

A 'Coastie' for Life
By
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Foreword

Why should I be writing this story of my life? Who might be interested in reading about my ‘dull’ tenure here on Earth? One reason is because I’ve been in the U.S. Coast Guard ‘...me whole bloomin’ life.’ I always tell people that I’ve been in the Coast Guard for 68 years, but only 31 counted. I’m reminded of the opening line of my now-deceased good friend Willard Adams’ memoirs, “What a lucky bastard I am!” How many people are, like me, lucky enough to say that they enjoy going to work, and they even get paid a “handsome wage” for doing it? Ninety-nine percent of my time in the Coast Guard was more fun than you can imagine; the other one percent I don’t want to talk about. I never had an accident in my 20 years of flying and 5,775 flight hours. I’m amazed that I can still hear and my back doesn’t hurt. I always felt comfortable flying Coast Guard aircraft because, unlike some of the other services, the people who maintained our aircraft also flew in them. So, they did a really good job because their butt was on the line too.

Another reason for this missive is to reprise and share my life experiences with my family and friends. As of this writing, my wife, Marilyn, and I have been married for 44 years. A third is to help preserve a little of Coast Guard Aviation history. I’ve been involved in doing that for about the past 45 years and maybe some of you will enjoy and appreciate some of the nostalgia and tidbits of Coast Guard Aviation lore contained herein. I recently read another Coast Guard aviator’s memoirs and that inspired me to do this.

The Coast Guard’s motto is *Semper Paratus* – Latin for Always Ready. It’s also been described as ‘the shallow water Navy’ and ‘the hard nucleus that the Navy forms around in time of war.’ It’s not true that you have to be six feet tall to join the Coast Guard so you can wade ashore if your boat sinks. The Coast Guard is currently part of the Department of Homeland Security and it’s often difficult for the Coast Guard to get its annual budget funded at the necessary amount. So, for many years, the unofficial motto of the Coast Guard has been, ‘We’ve done so much with so little for so long that now we can do practically anything with nothing!’ Of all the U.S. Government agencies, the taxpayers get the most bang for their tax buck out of the Coast Guard.

You may be a little confused or surprised by some of the things you read. That might be related to my Myers-Briggs personality ‘type,’ ISTJ (Introvert, Sensing, Thinking, Judging) shining through. ISTJ’s are known to be ‘steadfast, thorough workers who prize practicality. They have a stronger need than most for order and organization.’ An example of an ISTJ is George Washington, our first President.

Everything you’ll read here is true; I didn’t make any of this stuff up! Some names have been omitted to protect the guilty. I’m documenting this stuff now while I can still remember it. You may wonder how I remember all of these details of my life. I remember things by what happened when I was living in each of the forty places that I called home. Each place that I lived was a ‘chapter’ in my life. At one of his high school reunions, the renowned golfer Arnold Palmer said, “Your hometown is not where you’re from. It’s who you are.”

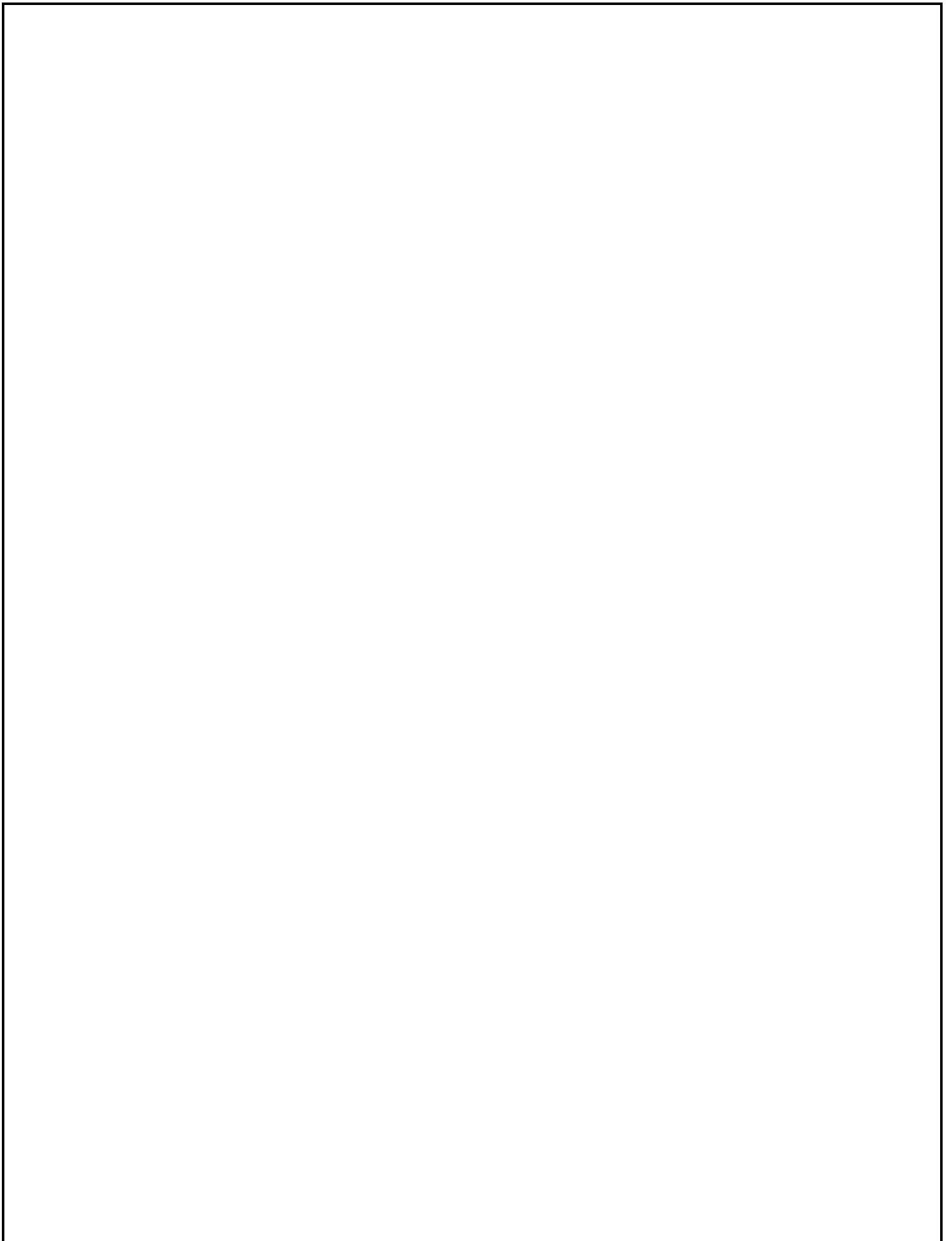
I appreciate very much the efforts of my wife, Marilyn, for doing a reality check and my daughter, Lori, in formatting, reviewing and coordinating the publication of my epistle. I hope you enjoy what will be, for some of you, a trip down memory lane. If you have access to my scrapbook, follow it along as you read this for, as Paul Harvey would say, ‘the rest of the story.’

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In the Beginning... (Gn. 1:1)
(That's why the Bible is all about a baseball game!
BIBLE = Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth)

I was born on 19 January 1945 in Miami Beach, Florida, in a hotel that had been converted to a hospital during World War II, to Chief Aviation Pilot Walter R. Goldhammer, U.S. Coast Guard and Mary A. (McKenna) Goldhammer. Walter was stationed at the Coast Guard Air Station in Dinner Key. He enlisted in the Coast Guard on 11 September 1939 by putting a nickel in the New York subway and heading for the recruiting office. He served at the Coast Guard Academy as a gate guard and was also assigned to CGC Antietam and CGC Champlain. He applied for and was accepted into the Coast Guard Academy in 1941. About eight months later, he found out that you could go to flight training as an enlisted man. So, he resigned from the Academy and headed off to Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Grosse Isle, Michigan where he began flying on 14 September 1942. Some of his Academy classmates, who were senior in rank to him, were jealous that Walter got his wings before them. That came back to haunt dad later in his career via derogatory fitness reports that delayed his promotion to LCDR. Walter got his aviator wings in April 1943 and was designated Coast Guard Aviator #82 as a QM2AP (Quartermaster Second Class (E5) Aviation Pilot).



His first Coast Guard aviation assignment was at Air Station Miami. He was designated Coast Guard helicopter pilot #50 after completing helicopter training at Air Station Brooklyn in November 1944. He was later promoted to Ensign and assigned a new Coast Guard aviator number, 481. After the war ended in 1945, he was reverted back to Chief Petty Officer. He was promoted to Ensign again in 1952. April 1943 was also the month he married Mary. Mary was the oldest of nine children and Walter dated Mary's sister, Patricia, for a time before he began dating her. Currently, my Aunt Jean Kelly (my Godmother) and my Uncle Jim are the only survivors of mom's siblings. Mary's father, Stephen, died of a heart attack at age fifty, six months after I was born. I was the only grandchild that he ever saw. Eventually, there were 29 other grandchildren born to my mom and her siblings. I've been the keeper of our family tree since about 1980. My brother, Jim, started it for a History project in college. I took it over and have expanded it immensely since then. There's a record of our ancestors back to 1816 in Ireland.

My parents nicknamed me Buddy. They said it was after the movie actor Buddy Epsen. My folks told me that, sometime shortly after I was born, I had my first flight in an airplane. It was on my mother's lap in a Coast Guard amphibian (I think a Grumman Widgeon) with Walter as the pilot while we were all wearing bathing suits on a quiet Sunday duty day on Biscayne Bay.

After I lived in a house on SW 4th Street (in the heart of what is now Little Havana) for about a year, Walter was transferred to Air Station Brooklyn in July 1946 and then to Air Station Argentia, Newfoundland in August 1946 where my sister Mary Virginia (nicknamed 'Ginger' after the movie actress Ginger Rogers) was born in August 1947. It was there that, I was told, I met my first girlfriend, Margie Mizell, a fellow military 'brat' who lived in the same housing complex as I did.



In April 1948, Walter was transferred to Air Station St. Petersburg, Florida. It was there that I became familiar with the Coast Guard's first helicopter, an HNS-1 built by Sikorsky Aircraft. For some reason, I skipped kindergarten (a lot of kids did back then) and I attended first grade at St. Paul's Catholic school in 1950. The cutoff birth date for getting into first grade was 31 December, but my mother pleaded with the pastor, Msgr. Mullins, and he relented. That's why I was invariably the youngest person in my class.

In August 1951, Walter was transferred to Air Station Brooklyn, New York. We rented a house on 128th Street in Belle Harbor, Rockaway for about six months and I attended the first half of second grade at St. Francis De Sales Catholic School. My brother, Robert Gerard, was born at the Public Health hospital in Staten Island in December 1951. In January 1952, I invited a few of my friends from school to come to my seventh birthday party at my house on the 19th. However, my parents didn't know I had done that, and they were pretty surprised when the kids showed up that day.

In 1952, we moved into a brand new house at 152 Margaret Drive in Clearmeadow Manor in East Meadow, Long Island. I remember several Saturday afternoons sitting in the car with my sister and brother while my parents were in the wallpaper store on Hempstead Turnpike picking out wallpaper for the new house. The house had three bedrooms, one bathroom, an unfinished basement, a one car garage, and it cost \$12,500! My dad started finishing off the basement and installing another half bathroom a few years later. I helped him occasionally, and finally, 16 years later, it was finished. Mom and Dad hosted many parties in the basement for neighbors and Coast Guard friends over the years. When they did, I was the doorman upstairs. I really enjoyed that because I got to stay up late and watch a lot of TV. I slept in a bed that was my dad's when he was a kid and it had a nautical design. We still have the bedroom set in the family. My brother, Bob, and I shared a room. My sister was lucky and got her own room.

I attended the second half of second grade through most of fifth grade at Newbridge Road Elementary school in East Meadow. My favorite grade was the third; we never had any homework. Since the 'Cold War' was in full swing, we had frequent air raid drills at school. We would leave our classrooms, go out in the main hall, sit down and lean against the wall for a while. It was around the fourth grade that I developed an interest in girls. I thought my classmate, Gloria Mastrogiacamo, was pretty cute. However, I never gave her an inkling that I had any interest in her. The school was eventually closed and turned into condominiums.

I had several good friends in my East Meadow neighborhood: Ed Murphy, John Bannen, Fred Nelson, Nancy Sullivan, Bobby Leyden, Jim Gray, and Paul Cocoa. We boys would play cowboys and Indians all around the neighborhood and would run willy-nilly through everyone's yard. Only one person asked us to stay out of his yard. My sister and I had to be home by 5:00 P.M. for dinner every night or else we would get in trouble. I didn't like vegetables too much, especially spinach. Mom would make us sit at the table until we finished our vegetables. We would wait her out and, eventually, she would give in and let us leave the table. Then I could go out and play with my friends, but my sister had to help with the dishes. My folks bought a player piano to put in our basement. It had to be taken apart to get it downstairs. Dad got some of the guys in his carpool to help him get the pieces downstairs and put it back together. It's still down there!

In April 1955, dad got transferred to Air Station Port Angeles, Washington. We kept our house in East Meadow and rented it out to a family. My mom was pregnant at that time, and unable to endure a long drive across the country. So, my dad drove our 1948 Cadillac Sedan de Ville across country with me as his co-pilot/navigator. What an adventure that was for a ten year old kid! We spent the first night in Fanwood, New Jersey at my aunt Audrey (dad's sister) and uncle Tom's house. It took us over a week to make the trip because the only four-lane road on our route was the Pennsylvania Turnpike! This was before interstate highways. Dad was astounded to see that gas was 35 cents/gallon on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the highest price on our route. We took U.S. 40 to Denver then another road up through Ogden, Utah. We spent one night at Bricker's Motel in Zanesville, Ohio. They had a TV in each room and you had to put a quarter in a coin box on the back of the TV for each half hour of viewing. We visited good friends of my parents, Marge and Sid Johannesen, in Oxford, Ohio. Sid had been in the Sea Scouts with dad when they were teens in Brooklyn, New York, and they bumped into each other several years later on a sidewalk in Miami. Marge and Sid were like second parents to me. We visited a monument somewhere in Kansas at what was then the geographic center of the United States. That was really cool! Just before we got to Denver, the starter and the driver's door handle broke so we had repairs made at the Cadillac dealer in Denver. We stopped at an Indian souvenir store in Little America, Wyoming and I bought a tomahawk. We finally made it to Port Angeles. Mom, Ginger, and Bob flew out a week or so later and we picked them up in Seattle, 65 miles away. That was when you had to take two ferries to get from Port Angeles to Seattle.

My brother, James Walter, was born on 4 August 1955, Coast Guard Day. On that same day, Ginger and I (and I guess Bob) attended a Coast Guard Day picnic at the Air Station. Ginger and I won a three-legged race and we each got a Brownie box camera for a prize. We also saw an exciting Jet Assisted Take-Off (JATO) by an SA-16 Grumman 'Albatross.' It was a fun day. We rented a house for a year at 428 East Orcas Avenue. My friend, Dewey Anich, lived next door.

I called my dad 'Walt' until I was about eleven. That's because it was all I heard around the house all day, 'Walter!' He didn't mind.

I did one of the most bizarre things in my life when I was eleven years old; I shot myself in the eye with a bow and arrow! I was playing in my back yard and made a bow and some arrows out of some string and tree branches. Luckily, the arrows didn't have sharp points on them. I figured out how to make a crossbow by pulling the arrow back and hooking it inside the bow. Then I could aim at something and push the arrow with my thumb to shoot at the target. After experimenting with several targets, I decided to shoot at a tree branch that was parallel to the ground. I hooked an arrow inside the bow, put the bow on the ground pointing upwards, then looked down to sight my shot. That's when the arrow went off! It struck the top of my right eye socket under my forehead and drew a slight amount of blood. That was pretty scary. If it had gone off on the other side of the bow, it would probably have gone right into my eye. After thanking God that I could still see out of my right eye, I stopped playing with the bow and arrow. I still have a little scar on my eyelid. I never told my parents about it.

We then moved to a big house at 2620 S. Laurel Street for a year. The house was on two lots and had a concrete swimming pool with curved sides. The rent was \$85/month. Our phone number was 5665; yep, only four numbers. This was one of the forty moves I made during my life as a Coast Guard “brat” and later in the Coast Guard! The water was too cold (around 45 degrees F.) for us to ever use the pool. The warmest the air temperature ever got when we lived there was 83 degrees. One of dad’s Coast Guard friends, Dave Gershowitz, used to come over once in a while and ride his motorcycle around the curved sides of the mostly-empty swimming pool. He was a character!

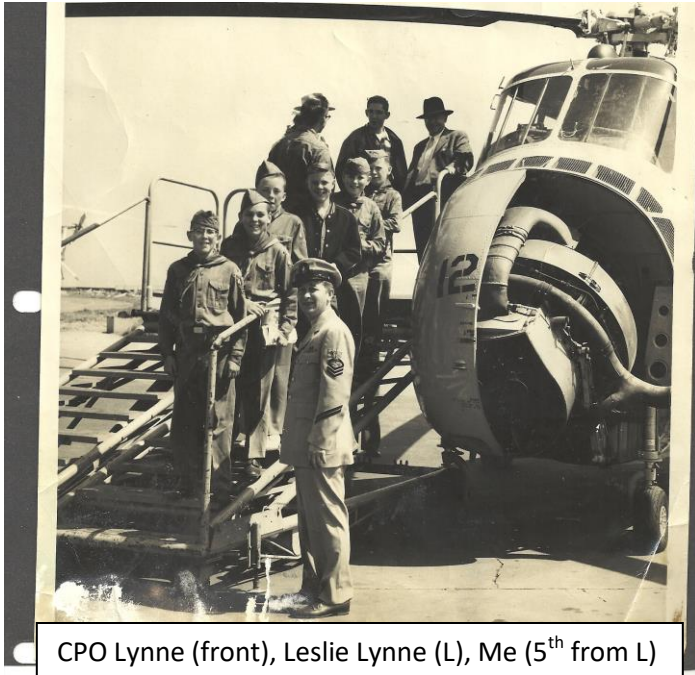
When we lived in Port Angeles, Ginger and I became avid roller skaters (at the ‘Pavilion Rink’) and square dancers. I also joined the National Rifle Association and dad often took me to a local rifle range to shoot his .22 caliber rifle at targets. I became a ‘sharpshooter’ in the prone position and did well at the other positions. I joined the Air Force R.O.T.C. rifle team in college. More on that later.

Dad bought a 1949 Pontiac ‘Chieftain’ to use to commute to work. Once, while he was away on Temporary Duty, we had an unexpected freeze. Unfortunately, dad didn’t have any anti-freeze in the Pontiac and the engine block cracked! He had to put a new engine in it. He got a few of his friends at work to help him. Another time when dad was away, we had a sudden snowstorm and mom couldn’t get the car up the hill to our house. She had to abandon the car and walk the rest of the way home. A tow truck came later and towed the car home. Somehow, I wound up in the driver’s seat of the car while it was being towed. Mom was shocked to see me there when we arrived home.

I attended Queen of Angels Catholic school in Port Angeles for the end of fifth grade through most of seventh grade. Some of my friends in class were Mike Baxter, Pat Lamarouex, Jerry Hogan, Jeffrey Wenger, and Diane Chamberlain. It was there that I first became an altar boy. That was when the whole Mass was in Latin. I also helped instruct new altar boys and often played the part of the priest. I made a lasting impression on my school, and on my forehead, on 30 May 1956. That was the day I tried to slide down a long banister from the second floor to a landing halfway down. I bailed out about halfway down and landed on my head on the third step up from the first floor. Luckily, I was able to grab the banister with my right hand (which I sprained) on the way down. That broke my fall and may have saved my life. The nuns were using chalkboard cleaning rags to stop the bleeding. I wound up with eight stitches in my forehead and my right arm in a sling. I returned to school the next day and my classmates gave me a big ovation.

My folks met some parents of my classmates. One of them was an Army family. The husband, Pete Swanstrom, was a recruiter in Port Angeles. He then got transferred to Seattle but had to come to Port Angeles once a month. Mom and dad invited him to stay at our house on his business trips. Sometimes, dad was away or had the duty when Pete spent the night. They used to get a good laugh out of what the neighbors might be thinking. On some of my dad’s duty nights (usually one in three), mom would have some of the other wives in dad’s duty section (LTs George Roy, Danny Muir, Chet Richmond, and Merrill Wood) over to play Bridge. Sometimes they didn’t have a fourth player, so I filled in as the ‘dummy.’ When I saw those people years later, I made them feel really old since they knew me when I was so young.

I re-joined the Cub Scouts and moved on to the Boy Scouts in Port Angeles. I remember a day trip on a snowy Saturday to the Elwah River with the Cub Scouts and a trip to the Air Station with the Boy Scouts. Leslie Lynne was my friend in the Boy Scouts. His dad was a Chief Petty Officer at the Air Station. I used to go to the base with my dad on some weekends when he had the duty and hang around. I noticed that dad enjoyed his work and was involved in many rescues. It was about that time, when I was 11, that I decided that someday, if possible, I’d like to be a Coast Guard helicopter pilot. My mom wanted me to become a priest. I told her I might be a flying priest.



CPO Lynne (front), Leslie Lynne (L), Me (5th from L)

In March 1957, dad was granted a 'hardship' transfer to Air Station St. Petersburg, Florida at Albert Whitted airport because his mother, *Ida*, was dying of cancer. This time, all six of us piled into the 1948 Cadillac and started our nine-day trek down the west coast and then across the country on U.S. 90. Dad drove the whole way, I was in the front seat, and Jim was in a car seat with a steel frame and canvas seat that hooked over the back of the front seat. Ginger, Bob, and mom were in the back. Mom had her legs stretched and propped up on the back of my seat, and Bob stood the whole way! Of course, there were no seat belts back then.

We arrived in St. Pete a day or two before my grandmother passed away. Ginger and I got special permission, because of our age, to visit her in her hospital room. My grandfather, Edward, had Multiple Sclerosis and was confined to a

wheelchair. He passed away a month or two later because he no longer had a spouse or a reason to live.

We rented a house at 5306 9th Street North for a year and, once again, I attended St. Paul's school through the ninth grade. I had many of the same classmates that I had in the first grade (John Brogle, Bill Buettner, Jim Terrazzo, Jack Boyle, Paul Sattler, Tom Law, and Chet Nadolski)! How ironic was that? That's where I started mowing lawns with my friend Tom Payne to raise a little spending money. I used the family power push mower and we got \$2 to mow a lawn regardless of its size. We thought we were rich! George Heiber was another pal of mine that year. Around this time, dad traded in our old Cadillac for a white 1954 Sedan de Ville. It was real fancy.

I played Babe Ruth League baseball in 1958 on the Pinellas Cigar Company team. I still have the team shirt. Also in 1958, we had a house built for \$18,000 on a corner lot at 751 55th Avenue South in St. Pete. It had four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a 'Florida room', one car garage, a furnace, and terrazzo floors. I mowed lawns by myself there, so I got to keep all of the profits. One lawn was pretty big, so I charged the family \$2.75 per week. The guy wasn't very happy about that, but he kept me on. I would use my income to go bowling at the local bowling alley. I could bowl three games for 45 cents each and shoes were 25 cents. I usually had a cherry coke from the fountain. The whole outing was less than \$2.00! I bought my own shoes in 1959 and used them for about 45 years. I would sometimes accompany my dad to the same bowling alley to keep score for the Air Station bowling team that he was on. That was fun. One of my local friends was Artie Scevola. He had a pool table in his family room and we spent many Saturday nights shooting pool. Artie's dad taught me how to play Cribbage and I got pretty good at it. Phil and Dick Bolin lived down the street from me and I spent lots of time playing with them.

