!

The sailors just standing there admiring the view make her suspicious, and she asks about the alarm that just went off. The guys pass on some story about performing maintenance on a piece of gear. Harm is back in his rack laughing his ass off and Mac quickly wises up to the submariner's subterfuge and chews them out.

Well, the TV show story goes on from there, and Harm and Mac identify the bad guy. But I could not stop reflecting on the rich Navy heritage and tradition embodied in that scene, for a bunch of enlisted to get together and conduct some sort of flim-flam or sneaky deal to get one over on somebody. Arrrrgh! There's a TRADITION for ya, mates!

REFLECTIONS ON BOOT-CAMP

The following story is true. When did it happen? Probably not important, I'm not sure there has ever been a time when shenanigans like this have NOT happened.

The story starts as a running event throughout our 11 weeks of Basic Training. Every so often one of the guys got us in a LOT of trouble. Exactly who was the problem sorta rotated through a short list of guys but mostly it was a skinny little maggot with a GREAT BIG MOUTH ON HIM named Steve W. He would do something and we all got the privilege of doing "Jumping Jacks Forever! Begin!" or "Drop and give me 20!" This little son-of-a-bitch had the nerve to claim one time that he was 16 years old and had lied and forged his way into the Navy. We didn't believe him but we weren't going to rat on him either. But his semi-constant childish miscues got us to wondering if we were making a big mistake. And that damned mouth of his...

There were other clumsy idiots and helpless knuckleheads in our company. They all earned a big share of our resentment and frustration. But the worst one of all was Steve W. We sorta knew somehow or other that he was going to get his payback, in spades. We just didn't know when.

THE LAST SUNDAY

When, turned out to be the last weekend of boot camp. The rules and the strict discipline were relaxed quite a bit and there was not a tremendous amount going on. Most everybody was lolly-gagging around the barracks, wondering about those orders. Whidbey Island. Memphis for A School. Groton, Connecticut. Treasure Island. And on and on. Scuttlebutt. Rumor and hearsay. Like a lot of the lads, I was busy writing a couple letters to friends back home I knew I wouldn't see for a while. Every so often, we'd take a smoke break outside. The water rules were relaxed, there was a slow but steady stream of shower maniacs as guys would go take a long hot shower just because they could. And of course a large crowd just sitting at one end of the barracks just bull-shitting, telling stories and carrying on. I got lost in one letter and a growing noise in that crowd got my attention. It seems that some of them were making the hard charge that Buddy H could not perform a feat of physical exercise called THE IMPOSSIBLE SIT-UP.

BUDDY HERCULES

You've got to understand about Buddy H. This was one of these fire-plug kinda guys. Maybe 5 foot 6 or so, and fitter than any man you have ever met in your life. He could do any type of exercise for as long as you wanted and hardly break a sweat, he could do push-ups until Chief S got tired of watching him do push-ups. Nothing ever stopped this guy. He just kept rolling along, an absolutely amazing young man. We finally anointed him with the nickname Buddy Hercules.

GOOD SALESMANSHIP

There was a crowd down at one end of the barracks getting noisier by the minute and so I stopped writing and went to see what was going on. Some guys were making a very clear and direct statement to Buddy H.

- It's been proven. It cannot be done.
- Dave is right! The human body cannot take the strain. The muscles won't respond.

And Buddy was having none of what they were dishing out.

- You're stupid, of course it can be done.
- I seen grown men and athletes and all kinda people try, it cannot be done.

This was 3 or 4 guys hammering on Buddy for a

while but soon enough other guys started popping in.

- It's impossible. No man can do it.
 - I seen it tried! But not done! You can't do it.
 - Bullshit, nothing can stop me. I can do it.
 - It's impossible to do, so they call it THE IMPOSSIBLE SIT-UP. Get over it.
 - Men can't do it! Women neither! Circus strongmen and muscle freaks! Wrestlers! Astronauts! Nobody!
- Buddy H is defending himself (Damn straight he should, damndest physical specimen I ever saw!). But the other guys are sure, and certain and convinced that Buddy has hit the wall on this one, there is a feat of exercise that he cannot perform.
- I'm tellin' ya, you are sure to get a hernia or something bad if you try.
 - Horseshit! It's all Horseshit!
 - Bullshit it's horseshit!
 - I can drop right now and do 500 push-ups. You saw me! What is this crap?

