

The Old Salt's Journal

Volume 10 Summer
The Coast Guard Sea Veterans' Memorial Newsletter

Guardians of the Tradition

SEAVETS AWARD PLAQUES TO COASTGUARDSMEN OF THE YEAR

A REGULAR AND A RESERVE EACH RECEIVE THE AWARD

Each year the Coast Guard selects two enlisted persons as Coast Guardsman of the Year. One person is a regular and the other is a reserve.

The Coast Guard Sea Veterans recognize this selection and awards separate plaques to these individuals that are in addition to the awards made by the Commandant of the Coast Guard and the Master Chief Petty Officer of the Coast Guard, Vince Patton.

The 2000 Awards and our congratulations go to:

REGULAR—LEE P. HEITNER

Boatswain's Mate First Class

Boatswain's Mate First Class Lee P. Heitner is the 2000 Enlisted Person of the Year for the U.S. Coast Guard. He was selected for this honor because of his exemplary military bearing, leadership ability, and work performance. He is a reflection of what every enlisted person can achieve at their best. Petty Officer Heitner is the recipient of this award because of his dedication to Coast Guard missions and core values. He is currently assigned to Coast Guard Pacific Tactical Law Enforcement Team, San Diego, CA.

RESERVE -- Rawlins D. Apperson

Machinery Technician First Class

Machinery Technician First Class Rawlins D. Apperson is the 2000 Reserve Enlisted Person of the Year for the U.S. Coast Guard. He was selected for this honor because of his exemplary military bearing, leadership ability and work performance. He is a reflection of what every Reserve Enlisted person can achieve at their best. Petty Officer Apperson is the recipient of this award because of his dedication to Coast Guard missions, core values, and his tireless community involvement. He is currently stationed on the Coast Guard cutter Mustang (WPB-1310) Seward, Alaska.

Enlist, Re-Enlist For One Hitch or Re-Enlist For Life - Contact Commodore Secretary Ken Long Today

AN APPEAL FOR HELP

A MEMORIAL commemorating the loss of three lightships and their crews is on the waterfront in New Bedford, Mass.

The only surviving member of the Vineyard Lightship LV 73, BMCS Harold Flag, USN has strived for years to erect this memorial. He has succeeded in doing this with the assistance of many generous people. One task remains -- To etch the names of all lost crewmen on the face of the memorial. Will you help us achieve this task? Send your contributions to :

Mr. Art Motta
52 Fisherman's Wharf
Wharfinger Building
New Bedford, MA 02740

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.....And Much More.

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THE PRESIDENTS LETTER

Hello and thank you for the membership renewals and those of you who have just joined. I am happy to announce that the membership is moving along quite well and hope it will continue to grow. We do have our growing pains though. One is our news letter! We are in dire need of a good solid news staff or even a one man show. We need a volunteer(s) to handle this very important part of our organization. As members we all expect to be informed as to what is going on. As we grow our unity should be a help to those who are doing our old jobs in the Coast Guard. Come on pitch in and help. It will be deeply appreciated.

We are getting a good response on our website and the NOW HEAR THIS page. But it is sad to say every body looks, but contributions are lacking. No one has been turned down on a request to have anything go in/on the page. This page belongs to all of us. Please use it. Hopefully it will be used to everyone's liking. We do not want it to compete with Freds Place. I don't think any of us has the time or energy to take on a job as big as that. Fred is doing a darn good job and will work with us as we will him.

Now the meaty stuff! We have a Coffee mug for sale and the profits basically go into the general fund but are used mainly for helping various hardship and bereavement and rewards in the membership and Coast Guard at large. We have started a plaque honorarium for the two CG enlisted Petty Officers of the Year. Their Names will appear in a mention elsewhere in this issue. My hearty Congratulations to the four we have honored so far. Please remember we need your help to be a class act.

SEMPER PARATUS

Your President
Larry Stefanovich

THE YEAR 2000 WINNERS ARE:

BM1 Lee P. Heitner (Active Duty)
Pacific Area Tactical Law Enforcement Team
Marine Corps Recruit Depot
34000 Guadalcanal Avenue
(MCRD) Building 394
San Diego, CA 92140-5497

MKC Rawlins D. Apperson (Reserve)
USCGC MUSTANG (WPB 1310)
P. O. Box 49
Seward, AK 99664-0049

THE YEAR 1999 WINNERS ARE:

BMC Bradley S. Hinken (Active Duty)
U. S. Coast Guard Station
4001 East 98th Street
Chicago, IL 60617-5197

PS2 James K. Cullen, II (Reserve)
Coast Guard Police Department
212 Coast Guard Drive
Staten Island, NY 10305

Disclaimer: Opinions expressed herein are those of the editor, columnists, or contributors and are not necessarily those of the U.S. Coast Guard or the Coast Guard Sea Veterans of America.