I was also an altar boy at St. Paul's. One Saturday in 1959, the altar boys attended an ordination of three priests at St. Cecilia's church in Clearwater. That was an attempt to get us interested in the priesthood. One of the newly-ordained priests became my Latin teacher in the tenth grade. Another one left the priesthood after several years and I met him in 1999 in Maryland! What a small world it is.

One day, our English teacher, Sister Clarise, had us write a poem in class. To my surprise, she selected mine, 'A Tree' among others to be published in a High School Poetry Anthology. After ninth grade, the school was an all-girls high school. So, I transferred to Bishop Barry (later named St. Pete Catholic) High School for tenth grade. The tuition was \$13/month, and my folks thought that was very expensive. It wasn't quite as daunting as Abraham Lincoln's daily trek to school, but it was quite a trip to get to and from Bishop Barry. I had to walk three blocks then catch a bus (Rt. 17) to downtown, transfer to another bus (Rt. 14), and then walk about six blocks from the bus stop to school. It probably took a little over an hour. That's why I never participated in any extracurricular activities at school. The star athlete at Bishop Barry's class of '59, just before I got there, was Bill Freehan. He was the quarterback and linebacker on the football team and the best player on the baseball team. He went to the University of Michigan for two years then joined the Detroit Tigers organization and became the all-star catcher on the Tigers. Dad, Bob, Jim, and I saw him play a double-header against the Yankees in Yankee stadium in 1968. Mickey Mantle was still playing and Roy White was a Yankee rookie. It was Al Kaline's last year on the Tigers. What a great day that was! Bill eventually became the baseball coach at Michigan.

I re-joined the Boy Scouts at St. Paul's. Our scoutmaster was Charles Ankerberg, an ex-Marine and WWII fighter pilot. He taught us how to march. That came in very handy for me eight years later. We went on several weekend camping trips in central Florida to the Withlacoochie River and near Weeki Wachee Springs. My tentmate was Thomas Ponath. I remember one of the rivers we camped near was crystal clear. It's probably not so clear anymore. We also had a campout at the Coast Guard base on Egmont Key. We went there on a wooden Coast Guard 83-foot patrol boat. You could only get there by boat back then. It was fun exploring the island, going up in the lighthouse, and seeing all of the ammunition storage bunkers and other World War II stuff. I joined the Explorer Scouts in 1958 with my friend, Philip Bolin. One weekend in 1959 we camped out at the Air Station where the swimming pool is now. The highlight of that weekend was getting a fabulous ride on a Coast Guard P5M-2G Martin 'Marlin' #1318. The pilot was LT Marty Kaiser, a fellow member of the Coast Guard Aviation Association, who I've seen on many occasions since then.

One day around this time, dad traded in the '54 Cadillac for a beautiful tan '57 Sedan de Ville. Somewhere around this time I saw a movie, 'Cheaper by the Dozen,' that would have a profound effect on me for the rest of my life. It was about a family with 12 children whose father (John Gilbreath) conducted time and motion studies to develop a schedule and assigned tasks for each of his children to synergistically conduct their daily household activities in the most efficient and effective ways possible. If you get a chance to watch it, don't miss it. From then on, I became very time conscious and tried to plan my daily activities to get the most out of each moment. In 1983, I even attended a two-day time management seminar in Washington, D.C. conducted by Charles Hobbs, the father of the Daytimer. I used a Daytimer for 28 years, and I still have all of them.

In the spring of 1959, I took a Junior Lifesaving Course at the St. Petersburg Municipal 'whites only' swimming pool (Yes, it was before the Civil Rights Act of 1964). Since I was only 15, I couldn't take the Senior Lifesaving Course. It was a great experience.

Also in the spring of 1959, dad got a call from Coast Guard Headquarters offering him an opportunity to spend two summers flying a helicopter off a Coast Guard icebreaker in Alaska. That would count as an 'overseas assignment' and he would be able to keep his family in St. Pete for three more years. Dad accepted the offer and left around June for his deployment aboard CGC Northwind (WAGB 282) in Alaska. That was the first year of Alaska's statehood. Dad's absence for about four months was pretty hard on mom and she was overwhelmed by having to take care of her four kids, aged four to twelve, without him. She suffered a nervous breakdown (we were told she had pneumonia) and, fortunately, her friend Marie Tubbs, who she had met when we first lived in St. Pete, was a nurse and she helped mom recover.

Dad and LT Dick Penn were the two HUL pilots on (aviators say 'on', blackshoes say 'in') Northwind. LT (later RADM) Henry Bell was part of the ship's company. Dick and Walter took turns flying the various missions on the trip. Dad's usual routine was to fly the ship's dentist in to an Eskimo village to perform dental work on the villagers. Since dad had nothing else to do for the day, he became a dental technician and helped the dentist pull 2,000 teeth that summer! At the end of the day, he'd fly the dentist back to the Northwind and the ship would move on to the next village. One of the highlights of his trip was visiting the 'Top of the World' hotel in Nome. One day, the CO of Northwind told dad that they were short of underway Officers of the Day and he wanted dad to get trained so he could be part of the OOD watch rotation. Dad said to the CO that he was an aviator and he wasn't there to stand OOD watches. The CO said, "Well, we'll see about that!" Dad never stood any underway OOD watches and, soon after he returned to St. Pete in October from his Northwind deployment, he received orders to Bermuda as punishment!

Our Three-year Bermuda Vacation

Mom almost had another nervous breakdown when she heard that we had to go to Bermuda. She thought it was at the end of the earth and wanted no part of it. She eventually got used to the idea and, once we moved there on 23 August 1960, she loved it. Who wouldn't! Dad was really disappointed to have to practically give away his '57 Cadi before we moved to Bermuda. He was considering putting it up on blocks for three years until we came back, but decided against that and I think he sold it to a guy at a gas station in Deer Park, Long Island for about \$1,200. We stayed at my aunt Pat (the one he had dated) and Uncle Ed's house there before we flew out of Idlewild (now Kennedy) Airport on a Pan American Airways 707.

The Coast Guard Air Detachment in Bermuda was on the Naval Operating Base (NOB) on the west end of the island. There were no runways and all of the P5M (until December) and then HU-16E operations were water takeoffs and landings. Our sponsor, LT Hall, picked us up at the airport and then took us to the Teucer Place guest cottages for a few days. What a beautiful place that was! There was cedar woodwork in every room. I got to stay by myself in a separate one-room building, the "Buttery." Actually, I wasn't by myself. There were lots of chameleons and a few cockroaches in there with me. We got used to them.

Only Bermudians or British subjects could own property there. My sister could have bought property there because she was born in Newfoundland, Canada. Also, due to the size of the island (22x2 miles), only one car was allowed per family. We bought a new Vauxhall station wagon that had four seats. It was the biggest car available. Bob and Jim had to ride in the 'boot' when the whole family went somewhere. One of the pilots who arrived after we did bought a new car and wrecked it on his way home from the dealer! I won't mention his name. The roads were two lanes and very windy. They usually had stone fences or unforgiving coral walls right next to them and no shoulders. That's why the speed limit was 20 mph. You also had to drive on the 'wrong' side of the road. We would often see tourists and sailors from visiting ships covered with 'road rash' from falling off or wrecking the motorbikes that they had rented. The Navy eventually forbid visiting sailors from renting them. Dad bought himself a used Triumph motorcycle to commute to and from work. One time he skidded on a curve that was wet from a recent rain and spun out. He and the bike survived okay. I had bought a nice new three-speed bicycle with an enclosed chain (\$41) in St. Pete just before we left there and used that in Bermuda until I was old enough (16) to buy a motorbike. I sold it to my friend Joe Brand.



About two months before I turned 16, I bought a 1958 Cyrus motorbike with a 50cc. motor from a sailor on the base for \$65. It wasn't running very well. He told me that he had driven it into the ocean one night after he had too much to drink. Dad and I rebuilt the engine, and painted the bike. It was fine after that, except its maximum speed was only 28 mph right after I had taken the muffler off about once every six or eight months and cleaned it out. I drove it from home to the base and into Hamilton a few times, but didn't trust it to go to the

other end of the island. There were lots of 'bike paths' on the island that used to be the railroad route. It was fabulous to have my own transportation!

We lived in three different rental houses in Bermuda during our three years there. Our first house was on Burnt House Hill in Warwick Parish and had three bedrooms. It was pretty nice. A few months after we moved in, the owner sold it and the new owners (George and Dorothy Fisher) told us we had to move because they were going to occupy it. We became great friends with the Fisher's and I even saw one of their daughters (Leslie) a few times in later years at the Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola, FL where she worked. So, we moved to another three bedroom house in Southampton Parish that was three blocks from Gibbs Hill Lighthouse. The landlady was Mrs. Pearman. What a great view of the island we had! Then, for some reason, we had to move after one year. My folks found another three bedroom house on a beautiful peninsula in Somerset called Long Point. It was right on the water and across from the Somerset ferry stop. I used to go to sleep at night with the water lapping on the shoreline right outside my bedroom window. The owner even built a concrete dock for us shortly after we moved in. We had a little sandy road with concrete sides to reach the mainland and sometimes, after a heavy rain, it would flood for a day or two. I would often walk to the top of the hill next to the house, especially when there was a full moon, and I could see all of Harrington Sound and the whole western half of the island. What an idyllic setting. It was spectacular! Sometimes, when the wind was right, dad would taxi his HU-16 from the base seaplane ramp out to near the front of our house and take-off from there. Pretty cool!

Bermuda is where I first learned about the need to conserve water. Since the island was at the top of a coral atoll, there was no public water supply. The only water you got to use in your house was what rained down on your roof and drained into your storage tank under the house. That's why all of the houses in Bermuda have white roofs. If you wanted to test the quality of your water, you could put a few goldfish in your tank. If they were still swimming around a few days later, your water was good. I remember on several occasions we had to scoop water out of our washing machine with a bucket and use it to flush the toilets. You could buy water from a tank truck if you needed to, but it was expensive.



For my junior year in high school, I went to Mt. St. Agnes Academy in Hamilton. The Navy paid the tuition and chartered city buses to transport us. The school was in an old mansion on a hill. It was a British school run by Canadian nuns. I joined the glee club there. It was led by Sister M. Anne Helena. I became good friends with her and saw her a few times many years later when she was living in Lowell, MA. Some of my friends at MSA were Bill Hamilton, Bill Darling, Carolyn Petro, Susan Soares, Christine Medeiros, Judy Munro, Gillian Lewis, Linda Baker, and April Showers (Yep, that's really her name.).

I joined a very active Teen Club on the Base. It was sponsored by CDR Bill Morton, USN, and his wife, Dot. It was wonderful that they took the time to do that for all of us teens. They had a daughter, Gail, and a younger son who also belonged to it. Teen club was every Saturday night. It was a great way to meet and socialize with the other teens whose dads were stationed there. Our last dance was usually 'The End' by Earl Grant, one of my all-time favorite songs. I sort of had two girlfriends there, not at the same time: Gail Morton and Sue Perry. We didn't 'date'; we just hung out together. I also liked Janice Chappell, younger sister of Becky, Connie Sirmans, daughter of a Navy Chief, and Janyce Austin, daughter of a Navy Commander. Janyce took me sailing one

afternoon in her Sunfish sailboat. I didn't know anything about sailing; luckily, she did. We accidentally sailed into one of the aircraft sealanes and, when a plane flew over, we realized our mistake and got back where we belonged. We didn't get into trouble. Some of the girls liked to circulate 'Slam Books' with all of the teens' names in it so all of your 'friends' could write comments on what they thought of you. I saw a few of them and some of the comments were pretty nasty about some people.

Starting with the free movie on Friday night, I spent practically every weekend on the base either playing basketball, baseball, bowling, or going to some more free movies that changed out every week. I was president of the bowling league. One time we had to cancel our Saturday morning bowling session because a hurricane was bearing down on the island. The weather was beautiful when we woke up on Saturday morning. The hurricane had turned during the night and missed us. I would come home late Saturday afternoon to have dinner and change clothes to go to Teen Club. I even found time to do my homework. Often, when I was doing my homework at night, I would listen to the latest Rock and Roll hits on my radio from WMCA, WABC, and WINS in New York! If I put my hand on the back of the radio, I would then be able to pick up the New York stations because I became part of the antenna. What fun it was to listen to "Cousin Brucie" Morrow, Murray 'the K' Kaufmann, Dan Ingram, and Herb Oscar Anderson spin the tunes on their program. That's why I'm so familiar with the songs of that era to this day.



During the summers, we swam off a pier that also had a floating platform nearby. What a life! Luckily, I was old enough to enjoy and appreciate living there. It was another great way to get face time.

In the summer of 1961 and 1962 I worked full time in the stock room of the Navy Exchange on base. My boss was Mrs. Elsie Winter, mom of my good friend Steve Winter. I was the only one who knew where everything was in the stockroom. We sold

cigarettes (Lucky Strike, Chesterfield, etc.) for \$1.00 a carton (10 packs) and filtered cigarettes for \$1.10 a carton. One 'bennie' of working there was that I got first choice of the new LP records that came in. I got several good ones (at \$2 each): Neil Sedaka, Roy Orbison, The Shirelles, and Bobby Rydell. I still have them! I made 85 cents an hour and it was enough for gas for my motorbike and buying stuff at the Exchange and the 'gedunk' cafeteria.

We entered a team in the base softball league one summer and many of us played against our dads. Our record was 8-8 and we got a few teams mad at us when we beat them. I played first base or left field. We also organized a team and occasionally played baseball against the teens from Kindley Air Force Base at the other end of the island. During one game against I don't remember who, our Coach, Mr. Smith, let each of us pitch one inning. That was my first and only inning of competitive baseball pitching. I walked one guy and gave up one unearned run. I wrote an essay in my college freshman English Composition class about a hit I got that won one of the games we played. It was after I had struck out on the same type of pitch earlier in the game. We were able to find two sponsors and started JV and Varsity basketball teams that played against other teams on the island. SN Goodner, USN ran the JV and LT Brett, USN coached the Varsity. We weren't very good, but we had a great time.



Row 1: Unknown (L), Walter 'Tex' Pierce, Dale Medlin, Tom Gauld, Larry Impellitteri, Dave King
 Row 2: George Lantz (L), LT Brett (coach), Tom Ryder, Warren 'Red' Smith, Greg 'Tugo' Kinney, Me

In the fall of 1961, I flew from Bermuda to New York in an Eastern Airlines DC-7 prop plane for a physical in conjunction with my application for the U. S. Naval Academy. I was met at the airport by my uncle Jack Kelly and spent the night at my aunt Jean and his house in Hicksville. The next morning he drove me to St. Alban's Naval Hospital in Queens for my physical and then back to the airport to return home. That was quite an adventure for a 16 year old kid. I was glad to have my aunt and uncle to look after me. I didn't wind up attending the Naval Academy.

After my year at Mt. St. Agnes, the Air Force opened a high school at Kindley Air Force Base. Mt. St. Agnes wasn't an accredited school in the U.S. for entry into college. Kindley H.S. wasn't either, but it had a chance to be by the end of my senior year, and it was. So, for my senior year, I attended my fourth high school. It was pretty tough being the new kid and starting over

at a new high school each of my four years and it certainly didn't help my academic preparation for college. That's what can happen when you're a military 'brat.' Luckily, I knew several kids ahead of time. We were living in Somerset then, on the other end of the island. I would walk about half a mile from my house to the bus stop then get on the chartered bus and ride for 90 minutes to school. I got a lot of homework done on the bus. I had to get on the bus right after school so, once again, I was unable to participate in any extracurricular activities. What was ironic was that our Navy basketball team played against my own high school twice that year! We lost both games, but one of them we only lost by one point, 46-45. I scored four points in that game.

Our homeroom and English teacher was Sally Davis. One time she played a song in class, 'The Love Theme from Tristan and Isolde,' and we had to write an essay about what the song made us think about. I don't remember what I wrote, but that's my favorite song of all time. (My favorite movie of all time is 'The Blues Brothers.')

I took Typing in my last semester so that I would be able to type my own assignments/compositions in college instead of having to pay someone 25 cents a page to do it for me. Our teacher, Lynda Mertz, raised the requirement for an 'A' by five words a minute a week. That wasn't a problem for most of my classmates. My 54 words/minute at the end of the semester was worth a 'C.' That kept me off the Honor Roll, but it was worth it and I was proud of my speed. Our American History teacher was Robert Joblin, who later became the principal. He was an excellent teacher and he taught us how to study. One of my classmates, Jim Williams, had an ulcer and had to be sent back to a hospital in the U.S. for treatment. Altogether, he missed about three months of the year and he returned about a week before graduation. The principal told him that he could graduate with our class if he learned and recited the Gettysburg address before graduation. He did, and he did.

Mr. Robert Joblin, our yearbook advisor, researched quotes appropriate for each senior to accompany their picture. Mine was "Each man...is justified in his individuality...(Emerson)." Pam Warriner did a great job as yearbook editor. We had a senior class 'Will and Prophecy.' Our Prophecy was projected out to June 3, 1972 and we were living on the moon and staying in the 'Luna Hilton Hotel.' It spoke of me as a '...pilot who had started his career as a pilot in the Coast Guard but had graduated to the position of a pilot at Moon Base.' How prescient!

Our Senior Prom was held in the school cafeteria. My date was Margaret Sheehan. It was the only date I ever had with her. Since Jim Williams was already 18, he had a license and he drove Margaret and me to the Prom. The Juniors, led by Wayne Garrison, did a good job planning and decorating for it. One of them, Dennis Wright, lives about 15 minutes from me here in Maryland. I graduated on 9 June 1962 in the base theater. We celebrated at the Bermudiana Hotel in Hamilton that night. There were 36 in my class and I graduated ninth. Our motto was, 'Rough and ready, coming through, senior class of '62.' My parents bought my class ring for me for \$35.00.

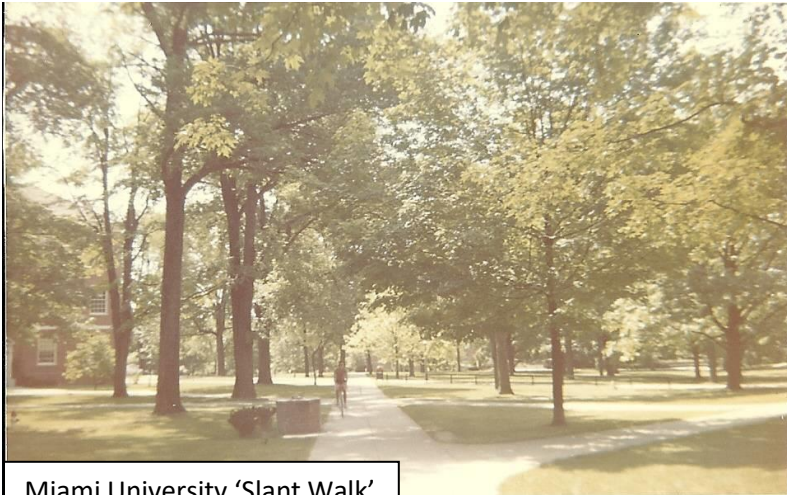
I sold my motorbike to a newly-arrived Coast Guard aviator, LT Ralph Sanford, for \$90 right before I left for college. He was way too big for it and he didn't keep it very long.

The Air Force moved out of Bermuda around 1969 and the Navy moved over to the airfield from NOB. The name of the school was changed to Roger Chaffee High School in memory of the Navy astronaut who was killed in the fire on the launching pad in January 1967. There's an organization, 'Overseas Brats,' that was started in the mid '80s. I'm automatically a member since I was the son of a service member who was stationed overseas. In 2007, they made a wonderful DVD documenting the life of a typical overseas brat. It brought back many memories.

I've been to many reunions of my school, not my class, over the years. Some of my classmates even attended them. Two of them were in Bermuda ('90 and '95) and the others were in many interesting places throughout the U.S. (Orlando ('98), San Antonio ('03), Washington, DC ('05), Jacksonville ('10)), wherever and whenever any alumni was willing to host it. I was on the committee in 2005; Willie Ward, '65, was the chairman. In 1990, my wife and I stayed at the beautiful VIP guest quarters adjoining the CO's quarters just inside the gate of the Navy Base for \$22/night. Marilyn's brother John, and his wife Kathy, stayed there with us. When we came back in 1995, the Navy was closing the base and the CO's quarters and guest house were being torn down. What a shameful waste of a beautiful and historic building! About a year earlier, a Navy Admiral had visited the base while on vacation and commandeered a full-size American official U.S. Government vehicle to use to drive around the island. A Navy Chief blew the whistle on him to Navy Times and other higher ups. That caused Congress to hold hearings on the operational need to keep the base open. The original purpose of the U.S. presence in Bermuda was for a fuel stop for aircraft transiting the Atlantic Ocean, for a Search and Rescue facility in the area, and for anti-submarine warfare aerial patrols. Congress decided the base was no longer necessary. If it hadn't been for that Navy Admiral abusing his privileges, it would probably still be open. We brought Lori and Katie with us to our 1995 reunion and we stayed at the Grotto Bay Beach Club, right by the Swizzle Inn. It cost a whole lot more than \$22/night. They loved it!

Also, in 2007, 28 of us took a fabulous reunion cruise to Bermuda from Bayonne, NJ. We spent three nights tied up at Front Street in Hamilton and I got to see Christine Medeiros and Jillian Lewis, my old classmates from Mt. St. Agnes. We took a bus tour of the eastern end of the island, had lunch at the Swizzle Inn (we 'Swaggered Out'), visited Ft. St. Catherine and St. George's square, and even got to visit Kindley high school, which is now a Bermudian Middle School. I got to sit at a desk in my old homeroom and get my picture taken. The principal invited us back anytime we're in Bermuda. We also had a fabulous reception/cocktail hour at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club that was arranged by one of our friends on the island. The sunset that night was gorgeous! I celebrated my 50th anniversary of high school graduation with Don Short, a member of my class, in October 2012 in Denver, CO. My wife, Marilyn, and I were visiting there and went to lunch with Don and his wife, Roserita.

Off to College



Miami University 'Slant Walk'

Since neither of my parents went to college, I didn't have much of a preference for attending a particular college. I was just hopeful that my mediocre SAT scores would be good enough for me to get into any college. It so happened that Marge Johannesen, wife of dad's previously mentioned friend Sid Johannesen, was working at the student Health Center at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. As also previously mentioned, the only time I had ever been to Oxford was in 1955 when dad and I were driving across country to Port Angeles. Mom and dad liked the idea of me going to Miami because, since I would be so

far away from home, Marge and Sid could keep an eye on me. So, I applied to and was accepted at Miami. Since I couldn't think of anything else, I decided to major in Mathematics because it teaches you to think quickly. After having breakfast and lunch, I flew from Bermuda to Idlewild airport in New York on 11 September 1962. I was met at the airport by my mom's aunts, Honey and Anna. They took me out to dinner before I caught my next flight to Dayton, Ohio. I flew to Dayton on a Trans World Airlines Super Constellation (the one with three vertical tail fins) that had seating areas in compartments like on a train car. That was a pretty cool flight. I had dinner on that flight, but, after four meals already that day, I couldn't eat much of it.