THE QUIET ONES

Not everybody in the crowd was carrying on. I didn't know much of what the hell was going on (this has not changed in all the years since, I'm afraid) and so I didn't say a lot. Some of the knuckleheads were outside and so they missed the whole thing. Paul A was there not saying much, he was a major f^@\$-up. And Steve W, that goddam flapping mouth was there, strangely enough just quietly taking in the scene. But the silent ones were in the minority on this day as the crowd got more and more heated. Everybody was carrying on that Buddy cannot perform an exercise feat called the IMPOSSIBLE SIT-UP.

And Buddy just absolutely WILL NOT give up on this deal, there is no flipping way that there is some physical thing he cannot do.

It gets wilder and wilder. Some of the guys are getting MAD! Slobbering! Grab-assing! Wrestling over it!

Buddy hits the nail on the head; just exactly what is this stupid routine they are talking about? What the hell kinda sit-up can be impossible? The crowd hushes a little and Don T speaks up.

- I'll tell ya what THE IMPOSSIBLE SIT-UP is, but I'm short on cigarette money so I think I oughta be making a few bucks off of this, ya wanna know so bad.

Oooh! A money dare! A huge gasp goes through the crowd as funds are about to get laid on the line.

- You don't need to suck on those sticks, they're bad for ya. Besides, you ain't never gonna make a dollar offa me with some dumb-ass sit-up.

- Yeah? Well I got 10 bucks says you can't do it and I'm lookin' at 4 cartons tomorrow morning, courtesy of you!

- 4 cartons of SHIT is what you're gonna get!
YOU'RE ON!

Well the noise level instantly exploded and everybody wanted in on this. Guys are yelling and screaming.

- \$10 on Buddy!

- \$ I got \$15 for Don!

- \$10 on Buddy!

Martin the company Master-At-Arms was standing there near Don.

- Hey listen you dick-heads, we can't have this wagering and illegal stuff going on, it's gotta be a felony or worse I tell ya. You're all gonna get the chair!

This was a great insult to the betters who stopped their "top this top that" betting long enough to throw a few choice epithets his way.

But he wouldn't give up.

- Well, I'm going to keep a roster of this so that we know who gets busted. (And with that, he whipped out his M-A-A notebook and a pen and started writing.) Jimmy, you said \$20 on Buddy, right?

Well, that just started the wagering up all over again and the noise and commotion got to be terrific.

Buddy finally called a stop to it. Waving his arms and yelling, he got the crowd to quiet down.

- Hey this is enough money for me when I win. Lets hear what the deal is.

And so Don, Dale, and a couple other guys explained exactly what is this IMPOSSIBLE SIT-UP.

It went like this.

- The challenger must lay flat on his back on a table.
- Someone sits on his feet.
- He must intertwine all the fingers of the left and right hands and place the laced-together hands behind his head.
- The left thumb must touch the little bump

at the bottom rear of the skull.

- The challenger must perform 5 form-perfect complete sit-ups while the legs do not rise from the table.
- The elbows have to touch the knees each time.
- The challenger returns to the flat position after #5. Hands still in place behind the head.
- A sopping wet white cotton towel is placed over the challengers face. The top left and right corners are held down to the table by other men.
- The challenger would rise up from under the towel if successful, the bottom corners are not held in any way.
- With the wet towel over his face, and unable to see, the challenger must inhale a volume of air larger than he has ever taken before. Inhale to the point of pain. Through the wet towel! Then exhale.
- Repeat the deep inhalation 5 times.
- Try to do one more sit-up.

Everyone is listening to this.

Buddy finally said something.