An Information page has been added to our website. It is called "Now Here This" Click on and get latest 'poop' on the latest news. We need help on this please contact Ken or myself for input --Larry. <http://www.nwlink/~kenlong/cgsva.html>

A LETTER FROM THE COAST GUARD LADY

Lois Bouton

Editor's Note: Normally this narrative letter would be too long to include in an OSJ. This time an exception will be made. Lois is a former SPAR and is her the golden years when travel is fun. Enjoy Lois's adventures/ She writes a good letter -- jae

Dear Ken,

Have not heard from you in a long time, but we want to let you know what we have been doing lately. I hope you find the following account of adventures interesting.

May- 2001 Trip to California.

Jim thought it was time for him to go to San Ramon, CA to visit his son. He could have flown out, spent a few days there and been home in a week. But we decided to do it the FUN way and sight-see along the way.

Our first stop was at the Oklahoma City Bomb Memorial. There are chairs spread out over the area, marking the location where each victim was killed and a reflecting pool. Jim took a picture of it with his old office building in the background.

The main points of interest in Texas were 'The largest cross in the western hemisphere' and the spiral ramp that crossed over the highway to the visitor center.

In Arizona we went to the Petrified Forest and drove around to see the fallen trees. As we went into town, we came to a Gift Shop that had hundreds of large chunks of petrified wood all around it, like it was coming off an assembly line.

We stopped at Grand Canyon long enough to look at a few views, but didn't think we needed to go to the bottom of the canyon. The best thing there was the I-Max theater presentation.

Of course, I wanted to include some Coast Guard stops so we went to the LORAN Station at Searchlight, Nevada. Actually it was closer to a tiny town named Cal-Nev-Ari. You were supposed to look for the water tower. The directions were from the north and we were coming from the south. We found the water tower and could see the tall LORAN Station towers, but had a little trouble finding the road over there. We had been warned that there were pot holes along the way. ...there were lots of them. An optimistic sign read '40 mile speed limit'. A crew of five maintain the station.

It was HOT at Hoover Dam and there were too many people there so we didn't stay long. Our Las Vegas motel was across the street from MGM Grand Casino and there were several others close by. We drove out after dark to see the lights. The road was divided so we had to start out in the wrong direction. We found out that there in NO 'around the block' in that town. The Casino lights are so dazzling that it is hard to see the traffic lights and street corners. We got in to a car rental lot by mistake. Fortunately I noticed the sign that said, do not back up' One of

those 'you'll ruin your tires, if you do' places. The attendant at the other gate told us how to get where we were trying to go. Then we drove thru MGM Grand's parking garage and by the long line of taxis before we found the way back to the motel. Taxis are the best means of transportation there, after dark.

The next stop was in Bakersfield to see an old war-buddy of Jim's. They hadn't been in touch since the war until a year or so ago when Jim found his address and phone number on his computer.

From there we went to Sequoia Nat'l Park and saw most of what we wanted to see. we got good, big sub sandwiches there on heavy Chinet plates. The plates were too good to throw away so we saved them for a future picnic. They were too big to put in the food bag so Jim stored them in his brief case.

When we left the motel to go to Yosemite Park, the sign said 59 miles. We drove along admiring the orchards and came to a stop light. Then there was a stop sign. Jim wondered if those should be on the Highway. We stopped to ask two men who were working on an irrigation pump and found that we were way off the highway.

The next sign to the Park said 88 miles. But we got there eventually. It was on Saturday and there were too many people there. It must be a lot worse in the summer.

The next day we reached our goal....Greg and Sharon's house. Well, we almost got there. Jim had a computer map. That subdivision has streets beginning with the seasons. We went off the highway on Summerside, saw lots of summer streets and some fall and spring ones, but couldn't find any winter ones. After asking two people, Jim used his cell phone and Greg came to get us.

They have a 20 year-old son and Katie who is in seventh grade. Katie's school had an Open House while we were there so we went to it. They have nicknamed it San Quentin because it looks like a fancy prison. Each classroom has its own walled and barred patio with a garden, that you have to walk thru to get to the room.