Marge and Sid met me at the Dayton airport and took me to their house. I went to Freshman orientation and met my advisor, Dr. Cochauer. I had decided to join the Air Force R.O.T.C. program, so he signed me up for a course in Air Force organization and customs. It was usually an 'easy A' course. However, the section of that course I got in also included basic Aerodynamics. The Aerodynamics principles were all new to me, so I had a hard time keeping them straight and only got a 'C' in the course. However, those Aerodynamics lessons came in handy for me a few years later. Since I was a Math major, he also signed me up for a five-hour Calculus course. I also took Spanish, English Composition, and four other credits for a total of 18 credits for my first semester. Later that year, I took a trip to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base to take a flight physical. When I had my eye test, the technician said that I had 'disqualifying astigmatism' and I would not be able to become an Air Force pilot. I was crushed! I think the technician was having a bad day.

Joyce (L), Marge, Arlene, and Sid Johannesen





My roommate for freshman year in Stanton Hall was David Krause, a guy from Western Hills High School in Cincinnati. He majored in being a pool hustler. The amount of time he spent shooting pool at The Reservation (the student center) was unbelievable. I don't know if he ever graduated.



Richard Scholl (L), Roger Pryor, John Herbst, Dave Nobili, Al Schweizer, Don Wissman, Dave Unruh, Dan Dietrich, Larry Biddinger

One of the guys who lived across the hall from me was Alvin C. Schweizer, II. He was from Wantagh, New York, near where I had previously lived on Long Island. He was also in the R.O.T.C. We became good friends and are still friends over 50 years later. Al graduated in 1967, a semester late, because he had mononucleosis and lost a semester. He was in the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. I couldn't afford the time or money to join a fraternity. He eventually became an Air Force C-130 pilot, attained the rank of Colonel, and retired from the Pentagon in 1997. The other guys in the picture are friends from my freshman dorm, Stanton Hall. Al and his brother, Paul, bought a 39-foot O'Day sailboat in the late 1990's and named her 'Freogan.' They kept it in Annapolis, MD until 2012 and I sailed with Al and Paul and one or two of their friends usually every September for almost a week on Chesapeake Bay. We had some wonderful trips exploring different ports and restaurants in the bay. We would eat almost all of our meals aboard except for dining ashore one night of each trip. Al was our logistician and chef supreme. It's amazing what Al could prepare on a two-burner stove with a broken oven. We all, except Al, took turns washing dishes.

A highlight of each trip was the daily 'Happy Hour' that began immediately after we dropped the hook or tied up wherever we were staying that night. It's amazing how many of the world's problems we tried to solve during those relaxing evenings. In 2012, we sailed Freogan on a 're-positioning cruise' to its new home in Hampton, VA at the Hampton Yacht Club.

Marge and Sid's daughter, Arlene, was also a freshman with me, and a fellow Math major. She had a younger sister, Joyce (Jo). Arlene was kind of a built-in girlfriend and we dated a few times. However, I was too shy to pursue anything more than a platonic relationship. I joined the Newman Club and met some nice folks there. I even took my friend



Tom Croft (L), Gary Palmer, Al Schweizer, Paul Schweizer on FREGAN

Al there a few times (he wasn't even Catholic) and he met Paula Litton. They were in 'serious like' for quite a while. I tried out for the freshman basketball team, coached by Darrell Headrick, but didn't make the first cut.

The varsity did very well that year. We had Skip Snow and Charlie Coles (who later became the coach) in the backcourt, Charlie Dinkins at Center, and Jeff Gehring and, I think, Jerry Pierson at forward. They were all sophomores except Jerry who was a freshman. My favorite player was the 'sixth man,' Steve Strome (#12). What a great hustler he was, just like another of my all-time favorite basketball players, John Havlicek of the Boston Celtics! He always gave the team a lift when he came into a game. On 12 December, our basketball team played at Bowling Green State University. BG had Nate Thurmond at center and Howard Komives at guard. They both went on to play in the NBA. BG beat us 86-36. On 12 January 1963, BG played us at Miami in Withrow Court. I was at that game. We beat BG 62-57. There was pandemonium after the game. It was the greatest basketball game I ever attended!

As previously mentioned, I joined the Air Force R.O.T.C. rifle team. There was a rifle range in the basement of Van Voorhees Hall and we practiced with our Remington .22 caliber rifles two or three times a week. I did pretty well in kneeling, sitting, and prone positions but struggled in standing position. We had a few matches against other local schools. The best 'away' match we had was at Ohio University, a beautiful campus in Athens. Our team advisor, TSgt. Abbott, drove us there and we stayed over one or two nights. I don't remember if we won, but we had a good time. I was only on the rifle team for a year and a half. That was a very good thing because I develop pre-patellar bursitis in my left knee from putting so much pressure on my knee with my left elbow while shooting in the kneeling position. I might have caused some permanent damage to my knee if I hadn't stopped doing that. One night at dinner in October 1962, we listened to President Kennedy's ominous speech about the Cuban missile crisis and the quarantine that was being imposed around Cuba. It was a very sobering event and we all thought that a nuclear confrontation could be imminent. Luckily, the situation was resolved diplomatically.

Miami had a pretty good football team in 1962. The quarterback was Ernie Kellerman (who later played in the NFL as a defensive back for Cleveland and Cincinnati), Scott Tyler at running back (he got a tryout with an NFL team), Tom Longworth at fullback, Tom Nomina at offensive tackle, and Bob Jenks at wide receiver and place kicker. We played Purdue away that year and Miami won 10-7! What an upset! The headline in the school newspaper, The Miami Student, said 'Magnificent Miami Beats Purdue!' I still have the paper. The Purdue quarterback was Bob Griese who went on to fame and fortune as the quarterback of the Miami Dolphins. We had an awesome rally in Withrow Court to greet the team when it returned that night. Our team mascot, Hiawabop (the team was called the 'Redskins' back then until the name was changed to a more politically correct 'Red Hawks' in the 1990's), climbed up on the top of the basketball backboard and stood up to cheer us on. I couldn't believe he did that, and I'll bet he didn't either.

Another friend I made in Stanton Hall was John Rau who was from Coldwater, Ohio. He knew that I wasn't going home to Bermuda for Thanksgiving so he invited me to spend the weekend with his family on their farm in Coldwater. He had a 1955 Chevy at home and we went for a ride one afternoon on a deserted road. That's when I had the fastest ride I ever had in a car, 105 mph, without a seatbelt. It was awesome! Luckily, I lived to talk about it. John's parents were very nice to me and, except for the car ride, we had a very relaxing weekend. Lee Guzzo, another friend of mine, played first base on the school baseball team.

I did go home to Bermuda for Christmas break in 1962. It was the only time I went home that school year. It was nice to see the family again. I went to Florida for spring break on an Air Force trip. Sgt. Abbott knew I wasn't going home, so he arranged for me to go on the trip. We flew out of Dayton to McCoy Air Force Base in Orlando on a C-131. That's where I got to see my first B-52 bomber up close and even get in the cockpit. I was

really impressed by how long the wings looked from the cockpit. We took a bus trip over to Patrick Air Force Base near the Cape Canaveral spaceport and spent a night or two there. We had a great tour of the spaceport and a launch control center that was under construction.

One of my required Physical Education courses was Bowling and Swimming. I learned how to do a forward $1\frac{1}{4}$ somersault off the low diving board. (It was supposed to be $1\frac{1}{2}$.) One of my Calculus instructors was Mr. Lover. He was a strange dude. His final exam for the course was True/False. That sounds pretty easy, but you still had to figure out the problem to see if the answer he listed was correct. Or else you could guess. I got a 'C' in that.

About once a month, I was invited to have Sunday dinner with the Johannesens. It was a great break from the rigors of being a student. Marge often cooked delicious Chicken Tetrizzini for us. Since Sid was Norwegian, I thought it was some kind of Norwegian delicacy. Sid had constructed a Bocce court in his backyard and we had a lot of fun playing Bocce. Sometimes I would bring Al Schweizer with me and that's how he also became great friends of the Johannesens.

Dad got transferred to Air Station Brooklyn in the summer of 1963 to be the Operations Officer and we left Bermuda on 21 July on a Pan American 707. Back then, each person in the family was allowed to bring a gallon of liquor back with them on the plane. So, all six of us carried a box of liquor with us onto the airplane. We moved into our old house in East Meadow once we arrived back in New York. It was around then that dad was finally promoted to Lieutenant Commander.

Even though I tried my best, my grades weren't very good in my first year. My high school experience just hadn't prepared me very well for the academic demands of college. So, I was on probation during the first semester of sophomore year. On the afternoon of 22 November 1963, I was walking to Calculus class in Culler Hall when I heard somebody mention that President Kennedy had been shot. What a shock that was! It wasn't until the next day that we found out all of the details. Even though there was some opposition, the NFL played their games that Sunday. I remember watching the funeral on Monday on the black and white TV in our dorm basement.

My GPA after my first semester of sophomore year was below the minimum required, so I moved back to my folks' house in East Meadow. I started looking for a job and wound up running the baby furniture department at Mays department store in Levittown. I applied for re-instatement to Miami and was accepted. I went to summer school there in 1964 and took four courses: Botany, two English Literature courses, and a five-hour Physics course (Math majors had to take that). I don't know why I didn't try to take some easier courses to get my GPA up. The Botany course was interesting, the English Lit courses were hard, and the Physics was a disaster. We had a lab for the Physics course. I did exceptionally neat lab reports and I think that's the only reason I got a 'D' in Physics instead of an 'F.' So, I flunked out of Miami for a second time. That proved to be a blessing in disguise. I returned home to East Meadow and lived in the basement.

I found a full-time job working in the warehouse at Doubleday and Company book publishers in Garden City. I also enrolled in Nassau Community College and began taking a course or two each semester. One day in the fall of 1964, my sister, Ginger, met a fellow student named Marie Stephenson on a bench in front of Molloy College in Rockville Centre while waiting for a bus. They struck up a conversation and Marie told her about a Catholic group that she belonged to, the Sodality of Our Lady of the Pillar, which met at Chaminade High School in Mineola. She invited Ginger to join, and she did. She told me about the Sodality and, in January 1965, I decided to attend a meeting to see what it was all about. What a difference in my life that made! I met so many wonderful Catholic brothers, priests, guys, and gals who had a Christian attitude, a fun-loving spirit, and a healthy lifestyle, and they're all my friends to this day. Tony Mercogliano became my best friend.

Bob Kinpoitner is our leader, (sometimes elected, sometimes not) and the glue that has kept our group together for over 50 years. He was one of the original members of the Sodality started by Fr. Anthony Jansen at Chaminade in 1958. It consisted of students and graduates of Chaminade, friends of theirs, and, a few years later, they even let women join. Bob has taken minutes of every meeting the group has ever had, written them up, and distributed them. He has a room full of them stored in his house. He sometimes embellishes his write-ups and puts his own spin on the facts, but we've come to expect and gloss over that. God bless him for all that he's meant to us over the years! Bob has also organized over 100 trips to New York for members to attend Broadway plays and then go out to dinner several times a year. Usually after our weekly meetings on Sunday night we would go over to the Howard Johnson's restaurant on Jericho Tpke. to have ice cream. We called our outings 'SLUSH,' Sodality Luncheons Under the Stars at Howard's. Mrs. Shantz was usually our waitress.



Heading for Jones Beach in '65: Bob McGowan (L), Tony Mercogliano, Marie Stephenson, Lorraine Hartz, Patricia Dugan, Ginger Goldhammer, Pat Stafford, Carol Valenti, Linda Bowler, me

As they became familiar with each other, the members of the Sodality, of course, began to date each other. After we all sorted each other out, many of us found our spouses in the group: Bob McGowan married Linda Bowler on 5 August 1967, Kevin Weiler married Mary Feibush, Kevin McNamara married Jeanne Koenig, Roseanne Kany married Ron Manfredi, Ann McCormick married Jim Thompson, and Marie Stephenson married Byron LaSalle. Bob Kinpoitner used to take a different girl to see 'The Nutcracker' on Broadway every year. He even took Ginger once. Alas, he never

married. I played tennis with Pat Stafford a few times. She later married Manuel Ramos, a former Marianist Brother. A nice girl named Marilyn McIntosh dated Eugene Degenkolb. Eugene is the guy who recruited Marilyn to join the Sodality. Tony also used to date Marilyn and I dated Patricia Dugan and was good friends with Maryanne Selfridge who was in the Sodality in Chester, Pennsylvania. I eventually married Marilyn, but more about that later. The group still meets about once a month on Long Island. Those of us who have moved away are now 'associate members' of the Sodality 'diaspora.'

Also in the fall of 1964, dad brought a new Commandant Instruction home with him from work. It was about a new 'Aviation Cadet' program that the Coast Guard was starting. He gave it to me and said that I might be interested in it. I looked it over and it was if it had been written just for me. You had to enlist in the Coast Guard and then apply for the program. If you weren't accepted into the program, you still had to serve your four years in the Coast Guard as an enlisted man. You had to be healthy, have perfect eyesight, pass an Officer Qualifying test, be interviewed, and have two years of college credit. I would have enough college credits by the summer of 1965 and I decided to seize this opportunity.

I attended the New York World's Fair at Flushing Meadows several times in 1965 before joining the Coast Guard. My favorite exhibits were the Vatican, General Electric, and General Motors. One of the longest lines I ever stood on was 2 ½ hours for the General Motors exhibit. It was worth it.

Joining the Coast Guard

I visited the local Coast Guard recruiting office in Freeport, Long Island in early 1965. I walked in and the man behind the desk asked me if he could help me. I told him I was there to sign up for the 'Aviation Cadet' program. He said, "What program?" He didn't even know about it! I took the Commandant Instruction out of my back pocket and said, "Here, read this," and I told him where I had gotten it from. He looked it over and said he would start the enlistment process for me. He asked me when I would like to go to 'Boot Camp' in Cape May, New Jersey. I said I didn't want to be there over the Fourth of July holiday weekend, so I'd like to go right after that. He said okay. I completed all of my paperwork and was accepted into the Coast Guard.

I told my mom my plans and she wasn't very happy. She didn't want me leaving home at so young an age and she said that, if I ever wanted to make any money in life, I should avoid the military. So, on the 6th of July 1965, after a great Fourth of July weekend and saying goodbye to mom and my siblings, dad drove me into the Third Coast Guard District office in Manhattan and swore me in. He then went off to work at Floyd Bennett Field. My pay was \$78/month. Since my name was first on the alphabetical list of new recruits, I was put in charge of two or three other guys who would be taking the bus from Port Authority with me to Cape May later that day. I had about seven hours until the bus departed, so I decided to make my first visit to the Statue of Liberty. I caught the Circle Line boat from Battery Park to Liberty Island. When I got there, I saw that there was a long line of people waiting to go up into the Statue. I got on line and moved slowly to the base of the statue. I looked at my watch and decided that I didn't have enough time to wait on line any more. I sure didn't want to miss my bus!

All went well with the bus ride. We arrived at Cape May at about 9:00 P.M. for our eight weeks of training and were billeted in 'Forming Company,' an old wooden barracks. That first night, a Third Class Petty Officer visited us. We thought he was 'God.' He instructed us on where to store our seabag key overnight (in our pillowcase) so no one would steal it. During the next few days we got our head shaved, had a physical exam, were issued our uniforms, started our early morning exercise program out on the 'grinder,' and began attending classes. Over the weekend, we moved into Building 257, one of the two recruit residence halls, and I became a member of Company Romeo 58.

A day or two later, some people came to our 'squad bay' and talked to our Company Commander, RMC Harris. He had us all gather around and then one of the visitors asked us if anyone knew how to march. Remember that I had learned to march in the Boy Scouts in St. Petersburg. So, even though I had been warned to 'Never volunteer for anything!' in the military, I raised my hand. They looked me over and one of them said, 'You'll do.' That's how I became a member of the Training Center's Honor Guard. A day or two later, I moved to Barracks 9 where the Honor Guard was berthed. My new 'Company Commander' was BM2 Bob Nash, a former Marine. He was a 'squared away' sailor.

Three weeks after I reported to Boot Camp, President Johnson sent the first big wave of troops to Vietnam. Three weeks after that, there was a six-month waiting list to get in the Coast Guard. I wonder why? My timing couldn't have been better. Ironically, some of those guys who joined the Coast Guard after me went to Vietnam anyway and were assigned to the Coast Guard cutters patrolling the waters offshore as part of Operation 'Market Time' or were on the crews of the 82-foot patrol boats that patrolled the rivers of Vietnam.

I remember two sayings from Boot Camp. First was a sign over the entrance to the galley. It said, 'You may take what you want; you shall eat what you take.' That's where I learned not to waste food. Second was a saying that the Company Commanders used to tighten up a line of recruits, 'Make your buddy smile!'

My training routine was drastically altered. I still went to classes but I spent a lot of time spit-shining my shoes, cleaning my Springfield '03 rifle, and practicing marching routines. The 'Top 16' did a marching routine at Company graduation every Friday and, all of a sudden, I was on the 'Top 16.' That was because there was a special appearance of the Honor Guard scheduled about five weeks later at Franklin Field in Philadelphia for a pre-season NFL exhibition game between the Eagles and the Detroit Lions. Everyone who was on the 'Top 16' who would be graduating before then was removed from the 'Top 16' so us 'newbies' could get some experience doing our routines and be ready for the big show in Philly. Because of my Honor Guard duties, I was 'forced' to miss small boat training, rifle range, and a week doing Galley duty. Darn! The Honor Guard also was granted liberty every weekend during Boot Camp while the regular Companies only got liberty the weekend before graduation. Pretty nice!



One Friday afternoon, dad flew down from Floyd Bennett Field in an HH-52A helicopter on a 'training' flight, picked me up on the parade ground, and flew me home for the weekend. Again, pretty nice! All of my friends on the Honor Guard were really impressed. I took the bus back on Sunday afternoon.

Meanwhile, I started my application process for the Aviation Cadet program at the base administrative office. The Executive Officer of the Training Center, CDR Dan Garrett, was an old aviator friend of my dad's. I'll never know if he had anything to do with expediting my application, but I was able to complete all of my requirements and was accepted for the program just prior to completing Boot Camp. How amazing was that! I received my orders to Pensacola from Coast Guard Headquarters. They were signed by CDR Bob Getman who worked in the Office of Personnel and was later my XO on an icebreaker deployment. Yes, the Coast Guard is a small outfit. After BM2 Nash found out that I was going to flight training, he kiddingly told me not to come back after I became an officer and give him any s@\$%. I said 'Yes, Sir!' I did see him once after I got my commission. More on that later.

The 'Top 16's' performance at the pre-game show was great and then we got to stay and watch the game. That was the first NFL game I saw in person. I graduated from Boot Camp as a Seaman Apprentice (E-2) with Company R-58 on 10 September 1965. That afternoon, I hitched a ride with someone to the Cape May County airport where dad had an HU-16E pick me up and fly me to Floyd Bennett Field. A few days later, I returned to Cape May and was assigned to 'T Company,' the 'Permanent Party' barracks, for three weeks until my departure date for flight training. I worked for the First Class Master at Arms doing odd jobs, handing out liberty cards, and making racks for Chiefs. Then I headed off to Pensacola. I was the only person who ever went straight from Boot Camp to flight training!

Flight Training

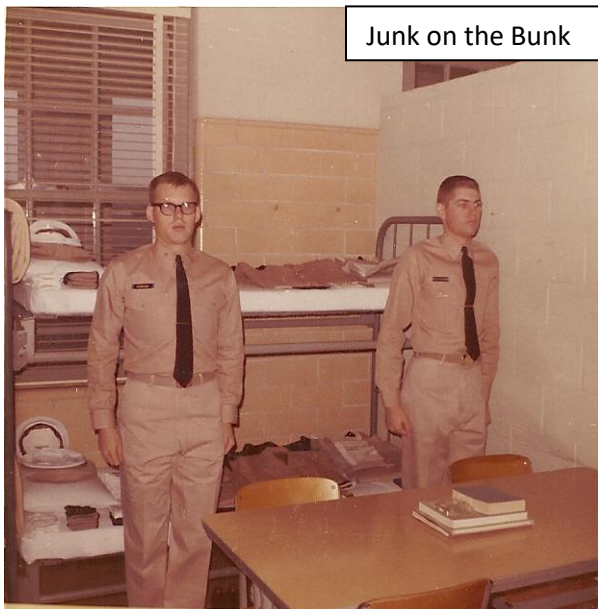
I arrived in Pensacola on 20 October 1965 and caught a bus from the airport to Naval Air Station, Pensacola 'Mainside.' I was in the second group of ten Coast Guard Aviation Cadets (AVCAD's). (The Coast Guard program ended in 1971.) My classmates were NAVCAD's or MARCAD's. I was berthed in the 'Indoctrination Battalion' barracks and our Marine D.I. was Staff Sergeant Montemayor. He was the epitome of a Marine D.I. and just looking at him could scare you to death. We didn't think he was God; we knew he was God! What a tumultuous experience that was! Besides getting my head shaved for the second time that year, we got our uniforms issued and had the most thorough physical examination I've ever experienced. I passed the Navy's intensive eye exam, so I could fly! Horray! However, before we could move on to our Pre-flight class (39-65), we had to take and pass a Math and Physics exam. If you failed, you had to fall back a week in training to study and take it again. If you failed a second time, you were disqualified from flight training. It included problems on electricity, which I knew nothing about. Fortunately my roommate, Ed Fiebig, was a Navy enlisted man who knew all that stuff. He taught me all of the necessary electricity formulas right before the exam, and I passed! Cadets weren't allowed to be married during flight training. I was glad because I was too busy studying for exams and learning my flight procedures and aircraft systems to be married.



Pre-flight training was 17 weeks long. It was also Officer Candidate School. So, when you finished flight training, you got your wings and commission as an Ensign on the same day. My class leader was CAPT. Lent, USMC, and our class Drill Instructor was GySgt. Jim, USMC. We had courses in Aerodynamics, Leadership, etc. and also lots of physical training. We took a PT test early on and then one near the end of pre-flight to see how much you improved. The same thing happened with the obstacle course and cross-country course (in the sand) times to complete. We had many swimming classes and our swimming 'final exam' was a jump off a 12-foot tower, 30 minutes of treading water without using your hands, and swimming a mile in your flight suit and boots. If you touched the side of the pool during your mile swim, you failed. I was ecstatic when I finished my mile swim and

glad I'd never have to do it again. Now I do it twice a week, but without the flight suit and boots. We also had to qualify in the 'Dilbert Dunker,' a device that was in the shape of an aircraft cockpit and was on a rail that slid it down into the pool once you were strapped in. When it hit the water, it turned upside down and started sinking. You had to wait a few seconds after turning over and then you would unbuckle your straps and egress. If you unbuckled too early, you had to do it again. It was a great training aid and confidence builder. Some people washed out of flight training because they failed the dunker. Some of you may remember that it was shown in the movie 'An Officer and a Gentleman.'