- That's completely fu\$%ing stupid. What the hell is this? This'll be the easiest money I ever made. There was a lot of hooting and howling, a decent wad of money had to be on the line. And I'm watching Steve W for a second, and he's shaking his head.

M-A-A Martin was ruminating over the numbers.

- Well I don't know about easy, but we got about \$100 for Don and his side, and I guess about \$325 for Buddy.

More noise and hoods and hollers. Guys rubbing their hands together, it was just like a major prize fight! Excitement is in the air! Money is gonna change hands!

Nothing can stop Buddy Hercules!

It's IMPOSSIBLE and Buddy's gonna go down!

- Don, are you good for it? Looks like \$325.

- Don't worry, relax. It's them that'll owe me. After all, it's impossible.

Steve W over there was still pretty quiet-like. That in itself was amazing. There were a couple of real characters sorta like working on him, bantering back and forth.

- Steve, you believe this? You think he can do it? Personally myself, I don't know.

- Think'a all that money! Musta touched him in

the head to take a bet like that. Geez, \$325 bucks! So it got to where there was nothing more left, except to do it.

Don, Martin, and Buddy all agreed on 2 neutral guys to help, FEET-MAN to sit on Buddy's feet and TOWEL-MAN to hold the wet towel.

Martin said it ought to be Buddy's own towel and everyone agreed, so he got one from his kit and TOWEL-MAN went into the head to soak it down.

They spent a minute working out the final details. M-A-A Martin piped up.

- Alright you slackers and felons, get it on! Let's do it! And up went a great cheer and more yelling and commotion. I sorta thought we might all get in trouble anyway from the racket we were making. Buddy climbed up onto the barracks center-board table. Everybody gathered around.

He sat down as FEET-MAN leaned over the edge of the table and grabbed his ankles to hold them down onto the table.

Don was calling out the steps with too much drama and pomp if you ask me, but the crowd of sailors was eating this stuff up. Steve was still strangely quiet

- Hands intertwined and behind the head! Thumb on lump! DOWN!

And Buddy laid down.

- TOWEL-MAN! Are you ready!

And TOWEL-MAN held up the dripping wet towel.

- Drape it over his face and hold the top edges down, right?

- Right. So's he can breathe through it but still come out from under. Except that it ain't gonna happen because...

And about 8 or 10 guys all chimed in at the same time.

- ... IT'S F#@*IN' IMPOSSIBLE!

(To be continued in the next Newsletter)

John Larch 76-79

Treasury Report

Previous balance	\$800.02
Dues/Interest since last report	\$112.91
Sub Total	\$912.93
Stamps	\$ 50.40
Envelopes	\$ 4.87
Printing	\$207.06
Current Expenses	-\$262.33
New Balance	\$650.60

Ubangi Receives Meritorious Unit Commendation

One of our members, John Gynan, is a sandcrap at Portsmouth, his crew received this award.

To my fellow Shipyarders, Congratulations! This Shipyard team has received the Meritorious Unit Commendation from Admiral Vern Clark, Chief of Naval Operations. This is indeed a high honor and recognition of your outstanding achievements. You have earned this commendation through hard work, commitment and a sheer determination to bring our performance to the next level. I am so proud to be part of this tremendous Shipyard team. Hats off to the men and women of Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, both civilian and military, who together have built this record of performance. Bravo Zulu

Iverson Jonathan C CAPT PORTSMITH

The Citation reads as follows:

For meritorious service from 11 September 2001 to 30 August 2004. The personnel of Portsmouth Naval Shipyard and tenant activities consistently and superbly performed their mission while establishing a phenomenal record of cost, schedule, quality and safety performance. The Shipyard embraced the One Shipyard Initiative and is leading the transformation of our Navy's nuclear ship maintenance base through innovation and the application of Lean industrial practices. Portsmouth Naval Shipyard personnel established new performance levels for submarine maintenance, modernization, and over-haul work by producing business results that are the benchmark among public and private sector nuclear shipyards. The Shipyard completed six major submarine availabilities early, exceeded Net Operating Result financial goals, reduced injuries by more than 50 percent and exceeded the Secretary of Defense's Fiscal Year 2006 Stretch Goal for lost workday compensation rates two years early. Naval Shipyard Portsmouth's extraordinary performance is translating into increased U.S. Submarine Fleet readiness. By their unrelenting determination, perseverance, and steadfast devotion to duty, the officers, enlisted personnel, and civilian employees of Naval Shipyard Portsmouth reflected credit upon themselves and upheld the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