Motels in that area cost twice as much as they do other places. There was a nice friendly Denny's across from our motel. A girl from Thailand was our Waitress several times. She told us that her husband is from Fayetteville, ARK and that she is coming here this summer to visit her in-laws in Hog Eye. I didn't think anyone really lived in Hog Eye but I have met two others who live there.

We thought we might have better luck seeing Casinos in Reno as it is a smaller town. We were going to try before dark. Jim thought he could afford to lose \$20. He mentioned that when he asked a man how to get to the Casinos. He said he could lose that much by going to Holiday Inn's Casino, just a block away so that's where we went. It was very smoky, even though there weren't a lot of people there. Jim. didn't like the modern slot machines or the smoke so we stayed only a few minutes and he still had his money. →

CONT'D

Not far from Reno was another CG LORAN Sta., at Fallon. We had a good visit with that crew too. One man is retiring soon and is thinking about coming to our Ozark area. We may see him in a couple months.

Greg drove us around his area and we had lunch one day with Paula's son, Shawn, at the restaurant he works in. The next day Greg, Sharon and Katie took us to the District CG Office in Alameda.

A girl from the Public Affairs Office showed us around and took us to the Cutter MUNRO and we had a tour. Katie had wanted to be a missionary but after the tour, decided joining the Coast Guard would be a good way to see the world. She may be able to talk her brother, Ian, into joining...he is 20 years old.

We got into snow and strong winds in Wyoming after the hot weather every place else. We stopped near Denver to see one of Jim's brothers and his family.

At Goodland, Kansas our motel was close to a Wal-Mart Super Center so we bought picnic food. I remembered that we still had our good plates so we used them. That time they got thrown away.

Semper Paratus

Lois Bouton,

The Coast Guard Lady, & (Jim, Her email Man)

FROM THE FORECASTLE POSERS

1. Where were the first ten Revenue Marine Cutters built?
2. By tradition who polishes the ships bell?
3. What was the ultimate disposition of the Cutter's Bibb and Duane?
4. Why are Ice Breakers painted red?
5. Which of the following movie actors served in the Coast Guard? Buddy Ebsen, Victor Mature, or Nick Nolte.

The Answers to Previous Posers:

1. What are the duties of the Jack of the Dust? *Maintains all food stores on the ship and draws the necessary foodstuffs for the ships cook as required.*
2. Who was the Coast Guard Commandant during World War II? Admiral Russell Waesche

3. Name the three WAVP's that had port holes in the skin of the ship. Dexter, McCulloch, and Gresham

4. What two government services were combined to form the U.S. Coast Guard? U.S. Revenue Marine and U.S. Life Savings Service. The U.S. Lighthouse Service was merged in 1939 and the U.S. Marine Inspection Service was merged in 1947.

5. Who according to the Life Boat Station's Manual fires the cannon during the rigging of the beach apparatus? The #2 Man.

Public Service Announcement

UNITED STATES SOLDIERS' & AIRMEN'S HOME AND UNITED STATES NAVAL HOME

By Sheila R. Abarr

For more than a century and a half the U.S. Naval Home in Gulfport, Miss., and the U.S. Soldiers' and Airmen's Home, in Washington, D.C., have provided the finest retirement and medical care for our nation's veterans. Both facilities, now under the unified management of the Armed Forces Retirement Home, are considered model retirement centers, complete with on-site assisted living and long-term health care facilities to meet the future needs of each resident.

Residency is open to veterans from all of the Armed Services whose active-duty military service was at least 50 percent enlisted or warrant officer, received an honorable discharge and who are one of the following:

Retirees with 20 or more years of active-duty service, and who are at least 60 years old

Veterans who are unable to earn a livelihood due to a service-connected disability

Veterans who served in a war theater or received hostile fire pay, and are unable to earn a livelihood due to injuries, diseases or disability.

Female veterans who served prior to 1948

Despite their names, veterans from any service are welcomed at either Home.

Both Homes offer each resident a private room, three meals a day, some on-site medical care, plenty of recreational activities, and access to medical treatment at nearby VA or military treatment facilities.

In addition to fine living accommodations and recreational activities, residents enjoy spending their time among people with whom they share a special bond? the bond of military service, and service to this nation. →

CONT'D

More information is available through our website (www.afrh.com) or by calling the toll-free numbers for each Home. The U.S. Naval Home can be reached at 800-332-3527 and the U.S. Soldiers' and Airmen's Home can be reached at 800-422-9988.