I joined the Pre-flight choir and enjoyed the break from studying one night a week to attend practice. I was at practice on 9 November when the huge blackout occurred in the Northeast. That was weird. We had mandatory evening study hours from Monday-Friday. We got a 10-minute break between each hour. Then, at 9:30 P.M., we had 30 minutes to ourselves before Taps. I could take a shower during the 10-minute break if I wanted to. When the break was announced I would get up, unlock my locker, grab my shower stuff, take a shower, dry off, get dressed, lock my locker, and be back in my seat within ten minutes. That way I wouldn't have to fight the crowd in the shower later in the evening and I could do some other things during those precious 30 minutes.



We often had inspections of our locker, rifle, and other gear. We had to have everything in our locker folded, hung, and stowed exactly as specified, with all buttons buttoned. Occasionally, there were surprise inspections. When we had a formal inspection, we would lay out our 'junk on the bunk' as specified. Any discrepancies resulted in demerits and loss of liberty. One time I was giggered for a dirty rifle. I was called down to see GySgt. Jim. He looked at my rifle then looked at me, and then sent me on my way. That was the closest I ever came to getting a demerit in Pre-flight. We had room inspections every day and a common 'gig' was for 'Irish Pennants' sticking out from under your rack. So, to save time, we only slept under the top sheet on Saturday nights because there was no inspection on Sunday. We would just sleep under our blanket then it was a lot easier and faster to take care of any loose Irish Pennants in the morning. What a pleasure it was to wake up on Sunday morning and not have to worry about room inspection! If

some of you were wondering why I'm a 'neatnik,' now you know. There was a method to this madness. All of these 'Mickey Mouse' rules were intended to teach you attention to detail, a trait that could mean the difference between life and death in the air. We also had peer evaluations where you had to select the least squared-away person in your class. Unfortunately, we had a couple of guys who were obvious choices.

Many of my classmates went on to fly and fight in the Vietnam war. Sadly, some of them (Roy Schmidt, Russell Albright, Paul Jensen, Marv Blair, Ariel Cross, etc.) didn't return. Ten Coast Guard helicopter pilots served with the Air Force in Vietnam as part of the Coast Guard/Air Force Aviator Exchange Program. One of them, LT Rob Ritchie, was a classmate of mine. Another one was LT Jack Rittichier. He was the only one of the ten who died in combat while, ironically, attempting to rescue 1/LT Roy Schmidt who had bailed out of his Marine A-4E Skyhawk near Hue and broken his leg. Another classmate of mine, Jim Laing, got his picture on the front of a New York newspaper ejecting from an F-4 that had been shot down. He survived. I worked with Jim Tritten, USN in the mid-1990's when I was stationed in Coast Guard Headquarters.

I went home on leave for Christmas with five of my friends from the Northeast. We all rode in Jim Tritten's '59 Ford convertible and, since there were hardly any Interstate highways then, it took us 24 hours to get to New York. We drove straight through and took turns driving. My folks picked me up at a rest stop on the New Jersey Turnpike. They bought me a plane ticket to fly back to Pensacola so I wouldn't have to endure the ride back. While I was home on leave, I attended a Sodality meeting. There were a lot of people there who were home on break from various colleges. Someone suggested that we have a group skating party at the Levittown Roller Rink. Two couples showed up for that: I brought Mary Victoria, a friend of my sister's who was in Sacred Heart Academy with her, and Eugene Degenkolb brought Marilyn McIntosh. That's when I met Marilyn. We had a good time. I didn't start dating Marilyn until almost three years later.

We had formation and inspection every morning. One time my classmate, Craig Lynch, forgot his tie clip when he went to formation. The inspecting officer noticed that and started to berate Craig. Craig then said, 'Sir, I'm Coast Guard. We don't wear tie clips.' It worked.

As soon as I turned 21 in January, I bought myself a beautiful car. It was a two-door '65 Chevy Chevelle Malibu Super Sport with a 283ci V-8 engine, bucket seats and automatic transmission. It had 15,000 miles on it and had been re-possessed from a Navy sailor who drove it as far and as hard as he could until the bank caught up with him. It cost \$2,400. The used car dealers had a great deal for Aviation Cadets back then. All you had to pay was \$50.00 a month for a year and then your payments increased when you got your wings and commission and were making a lot more money than you were as a cadet. Unfortunately, some of my friends took longer than they expected to complete flight training, and their payments went up before they could afford them. The car didn't have any seat belts, so I bought some at the Navy Exchange and installed them myself. The license plate number was 9-8802. I still have it. Insurance was \$140/year. I expected to have trouble with my car, and I eventually did. The transmission failed at 43,000 miles. I was transferred to Miami in 1971 and my Malibu didn't have air conditioning, so I got \$400.00 for it when I traded it in for a new 1971 two-door Malibu Super Sport with air conditioning. I wish I still had both of them.



I finally graduated from Pre-flight in February and moved on to basic flight training in VT-1 at Saufley Field nearby. I even began to get \$50/month flight pay. Some of my classmates didn't really have an interest in flying and just wanted to get their commissions in the Navy or Marines. So, upon completing Pre-flight, they DOR'd (Dropped on Request). Pretty sneaky! The Navy later changed the process to prevent that.

Because there was a backlog of students at Saufley, we had a one-week 'pool' before we could begin our training there. It just happened to be the week of Mardi Gras in New Orleans. So, five of my friends and I got a 72-hour liberty pass, jumped into Dan McCormack's car on Monday morning, and drove to New Orleans. Cadets weren't allowed to have civilian clothes, so I wore my black uniform shoes, khaki pants, a blue gym shirt, and my flight jacket. We brought our dress Khaki uniforms with us. We went first to the Naval Air Station Bachelor's Officers' Quarters (BOQ) to see if we could stay there. We were told that there was no clean linen because Reservists had been staying there for the weekend. That didn't matter to us; we stayed there anyway. We headed down town and strolled around. We saw the Playboy Club and went in. None of us had a membership

'Key' but we asked at the desk if we could come back that night if we wore our dress uniforms. They said okay! So, we went back to the Air Station, changed into our uniforms, and went to the Playboy Club for dinner and a show. Pretty cool! The next day we went to a couple of parades and just enjoyed the spectacle. That night there were beer cans on Bourbon Street from one curb to the other. What a great trip that was!

The first thing we had to learn at Saufley were the 'course rules' so we knew all about the area we'd be operating in, the local landmarks, how to make approaches and exits from outlying practice landing fields we'd be using, and how to get back home in an orderly fashion. We flew the Beechcraft T-34B 'Mentor.' The most memorable event on my first T-34 flight was that I barfed all over myself and the cockpit. How embarrassing! I had to clean up my own mess when we returned. I soloed on 21 April 1966 on my 12th syllabus flight. Following tradition, my instructor, LT Reiber, cut my tie at one of our squadron barbecues. It was around this time that I got a meritorious promotion to Seaman (E-3). That was a nice pay raise.



Hartwell (L), Munson, Me

After completing my T-34 syllabus, I moved on in May to VT-2 at Whiting Field North in Milton to fly the North American T-28B 'Trojan.' What a great airplane that was! It had a 1,425 horsepower R-1820 radial engine and cruised at 170 knots. Once again, we had to learn new course rules and familiarize ourselves with everything in the cockpit. I had a generator failure on one of my solo flights so I lost all of my radios and had to make an emergency entry into the traffic pattern at Whiting by following the 'lost communications' procedure. A bunch of fire trucks followed me to the taxiway after an uneventful landing. One of our flights was a night solo cross-country flight. When I was taking off for that, the engine seemed really loud. It wasn't until I was airborne that I

realized that I had taken off with my canopy open. I found my way over to Mobile and back. We also did solo acrobatics and

that was a hoot.

The coolest part of T-28 training was flying four-plane solo formation with an instructor chase pilot. You had to put a lot of faith in your fellow students that they wouldn't do anything stupid that would ruin our whole day.

That reminds me of some of the axioms of aviation that some of you may have heard about before:

- Flying: Hours and hours of sheer boredom punctuated by moments of stark terror!
- Any landing you can walk away from is a good one.
- There are old pilots and bold pilots, but no old bold pilots.
- There are three things that are useless in flying: the sky above you, the runway behind you, and the fuel you left behind.
- A helicopter is 10,000 parts flying in formation.
- No drinking (actually, no smoking) allowed within 50 feet of the airplane.
- There are those who have..., and there are those who will...
- The Six P's: Proper Prior Pre-flight Prevents Piss-poor Performance

One of our last flights at Whiting was a cross-country formation flight. We went to Seward Air Force Base in Tennessee to re-fuel. I was the lead airplane and I was cleared to land behind a C-130 that had just taken off. That's when I encountered the C-130's wake turbulence and got a 'hands-on' exposure to the symptoms of an

'Approach Turn Stall.' Fortunately, I recognized what was happening and knew what to do about it. The landing was uneventful. We then flew on to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio, spent the night, then back to Pensacola. That was a blast! In September, I moved on to VT-6 at Mainside for instrument flight training. We flew in the rear cockpit of the T-28 with a canvas 'hood' over the cockpit so we couldn't see outside. I did pretty well there and was even 'Student of the Week' once. Our check ride was a cross-country flight to Marine Corps Air Station New River in North Carolina, Naval Air Station Jacksonville, then back to Pensacola. We spent the night in Jacksonville and I had about \$3 in my wallet. Luckily, since I was still an enlisted man, I got to stay for free in the barracks and eat for free in the galley.



After completing VT-6, I moved on to HT-8 at Ellyson Field in Pensacola for helicopter training. There was a sign over the road at the main gate: 'The Best Helicopter Pilots in the World are Trained Here.' I first flew the Bell TH-13M 'bubble.'

What a strange and unusual experience that was! Besides having to constantly adjust your engine rpm, it was very sensitive to control inputs and didn't have any stabilization equipment installed. It took me four hours to learn how to hover it! Once I got the hang of hovering, the H-13 was fun to fly. Practice autorotations were pretty exciting.

After completing the H-13 syllabus, I moved on to the Sikorsky UH-34G. It had the same engine as the T-28 and it was a lot harder to fly than the H-13. The engine rpm had to be monitored with every movement of the collective to avoid loss of rotor rpm or overboosting the engine. It was a great adventure getting qualified in the H-34.

I completed flight training and got my wings (Coast Guard Aviator #1,207) and commission as an Ensign in the Coast Guard Reserve on 20 January 1967, the day after my 22nd birthday and a scant 18 months after enlisting! Dad flew down to Pensacola the day before and pinned my wings on me. I don't know who was prouder, me for finally getting my wings and commission or him for being there and pinning my wings on me. Ron Simons, a fellow in my AVCAD class, and I were in a hurry to get our wings and start collecting Ensign pay. The other eight guys in my class were having too much fun hitting the beach every weekend in flight training and didn't care when they finished. Ron finished a week before me and, a week after I finished, 135 guys graduated from Coast Guard Officer Candidate School. We didn't find out about that until much later. So, those 135 guys were 'senior' in the Officer Register to the other eight guys in my AVCAD class! That had quite an adverse impact on those guys over the years when zones for promotion boards were established and promotion dates were announced.

After my winging ceremony, dad and I hopped in my Malibu and started driving to New York. We arrived the next day and mom was very happy to see us. Four days later, I reported for duty at my first Coast Guard Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, New York where dad was still the Operations Officer and I worked for

him and we flew together! It was the first and only time that ever happened in Coast Guard aviation. That was allowed back then, but the Coast Guard Personnel Manual was later modified to prevent that and avoid the possibility of favoritism in writing Fitness Reports. To get around that, my Commanding Officers, George Wagner and later Vance Randle, wrote my fitness reports. One of dad's friends at the New York Daily News wrote a story about us that got national newspaper and magazine exposure and it was great publicity for the Coast Guard.



CDR Leroy Wade, HT-8 XO (L), Me, Dad

Air Station Brooklyn, 1967-1969

I was the only Ensign at Air Station Brooklyn for about 16 months until another AVCAD, ENS Rick Murphy arrived. Since I was also the Ops Officer's kid, I'm sure my peers were wondering how I would do and how to treat me. I tried my best to be just another guy in the Wardroom and, as the SLJO (Shitty Little Jobs Officer), readily accept any assignment that came my way. I think I did pretty well at that. My official collateral duty assignment was as Public Affairs Officer. That meant I got to give tours of the base to lots of classes from local schools.



I flew the Sikorsky HH-52A "Sea Guard" at Brooklyn and qualified as a Co-pilot and First Pilot by April 1968. I was trained to fly the HH-52 at Brooklyn and attended a one-week 'ground school' in Mobile in the summer of 1967. That was before pilots got their airframe transition training at Aviation Training Center Mobile. More on that later.

BM2 Nash, my Honor Guard Company Commander, was now a Chief Petty Officer and was stationed at Coast Guard Station Rockaway, right across the Marine Parkway Bridge (the toll was 10 cents; it's now the Gil Hodges

Memorial Bridge) from Floyd Bennett Field. One day I went over there and paid him a visit and reminded him about what he had told me when he found out I was going off to flight training. We had a nice chat and a fun visit.

We stood the duty every third night and really got to know and get along with each other well. My SDO (Senior Duty Officer) on my first duty night was LCDR Bruce Solomon. He later became my Commanding Officer. The Safety Officer was LT Rick Hill. He later became my Commanding Officer. One of the other pilots was LTJG Tom Morgan. He later became my Commanding Officer. LT Dick Zins was one of my HU-16 instructor pilots. I heard that one of my peers was smuggling drugs after he got out of the Coast Guard and was killed in a plane crash while doing that. LTJG Bill Fisher, a former Air Force pilot, had a German shepherd named 'Fang.' Fang became our unofficial wardroom mascot.



We had a 'Happy Hour' every Thursday after work and that was when you were 'expected' to attend and it was 'frowned upon' if you didn't. We had Stewards in the Coast Guard then and they cooked your meals and served you in the Wardroom. We had steak for lunch every Thursday and lobster or some other great fish dish every Friday. There was at least one five gallon container of ice cream in the kitchen freezer for duty nights. We would make ourselves great milk shakes.

Once I made a shake that was extra thick. I didn't realize until after I had made it that I had forgotten to put the milk in! It was yummy. We had a color TV in the Officer's lounge and a pool table in the room next door. We always tried to get back from our training flights by 2000 (8:00 P.M.) on Tuesdays so we could watch 'Laugh In.' It was hilarious! One of our SDO's, LCDR Steve Duca, had a reputation for being a TV hog. He would often come into the TV room while we were watching something and arbitrarily change the channel to something that he wanted to watch. We had no recourse, but we never let him forget about that.

One of the great side benefits of being stationed at Brooklyn was that the officers ran the "Package (liquor) store," and we got to keep every cent of the profits! The local military retirees loved it because we had the lowest prices in town. We had so much money, we didn't know what to do with it. When you checked in, you got an engraved silver napkin ring, an engraved pewter beer mug, and a coffee mug with your name on it. We had free 'Welcome Aboard' and 'Farewell' parties about every other month. My welcome aboard party was at the Floyd Bennett Navy Officers' Club. Tony Mercogliano brought Marilyn McIntosh and I brought Pat Dugan. My sister also attended with a boyfriend of hers. The wardroom rented a winter ski lodge and a summer beach or lake house that each officer got to use for a week every year for free. My going away party in February 1969 was at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in Manhattan. Carol Lawrence was the entertainment at dinner. It cost \$2,000. That was a lot of money back then. When you got transferred, you were able to pick any item you wanted worth up to \$30 out of a silver catalogue as a 'going away' present. I picked an engraved silver tea set, which I still have. It was great while it lasted. The Third Coast Guard District found out about our 'gold mine' a few years later and took all of the liquor store profits away from the Air Station and distributed them to the 'Morale Funds' of all the units in the District. We also had several tickets to Rangers hockey games and Knicks basketball games at Madison Square Garden that were purchased by our unit Morale Fund.

We had a monthly Officers' Association Luncheon in the Officers' Club at the District office on Governors' Island. We were encouraged to attend and we were ordered to wear our Aviation Green uniform to the meetings in the winter to remind everyone else that we were aviators. We also got the rest of the day off after the luncheons. Not bad!

I would get a crew cut weekly from Sal at the base barber shop for \$2.00.

We had a wooden 40' Coast Guard utility boat docked at the air station. It was used to 'sweep' the sealane in Jamaica Bay prior to aircraft water operations and to practice helicopter hoisting. LT Ed DeMuzzio was its caretaker. It was later transferred to Coast Guard station Rockaway.

Whenever our CO went on leave, our XO (Acting CO), CDR Joe Stephany, would often take a 'training flight' to Halifax, Nova Scotia to pick up a load of lobsters. Nobody ever questioned him on that. Nowadays, it would raise many eyebrows.

We tried to spread the duty days around on the watchlist during the holidays every year so that no one would have the duty on too many of them. I always volunteered to stand the duty on New Year's Day. It was usually a very quiet day because it was too cold for boating and most people were home sleeping off their reveling from the night before. I would drive straight to work after attending a New Year's Eve party, sleep in an extra bunk, and get up in the morning for the watch relief. Then I'd go back to sleep for a few hours and, after lunch, watch football bowl games all day. It was great. In all my years of standing duty, I never had the duty on Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, or New Years' Eve!



JAN • 68 •

Candid photo of dad and me on the ramp at Brooklyn by LCDR John R. MacDonald

I spent Thanksgiving of 1967 with mom, dad, and my siblings. After dinner, I went downstairs to watch football. A while later, dad came down and said, 'Have you been drinking?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Good, you've just been called in. Go to work!' One of the duty crews had exceeded their helicopter crew mission time on a Search and Rescue case and I was called in to relieve one of the pilots. That was pretty ironic. Dad and I flew together eight times while we were co-located at Brooklyn.

I attended National Search and Rescue School on Governors' Island for three weeks in January 1968. I was there on 'standby' and subject to recall to the Air Station if they needed me to stand the duty. The director was CDR 'Bud' Hobdy who had been stationed with dad in Bermuda. It was great to be able to learn all the details about SAR.

I went snow skiing for the first time one day in February 1968 with LTJG Ken Norton at Great Gorge in New Jersey. After an introductory lesson, I went on the lift up to the beginners' slope. I negotiated that okay and decided to continue on to the next stop for my next run so I would be able to ski further. When I got off the lift,

I discovered that it was the expert slope. Yikes! I 'inched' my way down part of the hill then stopped to rest. When I got going again, I went out of control and was headed for an intersection with another trail. I zoomed through there without ramming into anyone and made it down the rest of the hill. Wow, that was exciting! I returned to the beginners' slope.

LT Dennis Banta and I took off in HH-52 1443 an hour before sunrise on 29 April 1968 and flew up to the federal prison in Danbury, CT to pick up noted Mafia mobster Joe Valachi. We flew him and a police escort down to a heliport in Manhattan so he could testify ('sing') in Federal Court against another mobster. That was one of the more notable people of the time that I got involved with.

Up until he graduated in 1968, my friend Tony Mercogliano was the manager of the Manhattan College basketball team. Because of that, he was able to get two free tickets to many college basketball games at Madison Square Garden and I usually went with him. What a great time we had on many occasions! One time we saw Jimmie Walker score 50 points for Providence College and we also saw Elvin 'The Big E' Hayes and Clyde 'The Glide' Drexler playing for the University of Houston. We even got in early one Saturday morning and watched a NY Knicks practice. This was at the 'old' Madison Square Garden on 50th Street (now a parking lot) before the new one opened in May 1968. One time we got back to Long Island after taking the LI Railroad (the 'Silver Snail') to Mineola and there was a blizzard underway. Tony drove me home to East Meadow in his little VW Beetle in at least six inches of snow before he drove back to Mineola. He made it okay. That was a true test of our friendship. Another time, I was driving Tony and I back to Long Island from a Sodality meeting in Chester, PA and I dozed off at the wheel. Tony woke me up just before I rear ended a car in front of me. Thank God for Tony!

My folks and I were able to get \$250 tickets for free from the USO to attend the gala opening of the new Madison Square Garden on 34th Street in May 1968. I took my sister, Ginger. We saw Bob Hope, Pearl Bailey, and numerous other stars of the time. What a great night that was!

My Exploits in the HH-52A

(The following is a story that I wrote in 1998 for inclusion in a book 'Sikorsky HH-52A: An Illustrated History' that was being written by Lennart Lundh. It was published in 2003. The story covers my entire 19 years of flying the HH-52A.)

I started flying the HH-52A in January 1967 immediately after completing flight training. It was quite different from the reciprocating engine UH-34 that I had flown at Pensacola. The UH-34 didn't have a speed selector, so engine RPM had to be diligently manipulated manually by a throttle on the collective stick. This was similar to the emergency throttle on the HH-52. The UH-34 also had much more power available than the HH-52. The HH-52 had the same main gearbox, rotor head, rotor blades, tail rotor drive shaft, and tail rotor as the H-19 it was replacing. The biggest improvements in the new helicopter were a jet engine with an automatic fuel control, a boat hull for landing on the water, and the addition of Automatic Stabilization Equipment (ASE). The T-58-GE-8B engine had to be "de-rated" to a maximum of 845 shaft horsepower (shp) to accommodate the drive train. Therefore, the maximum airspeed (109 knots), gross weight (8,300 pounds), payload (approximately 300 pounds on takeoff), power available, and fuel load (normally 1,216 pounds) were significantly reduced. For every 30 minutes you flew you could pick up one more person out of the water.

One of the nicknames we had for the HH-52 was the "Tinkertoy," because it was a big toy that was a lot of fun to fly, and we even got paid for it. It was also described as flying like a marshmallow with the ASE disengaged because it tended to wobble around the sky. If you applied a normal control input to the cyclic stick or rudder pedals with the ASE off, the HH-52 would respond very quickly and erratically. It took a lot of practice to be able to fly the HH-52 smoothly with the ASE off. One of the unwritten requirements for being designated an Aircraft Commander was that you had to be able to do any maneuver with the ASE off. When we were training Search and Rescue Aircrewmembers, one of their syllabus flights had them sitting in the left seat in the cockpit and operating the flight controls. They gained a lot of respect for the pilot's capabilities when they operated the controls, especially when we turned the ASE off while they were flying. Then they realized just how difficult it was to fly ASE off.

In the early days of the HH-52, flying, communicating, and navigating at the same time was an interesting proposition. The only navigation equipment the HH-52 had was VHF Omnidirectional Range (VOR) and Automatic Direction Finding. The VOR was part of a NAV/COMM radio so you could either talk or navigate, whichever was most important at the time. Also, the ADF needle was only reliable within about plus or minus ten degrees, so we did a lot of dead reckoning navigating, especially offshore where there were no landmarks. We spent a lot of time reading the "wind streaks" on the water, estimating the wind speed, then applying those inputs to our trusty hand-held E6B "Whiz Wheel" computer to determine our ground speed and wind-corrected heading to maintain a certain course. Flying precise search patterns was an art rather than a science back then.