For the Secretary,

Signed V.E. CLARK

Admiral, United States Navy

Chief of Naval Operations

Some of you may recall when this article made national news, back in 1966

Dennis Gierahn dug it out of his scrap book and sent it to me.

CAPETOWN, South Africa, Feb. 4 (UPI)—Shore leave was canceled today for all 3,800 crewmen, including 200 Negroes, when the United States aircraft carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt docked in totally-segregated Capetown. South African officials protested the decision.

The carrier is en route to its home base in Mayport, Fla., after a tour of duty in Vietnamese waters. The carrier, due to remain in Capetown for three days, stopped here to

TEMPEST OVER A FUELING STOP

See the editorial on page 22

save \$250,000—the additional cost of refueling at sea.

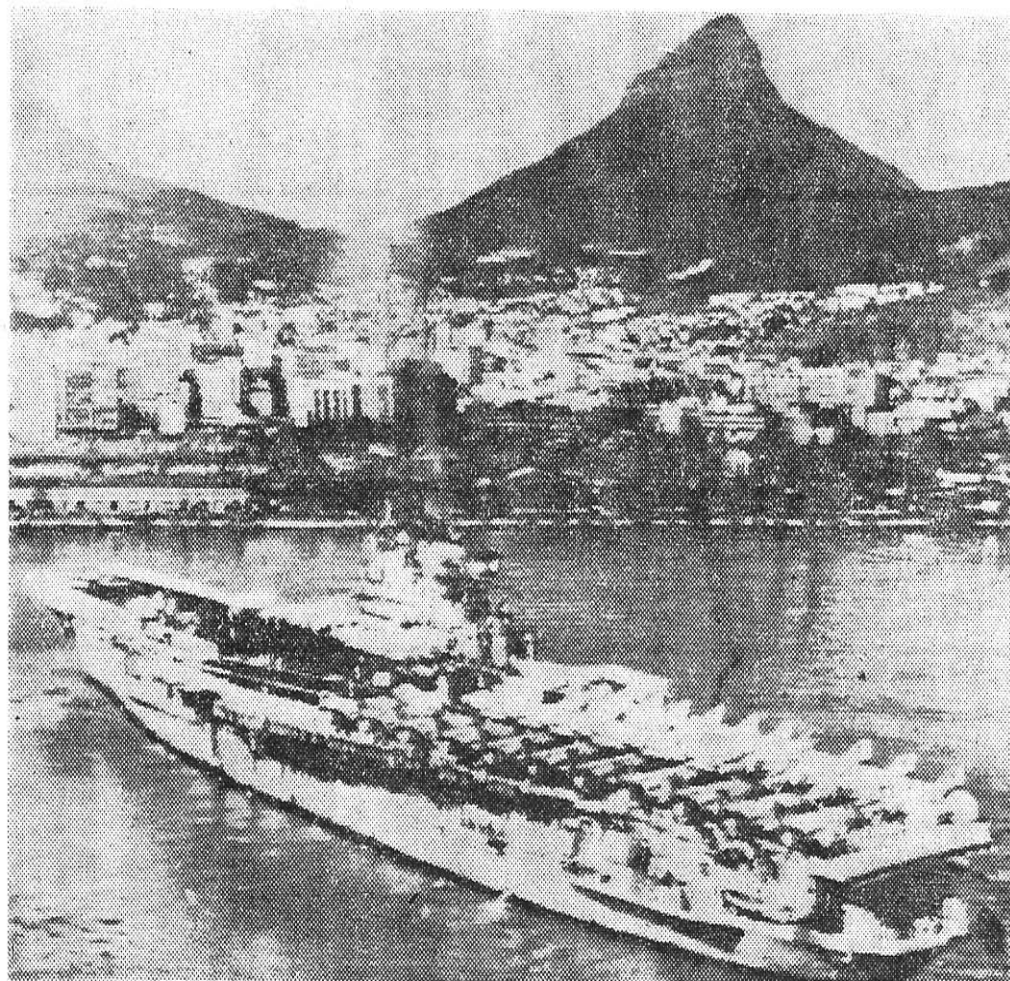
Thousands of South Africans of all races gave the carrier a tumultuous welcome when it sailed into Capetown harbor. The ship's band played "Hello, Dolly!" as a troupe of drum majorettes paraded at dockside. The carrier exchanged a 21-gun salute with a South African shore battery.