WHEN DOCTOR STEVE WENT ON PATROL

By Jack A. Eckert

Back in the old days we used to carry a Doctor on all Northern weather patrols. The purpose of carrying the doctor was not necessarily take care of the crew, but to be available in the middle of the ocean if any nearby ship needed one.

Every doctor was a member of the U.S. Public Health Service. Every doctor, regardless of specialty was required to make one ocean station patrol on a Coast Guard Cutter. Many dreaded this experience and while it is understandable their fear and apprehension, most took it in their stride after their initial period of "Mal De Mer". These fellows wore the same officer uniforms that we did except for the buttons, cap insignia and the insignia above their stripes on their sleeves. Uniforms do not a sailor make!

The doctors that rode the cutters were mostly specialists. I remember one patrol where we had a "skin doctor" who in the thirty some odd days we were gone, rid the entire ship of every mole and wart on every sailor aboard, captain included. Sometimes we would have a heart specialist, an eye, ear, nose & throat specialists and so forth. We worried what would happen if a proctologist took the same approach to his tour of duty as the dermatologist. We never saw a gynecologist, as we didn't have girls aboard. Come to think of it I don't remember a baby doctor either.

Some of the doctors mixed well. Others would either sit in the Wardroom and read or in their staterooms. One doctor didn't even know the name of the ships corpsman because he seldom was anywhere near sick bay.

I am going to relate this story about a doctor named Steve, his last name escapes me. Doctor Steve was an ophthalmologist, that is, an expensive eye doctor. He was a personable guy who checked out everybody's eyes as the patrol progressed. He joined in the evening Wardroom poker game (I'll not mention the name of the cutter) after the movie and wasn't a bad player. We all liked Doctor Steve.

Doctor Steve didn't like the duty too well. Most people don't like a winter time "Bravo" as it is usually rough as a cob. Unlike most of the doctors we had carried, he didn't get seasick.

A few of us conspired to crank on Doctor Steve, just for the heck of it. About the time the relief cutter got underway a message showed up that the doctor they were carrying was having health problems. Every day we got a SITREP (situation report) discussing the condition of the relief ship doctor. Every day it became more grim.

As per custom the relief ship pulled into Argentina, Newfoundland to refuel and reprovision before heading north to relieve us. We received a message saying that the doctor was too ill to go on station and that the Public Health people were requested to supply another doctor in his place. Just as the cutter left Argentina, we received a message that they sailed without a doctor aboard.

Oh what to do now. Doctor Steve who was closely following the events through the radio messages was beginning to get concerned. By international treaty the northern OSV's must carry a doctor. He'd have to stay out here another month.

It was about a three or four day run to OS Bravo from Argentina depending on the weather. This provided the time to have lengthy discussions about what procedures we would use to transfer Dr. Steve to the relief ship in the event we received orders to do so. He had watched us swap mail and movies in heavy sea conditions by wrapping everything in canvas to water proof it as much as possible, tie it on one of the rafts, and carefully drop it off the stern and move away so the relieved cutter could pick it up out of the water with boat hooks and "Norwegian Steam." He was on the bridge wing watching us rise up out of the water and the relieved ship actually go out of sight even though they were only about a quarter of a mile away. He was no sailor but he understood what he saw that day.

We discussed the possibility of sending him over in a ships lifeboat if the seas were only 20 or 30 feet high. Another suggestion was to use a high line and send him across that way. If the seas were over 30 feet we would have to waterproof him and send him over on the raft with the movies. These discussions went on at every meal and even at the poker game.

As the time for relief drew near Dr. Steve was getting more and more concerned. He was up in the Balloon Shack trying to get the "weather birds" to give him a prediction for wind and sea conditions on that day. He was on the bridge asking the same thing. The poor devil looked like he hadn't slept in a week.

The relief ship came into view, we ran a couple of joint exercises after which Dr. Steve was piped to the bridge. He arrived as pale as a ghost with hollow sunken eyes and asked the OOD which method they were going to use to transfer him. Seas were a little sloppy but he was told to get ready for after the noon meal he was being high lined over.

He evidently had packed everything as well as he could but never asked about transferring his gear. He came into the wardroom with several things including his medical bag and other medical equipment, ready to go.

It was noon and both ships were doing a joint rawind (chasing the balloon) together. The captain joined us for the meal and displaced the exec who moved over and sat opposite of the doctor.

"Doctor, are you ready?," asked the exec.

"I wish I didn't have to do this. This is pretty scary!" he replied.