Flight Safety has come a long way since the early days of the HH-52. Even though the duty section ready flight crew wore their flight suits, it wasn't unusual for pilots to go flying in their uniform of the day when a SAR case came up requiring the immediate launch of more than one HH-52. On one occasion I stopped at the bar in the Officers' Club for Happy Hour at the end of a workday. I had two beers and then drove home. As soon as I walked in the door of my house, the phone rang. It was the duty officer at the Air Station. He said they just had a big SAR case come up and they needed to launch every available HH-52. I told him I couldn't go flying because I had just had two beers. He said that I was the soberest guy they could find. I said okay but only if I flew as the copilot rather than the pilot in command.

Those were also the days when flight crews flew with wetsuits in the winter months when the water temperature was below 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The early wetsuits were a lot more primitive and fatiguing than the "dry" suits in use today. You could easily lose a few pounds on each daytime flight while wearing a wetsuit and sitting in the HH-52 cockpit "greenhouse." They were one-piece rubber suits, about three-eighths of an inch thick. They really stunk from perspiration in the spring and fall when you had to wear them because of the water temperature even though the air temperature was very high. After a while they could practically stand up by themselves from the sweat! We usually took them in the shower with us about once a quarter to scrub them down so they would smell good for at least a few flights.

The only egress training we had in the HH-52 prior to introduction of the helicopter dunker at Pensacola was a semi-annual drill on land. You would strap into your seat in the cockpit, put on a blindfold, then reach down to the emergency window release and "pop the handle" to jettison your cockpit window so you could go out that way. Then you would simulate that the window was jammed, unstrap, and find your way to the cabin door by maintaining a constant reference point. It was not very realistic. We used to wear a one-man life raft strapped on our back to take with us while egressing. It was incorporated into the back seat cushion of each pilot seat. During my first static egress drill I followed all of the procedures. After popping my window, I unstrapped my safety harness, unstrapped my life raft, and exited through the window opening! I'll bet I'm not the only person who ever did that.

Practicing dual emergencies was a normal procedure in the early days of the HH-52. You could do anything you dared. One of the most challenging evolutions was practicing ASE off, partial panel, unusual attitudes. Also, First Pilots were authorized to do solo ASE off autorotations. I'm surprised there weren't a lot more accidents.

The procedure for doing autorotations was originally very precise. When flying over land you always tried to have a clear spot picked out along your track where you could land if your engine failed or had some other emergency requiring an autorotation. However, you were required to turn into the wind and execute your autorotation at an airspeed between 55 and 60 knots or else "You were gonna die!" It didn't matter whether you were going to land on top of some tall trees when an open area was just ahead of or behind it. You weren't allowed to vary your airspeed to increase your chances of landing safely. It wasn't until years later that the Training Division at Aviation Training Center, Mobile, Alabama altered the autorotation procedure after many months of reflection, deliberation, and experimentation. All of a sudden we were doing autos at three different ranges of airspeed from 20 to 82 knots and even doing 360 degree turns during an auto. It was exciting! I think the minimum altitude record for doing a 360-degree auto safely from a hover is 800 feet.

Every year, the Training Division instructors from Mobile would visit each Air Station to conduct annual Standardization Check Flights for each pilot. It was a terrific experience and the only opportunity, before introduction of the HH-52 Flight Simulator in 1973, to do full autorotations to the land and water. One of the most exciting and fun evolutions was doing a full instrument autorotation to the water. Another challenging event was landing on land with a simulated loss of tail rotor.

The HH-52 simulator was a very realistic experience that provided a quantum leap in Flight Safety. You could practice many emergencies, and even dual emergencies, that were too dangerous to practice in the real helicopter. The cockpit windows were frosted so you couldn't see out and you were always flying on instruments. During my first week in "the box" in 1973, I flew with another pilot whose nickname was "Crash" because of several "incidents" he had in the HH-52. I survived him. The simulator was so realistic that when the instructor gave me my first tail rotor loss malfunction I started sweating profusely in my attempts to deal with the fuselage spinning around. However, the simulator experience was a marvelous confidence builder. It was on my first flight after my first week in the simulator that I had my first engine malfunction in the air. It was a "Test

two trip," a not-too-drastic fuel control malfunction. Since I had just practiced it in the simulator, I calmly handled the situation, landed at a nearby airport, called the Air Station Engineering Officer and said, "Your airplane's broken. Come and fix it!"

Part of my original indoctrination to the HH-52 was learning how to do a flight mechanic's pre-flight. It was very thorough and involved climbing up on the airframe to inspect the engine, engine compartment, main transmission, and rotor head. The pilot's pre-flight was intended to be a back-up to the flight crewman's pre-flight just to see if he had failed to detect anything amiss. Two sets of eyes looking at the same thing were considered to be better than one. When the HH-3F helicopter joined the Coast Guard in the mid-sixties, the pilot's pre-flight procedure was modified to a walk-around inspection with no climbing on the airframe. The reasoning was that the flight crewman did a thorough pre-flight of the entire aircraft so it wasn't necessary for the pilot to have to climb onto the airframe to check things the flight mechanic had already checked. It would also be an affront to the flight crewman's integrity to be checking up on him. Unfortunately, I think, this type of pilot's pre-flight was later adopted for the HH-52. However, I continued to do my "old" pre-flight prior to every one of my flights. I also taught it to every student pilot I flew with who was upgrading his pilot designation in the HH-52. I didn't make them do it. I just wanted them to know it so they could adopt it, or part of it, if they felt the need. I was very comfortable continuing my "long" pre-flights over the years, and also very justified. Among the many safety of flight discrepancies I detected during my pre-flights after the flight crewman had supposedly conducted his were a failed rotor head stationary scissors bearing, a popped auxiliary hydraulic system fluid contamination pin, a maintenance rigging block in the auxiliary hydraulic system "broom closet," a loose gyro tilt table, and an unsecured engine door locking pin.

During my Coast Guard aviation career, I observed, heard about, or was occasionally the perpetrator of numerous HH-52 incidents or accidents. Each time we heard about a serious accident we would each say quietly to ourselves, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." We referred to the majority of them as "dumb shit" or "Delta Sierra" maneuvers. The first one I personally observed was one morning prior to a routine training flight. The Aircraft Commander (AC) sent his copilot (CP) out ahead of time to do a pre-flight then wait for his arrival to commence the flight. The CP completed his pre-flight and waited a while for the AC. The AC was delayed so the CP decided to start the HH-52 and engage the rotor system so the aircraft would be ready for takeoff as soon as the AC arrived. The only problem was that the CP did all of this from the left cockpit seat. He had to reach over to the starter button on the right-hand cyclic stick and move the speed selector into the governing range on the right-hand collective stick. Everything went well with the start and rotor engagement until rotor speed reached about 85-90% when the parking brake handle released. There were no brake pedals on the left side rudder pedals, and the tail wheel locking pin was disengaged! The CP made a quick decision to lift the HH-52 into a hover since he could not stop it from turning on the ground. However, the rotor RPM was too low to make a takeoff. So, as the CP lifted his collective stick, the helo did two complete revolutions on the ground! Luckily, it didn't turn over. The CP secured the helo, walked into the hangar, and changed his underwear. The flight was canceled.

One time I was making a day practice shipboard landing aboard one of our 210-foot cutters. Everything was going smoothly as I crossed the stern when, all of a sudden, the rotor wash blew the Landing Signal Officer's red flag out of his back pocket! It blew up into the rotor system and then fell onto the flight deck. After making a successful landing, I shut down the rotor system and inspected the blades. There was a scuffmark on one of the blades where it had struck the wooden flag handle and chipped a small piece off the handle. Now what? The flight manual said that flight was prohibited with "known or suspected rotor blade damage." I made a command decision and flew home rather than tie up the stern of the ship for at least a day until an engineering inspection was completed. I was able to convince my superiors that my decision was justified.

One of my aviation assignments was to the Icebreaker Section (IBSEC) at ATC Mobile. I was assigned to an aviation detachment that included four pilots, ten SAR Aircrewmembers/maintenance mechanics, and two HH-52s deployed to an icebreaker in the Arctic. Soon after the deployment began, the ADF in my helo failed. There was no VOR station on the ship but they did have a TACAN DME installed that told you how far you were from the ship but not what course to fly to get there. So, I relied heavily on the other HH-52 for navigation assistance when we were flying together or else dead reckoning navigation, and some luck, when we were flying alone. And we surely were alone sometimes. On many occasions there wasn't another ship, navigational aid, or airport within 500 miles of us. Crank in the 60-degree magnetic variation and consider that the ship was painted the same color as the ice it was in and you had to navigate pretty precisely to make sure you got back for lunch or dinner. One time I picked up some frost ice on my HH-52 windshield so the only way I could see to make the shipboard landing was to put my head out the side window. Luckily, I had a helmet that would fit out the window. This helmet also came in handy when I had to do "no reference" hoists of survivors from the water. No reference hoists were very risky because all you had to look at to maintain your position over the object you were hoisting were bubbles in the water, a smoke float that you had previously deployed, or debris floating in the water. I didn't like to do no reference hoists because of the high risk of hitting the survivor with the rescue basket as it swung by him so I taught myself how to do a hoist by looking down and backwards with my head out of the window. Then I could constantly maintain visual contact with the object I was hoisting and it made the SAR aircrewman's hoisting task much easier. I was fortunate to have a helmet with flat sides rather than bulging ear protectors so I was able to get my head out the window.

We used to play a game with SAR aircrewmen trainees. We would have them try to scoop a life ring out of the water with the rescue basket while the HH-52 was in a ten-foot hover. It was great "conning" practice for the trainee and also a great confidence builder. However, it was very difficult to accomplish because the pilot was doing a no reference hoist. When I would fly these flights, I would look at the bubbles in the water for a while and let the trainee get frustrated by the difficulty we had in maintaining position over the target and moving the exact number of feet in a certain direction the trainee wanted us to. Then I would put my head out the window and we'd make the pick-up in about ten seconds.

On another occasion during my first icebreaker deployment, I was about to take off from Thule Air Force Base in Greenland when I got a "chip detected" warning light on my caution panel. That required a "serviceability check" to be performed on the main gearbox. I needed two cases of MIL-L-23699 oil for this check but there wasn't enough on the ship and the Air Force didn't have any either. I called ATC, Mobile and I received my two cases of oil the next day on a MAC C-141 supply flight out of McGuire Air Force Base in New Jersey. Pretty good service! We did our serviceability check and, after straining all the oil, found three rivet heads that had come from the gearbox! Trouble was there were no rivets in the gearbox! I reported our findings to Mobile and their answer was, "Fly it!" So, I flew my trusty HH-52 for two more months of the deployment hoping that the gearbox didn't come apart.

One Sunday afternoon, we were steaming south about 30 miles offshore along the west coast of Greenland. The ship was having difficulty making headway through the pack ice so the CO decided he wanted to go flying to attempt to locate some "leads" through the ice that would make our transit easier. The other H-52 was inoperative. I took off from the ship with a SAR aircrewman and the CO and we headed east to hunt for leads. We had been flying about 30 minutes and were about 25 miles from the ship when I noticed a fog bank moving rapidly from the south towards the ship. I told the CO that it was time to go home and we raced the fog bank back to the ship. We lost the race. We had three cold weather survival kits aboard our HH-52 so one of our options was "camping out" in Greenland overnight while waiting for the fog to clear. Fortunately, the ship had

left a path through the ice in its wake. So, I made an approach to the edge of the fog bank, started air taxiing into the fog bank along the path, and, after about 500 yards, there was the ship right in front of us. We hopped up to the flight deck, shut down, and went into the wardroom to watch the Sunday matinee.

On another flight in the Arctic, we flew about 70 miles inland in Greenland up Sondrestrom fjord to Sondrestrom Air Force Base to pick up the ship's mail. We always looked forward to our infrequent mail runs. That's when I would receive some much-anticipated letters (with sequence numbers on the envelopes) and cassette tapes from my brand new bride along with some green banana bread and yummy chocolate chip cookie crumbs. On this particular flight we had some horrendous tail winds on the inbound leg up the fjord and I calculated my ground speed at 130 knots, the fastest I've ever flown in an HH-52! The pilot of the other helicopter on this flight decided to play a trick on the ship's crew. He filled a mailbag with old newspapers before we departed the ship and, when we returned and were circling the ship prior to landing, the SAR Aircrewmembers held up the mailbag to show to the crew and then "accidentally" dropped it into the water! I wish I could have seen the troops' faces when that happened.

Over the years the Coast Guard has automated many of its lighthouses. One of these is on Little Gull Island at the eastern end of Long Island Sound. The Coast Guardsmen assigned to this isolated lighthouse were leaving it with mixed emotions, euphoria and ecstasy, when it was automated. Actually, they would no longer be separated from their families for extended periods, but also they were losing out on their lucrative lobster business. To help the time pass, they would catch lobsters and then sell them to passing pleasure boaters. When I flew my HH-52 to help remove equipment from the island, I was able to obtain one of their lobster traps for free. After I scrubbed it with Comet to get rid of the smell and varnished it, it now graces my family room. One day I landed at Little Gull Island and, while waiting for some gear to be loaded aboard, I heard a horrendous noise. I immediately feared the worst and thought that something catastrophic was happening to my airplane. I was just about to shut down when I heard the noise again. Then, to my utmost relief, I figured out that the noise was coming from the foghorn on the lighthouse.

Like all other Coast Guard aviators, I flew several hair-raising SAR cases during my career. I've always said that I got half my gray hair from flying and half from my kids (luckily, I still have hair). On one of them, I had to do an instrument takeoff (ITO) from the Air Station Brooklyn ramp, fly over Kennedy Airport, and break out above a cloud layer whose tops were at 1,800 feet. I called Kennedy tower on the phone before we went out to start up and told them what I needed to do. They said fine, just call them right after I take off. I called them on the radio as soon as I started my ITO to tell them I was enroute. They said, 'Don't take off yet, we're not ready for you.' I said, 'I'm already airborne, here I come!' After breaking out above the clouds, I then did a "straight-in beep to hover" from 1,800 feet after flying out far enough south from a TACAN station to ensure that I was over water. I broke out at forty feet and, luckily, there were no boats or ships in front of me to run into. Unfortunately, the wind was about sixty degrees to my left, so I made a quick heading correction to avoid flying into the water. I then air taxied about two miles to shore and found my target, a sailboat that had run aground and was taking on water. The weather was too foggy and I didn't have enough gas to get home, so I air-taxied east along the beach, hopped over the Fire Island bridge, taxied down the side of the bridge, and landed at the Coast Guard station on Fire Island where I spent the night. On another occasion, I hoisted two people from the top of a 150-foot water tower at night after they had been overcome by paint fumes while working inside it.

I also had a night SAR case on 5 November 1976, 52 miles offshore without an escort. I hoisted a couple of people from a sinking sailboat while a huge merchant ship provided a lee for us from the strong wind. When I finished the hoisting, the ship had drifted down on us and it looked like she was about 50 feet from my rotor blades. I landed back at the air station (that was my only alternative) with about twelve minutes of fuel

remaining after flying home into about a thirty knot headwind. I then wrote a message to the District telling them about being so far offshore without an escort (the limit was 25 miles) and how lucky we were to successfully complete the case. I called my CO, Jerry Budridge, the next morning to brief him on the details of the case and he said, 'Don't do it.' I said, 'Captain, I already did it.' He was not happy. Luckily for me, the District was on my side. The fallout from that case was a two-day safety standdown at the air station and the revision of several District SAR case prosecution policies.

Even after all of these hair-raising and thrilling experiences, I'm proud to say that I'm still alive, I can still hear, my back doesn't hurt, and I have some wonderful memories. I put my faith in God, Sikorsky, and General Electric countless times, and they came through for me every time. I've had more fun than you can ever imagine. I believe that old aviation adage: "Flying is the most fun you can have sitting down!"

The last Coast Guard HH-52 flight was in the summer of 1989. In June of 1993, I attended an "Ancient Albatross" transition ceremony with dad at Brooklyn Air. RADM Bill Donnell was relieving RADM Tom Matteson. I was amazed to see an HH-52 there that had been flown in for the occasion from a nearby aviation museum. I found out that the two pilots were Army reserve helo pilots who had taught themselves how to fly the HH-52 by reading the flight manual. I asked them if I could do a pre-flight of the HH-52 "just for old times' sake." They said, "Sure!" I felt very nostalgic going through this procedure that I could probably do in my sleep. I found a popped auxiliary hydraulic system fluid contamination pin, a grounding discrepancy in the Coast Guard. I told them about it and they said: "Oh, yeah. We know about that." I then asked them if they ever practiced autorotations in case they might need to do one for real. Their answer was: "Oh, no; those are too dangerous!" Finally, I asked them if they wanted to know what other discrepancies I had detected during my pre-flight. They responded: "Oh, no; we want to get home today." Scary! I wonder if that HH-52 is still flying.

Air Station Brooklyn (continued)

Dad was promoted to Commander and got transferred to Air Station Salem, MA in the summer of 1968 to be the Executive Officer. He was very popular there because he was the buffer between the troops and the not-so-friendly CO. He remained as XO for a year after Salem closed and moved to Otis Air Force Base on Cape Cod in 1970.

On 15 June 1968, her 21st birthday, Patricia Dugan married Dr. Edward Mullin. Ed went on to have a distinguished career as a urologist. In the summer of 1968, I asked Tony's permission to date Marilyn. He said okay. It took him eleven more years to find a suitable replacement for her!

On 24 June 1968, I flew as the navigator on an 8.6 hour HU-16E Newport to Bermuda yacht race patrol with my Commanding Officer, CAPT Vance Randle, as the Aircraft Commander and MAJ Paul Gerblich, USAF, as the Co-pilot. Paul was on the staff of the National Search and Rescue School on Governor's Island and flew with us to get his monthly minimum flight time. I used the Loran A to keep track of our position and determine courses and distances to our next waypoints. We never got lost and I pointed us in the right direction to get back home. I think CAPT Randle was impressed with my navigation capabilities on that flight because he made a very favorable comment about it in my next Fitness Report.

I continued to live in the house in East Meadow and my sister moved in with me. I was promoted to LTJG in July. On Monday, 5 August, I had just gotten home from the Coast Guard Day picnic at the air station when Marilyn McIntosh called my sister to discuss the Physical Therapy profession since Ginger had just become a Physical Therapist and Marilyn was interested in that field. That call changed my life forever. I got on the phone with Marilyn and asked her out on a date. She said yes!

Our first date was on Friday, 9 August and we went to see 'The Thomas Crown Affair.' When I picked her up, her neighbors were sitting on her porch steps to check me out. A few days later, Marilyn sent me a card addressed to her 'favorite LTJG' to congratulate me on my promotion. I knew that I was the only LTJG that she knew, so I guessed that she probably liked me alot. (Some time later she kiddingly said it wasn't me she liked, it was my uniform.) Marilyn had once aspired to join the order of Medical Missionary nuns. Luckily for me, they rejected her because she was too young. We started dating regularly. Marilyn's mom, Lorraine, prepared food for me every time I brought her home from a date, and I couldn't leave without having some. It was a sign of her vintage Polish hospitality. Five weeks later, on 13 September as we were sitting on the couch in the basement of my house watching the N.Y. Mets, with Jerry Koosman pitching, playing someone, I asked her to marry me during the seventh-inning stretch. She said, 'Are you serious?' I said I was, and she said yes! I forget who won the game. We then went to see 'The Odd Couple.' How appropriate! We decided to get married on 30 May 1969 and go to Bermuda for our honeymoon.

We flew a Port Security patrol every day to look for 'water in the oil' in New York harbor and around Manhattan and Staten Island. Back then, pollution prevention wasn't as big a deal as it is now. There were countless derelict boats around Shooters Island in Kill van Kull. It was a mess! One time I told Marilyn ahead of time that I would be flying the patrol that day and, as I flew by Columbia University down the Hudson River, she and her classmates waved to me out their window. Pretty cool!



I also took a few rides in the HU-16E to observe water operations and patrol the operations of the Russian fishing fleet in the Atlantic. I got qualified in operating the HU-16E's antiquated Loran A navigation radio in June 1967 and started the HU-16E Co-pilot syllabus in August. There were seven flights in the HU-16E Co-pilot syllabus. You weren't required to be able to land the airplane until your CP-7 Check flight. Luckily, my instructors had me make several landings before then so I had no problem doing that on my check flight on 14 August 1968.

I was the duty HU-16 co-pilot with LCDR John R. MacDonald on 2 December 1968 when we got a call around midnight that there was an aircraft in distress near Teterboro, NJ. We found out that a student pilot had an argument with his wife and had stolen an airplane. He got lost and called for help. We launched the duty HH-52 and, after locating him, tried to talk him down to a landing at Kennedy Airport. After four tries, he lost his nerve and headed south over the water with the H-52 in pursuit. The Rescue Coordination Center told us to launch the ready HU-16 to follow him. Our bachelor CO, Vance Randle, was sleeping aboard the Air Station that night. He decided to take the HU-16 flight with John and bumped me out of the flight. I wound up as co-pilot of the second HH-52 that launched on the case. The student pilot continued south for about three hours until he was about to run out of gas. He was now too far offshore to make it to a runway so Vance talked him through a ditching in the ocean east of Norfolk, VA! Luckily, he landed without hurting himself and an H-52 arrived shortly afterward from Air Station Elizabeth City, hoisted him out of the water, and flew him to Elizabeth City. What a weird case that, fortunately, ended okay.

On 5 December 1968, I learned a lasting lesson: never hit the rack on a duty night past 2200 (10:00 P.M.). I went to bed at about 2310 that night and, about 15 minutes later, the HU-16E SAR alarm rang. I was the duty HU-16E Co-pilot that night with LCDR John R. MacDonald as my Aircraft Commander. We launched to deliver a pump to a sinking boat far out in the Atlantic. As we were returning to Brooklyn at about 0630 the next morning, we were so tired that we were punching each other in the cockpit to stay awake. Luckily, we made it back okay after 6.8 flight hours. Our duty day started at 0800 back then and we usually had the next afternoon off. In the interests of flight safety, the time for relief of the duty section was changed to 1200, and then 1600, several years later. That meant the duty section had a potentially mellow day prior to coming on duty and was much fresher in the event of a late night or all night Search and Rescue case. That was a very smart decision someone made.

Whenever we knew ahead of time that we were going on a long HU-16 flight, the galley crew would prepare us a sumptuous box lunch. It consisted of a roll of bologna, a head of lettuce, a container of mustard, and a loaf of bread in a cooler. We used our survival knives to cut the bologna and spread the mustard. They even threw in a

box of cookies and a few apples once in a while. When you're hungry, anything tastes great. I don't remember what they gave us to drink; probably a thermos of coffee.

On 16 December 1968, I was the Co-pilot on an HU-16E search out of Brooklyn with LT Jack Lundelius and LTJG Ken Norton that took us to Bermuda. We knew we would be gone for a few days, so we brought an extra pilot along. I was left on the ground one of the days so we could spread out the crew mission time. So, I got to make a visit to Hamilton and do some Christmas shopping. I bought Marilyn a beautiful Irish Wool sweater. She was surprised. On the next day, our search area took us right over the top of Bermuda and along the south shore. That was very unusual because the Bermudians are very protective of their airspace to keep the airplane noise down and not bother the tourists, their number one profession. I gave our crew a guided tour of the island as we flew along the south shore. The coolest part of that flight was that I got to make an instrument approach and a landing at Kindley Air Force Base where I had graduated from high school six years earlier. How many people get to say they did something like that?!