Stops 72 Hours

The ship's commander said none of the crew would be allowed to leave the vessel during the 72-hour refueling stop.

Leaves were forbidden, it was indicated, because the South African government apparently would not guarantee or permit racially integrated activities ashore.

In Washington, the defense department said it "authorized



United States navy carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt pulling into harbor at Capetown, South Africa yesterday. All shore leave for personnel of the ship was canceled, apparently due to apartheid laws of South Africa.

[AP Wirephoto]

liberty only for participation in organized integrated activities during the visit. The department of defense specified that there would be no liberty if no organized integrated activities could be provided. This policy will continue in effect for the remainder of the ship's refueling stop.

South African reaction was swift and angry.

Premier John Vorster rejected a United States consulate statement that shore

leave was canceled because of difficulty in setting up liberty arrangements. The consulate said the men of the flattop would be unable to accept offers of hospitality from Capetown residents.

Cites Lack of Notice

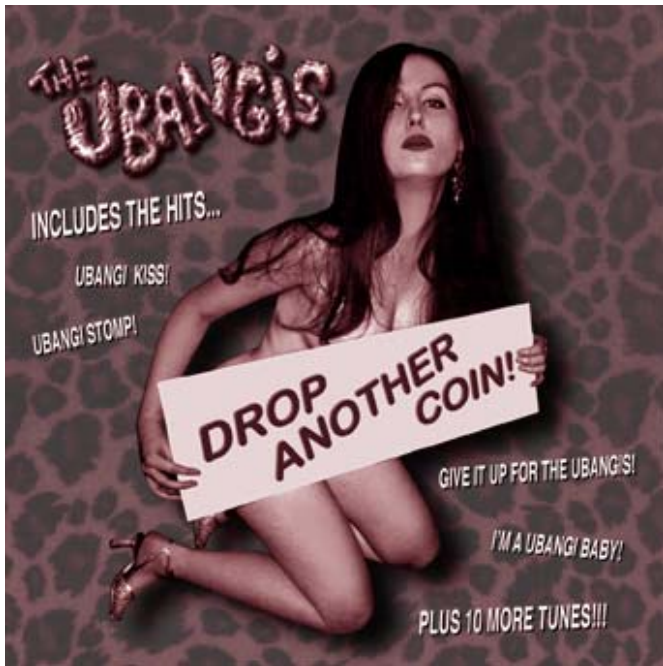
Vorster said South African officials were not advised of the decision until they visited the ship for a courtesy call after it had docked.

The man-in-the-street took the attitude the leave cancela-

tion was a device by American authorities to tell the world they were opposed to South African racial policies.

Comdr. Robert F. Schultz, executive officer of the ship, did not disclose who issued the leave cancellation order.

Schultz said the crew will not be allowed to entertain visitors aboard ship but that members of the public will be permitted to board the vessel for sightseeing tours during its stay.



Found this on the internet, appears to be a punk band, maybe they'd wanna play for us in Pensacola.....just kidding.



Ozzie 1966, enough said.



Liberty in Rio, June 1966.



Subic Bay Liberty, 1966.



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