"Did you ever think you would be in this position when you came aboard last month," asked one of the other officers.

"My God No! I would have never come aboard this damned ship or any other ship for that matter," said the Doctor.

"Dr. Steve, we have really enjoyed having you with us. By God, I think we have made a sailor of you." said the captain.

"Not really what I want to be," said Dr. Steve.

"As a matter of fact Dr. Steve, we like you so well, we are going to keep you on board with us for you see they had a doctor on board all of the time," said the captain.

Dr. Steve looked baffled at first, trying to comprehend what the captain just told him. Gradually the color began to return to his face and the grimace left, replaced by a slight smile of relief.

And then the entire wardroom, all of the officers, the weather birds, and the stewards got a good hearty laugh and then applauded the good doctor. He was a good sport about the whole thing and that night he *lost* at poker.

All of the messages that were shown to him were dummied up for that purpose. Everybody, as they got involved in this ruse, played the game.

To this day, I don't know whether Doctor Steve was really fooled or played along with the joke. He'll never tell.....

AN ARCTIC CRUISE TURNED TREACHEROUS

By Bruno Yoka

The Icebreaker WESTWIND has an adventure to forget.. This was a joint operation of the Coast Guard icebreaker *WESTWIND*, on loan to the Navy for operations with the Air Force. While preparations were being made dockside at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a variety of people began to arrive—an Air Force mapping group from Miami, a Navy Underwater Demolition Team, a representative from the U.S. Weather Bureau, and a Navy aviation maintenance crew to keep our helicopters flying. Last, but not least, was a Walt Disney camera crew.

Food and supplies were being loaded to last at least five months, during which the ship would break ice for an early supply entry into Thule Air Force Base, in Greenland, and assist in resupplying stations at Alert, Eurke and Resolute Bay.

On June 2, 1954, with the Navy band playing the Coast Guard song *Semper Paratus*, we departed New York. Passing the Statue of Liberty, a Coast Guard helicopter on harbor patrol touch landed on the ship's flight deck, amusing the curious passengers on the Station Island ferry.

Two Navy HTL helicopters from Lakehurst, New Jersey, then joined the ship as it cleared the harbor and set a course for Newfoundland.

A short stop at the Argentia Naval Base allowed a briefing with the pilots providing long-range ice reconnaissance with Neptune aircraft.

During a second short layover at St. Johns, Newfoundland, we were joined by an Air Force HO4S helicopter from Ft. Pepperell, and a Canadian Mountie who came aboard for transportation to Franklin Bay on Ellesmere Island . . . thus setting the final stage for our northern trip.

The first ice-breaking operation of the season began on June 10 in *HAMILTON* Inlet, the entrance to the air base at Goose Bay, Labrador. Several trips up and down the bay released the pressure and, with the tidal force, ice began breaking up and flowing out to sea. The ship then headed for Greenland. The only green on this giant island being in its southern protected areas, well inland from the stormy wrath of the North Atlantic. We visited Bluie West One Air Base of World War II days, now known as the Narsarsuaq International Airport. Its many wartime barracks being converted into a TB sanitarium by the Greenlanders at the time.

Still heading north, the ship paid a courtesy call on the Danish Naval Base at Grondal, opposite the cryolite mining town of Ivigtut. A lone PBY Catalina flying boat comprised the base's air group. Heavy outdoor construction equipment left behind by the Army Engineers were usually moved indoors during the long winter days, dismantled, cleaned and painted to a like-new condition. The Danes proved quite frugal in their ways. Reports reached us that the Sondrestrom Base was out of fresh provisions, and the ship began in earnest doing what it was supposed to do—breaking the ice up the 80-mile fjord. This was an alternate emergency base during World War II, then known as Bluie West Eight. Midway up the fjord we crossed the Arctic Circle. King Neptune with his full court held initiation ceremonies for the new arrivals. Traveling ever northward, Ellesmere Island and Greenland soon appeared on the radar screen, and we discovered from the radar plot that the old navigation charts of the late 1800s indicated a ten-mile error between the two islands. Other icebreakers later confirmed our discovery.

Entering Mellville Bay the ship encountered heavy ice. Our problems seemed to begin when one of the Navy HTL helicopters crashed on June 24. The Navy pilot was killed and the Coast Guard officer flying as an observer was immersed in the frigid water for more than 12 minutes suffered hypothermia as a result and could not be revived.