Wedding preparations were going along great until 12 January. I went to work that morning and put a letter in the mailbox at the Operations Center to the Elbow Beach Surf Club in Bermuda to reserve a lanai on the beach for a week at \$50/night for our honeymoon. I then went over to the Wardroom for a cup of coffee. When I got there, one of my friends said, 'Did you see your orders on the message board?' I said 'No!' and headed over to the radio room where I saw my orders to the Icebreaker Section (IBSEC) at Aviation Support & Training Center, Mobile, Alabama. I had to be there by the middle of March. What a shock that was! I had been at Brooklyn for only two years and I expected to stay there at least one more year. I went over to the radioman and asked him to open the mailbox so I could retrieve my letter to Elbow Beach. I still have it in my flight jacket. Then I called Marilyn and broke the news to her. I didn't want to delay our wedding and risk losing Marilyn to some doctor, so we decided to move it up to 1 March and we changed all of our plans around and got all of the preparations completed within seven weeks. How many women would be willing to go through all of that, and while studying to be a Physical Therapist? I was really lucky to have her.

I was designated an HH-52A Aircraft Commander on 3 February 1969. My first solo flight after I made AC was a logistics flight to Ambrose Light Tower. That was an exciting landing with the tower about ten feet from the tips of my rotor blades! About a week later, I drove to work at about midnight after taking Marilyn out on a date. It had just started snowing and I had the duty the next day. When I awoke the next morning, the blizzard was in full force. I spent the next three days at work until the roads were cleared and some other pilots could make it in. What an adventure!

I had quite a bachelor party on Thursday, 27 February. LCDR (later VADM) Howie Thorsen was my 'shepherd,' and he did a great job. We started out at the Happy Hour at the Governors' Island Officers' Club. Then we took the ferry to Manhattan and the subway to the Playboy Club for dinner. Then we went uptown to another night spot. Then we went to the Port Said Cabaret to see some belly dancers. We finally made our way back to South Ferry to catch the ferry back to Governors' Island. I had lost track after 17 rum and cokes. While I was waiting for the ferry at 0330, I was thinking how phenomenal it was that I still knew who I was and where I was. I spent the rest of the night at LCDR John and Marilyn MacDonald's quarters in the fort. What a great time that was! I made my way back home later that day to get ready for the rehearsal.

After the rehearsal, we all went back to Marilyn's folks' house. It was then that I had my first lesson in dancing the Polka—one, two, three—one, two, three. This was a pre-requisite for marrying a gal who is 50% Polish. Dancing a proper Polka would be a necessity at our wedding reception. We still dance the Polka, and I still count—one, two, three.



John G. McIntosh (L), Lorraine McIntosh, Marilyn, Me, Aunt Anna Loeffler, John F. McIntosh

My friend Tony Mercogliano was supposed to be my Best Man, but he was in Navy Officers' Candidate School in Newport, RI and wasn't able to get any time off. So, my brother Bob filled in for him. We were married by Fr. Frank Gaeta at St. Vincent de Paul Catholic Church in Elmont. Luckily, it was a beautiful day. Our wedding song was 'I'll be with you in Apple Blossom Time,' the same song that Marilyn's parents had at their wedding. Our reception was at the Stewart Manor Country Club. Instead of Bermuda, we spent two nights at 'Cove Haven' in the Poconos for our honeymoon, then a week at Marilyn's parents' (John and Lorraine McIntosh) house while they were on vacation in Florida. We drove to Mobile and arrived on Saturday, 15 March. The next day I put Marilyn on an airplane to fly back to New York and live with her parents while attending PT school at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in Manhattan. With the separation due to Marilyn's grad school and my living in Mobile and subsequent icebreaker deployment, we were together a total of 47 days out of the first seven months of our marriage. Welcome to the life of the military spouse!

It was a very busy year for Goldhammer weddings. My sister married Dr. Francis D. Gately on 21 June 1969 on Long Island. Although their names were Francis and Mary, they're known as Dermot and Ginger. They had met at a party in Brooklyn when Ginger was attending Downstate University to become a Physical Therapist. They had three kids: Eileen (born in Canada), Thomas (born in Africa), and Michael (born on Long Island). Ginger thought she was done with moving when she got married. Hah! They moved back to Long Island from Ghana in 1973 and have lived in the same house in Rockville Centre ever since. Dermot spent 40 years as an Economics professor at New York University.

Icebreaker Duty, 1969-1970

I reported to the Icebreaker Section (IBSEC, later SHOPDIV, then POPDIV) at Aviation Support and Training Center, Mobile, AL on 17 March 1969. I had IBSEC listed as my third choice overseas on my 'dream sheet,' and that was plenty high enough to get me sent there. I was the youngest, and most junior, Aircraft Commander in IBSEC. The AVSUPTRACEN CO was Ptero CAPT Jim Durfee, Aviator 521 and the IBSEC CO was CDR Dewey Barfield, Aviator 697. Since I was part of the first crew assigned to that unit, I was one of the IBSEC 'Plankholders.' I have the certificate hanging on my 'Love Me Wall' in my basement. All of the HH-52A's that deployed aboard Coast Guard icebreakers were stationed in Mobile and ferried to the homeport of each 'breaker' for deployment. My first flight at Mobile was a 7.8 hour search on 19 March in HU-16E 2123 with Roger Millett and Tom Fisher. I was still qualified as a 'Goat' co-pilot from Brooklyn.



I shared a two-bedroom unit with LTJG John Carroll at the Torii Apartments. Marilyn flew down to visit me when she had some breaks from school. John would stay late at work sometimes when she was visiting. He would call us at the apartment and say, 'I'm coming home now!' We'd say, "Okay!" What a good sport he was.

I reported aboard Southwind as a LTJG on 24 June 1969 at Curtis Bay, MD with Ptero LT (later RADM) Rudy Peschel, Aviator 1146, Ptero LTJG John Carroll, Aviator 1378, ENS Ray McFadden, Aviator 1394, and the 10 enlisted members of the aviation detachment. Marilyn drove down

for the weekend just before I reported aboard. I was proud of her driving herself from New York to Curtis Bay without getting lost. We stayed at the Doll Motel in Glen Burnie and had fun visiting the sights in Washington, D.C.

I was assigned a forward stateroom with ENS Eckhard (Ed) Magsig. What a thrill it was to be an HH-52A Aircraft Commander flying all around the Arctic at the age of 24, and getting paid for it! I kept a daily log of the flights of HH-52A's CGNR 1379 and 1360, the aviation detachment activities, and the ship's itinerary. 12 July was Arctic Circle crossing initiation day when I got my head partially shaved, was subjected to some other humiliations, and became a 'Bluenose.'

One of the benefits of deploying on an icebreaker that operated above the Arctic Circle was the opportunity to deposit part of your pay, meager that it was, in a savings account that earned 10% interest for the duration of your deployment. I took advantage of that. We called it 'Lack-a-nookie' pay.

On 18 July, HH-52 1360 got a 'chip detected' caution light on turn-up at Thule Air Force Base. We needed to do a 'serviceability check' on the main transmission, but we didn't have the 28 quarts of MIL-L-23699 oil to do it. I called Mobile and the oil arrived the next day on the C-141 MAC flight from McGuire Air Force Base. Amazing! After the serviceability check, we checked the strainers and found one large rivet head. Interestingly, there aren't any rivets in the transmission. We reported the results to Mobile and were declared ready for flight. 1360 also had an inoperative ADF radio for most of the deployment. That was the only navigation aid available

to find the ship besides TACAN DME. Dead Reckoning navigation was also very challenging with the extreme Variation (55° – 85°W) in the northern latitudes.

On 31 July, we flew both helos up a long fjord about 60 miles to Sondstrom Air Force Base to pick up mail. We had a 40 knot tailwind flying up the fjord and that's the fastest ground speed I've ever experienced in an HH-52, 130 knots! Before we departed Southwind, we filled a mailbag full of newspaper. We returned with six pounds of three-week old mail. As I flew by Southwind to show the crew the bag of mail, it suddenly fell from my crewman's hands into the water! The crew was aghast! Fortunately, it was the bag filled with newspapers, and the crew fell for the little trick that we played on them. Since we also had some real mail, the crew wasn't too unhappy with us.

One of the most eventful things that happened on the cruise was the grounding on 15 August. We were doing depth soundings of uncharted waters in position 75°56'N, 61°15'W off the west coast of Greenland with ENS Bob Glynn as OOD. We drew 28 feet and we found the top of a pinnacle 25 feet under water at 1945Q. The noise along the bow sounded at first like we were passing over a large chunk of ice. We were in 200 fathoms until 20 minutes before grounding. The depth decreased to 160 feet and the last recorded depth was 85 feet before we struck. There were no other shoals or reefs in the area. We were pitched up 12 degrees. We flooded two compartments in bow motor shaft alley and tore a 32 foot hole in the hull. We also flooded all of our toilet paper. The helicopters immediately took off from athwartship to lighten the load. That didn't work. We secured from General Quarters at 0120Q. CGC Westwind arrived the following morning and lent us four cases of toilet paper. We finally worked ourselves free at 0030Q on 17 August and continued normal operations before arriving at Thule Air Force Base on 29 August. Southwind's divers surveyed the hull damage and drew a sketch of it. The engineers built a wooden patch on the flight deck, lowered it over the port side, secured it with lines around the hull, and then pumped out the two flooded compartments. When the compartments were dry, the engineers filled them with concrete. After the concrete dried and the divers did an inspection, we departed Thule and continued normal operations for two more months. Since we were in uncharted waters at the time of the grounding, there was no disciplinary action against any of the crew. The ship's Engineering department won a Coast Guard Engineering award for their innovative solution to repair the hole in the hull and permit Southwind to continue its mission. The only unhappy people involved in this whole evolution were the Yard workers at Curtis Bay who had to remove the hull plates and the concrete when Southwind returned.

I learned how to play Bridge on this trip by watching other people play in the Wardroom. On the way home in the open ocean, we found out that the bell on Southwind's bridge would ring by itself at 52° of roll! That was quite an experience. Luckily, she was designed to roll to 80° and come back. The two helos departed Southwind on 29 September and returned to Mobile, AL.

After living with her parents during my first Arctic deployment, Marilyn moved to Mobile in October. We lived in a nice two bedroom, one bathroom unit at the BelAir Apartments. The rent was \$150/month and we paid \$15/month extra for rented living room and dining room furniture. We celebrated our first Thanksgiving together by ourselves in our apartment. Marilyn spent many hours preparing a delicious repast and worrying about whether everything would turn out okay. It took about 15 minutes to enjoy our dinner. Very romantic! Then we spent an hour or so cleaning up the kitchen. Our next door neighbor was LCDR (later RADM) Dave Ciancaglini, his wife Mona, and daughter Ana. I worked for Dave at ATC. He was the Facilities Officer. He was more of a perfectionist than I was. I later served with him in Coast Guard Headquarters. Another one of our neighbors was Suzanne Nance, a psychologist who Marilyn worked with at the Mobile Rehabilitation Center. Once in a while, Marilyn and I would go to the stock car races in Theodore. It was a ¼ mile dirt track and there were lots of wrecks. Most of the race cars were '65 Malibu's, just like mine. We had a lot of fun at the track.

I traded icebreaker trips with a friend of mine in Mobile, and passed up an opportunity for a trip to Antarctica, so I could sail on Southwind to Europe in 1970 with the same great CO, Ed Cassidy, that I served with the previous summer. Our XO on Arctic East 1970, LCDR Bob Nelson, was a future Chief of Staff of the Coast Guard! I reported aboard Southwind on about 11 June 1970 with Ptero LCDR Ralph Giffin, Aviator 1151, Ptero LT George Ellis, Aviator 1173, Ptero LTJG Fred Kent, Aviator 1374, and the enlisted members of the aviation detachment. My roommate was LTJG Mike Macie. I kept a daily log of the flights of HH-52A's CGNR 1356 and 1395, etc. as I did the previous summer. We visited Goose Bay, Labrador Air Force Base on 24 June and made an abrupt departure the next day. We were asked to leave after some dubious behavior by one of Southwind's crew. We struck bottom as we were leaving Melville Bay on 25 June but didn't run aground. GQ wasn't even sounded! On 9 July, I almost spent an unplanned night ashore with CAPT Cassidy. We flew him to do an ice reconnaissance in the vicinity of Kap Seddon, Greenland. We were about 10 miles northeast of Southwind when we noticed a fog bank approaching Southwind from the south as she was steaming south through the ice. We decided to return to Southwind before she entered the fog bank. The fog bank won the race to the ship. We had Southwind come to all stop. We then made an approach to the edge of the fog bank in Southwind's wake through the ice. We air taxied about 500 yards into the fog bank in about 125 yards visibility while following the wake and were glad to finally sight the stern. We then made an uneventful landing on the flight deck.

I was promoted to LT on 29 July. I sewed my own stripes on my dress blue uniform. I held my "wetting down" promotion party at the Thule AFB Officer's Club. Mixed drinks at Happy Hour were 10 cents! I brought an electric blanket with me on my first Southwind trip, but I didn't need to use it. I left it home for my second trip to save some space in my footlocker for other things. Of course, both of our boilers broke down at once on the second trip and we had no hot water or heat for a week. It was 40° in our living spaces! During that same week, we lost excitation to the starboard shaft, cracked two cylinder casings on #1 main engine, and burnt up the generator on #4 main engine. Our longest time at sea on this trip was 31 days straight.

On 15 August, exactly one year after our grounding off Greenland, we reached 83° 01'N, then a record for northernmost penetration of the Arctic Basin. A few of the hearty souls aboard went swimming, in wet suits, to commemorate the occasion. The water temperature was 31.9°F. We also lowered a Nun buoy in place that LTJG Ken Riordon had found earlier in the Barents Sea. It said "8/15/70 CGC Southwind 83° North." Attached to it was a watertight container with our sailing list and a Coast Guard pennant. One of the crew tried to attach a Confederate flag to it but the Captain declined and told him to save it for when he had to blow his nose.

We had a 'beginner's table' of Bridge players on this trip. We played almost every underway night after dinner in the Wardroom before the movie. There were five of us, so the guy who didn't play the night before got to play that night. The other four guys drew a card and the low man was out that night. The guys at the 'real players' table decided to have a duplicate tournament one Sunday. That's where you deal out hands and a number of people rotate around the tables and play the same hand. I bid 'five diamonds' on one of the hands that I played, and I made it! The other players, especially our XO Bob Nelson, were pretty impressed. I forget what the prizes were, but we had a blast. I haven't played Bridge since 1988.

While we were operating north of Russia in the Barents and Kara Seas, we were 'escorted' for quite a while by a Russian icebreaker 'Vladimir Kavraysky.' On 22 August at 0355, she collided with us! She drifted down on us and dented our hull on the port side where it joins the main deck and also bent two railing stanchions with her bow. There was no internal damage. We secured from GQ after one hour and 15 minutes. One of the aviators had donned his wetsuit; he was ready for anything. I never heard of any news coverage or formal complaints between countries about that event.

On 5 September, we began one of the most amazing experiences a person could ever have, a visit to Murmansk, Russia for two nights in the middle of the Cold War! CAPT Cassidy had requested permission from the U.S. State Department for the port call. The request was granted because it was a homecoming for Southwind! How can that be? After World War II, the U.S. had a 'lend lease' program with our ally, Russia. Southwind, then U.S.S. Atka, was lent to the Russians as part of that program and homeported in Murmansk. It was returned to the U.S. several years later and eventually given to the Coast Guard. Following are excerpts from my log of that visit: 0740 Russian pilot aboard. No more pictures allowed until arrival Murmansk. Two Russian 'liaison' officers aboard who will be aboard almost all of the time, 0900-2400. We must station a few guards, without guns, at the gangway. Manned the rail and passed a Russian naval and seaplane base on the way in the channel. There were burlap screens erected to prevent us from seeing their submarines. We had to wear our uniforms on liberty.

1050 Arrived Murmansk. Very quiet city; lots of people on the dock. Docked at coal pier just forward of a ship from London.

1400 Departed on a bus tour of the city. Only 34 of us went in two buses; the Russians expected five busloads. The city is mostly old apartment buildings and many outlying slums. There was no restriction on taking pictures/movies in town. Toured a museum. A young student approached us in the museum and was very inquisitive about our activities here. He seemed very interested in us and said he was happy to be talking to Americans. During evening chow, Bob Glynn said he was walking along a street this afternoon when a drunk guy approached him and said in broken English that he had been to America and was glad to see Americans here. He wanted to shake Bob's hand and then a policeman came along and pulled him away from Bob. Bob said he's convinced that the Russian people are friendly, but that they live in a police state.

1900 Went by bus to the Seaman's Club party. Saw movies on Russian life, collected some free propaganda books, enjoyed the dance band and master of ceremonies. Had a sing-along and there was much camaraderie evident. The girls, mostly good looking, were mostly from the local institute where they are studying English. Some of them spoke very well; others not. Talked to Irina Sergoya, one of our lady tour interpreters from this afternoon. She was very nice and friendly and enjoyed the opportunity to practice her English. I was talking to a girl through an interpreter and asked him to tell her that she should come down to see our ship tomorrow afternoon if she wanted to. He said she couldn't because 'she didn't have enough credits.' He said many people wanted to see the ship, but they could only let a certain number come in organized groups. Bob Gravino (later Ptero, Aviator 1544) said that this afternoon the Russian liaison officer had asked him if the ship was ready for open house. Bob said yes, the Russian made a phone call, and five minutes later a group of about 100 people came marching down the dock. I wonder if they volunteered. I was talking with an Army Lt. Col. up from Moscow for our visit. He said that all of these activities were arranged especially for us and it was a very special occasion to have an American ship here. He said that when a Russian wants to buy a car, he pays for it, gets on a list, and then gets delivery about three years later. There are only two types of cars made in Russia and one costs about \$2,500.00.

2300 Returned to Southwind.

Sunday, 6 September

1110 Went on a walking tour of the town with some shipmates. Looked in shop windows. Shopped in souvenir store and bakery. Took pictures. Several kids approached us for chewing gum. Some other guys were approached for American dollars. The Russians were offering up to 10 Rubles for one dollar. One Ruble equals about \$1.05. Returned to Southwind at 1430.

1900 Departed for party at House of Culture. Same type of affair as last night. Lots of girls there; some with the same dresses they had on the night before. Some of the girls were dancing together and holding hands; not too unusual, but some of the Russian guys were doing it too! Watched movie of a Russian singer performing. Left at 2100 and went to a hotel bar. When we first walked in, they thought we wanted to use the head, but we finally conveyed that we wanted a table. We got that; the next problem was how to order. We were pondering that when a guy at the next table said hello to us in Russian. Since we didn't speak Russian, we finally found German as a common language. He ordered for us. He was a seaman who was leaving the next day for Capetown. He gave us each a round of vodka and cognac and also bought us a bottle of champagne! The bar was very nicely decorated and had a band playing. Arrived at Southwind at 2355, five minutes before liberty expired, after a great evening.

At 1800 Sunday evening, we took aboard a practice NASA space capsule that the Russians had found somewhere. It looked like a dummy Gemini capsule. The Russian TV news had said that one of our reasons for coming here was to pick up the capsule.

Monday, 7 September

1245 Walked downtown with some shipmates to shop and mail post cards.

1808 Underway with all hands on board.

The two helicopters departed Southwind on 15 November and returned to Mobile, AL. Marilyn was waiting on the ramp for me when we arrived; what a beautiful sight!

I believe that Arctic East 1970 on Southwind was one of the best cruises an icebreaker ever had! Besides the usual Greenland re-supply escort duties to Thule and Sondstrom Air Force bases, Southwind set a latitude record, searched for a missing Russian aircraft bringing earthquake relief supplies to Chile, and got to visit Copenhagen, Denmark, Tromso, Norway, Murmansk, Russia, and spent a week in Portsmouth, England! Marilyn met me on the dock when we arrived in Copenhagen. She was the only girl on the dock, and all of my friends were kidding me for bringing a sandwich to a banquet. However, it was a fabulous sandwich, and we're still married after 44 years (as of 2013).

I departed IBSEC, after eight months at sea out of a 21-month assignment, in December 1970 for Air Station Miami. We were supposed to get our first choice out of IBSEC and Miami was nowhere on my dream sheet. However, it couldn't have worked out any better.

Sometime in the late '70's when I was stationed at Air Station, Brooklyn, NY, I was flying a Port Security Patrol around New York harbor and vicinity looking for oil spills. While flying in Newark Bay, I looked down at a shipyard and saw two Coast Guard icebreakers being cut up for scrap metal. A few weeks later, I drove over there and found out that the 'breakers were Eastwind and Southwind. Southwind was too far gone to go aboard and the superstructure of Eastwind was gone. I got aboard Eastwind and retrieved many items of memorabilia including two hammock clues, silverware, a battle lantern, a telephone directory sign, and numerous other signs identifying fittings and spaces. I now have them posted around my house: Officer's Toilet and Shower, Dry or General Stores, Stateroom One, Stateroom Two, Stateroom Three, and Watchstanders. I was really lucky to get them before it was too late, and I'm really lucky to have a wife who appreciates Coast Guard memorabilia almost as much as I do.

Fun and Games @ Miami Air, 1971-1976

I was stationed at Air Station Miami, what was then and probably still is, 'The Busiest Air/Sea Rescue Unit in the World,' as a third-tour Lieutenant from January 1971 to December 1975. During that time, I had some of the most humorous and incredible experiences that you could imagine. They're what made Miami the most enjoyable tour of my twenty year flying career. My collateral duties there were SAR Aircrew Training Officer, Morale Officer, and Communications Officer. As Morale Officer, I arranged to have the vehicle lift installed in the auto garage, the lights installed on the tennis court, and the picnic area built. We also had 16 Miami Dolphin season tickets for several seasons, including their undefeated season. Once, at a weekly pilot's meeting, the XO, CDR Bernie Hoyland, took attendance by asking each duty section's SDO for a report. He started with Section One and, hearing no response, asked 'Who's number one?' I immediately said 'the Dolphins!' We gave away three golf balls per week to whoever wanted them. I started playing golf at Miami since we had a tournament at one of the beautiful golf courses in the area once a month, on a work day! I decided that was too good a deal to pass up. I bought my clubs at the Wilson Sporting Goods factory store where we got a 50% military discount. I even took some lessons at an Adult Education course. It evolved into 'Activities Day' when, if you didn't have the duty, you could do whatever athletic event you wanted on that day. We even had organized tennis tournaments. We worked hard, played hard, and had great camaraderie.