Meanwhile, a sister ship, the *EASTWIND*, was caught in pressurized ice, with strong winds forcing her to fight her way off the rocky coast of Ellesmere, but in ramming her way free the *EASTWIND* holed her cargo hold and broke one of her propeller blades. To make matters worse, one of her helicopters made a forced landing on the ice, fortunately without any injuries to the crew. This second mishap resulted in the Navy grounding its entire fleet of HTL helicopters.

As the *WESTWIND* continued her way north the days became longer. Crewmen were issued sunglasses—to be worn at midnight because of the low angle of the sun’s rays reflecting from the mirror-like sheets of ice. Reaching Thule in late June, we transferred our wrecked chopper and the remaining good helicopter, along with the Air Force chopper, to the air base for inspection. The remains of the two officers were piped ashore with full military honors, to be flown back stateside. The De Long pier at the base became a home-away-from-home, complete with mail service from the States. We paid close attention to the inverted iceboxes that served as living quarters at this northernmost base. Three panes of glass were used for windows to keep out the Arctic winters. The permafrost changed the way men lived in these northern latitudes, where temperatures constantly averaged a low of 50 to 60 degrees below zero. Water had to be trucked about the base, as well as sewage.

Being the back-up for the *EASTWIND*, the *WESTWIND* fueled to capacity and departed for Robeson Channel to rendezvous with the damaged icebreaker, and to relieve her of cargo and supplies for the Alert weather station. The Walt Disney crew making the 90-minute documentary began discarding its travel log script and just went along with the events as they began to unfold. This was the beginning of *Men Against the Arctic* sequel.

Being handicapped and without helicopters, we had to depend on the Navy’s Neptune planes for ice reports. While looking back at the channel track left behind us in the ice, we saw Arctic fox and an occasional polar bear rummaging through the garbage we dropped overboard onto the ice. The season was late and progress proved to be slow. Upon entering the Lincoln Sea, bordering the Arctic Ocean, pressurized ice practically slowed the ship to a halt. Three tantalizing miles to go and within sight of the orange fuel tanks at Alert, the decision was made to abort the trip when a blade broke on the port propeller. With no further progress and a chance of wintering over in this polar trap, we made an attempt to extricate ourselves and change course for Thule.

With temperatures hovering at 48 below zero and winds continually blowing from the polar regions, we found ourselves listing about ten degrees from the pressure being exerted on the ship. The Navy icebreaker *Atka* was dispatched to the edge of the ice field to provide possible assistance. A new task group was then formed just to free the *WESTWIND* from her ice trap. Through the many radio messages, the words “air evacuation” began to appear as the Navy icebreakers *Staten Island* and *Edisto* were ordered to join the relief operation. The assisting ships were ordered to standby and avoid any possibility that they, too, become trapped in the ice.

The chances of wintering in the Arctic became very real. Many of the crewmembers didn’t wait for Sunday to hold a prayer

vigil . . . praying openly, as if only through the power of prayer could the Almighty spare them from this polar trap.

On September 9, Mother Nature provided the necessary ingredient to release the *WESTWIND*. The wind blew continuously from the south and southwest for 12 hours, with the crew anxiously looking for any sign that the ice was relaxing its pressure. The ship then came to life, throbbing with vibrations as all of its six engines turned on line, ramming the ice. The gigantic ice floes, with the *WESTWIND* encased, had drifted dangerously close to the rocky coastline. These were uncharted waters, and it was a calculated risk to just turn the ship around. Four agonizing hours of ramming a channel to the first open water seemed like an eternity. Just in time, as the ship made progress, the lead behind us closed in as we continued to the edge of the ice to join the *Atka*.

The *WESTWIND* tied up at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on September 30, 1954, finishing a 121-day, 12,000-mile odyssey. But the longest part of the journey was those four miles through the rapidly closing lead on our way to open water.

THE SLOP CHEST

The Coast Guard SeaVets has a number of other items for sale. Call (360) 856-2171 to place your order.

Garrison Cap for the SV Pin - \$7.50

Ball Cap C.G.S.V.- \$11.00

S.V. Pin - \$5.00

S.V Patches - \$5.00

Coffee Cup - \$

THE OLD SALT'S JOURNAL ON THE INTERNET

There is an Internet edition of the Old Salt's Journal and it can be found at the following address:
<http://www.jacksjoint.com/oldsalt.htm>.

Back Issues are also posted except for issue number 9, the last issue. This site can be accessed 24 hours per day. The Internet edition does NOT appear before the printed edition is mailed to the members of the Sea Vets.

NON- PAYMENT OF DUES

The President and Secretary have requested that a note be inserted in this edition of the OSJ about dues payment. Several members are in arrears at this time. Membership will lapse and you will be discharged from the organization. We want you on board to help us grow anew.

If your membership lapses, you will have to pay the full initiation and dues of \$25.00 to be reinstated in lieu of the \$15.00 for re-enlisting.

GRUMBLINGS FROM THE ENGINE ROOM

Editorial Comment

Our organization is dedicated to telling sea stories and maintaining our traditions. As a general rule it stays out of the political arena. But,, things are going on today that go beyond the scope of our mission statement and they should be addressed. These are the personal feelings of the writer.

Editorial after editorial, news clippings, speeches by Senior Coast Guard Officers, and statements by elected officials keep echoing the need to rebuild the Coast Guard's physical plant. Year after year in the budgetary process, the needs are not met. In the last few years the Commandant has implemented a rebuilding of the Coast Guard's long range, high endurance fleet, and other related hardware. Will this massive effort survive the many budget battles it will have to face going through in the next how many years? Or will the priority of needs be continued to be buried in the Dungeons of the Transportation Department Budget, positioned somewhere after Light Rail Schemes and Dreams.

Will it be to late when this new hardware comes on line? Will the present 378's built in the 1960's hold up another several years? Or will the ship's routine regress into stealing spare parts from each other as happened with the long lived, 311' AVP's *borrowed* from the Navy that the CG operated from the late 1940's until the mid 1970's?

As ships get older, installed equipment manufacturers go out of business, merge with others and generally lose their identity. The Log Office probably has more volumes of the Thomas Register than they have good technical manuals. Spare parts are eventually exhausted and after they can no longer be found, even in salvage yards, no amount of money does any good.

It is nothing short of a miracle that ancient ships such as the Storrs and Mackinaw are even running. Both of these ships as well as many others still in service are over fifty years old.

Elderly C-130's are another class of hardware that should be replaced. There are horror stories about air stations that have three of these birds laid up, and only one in the air, and to get it in the air, spare parts had to be cannibalized from the any or all of the three planes on the ground.

The shore establishment has been suffering. Even as boating is expanding, stations are being closed or downsized. The basic 41 footers are of an age where they will have to be retired as were the 40 footers and 38' picket boats before them.

Fortunately the Aids to Navigation 180' Buoy Tenders are being replaced by newer and more modern tenders. This program is on the right track.

What is most scary is the current under-manning of the entire Coast Guard, stretching the human resources almost to the breaking point. Long hours are the rule and not the exception. Training suffers because there is no time for it. Personnel are often promoted before they are ready as an expedient. Eventually the cadre will become so thin and widely dispersed that the blind may be leading the blind.

It is hard for Old Salt's to conceive of a Coast Guard that isn't "always ready." In our day, if you were short handed you made do always putting the mission first. We were a "different breed of cat" in another era where it was expected to put in long workweeks at below subsistence level salaries. Many of us were either just barely high school graduates or school dropouts. Some way or other our rag-tag lot of Hooligans stumbled through things, sometimes making up our procedures as we went along. We did it, usually complaining about it, but to be quite honest, our efficiency and proficiency suffered. We were always ready, but often not as ready as we should have been. In retrospect, we didn't know any different.

The readiness of the Coast Guard after the big draw-down when WWII ended is about the same as it is today; old ships, old boats, old planes, personnel shortages, hit or miss training, and all of the other sins of an organization that had been gutted out but still had it's many mission to accomplish. The big difference today is the people enter with a much higher level of education and their potential is much greater.

Let's keep on the law makers backs – Cut newspaper and magazine clippings out that are about the good things the Coast Guard does every day and pass them along to our congressmen with a note about how they are expected to vote on the next Coast Guard appropriation bill.

Send a letter to the Commandant supporting his efforts. Whenever you see a lone Coastie, go up to S/He and and give thanks for their efforts. At every occasion where it is appropriate, talk up the Coast Guard and let people know what they do and stress your pride in it.

The Marines aren't the only ones with pride.

Keep the pressure on at every level. There are a lot of us out there and collectively we can have some influence on the course of events. Do your part.

Let's get the whole Coast Guard modernized and up to sufficient personnel strength to accomplish all missions all the time with adequately paid, qualified people, who have whole lives.

jae

I'D LIKE TO FIND THE GUY THAT NAMED THE COAST GUARD

By Scott Wilson and Steve Yachic

The melody has long since been lost but here are the words to the song. If you have the music or know where to get it, let us know.