We lived in a two-bedroom apartment for \$235/month at 13920 Lake Placid Ct., #B-22 in Miami Lakes for three and a half years. Our next door neighbors were newlyweds Dominic and Linda Mirone. They now live in Maine and we keep in touch with them. We're godparents of their first daughter, Kelly. Rick McCord was another neighbor of ours who worked at our church. He and his wife, Denise, live in Baltimore now and we keep up with them. LT Bill Lehmann and ENS Pat Miskell were some other neighbors in our apartment complex. We also joined the Christian Family Movement at our church (Our Lady of the Lakes) and made some great friends there. I played a lot of golf with Frank Dermody and Frank Cathels, members of our church. Since we lived in Miami Lakes, we had a free membership at the Miami Lakes Country Club. You could play golf there on the big course after 4:00 P.M. on Saturdays for \$2.00. What a deal! We did that quite a few times. If you really hurried, you could play all 18 holes before dark. I'm still trying to break 100 to this day. The closest I ever came was 103. It's just like bowling (my high score is 202) and swinging a baseball bat. I know exactly what to do; all I have to do is do it: keep your eye on the damn ball while you're swinging!

Marilyn and I enjoyed the horse races at Hialeah, Gulfstream, and Calder several times before our kids came along. We usually broke even, but we stopped going after we lost \$39 one day at Calder. We had HH-52A's, HU-16E's ('Goat's), and C-123's at that time. Most of us were FW and RW dual qualified. I was an HH-52 AC and a 'Goat' FP. I didn't want to be a Goat AC because I never went to ground school to properly learn the aircraft systems. We stood straight one in four duty and our duty sections were pretty stable. We had sliding weekends, but no afternoon off after the duty night. Our duty nights began at 0800 with a normal work day and finished at 1630 the next afternoon. We usually flew a night trainer and then a scheduled flight the next day. It's amazing that we didn't bend very many airplanes with that schedule! We often launched the ready HH-52 single piloted on SAR during daylight hours of the duty day to conserve crew mission time. If everything went right, we could be airborne in an HH-52 within three minutes of running out of the hangar and in an HU-16 within seven minutes. Our AOR was the eastern Gulf of Mexico and the entire Caribbean from Mexico to Barbados, north to St. Augustine and south to Swan Island (15°N). It was really cool that, when we came to work, we didn't know where our next meal would be. We really looked forward to having to refuel at one of the Caribbean islands because you could also buy a bottle of duty-free booze. We did a lot of Goat touch and go's at the Jetport out in the Everglades. On a hot summer day, you could lose five pounds on one flight out there.

On 9 March 1971, I was the duty helo pilot and was attending the state Real Estate course that was being taught on base. The helo alarm rang and I launched with LT Ron Shays as my copilot (the couch in the pilot's TV room was named the 'Shays lounge' after him) and ASM1 Nellie Walker as my aircrewman. We flew up to Deerfield Beach and hoisted two guys, one at a time (the second one at night), from the top of a water tower. They had been painting the inside of the tower, were overcome by the fumes, and the fire department couldn't get them down. We took them to a local hospital. That's the first time I ever hovered at 160 feet. We were written up for a Commendation Medal, but the District disapproved it.

One Friday morning I was flying a solo HH-52 search off the Florida Keys. I was getting low on fuel and decided to re-fuel at the Marathon airport. I called over to Coast Guard Station Marathon to see if they would bring over two box lunches for my crewman and me while we were refueling. They said sure, no problem. When I landed, I noticed the truck from Station Marathon nearby. After I shut down, I walked over and asked the driver if he had brought our box lunches. He said they were in the truck on the passenger seat. I walked over and looked in the cardboard box on the seat and it was filled with about two dozen boiled shrimp and five lobsters! Now that was a box lunch! I had forgotten that it was fish day at the Station. After thanking the driver profusely, my crewman and I cranked up and continued our search. We ate the shrimp but saved the lobsters until we returned to the Air Station and took them home.

We had many First Light searches and multiple-day 'Goat' SAR cases with RON's all over the Caribbean. AM3 Ken Brown was a bachelor 'Goat' crewman who volunteered for any extended SAR case whenever he was available. When one came up, the first thing we would do is page Ken to see if he was available. Then we'd send him to the Exchange to buy a couple cases of sodas since they cost two or three times as much in the islands. We enjoyed these SAR cases because we got lots of flight time and we got a flat-rate daily per diem (about \$40 per day). We usually came out with a good chunk of spare change from our travel claims. When we went to Puerto Rico, we stayed at a hotel in Old San Juan that charged \$16 per night, for two people!

On one case, we were looking for an overdue boat and spent the night in St. Maarten. I was the HU-16 CP. After dinner at a nice hotel, we went to the casino. The Aircraft Commander started playing Keno and I watched him for a while before hitting the rack. He would order a drink once in a while and give the waiter a dollar or two for each drink. It wasn't until later that he found out the drinks were free when you were gambling. That was his downfall. We had to get up so early the next morning that breakfast wasn't available. We all mustered at the appointed time, except for the AC. We finally roused him and made our way out to the airport. The AC told me that I would have to make the takeoff since he wasn't feeling very well. However, to make it legal, he said he'd sit in the right seat for takeoff. The takeoff was uneventful and, as soon as we leveled off, the AC departed the cockpit to fill a bag and take a nap. Sometime later, he poked his head into the cockpit and asked where we were. I told him we had just arrived on scene and were starting our first search leg. He said 'Good! I'll see you later.' He then took another nap. Sometime in the late morning, the AC came back to the cockpit, sat in the right seat, and found out where we were. He looked at the map and then said 'I'm hungry; we're going to St. Thomas for lunch.' We advised the On Scene Commander that we were departing scene for St. Thomas and would resume our search upon our return. I made the landing at St. Thomas and we enjoyed our unexpected dining opportunity. After lunch, the AC decided that he now felt well enough to make the takeoff. We took off, flew back to the search area, and completed our search.

On another SAR case in 1973, I flew as the copilot with LT Jim Leskinovitch as the AC and we spent two nights in Grand Cayman. We stayed at the Holiday Inn which was then the only hotel, besides the 'Beach Club,' on the beach. The rate on the back of the door of our room was \$38.00 per night. The swimming pool had bar stools in it. On the morning of the third day, we sent the crew out ahead to get the 'Goat' ready for departure to fly back home. When Jim and I arrived at the airplane, the Plane Captain announced that we had a major hydraulic leak

in the right wheel well. We took a look and there was hydraulic fluid all over the wheel well. Jim pondered the situation and declared that we'd take the airplane once around the pattern, check it out on the ground, and, if all was well, proceed back home. We did that and, amazingly, there was no leak! Nothing was said, but we suspected that the Plane Captain had played some tricks with a 'B' nut to let some fluid out so we'd be forced to spend at least one more night in Grand Cayman.

One Friday afternoon, I came home from work to spend the weekend with my family and in-laws at a condo on Sanibel Island that some friends from our church had lent to us. My family was out doing some last minute shopping and I was packing when the phone rang. The first thing I heard when I answered was 'We gotcha! You're going to Puerto Rico.' I left my family a note telling them to have a great weekend and I'd see them when I returned. They did. We flew a 'Goat' to San Juan and spent the night. The next day we were searching south of Puerto Rico and were making plans to spend the night in Martinique when we got a call that somebody had found the damn boat. Instead of Martinique, we went back to another night in San Juan and then back to Miami.

I was flying with LT Bill McPherson on another 'Goat' SAR case in the Gulf of Mexico off central Florida. We were assigned a north-south Creeping Line search creeping westbound in the westernmost search area. We had almost completed our search and were headed northbound when I saw another 'Goat' headed southbound to the west of us. We got on 123.1 and hooked up with them. They were from Mobile and had been assigned to a search area east of ours. We asked them to recalculate their position since it looked like they were slightly off course. The next transmission we heard on 123.1 was 'Charlie four has a red face!' Nothing further was said and the Mobile 'Goat' never reported to the On Scene Commander that they had failed to cover their search area!

We had Happy Hour in the 'O' Club every Thursday afternoon. This was back in the day when attendance at Happy Hour, with spouses if they were available, was expected. On one Thursday, we had a pretty large crowd there and I had two beers before heading home. The phone rang when I walked in the door and the duty officer said a big SAR case had just come up and they were launching all five HH-52's. I told him that I had just had two beers. He said 'You're the soberest guy we can find, so get back here!' I agreed but told him I would only go as the copilot. I did, and I survived.

I got a Unit Commendation Ribbon at Miami for being on annual leave (that's not allowed anymore). The Eastern Airlines L-1011 crashed in the Everglades at 2342 on 29 December 1972 on the 234° radial 9.5 miles from Miami VORTAC. The pilots were distracted by a faulty nose gear warning light and didn't notice while one of them was down below the flight deck inspecting the nose gear that the autopilot was disengaged. I was on leave in New York and saw it on the news. LT Mike McCormack and LCDR Al Pell were in the first HH-52 on scene. There were 158 people on board and, amazingly, 100 survived because the plane flew into the swampy water; that cushioned their landing. Also, they landed right next to a berm that was wide enough for one-way ambulance traffic. I returned from leave a few days later and flew out several bodybags.

Once in a while we had to do an HH-52 medevac from Bimini. It was a little tricky at night since we had to land in a baseball field that was lit by car headlights. Once you cleared the powerlines, you were okay. Our C-123's were used to re-supply the Caribbean LORAN stations weekly. We really liked the run to South Caicos because, as a diversion, the CG crew there would catch 'Longusta,' giant lobsters. They sold the tails for \$1 per pound, and each tail weighed about one pound. It was hard for two people to eat one of them at a meal. They were great. Before the flight left each week, we placed our order with the flight crew. Another time, we sent a C-123 on a 'training' flight to Mobile. The crew borrowed a pickup truck from the air station and drove

down to the Mobile shipyard where they purchase ten 'hatchcovers' from WWII Liberty Ships for \$5 each. I got one of them, sanded it down, stained it, had legs made, and still have it.

We still had a telephone switchboard at the air station in the '70's and the Goddess of the switchboard was Norma Goman. She was a very unique elderly individual who had complete control of the telephone system and had you at her mercy. It wasn't a good move to get on Norma's bad side. LT Bill Griswold, longtime Communications Officer, had many interesting encounters with her.

One of our pilots was a member of the Seminole Health Club, a nudist colony. The health club was in the woods west of Ft. Lauderdale airport and the outer marker for the ILS runway 9 approach was very close by. As you can surmise, we shot many practice ILS approaches to Ft. Lauderdale, and glanced down as we passed over the outer marker. The club members staged a play one summer called 'Barely Proper.' Our pilot was the leading man and his leading lady was a teenage club member. Some of the other pilots and their significant others attended the play and gave it rave reviews. My wife and I passed on it.

We had a team in the local recreational softball league at Opa Locka. LT Donnie Polk was our leader and AE2 Bob Segovis played next to me in center field. We were pretty good, and won more games than we lost. You had to be really careful in the outfield because the poles for the light stanchions were in the field of play. You had to always remember where you were in relation to them, especially when running laterally.

There was a ping pong room in our BOQ where we had many intense doubles matches at lunch and on duty nights. LT Pete Heins was the wildest player, but I did break a window there once with my shoulder while playing. We also played poker once in a while on duty nights. If we had to launch on a case in the middle of a game, we'd just put our cards down and resume the hand when we returned. One of the games we played was '727.' It was a 'High-Low' game with two winners. You were dealt two cards, one face down and one face up. Aces counted for one or 11. Face cards were half a point. You had to get the closest to 7 or 27 to win. You could 'swing' but had to win both ends to win anything. Once I was dealt a five and an ace. I took another card and got another ace! I swung and won both ends. My opponents were in awe!

One of the guys in my duty section, LT Jerry Arens, was a good friend who had been one of my SAR Aircrewmembers as an AT2 in Brooklyn in 1967. He went to Officer Candidate School and then on to flight training. We often flew together and we worked well together. One of Jerry's favorite sayings was, 'Stick with me and you'll be fartin' through silk!' Jerry was known as the 'Answer Man.' If you wanted to know anything about sports trivia, Jerry was the guy to ask. He had a phenomenal memory. I prided myself in being almost as knowledgeable about sports trivia as he was. We would often test each other's memory.

I was able to complete my undergraduate college degree at night and on weekends while standing the duty. Marilyn found an advertisement in the Miami Herald saying that Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University was starting a program in Miami Shores at Barry College where you could take courses and get credit at ERAU in Daytona Beach. It was geared for airline pilots and I got credit for my Navy Flight training. Each class was taped on a cassette and, if you missed class, you could get a tape of it for fifty cents from the office. If you missed an exam, they left it at the office for you to take it when you had a chance. It was a great arrangement, and the Coast Guard even paid most of my tuition through its Tuition Assistance Program. Bill Griswold, Pete Heins, and a few of our other pilots took advantage of it too. LCDR Jim Haas, my SDO, was great about giving me time off on duty nights to attend classes. We often had an extra pilot in our duty sections and we took turns taking a duty night off, but still were on standby, if we could fill the two HU and one HH ready crews with the other pilots. Many times Jim let me go to attend class, and I was very grateful. I took a College Level Equivalency Program (CLEP) test to get credit for one of my required courses. I forget what the subject was. You had to

score above the 25th percentile to pass and I knew that you should only answer the questions that you were sure of the right answer and that you would be penalized for guessing. So, I answered maybe 35% of the questions and my score was the 26th percentile. That was cutting it pretty close! A short time later they raised the CLEP test minimum acceptable score to the 50th percentile. My timing was impeccable!

My 'History of Aviation' instructor was Fred Isert, a crusty old retired Air Force B-36 pilot. He told us some great stories about his Air Force career. The instructor for one of my other courses was Fran Sargent, a former Women's Air Service Pilot (WASP). They represented a lot of aviation history. One of my courses was Introduction to Logic. There were two sections of that course. My instructor made us read a few books on Aristotle's philosophical reasoning and write a paper on that. Up until this missive, it was the longest paper (28 pages) I ever wrote. I got an A- on it. We found out that the other section of the course didn't have to do any of that extra work! We weren't very happy, but we learned a lot about Aristotle.

One of my classmates was Joe Hajack, the chief Goodyear blimp pilot at Watson Island. He took Marilyn and me on a one-hour ride up and down Miami Beach one beautiful afternoon. I even got .1 stick time! We flew at 37 m.p.h., not knots, and top speed was 41. I graduated 'Cum Laude' in December 1973, with a degree in Aeronautical Science, without ever having set foot on the ERAU campus. It only took me eleven years to finish college!

Marilyn got a job working at a local hospital as a Physical Therapist, so I had to buy a second car. I found a yellow 1966 MGB with 'four on the floor,' and a partially rotted out floor, for \$900.00. I covered the holes in the floor with some sheets of aluminum that I found in a dumpster at work. What a kick that was to drive! My friend Ron Shays (who had a beautiful Morgan with a wooden frame) said it wasn't really a sports car because it didn't leak when it rained. It was great fun to drive, but it didn't go very fast. One of the front lever-arm hydraulic shock absorbers was bad and the front end would vibrate a lot if I exceeded 45 mph. A new one was pretty expensive, so I just lived with the old one. I played five sets of tennis in a tournament on one of our 'Activities Days' and, when I finished, my legs were so sore that I could hardly push the clutch pedal in to drive home. I also did a lot of my own repairs, and learned a lot of lessons about British cars. One was that they required a lot of TLC. I replaced the fan belt and tightened it too much so the alternator burnt out. I replaced the electric fuel pump with one I got from a junk yard and I couldn't get it to work. I asked LT Wayne Luginbuhl to come over and look at it. He took it off, knocked the caked mud off it, and read the sign on it that said 'Install this end up.' It worked fine once he re-installed it the right way. I replaced the plastic rear window of the convertible top about three times by hand-sewing in a new one. I installed some American brake fluid once and destroyed the seals in the brake system. I changed the master cylinder and that took care of the problem. I sold the car in December 1975 for \$600.00.

I met LTJG Rob Hardman, USN, one of the funniest guys I've ever known, at Miami Air. He was assigned there as a Navy Exchange pilot and later transferred to the CG. He was the first person who started calling Marilyn 'Saint Marilyn!' for putting up with me. Rob became a big part of my life; we were stationed together four times over the years. My kids call him 'Uncle Rob.'

One of my XO's at Miami wasn't very well thought of and someone assigned him the name, 'Big Dummy' ('BD' for short). LCDR Clark McKean, a great and amusing guy, was one of our pilots. Someone kiddingly applied the monicker 'Little Dummy' to him, and it stuck. That's what we usually called him, 'LD.' He thought it was hilarious.

LCDR Billy Ed Murphy was one of our HU-16 pilots. A couple of days before he was about to retire, he was assigned to a long SAR case somewhere down in the Caribbean. He didn't make it back for his retirement

ceremony. His wife, Anne, was really pissed at the Coast Guard. Per routine procedure, he sent a SITREP from the airplane on his retirement date. He added 'Retired' after listing his name as the Aircraft Commander in the message. That was probably a first. Billy Ed sent a SITREP from the airplane on another SAR case one time. For the description of a vessel he had located, he wrote 'All white, but the crew.' He's a funny and fun-loving guy.

LTJG Bob Ausness, a former Army pilot, had a little dachshund named Simon. He was a nice guy who died tragically in an HH-52 that had a mid-air with a civilian helo in the Opa Locka traffic pattern on 17 January 1979. I had worked in the same pattern with a civilian helo many times before but, this time, they lost track of each other.

Three of my four CO's during my time at Miami were Gus Shrode, Fred Schubert, and Art Ladley. The other one decided to impose his own weight limits on the wardroom. He directed our resident flight surgeon to evaluate each pilot individually and decide what should be his optimum weight, regardless of the published CG height and weight standards! If the pilot was 'overweight,' he became a member of the 'Fat Boys Club' with mandatory weigh-in's and a mandatory exercise program. I weighed 172 and the flight surgeon decided that I was two pounds overweight and that he had to put me on the program. I told him I could lose two pounds overnight in my sleep. That didn't sway him. I went to lunch and only had one hamburger instead of two. Later that day, he called me and said he had re-considered and decided not to put me on the program, but I still had to lose two pounds, and I ought to lose ten! Some other pilots weren't so lucky. Morale during that part of my tour wasn't very good. As I write this 40 years later, I weigh 168.

We had a fabulous IBSEC mini-reunion with our families one weekend at the Coast Guard small boat station in Marathon, FL. That was the first and only time I ever went water skiing. I did better than I expected.

We had season tickets for the Miami Dolphins in the upper deck of the Orange Bowl for the '72, '73, and '74 seasons, the best seasons the Dolphins ever had. They cost \$8 each, and we thought that was pretty steep. So, we were witnesses to their 17-0 undefeated season in 1972 that, so far, hasn't been surpassed. What fabulous memories we have of that season! The only reason we went to the games was to see how much the Dolphins were gonna win by. We had seats next to LCDR Al Pell and his wife, Sally. That was back when there were no restrictions on what you could bring into the stadium. I had a very loud air horn that I would blow often and I would bring a bag of pretzels and a thermos full of Daiquiris to each game. We had a blast! Coach Don Shula and Tim Foley, #25, were parishioners of our church, Our Lady of the Lakes, in Miami Lakes. Now I have a different favorite team every season. My favorite team is the team that beats the last undefeated team that season to preserve the Dolphins' now 41-year old record. The record was in jeopardy twice. In 1985, the Bears lost once, to the Dolphins, and, in 2007, the Patriots lost in the 2008 Super Bowl to the Giants, 17-14. That was my favorite Super Bowl of all time, and I've seen them all. The number of regular season games was increased from 14 to 16 in 1978. Some people may say that, since the Patriots won 18 games in a row in 2007 before they lost the Super Bowl, they, in fact, broke the Dolphins' record. However, the record is for an undefeated 'season.'

The local Coast Guard Officers' Association would frequently have their monthly luncheon at the Air Station wardroom. On one occasion one of our pilots, LCDR Ed Murnane, brought Grover Loening to the luncheon. What an awesome experience it was to meet Grover, one of the legends of aviation! He was the architect of the Loening Flying Boat, one of the first aircraft used by the Coast Guard in the 1930's. On another occasion, we had Larry Csonka, renowned Miami Dolphins running back (#39) as our guest speaker. It was a real treat to meet him.

We adopted our first three children in Miami from the Catholic Service Bureau. Our first daughter, Debra Lynn, was born on 24 June 1972. We found out on 28 June that we could bring her home the next day. Marilyn called Sue Scurria, wife of my friend LTJG Norm Scurria, (since they had a little girl) to ask what in the world we would need for a newborn baby girl. We then drove to Burdines department store and presented our list to Mrs. Kelly who worked in the baby department. We were clueless, but ecstatic! We woke Debbie up at 2:00 A.M. the first night so she wouldn't be hungry. We didn't do that very long. She was baptized at St. Vincent's church in Elmont, NY, where we got married, by Fr. Gaeta, the priest who married us. Debbie was petite and delicate; she had lots of food allergies and was under the care of a pediatric gastroenterologist while we lived in Miami. She never crawled but would roll around to get where she wanted to go and she walked at 21 months old. She turned out fine.

In August 1972, we had a big IBSEC reunion at Griswold Point in Old Lyme, CT at the family estate of LT Bill Griswold. One of the highlights was a delicious clam bake. Another was a train ride up to Essex and then a boat ride down the Connecticut River and back to Essex for the train back to Old Lyme. It was Debbie's first train and boat ride. LT John Lewis, an honorary member of IBSEC, brought his guitar and we had many singalongs. Since we had a newborn along with us, Marilyn and I got our own bedroom, with one twin bed in it. In the next bedroom were two couples in two twin beds! We drank a lot of beer that weekend.

Marilyn and I went on our first cruise in the spring of 1973 aboard the M/V Emerald Seas for four nights from Miami to Freeport and Nassau. Marilyn's mom and dad flew down and took care of Debbie while we were away. We had a great time even though we felt a little guilty leaving Debbie for so long.

I was the ready HH-52 Aircraft Commander on 14 August 1973 when we got a call at about 2200 (10:00 P.M.) that there were three people in the water off Haulover Cut about five miles east of the Air Station. I launched with my crew, located the three people, landed in the water and picked them up, dropped them off on the beach, and flew back to the Air Station, all within 30 minutes. I think that's the fastest lifesaving mission I ever flew! I got an 'Atta Boy' message for it from the District SAR officer. I also recall that it was in the middle of one of our duty section poker games. We put our cards down when we got the call and picked them up and continued the hand when we got back.

Marilyn and I went through some fertility testing. She didn't have any problems but it was suggested that I have some minor surgery that might improve our chances. So, in April 1974, I had an operation at Homestead Air Force Base. The doctor said to let him know when it was successful. More on that later.

In May 1974, dad relieved ADM Chester Bender, the Commandant who was retiring, as the Coast Guard Ancient Albatross at a luncheon ceremony at Bolling Air Force Base near Washington, D.C. The 'Ancient Albatross' is the Coast Guard aviator who has been on active duty the longest since receiving his wings. Dad was Ancient Al #4. The Coast Guard flew me up from Miami for the ceremony as a surprise to mom and dad, and it sure was! They were thrilled to see me. He held that distinction for a year until he retired. In 1996, I was 'a heartbeat away' from being the Ancient Albatross. If a certain Admiral had retired that year, I was next. How cool would that have been!