Many a Coast Guardsman, staring from the deck of his ship at the soft hills of Ireland or the coral and palm of some far pacific atoll, has wondered what coast "they" had in mind when they named his service. The question occurred to Lieutenant Scott Wilson, USCGR, veteran of the invasion of Saipan one day in the spring of 1943 and he began to hum some words. He talked it over with Chris Yachic, SP1c who had some song writing experience and the latter wrote the song. It was first played on a New Orleans radio program by the Eighth Naval District Coast Guard Band and a few months later was presented on a radio network from New York.

I'D LIKE TO FIND THE GUY THAT NAMED THE COAST GUARD

I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard,
And find the bit of coast he had in mind.

I wonder if he's telling where invasion barges roar;
The coast we are shelling on a South Pacific shore.

Whenever troops invade, we're there to land 'em
With LCI's and LST's galore.

With the shot and shell are raining,
Won't somebody start explaining.

Oh I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard.

CHORUS:

I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard
And find the bit of coast he had in mind.

Whatever he was thinking is a thing that puzzles me,
When submarines are sinking in the middle of the sea.

And I am dodging enemy torpedos,
Or land troops upon a foreign shore,
Then I'll have my salty yearning,
While my hands my gun are burning,

Oh I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard.

I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard

And find the bit of coast he had in mind.

It wasn't on the tanker we'd protect from submarines,
The coast at Casablanca wasn't soft by any means.

I couldn't find it on the beach at Attu,
I couldn't find it at Guadalcanal

If he thinks the name will rate it,
Where the hell can I locate it.

Oh I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard.

I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard
And find the bit of coast he had in mind.

I spent my time in sneezin' in the icy Greenland night
The while my knees are freezin'; and there's not a coast in sight.

No gals, no grub, no place to scrub each mornin'
Just icy fles and Eskimos and seals,

From my ears the ice is fallin' while my weary voice is callin'
Oh I'd like to find the guy that named the Coast Guard.

From This -*?#!@*? Was The Coast Guard by Esther Stormer
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TRICARE FOR LIFE CARD COMING

In mid-July, the Department of Defense (DoD) will mail a letter to all TFL beneficiaries 65 and older that will include a wallet-size "Information Card" that can be shown to a provider. The Retired Officers Association's "Leg Up" reports that if you do not receive this card, it is a good indication that your mailing address on DEERS is not current. A change of address can be made for DEERS via a simple email. Your email should include the following:

sponsor's name and Social Security Number, the address change you want to make (old and new address), names of other family members affected by the address change, effective date of the address information, your telephone number and area code including country code if overseas.

Other information will be processed if you provide it.

RETIREE'S PHARMACEUTICAL PLAN

This plan went into effect on April 1, 2001. It works. If you are a retiree you should have your card by now. Little by little past injustices are being corrected. Just be sure that your pharmacy is on the approved list you got with the card.

A CALL FOR STORIES

We need more stories. We need more poems. We need more articles. Before you forget about it, write up your piece and submit it.

Submit all articles and letters for The Old Salt's Journal
c/o Jack A. Eckert, Editor, 312 W. Washington Street; Port
Washington, Wisconsin 53074 -- jeckert@execpc.com

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSION IS NOVEMBER 1, 2001

CONTRIBUTIONS

The mans name who donated the \$300.00 to the Niagara Falls Widows and the Detroit Chief's daughter. (\$100.00 each) is: Robert "Bob" Lorenz, Of La Crescenta, CA. He is ex EM1, WWII era.

----- Original Message -----

From: Patton, Vincent MCPOCG
To: Distribution
Sent: Thursday, June 14, 2001 8:52 AM
Subject: ASYMCA Young Readers Essay Contest

RADM Gallo, CAPT Skewes,

I'm delighted to inform you that the Coast Guard Sea Veterans of America (website: <http://www.nwlink.com/~kenlong/cgsva.html>) will be providing the two young Coast Guard family member essay winners, Genevieve Kobus and Kristi DeYoung, with \$50 Savings Bonds.

Mr. Larry Stefanovich is the organization's president. The CGSVA has been active in supporting a number of Coast Guard functions and activities, including EPOY, donations to various members in need, scholarship funds, and trust funds for family members of Coast Guard members who die on active duty (most recently the Station Niagara crew).

Thanks,

MCPOCG VWP