My brother, Bob, married Linda Hoffman, a girl he met on the phone when he was working at a bank in Tampa and she was working at the main office in St. Petersburg. They had a blind date on 16 March 1974, he proposed to her on Holy Thursday, and they were married on 5 July. I was the best man. They subsequently had four boys: Ryan, Matt, Daniel, and Mark. Sadly, Linda died of breast cancer in September 1992 at age 37.

We bought our first house in June 1974 at 1558 W. 78th Terrace in Hialeah for \$43.5K. It had three bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a one-car garage. We needed the extra space since we had applied for a second adoption. We had saved \$19K in five years and assumed a mortgage. We were hoping to live there at least a year before getting transferred. I bought a used power lawn mower from LT Art Ross for \$30 and it lasted 16 years. It was one of the best investments I ever made.

Rob Hardman and I deployed for five days on CGC Dauntless in June 1974 to Hurricane Flats, about 80 miles SSE of Miami, for the District's first Drug Interdiction patrol. It was mostly just to 'show the flag.' We didn't find any suspect vessels but we had fun swimming off the side of Dauntless. That might have been when I first met ENS Tom Sechler who was assigned to Dauntless. Rob and I convinced him to apply for flight training. He did and, after he got his wings, we served together twice. We even worked together after I retired from the Coast Guard.

Our son, Jeffrey Stephen, was born on 20 December 1974 and we brought him home on 26 December. We had been in St. Pete visiting my brother, Bob, and his family for Christmas. We got a call from the agency on the 26th and they said, 'Where have you been? We have a baby for you!' I got some time off from work, picked up Marilyn, and we drove downtown to pick up Jeff. I dropped Marilyn, Debbie, and Jeff at home and went back to work. Jeff got his first airplane ride two days later when we flew to New York on a trip we had planned long before we got him. He was baptized on Valentine's Day 1975 at our church by Fr. Joe Stearns, a young priest at our parish who looked like Friar Tuck. Jeff had meningitis when he was 11 months old and spent 15 nights, including his first birthday and Christmas, in Variety Children's Hospital. We almost lost him, but he recovered with no problems.

In February 1979, we were vacationing in Florida from New York and staying at my parents' house. We called our friend Elizabeth Manning at the adoption agency to say hello and she invited us down to her office that afternoon. We took Debbie and Jeff and had a nice visit with her. While we were there, Liz said she had another baby for us if we wanted one. She was six months old, had some severe vision problems, would be legally blind, and two couples had already turned her down because they wanted a 'perfect' child. We told Liz that we would think about it and let her know. Then we went to Miami Lakes to spend the night with some old neighbors. We decided that we wouldn't tell my parents about the baby because we hadn't made a decision yet. The next afternoon, Saturday, when we drove up to my parents' house, mom came out and said, 'The adoption agency called and you can go look at the baby in West Palm Beach tomorrow!' So much for keeping a secret. We called the director in West Palm Beach and saw the baby on Sunday morning. We decided to adopt her and took her back to my parents' house after filling out some paperwork that Debbie and Jeff signed along with us. We called Marilyn's parents in New York and put Debbie on first. She said, 'Grandma, I have a new baby sister!' Marilyn's mom said, 'Put your mother on!' We took Lori Teresa home to New York that night on a flight we had already booked. We were able to adopt Lori because I was still a legal resident of Florida even though I lived in New York. Most of Lori's vision problems cured themselves or were mis-diagnosed. What a miracle child! We had already scheduled a mass at our church in East Rockaway on the following Saturday to celebrate our 10th wedding anniversary. We didn't tell very many of the invited guests about Lori and what a surprise they got when they came to the mass and found out that it also was Lori's Christening! She was baptized by Fr. Peter Libaci (who later became a bishop) at St. Raymond's church in East Rockaway, NY.

About a year later, I was in Miami on business and I called up Mrs. Manning to say hello. She said she would be at a luncheon in Miami Beach that day and I could come over there to see her. I did that and she introduced me to her boss. He asked me if Elizabeth had been treating my family and me well and if there had been any problems with our adoptions. I said the only problem was that I had never gotten a bill for Lori's adoption. The bill came in the mail the next week. You could say that's what I get for opening my big mouth. But, it was fair

and right. Adoptions back then didn't cost as much as they do now. The fee was based on a percentage of your income. I gladly paid the bill even though, back then, you couldn't deduct it from your income tax.



My dad, CDR Walt Goldhammer, retired at AirStation Brooklyn in June 1975 after having served as the Third District Search and Rescue director and living in Quarters 5B in Nolan Park on Governors' Island for four years. Ensign Sue Kinner had been on his staff. He called her 'Mister Kinner.' One day she asked him why he kept calling her 'Mister.' His response was that 'all Ensigns are young men.' He wasn't too enamored with females in the military. I was stationed with Sue when she was a CDR many years later at Coast Guard Headquarters and we occasionally talked about her relationship with dad. She was a good sport about it.

Dad passed his Ancient Albatross designation on to his old friend RADM Chet Richmond. Then mom and dad moved to 2600 53rd Court in Lighthouse Point, FL. They had bought the house a year earlier when they were visiting us and rented it out to the previous owner for a year. However, he moved out after about two months and I drove up from Miami about once a month and cut their grass until they moved there. On 17 June 1975, I had the privilege of taking dad on an HH-52 'training' flight around Miami while he was on 'terminal leave.' He really appreciated that. It was our last opportunity to fly together (we had flown together eight times previously at AirSta Brooklyn in 1967 and '68) and it was his last flight in a CG aircraft after a 36 year career.

On 24 September 1975, my aviation assignment officer, LCDR 'Skip' Staut, called me in Miami and said he wanted to transfer me back to Brooklyn and asked me what I had to say about that. I said, 'Well, I've been here for five years and Brooklyn is number two on my list, so what can I say?' My orders to Brooklyn arrived shortly thereafter. Marilyn was in New York with the kids visiting her parents so I called her and gave her the news. She was pretty happy since we'd be moving back 'home.' I posted a For Sale sign on the telephone pole at the end of the street and, using the lessons learned from the real estate course I had taken in 1971, sold it myself for \$46.5K. We had made \$3K in 18 months and I was very proud of that.

The Seventh District office in Miami had a civilian lawyer, Jim Costello, who assisted people with legal transactions. He handled the finalization of our three adoptions and the purchase and sale of our house for free! Some more good fortune in my life. All it 'cost' me was a couple bottles of Scotch and a dozen golf balls. I flew my last HU-16 flight at Miami on 24 November 1975 with LT Warren Dutton. I finished with 812 hours in the 'Goat.' The last 'Goat' was retired at Air Station Cape Cod in the spring of 1983. It was featured on 'Good Morning, America' that day. CAPT Skip Staut, Air Station CO, was the pilot of the last flight once around the pattern. However, the weather didn't cooperate and, because of heavy fog, all they could do was a 'high speed taxi.' Oh, well! That HU-16 is now on display at the entrance to Air Station Cape Cod.

All things considered, my tour at AirSta Miami was filled with many great times and fabulous memories. It was the best tour I ever had! There wasn't much traffic, the crime rate was low, and almost everyone spoke English. Several years later I saw one of my favorite bumper stickers. It said, 'Will the last American to leave Dade County please bring the flag!'

In March 1989, when I was CO at AirSta Houston, I flew HH-52 1416 from Houston to Miami with LT Mike Houtz so that it could become a monument by the front gate. Miami's CO had written a letter to HQ several years before requesting one of the retiring HH-52's for that purpose. So, when the time came in 1989, HQ called the CO, CAPT Ken Ballantyne, to tell him his HH-52 was coming. Of course, he didn't know anything about the previous arrangement. He agreed to take 1416 and it wound up being donated to a trade school in Broward County to be used as a training aid. Dad met me at the airport and I spent the night at his house.

Air Station Brooklyn, 1976-1980

Since our son, Jeffrey, had just gotten out of the hospital from his meningitis, I drove myself to New York and Marilyn flew up a few weeks later with the kids. We bought a house at 47 Hampton Road in Lynbrook for \$49K. Here we met some of our best friends, Mike and Brigid D'Agostino, Charles and Phyllis Carre, and Tom and Colleen Brennan. We had a 30 year mortgage at 8 ½ percent. The Lynbrook/East Rockaway town line bisected our house, so we paid taxes to both towns. Colleen organized our annual block parties which we attended for many years after we moved from Hampton Road.

I reported to Brooklyn Air in early January 1976. My collateral duty was the Training Officer. I was promoted to Lieutenant Commander in July. I got my first ride in an HH-3F on 9 February 1976. I flew along on a Fish Patrol with LT Ben Stoppe and LT Dave Rogers. We had to land at NAS Lakehurst, NJ for something and Ben let me take his place in the left seat of the cockpit for the ride back to Brooklyn. I got to fly the H-3 for half an hour, and Dave even let me make the landing. That was cool! As you can imagine, it was a lot more powerful than a single-engine H-52.

One of the highlights of my tour was participating in OpSail '76, the celebration of the United States' Bicentennial in July. Preparations began months in advance. We flew two or three Port Security patrols a day for about five days, so I got several beautiful views of the aircraft carrier and all the tall ships in New York harbor, including CGC Eagle. It was spectacular! I even got to watch the grand finale fireworks display from an HH-52 under the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. I had the duty on July 4th and went up to the roof of the hangar to watch the fireworks. Suddenly, the helo SAR alarm rang. There was a report of a person in the water under the Narrows Bridge. We flew over there and did a hover search for a while with negative results. Except for the current in the water, it was a beautiful night for a swim under the bridge. The view of the fireworks was fabulous!

A few days after the Bicentennial, we visited beautiful Mystic Seaport in Mystic, CT. The exhibits were great but the temperature was 106 degrees! We survived that. We used some of the profits (about \$75K/year) from our Wardroom liquor store to buy about a 28 foot sailboat that was moored at the dock behind the 'new' barracks where we used to keep our 40' utility boat. It got a lot of use in the summers. I think we named her 'Sitrep One.' The manual required that we display the state registration number on her bow so our CO, Jerry Budridge, directed that we comply with that edict by installing the numbers as directed, on the inside of the bow. He didn't want anyone to find out that she belonged to the Coast Guard. I sailed on her once. I presided at Jerry's full military honors burial at Arlington National Cemetery in the early '90s and presented his wife, Polly, with a ceremonial flag.

My grand aunt Helen 'Honey' McCormick died in December 1976 at the age of 74. She left me \$4K as part of her will and I used that in 1977 to buy a 1976 Chevy Monte Carlo with a V-8 engine. It was a nice car, but it was very thirsty.

I had the duty on the Saturday of the Air Station dependents' Christmas party in 1976 so I got to fly Santa in to the party in an HH-52. That was a lot of fun, especially since I remember going to those parties at Brooklyn in the early '50's and watching Santa arrive in a helicopter.

In May 1977, I was assigned as the Public Works Officer for my collateral duty. What a thankless job that was! Except for the new barracks, our buildings were from 1938, and they were showing their age. I carried a little green book around in my pocket and documented every maintenance problem I found or was told about. Some

of the people who worked for me, some of the aircrewmembers, and even some of the officers, weren't very dedicated to the Coast Guard. I think 'recalcitrant' is a good word to describe them. I did a lot of work on my cars in the Public Works garage on weekend duty days.

We had obtained an old tractor from the Coast Guard on Governors' Island to use to pull a lawn mower rig behind it. We used it for a while and kept it filled with gasoline. However, no one on my staff knew or figured out that it used diesel fuel. So, the engine eventually seized and it became useless. I was talking to AD1 Ralph Cruz, a guy in my duty section, about that a few times and he asked if he could try to fix it and then take it to use on his farm. I said sure, go for it. He began the laborious project of tearing down the engine on duty nights and weekends. One time, I looked at what he was doing and he showed me pieces of cylinders that had broken off and crystallized inside the engine. Lo and behold, after about a year, he had the engine completely rebuilt and running beautifully. Now what? Since the tractor was now operational again, it was still Government property. I had no authority to let him remove it from the base. I broke out the Coast Guard Civil Engineering Manual and found a section in there that said the Commanding Officer could authorize removal of 'scrap material' from the base. That's what the tractor was when Ralph started working on it. I wrote up a letter of authorization for my CO, CAPT Bobby Wilks (the first African American CG aviator, the first African American to reach the rank of CG Captain, and the first African American to command a CG air station), to sign and, after explaining the situation to him, he signed. Ralph was ecstatic, and so was I. Ralph probably used that tractor until he died in September 2012.

One of my big accomplishments was supervising the painting of the interior of the roof and rafters of the hangar. We had an outside contractor do the job and a couple of the guys doing the painting were either the bravest or stupidest people I ever met. They would crawl around the rafters doing their job without a safety line or safety net. Luckily, no one got hurt.

I also supervised the installation of our new swimming pool on the base. We had been saving up the profits from our sales at the base Exchange for a few years and had been trying to get permission from the District for a long time to build it. Finally, our CO, CAPT Bruce Solomon, wrote a letter to CG Headquarters saying that, unless otherwise directed, he was going to build a 'training tank' on the base to be used to train our aviation personnel. He never got a response from Headquarters. I had to make sure that the location of the pool didn't interfere with any underground pipes. The blueprints of the base showed that there had been a heating oil storage tank next to the old barracks. I thought the tank was above ground and had been removed but, when we started digging, we found it underground. That was embarrassing! The pool turned out great and was enjoyed by all hands. We even started having an annual water polo game in it between the Officers and the Enlisted men.

I weighed 174 in 1978 and I decided to go on the Scarsdale diet. I lost nine pounds in two weeks and eventually got down to 156. I also started playing racquetball with my brother-in-law, Dermot Gately. That's when I started thinking about maintaining a healthy lifestyle, and I've been able to do that pretty well ever since.

About this time, the HH-52 was upgraded with the TDL-424 navigation computer. If you programmed it right, you would always know where you were and the heading to get back home. You could also program search patterns and it would even tell you if you were off track and when to turn. Pretty cool, and a far cry from the primitive original navigation capabilities of the HH-52, but it took all the fun out of navigating. In later years, when the Global Positioning System became ubiquitous, that took all the fun out of Search and Rescue because everyone always knew where they were. I never got a personal GPS, but I have a substitute. It's those big pieces of paper that you fold and put in the pocket of your car door. Some of you might remember them. They're called 'maps.' That's the 'Goldhammer Positioning System!'

We also got a new piece of equipment around then, a 'Night Sun' searchlight. It had three million candlepower and it was attached to the fuselage of the HH-52 by some stanchions. It was only installed if you expected to need it and you couldn't land in the water with it installed. It was a lot more effective than our puny landing light in the nose and two hover lights on the sponson supports.

On 26 October 1978, I joined the 'Ancient Order of the Pterodactyl,' an organization of active duty and retired Coast Guard aviators. It was started in 1977 in San Diego by four retired 'Coasties': Gus Shrode, Andy Wall, George Thometz, and Norm Horton to promote camaraderie and preserve the history of Coast Guard aviation. They chose the Pterodactyl name and the motto 'Flying Since the World was Flat' to emphasize their ancientness. Subsequently, the membership was expanded to include active duty and retired enlisted SAR Aircrewmembers and other honorary members with an association to Coast Guard aviation. It has since grown to over 1,500 members.

We have a 'Roost' every year in a different location. We've had 36 so far. I attended my first one in 1985 and I've been to 15 of them. What a great opportunity they are to see old friends and re-live shared experiences, most of them true. Sometimes they get embellished due to the impacts of alcohol and the passage of time. There's a special bond between those of us who flew together, and held our lives in each others' hands, on dark and stormy nights. We're more than just friends; we're like a 'band of brothers (and sisters).' In the early 1990's, the name of the organization was changed to the 'Coast Guard Aviation Association; the Ancient Order of the Pterodactyl' in order to attract some younger members to our ranks. Our logo was also modified from the image of a Pterodactyl holding a cocktail glass to a more politically correct image that included aviation wings. That's when I became a 'Life' member, when it was only \$100. It's now \$250. More on that later.

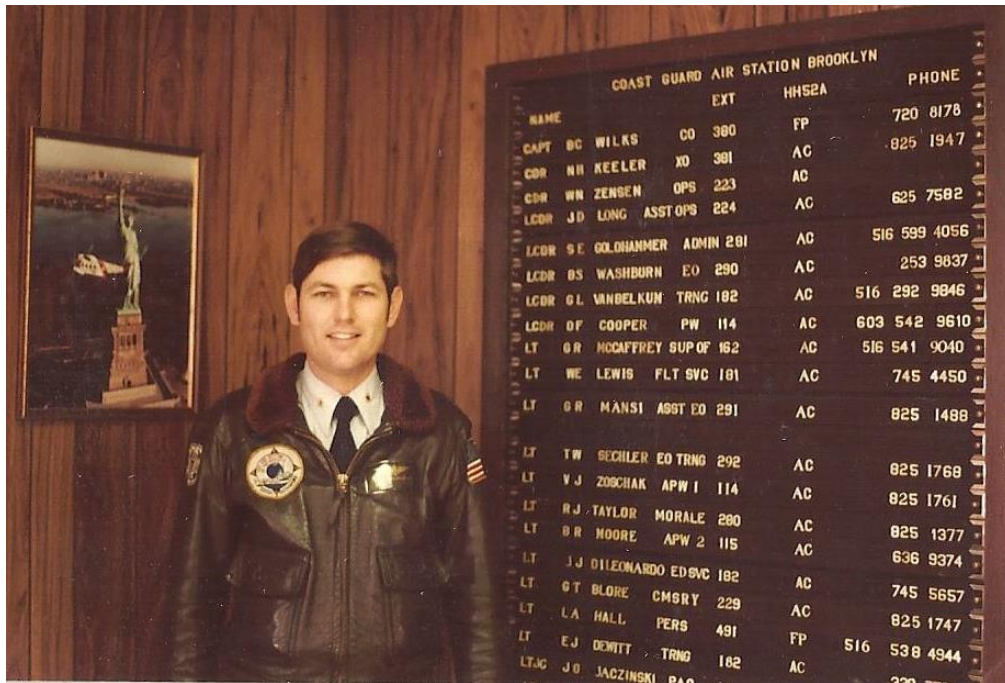
I was standing duty one fall night as the Senior Duty Officer with LT Gary Blore and LT Sam Edwards as the ready HH-52 pilots. While we were watching TV that evening, I mentioned to them that they should probably take their wetsuits with them if they had a SAR case that night because the water temperature had cooled off almost to the temperature that required wearing wetsuits. Lo and behold, we had a case that night near Ambrose tower, and Gary and Sam took their wetsuits with them. As they were searching for something in the water, they had a bird strike in the engine intake and had to make an emergency landing. They got out a Mayday call and I flew out in another HH-52 to rescue them. After donning their wetsuits, they awaited my arrival. I came into a hover over the top of the HH-52 in the water and hoisted Sam between the main rotor blades (they weren't turning) from the sponson support on the port side of the helicopter. It's a good thing I was able to get my head out of the window and keep my target in sight. It was quite a unique hoist. Gary swam away from the helo and I hoisted him out of the water. By then, a patrol boat from Station Rockaway was on scene and they took care of the SAR Aircrewman. The helo was towed to the Sandy Hook Coast Guard station the next day and recovered. The only casualty was a broken rotor blade that dipped into the water during the towing operation.

In late May 1979, I deployed for four weeks on CGC Reliance to the Caribbean for Drug Interdiction Operations. The Reliance CO decided to tie up for the weekend in San Juan for his mid-patrol break. Since I had been to San Juan a few times, I asked him if I could fly our HH-52 to the Air Station at Borinquen for the weekend to visit some friends of mine. He said okay. I stayed with LCDR Rick Murphy (who I had met in Brooklyn in 1968) and his wife, Mary Pat (I had dated her in 1968 at Brooklyn and then my mom introduced Rick to Mary Pat. Mom was the 'den mother' of all the junior officers back then). We had a great time at the 'shacks,' the officers' beach. There was even a wardroom party that Saturday night. It was a going away party for the CO, CAPT (later RADM) Tom Matteson. On Monday morning we went to the hangar to prepare to fly back to Reliance. Just before we left, the ship called and said, 'Don't leave yet; our refrigerator broke down and we have to wait three days for parts!' Darn! Oh well, back to the 'shacks.' We finally got back to Reliance and, as we started heading north on our way home, we sighted a suspicious vessel that was heading north. We asked it stop and they

refused. It took almost a day to get a 'Statement of no Objection' to board the vessel. Meanwhile, she was still headed north. We finally boarded the vessel and found lots of hidden contraband. So, we had to bring the vessel all the way back to San Juan to turn it over to Customs. We finally got home three days late. I missed my daughter's seventh birthday and a Broadway play.

We were authorized to wear a 'Sea Service' ribbon on our uniform if we had at least a year of sea duty. I added up all my helicopter deployments on Coast Guard ships during my career and I came up with 368 days, three more than necessary! I wore it proudly.

One Friday afternoon when I was standing the duty, a Marine AH-1W Huey Cobra arrived to spend the weekend. I had met the pilot previously and I talked him into giving me a short ride that day before he took off on liberty. I got to sit up front in the gunner's station. What fun that was! That was just one of the many awesome flying adventures I enjoyed during my life. However, I won't parachute jump out of a perfectly good airplane, and I won't go up in a glider because, since it doesn't have an engine, it's a flying emergency. More on that later.



I survived my 25 months as PW officer and, in June 1979, became the Administrative Officer. It was about then that I applied for the Armed Forces Staff College to broaden my career. I knew the unwritten rule that, in order to be promoted to Captain (O-6), you at least had to have an advanced degree and have completed a 'rotational' tour out of your specialty. A few months later, LCDR Keith Nichols and I were talking about my application and he suggested that I apply for the Naval War College instead because it was much more prestigious than the Staff College. I wasn't too confident about being selected for that, but I cancelled my Staff College application and applied for the Naval War College. I also had to take the Graduate Record Exam (GRE) as part of the application process and get a score of at least 1,000 on it. After buying the prep book and working my buns off on it, I took the GRE and my score was 1,050. A few months later I was selected for the Naval War College.

I was standing the duty on 14 August 1979 when we got a call about a plane that had crashed in the water 20 miles off Long Beach, Long Island. One of the pilots on an airliner flying into Runway 31 at Kennedy Airport just happened to look down from his window and saw an airplane floating in the water. He said, 'We better call the

Coast Guard.' I flew out to the scene and hoisted Fr. Richard Reder, a Catholic priest, from the wing of his homemade KR2 airplane that didn't have a radio. I found out later that he was headed for Georgia, had been in the water for seven hours, and his homemade, hand carved wooden propeller had disintegrated in the air. He was unhurt, except for his pride, and we flew him back to Brooklyn Air and gave him a T-shirt that said, 'I was rescued by Air Station Brooklyn.' Boy, was he lucky! He later said that he, '...put myself in God's hands and God was very good to me.' His airplane later floated over to a beach on the New Jersey shore. He retrieved it and rebuilt it. He wasn't so lucky on 28 August 1987 when he crashed his airplane somewhere over Long Island and died along with his passenger.



I was a Best Man three times in 1980. On 3 May, my brother Jim married Susan Seaman, his sweetheart from college, in Cheshire, CT. He met Sue in 1975 at Fairfield University when he was a senior and she was a freshman. They had two daughters: Kelly (born in 1988) and Emily (born in 1990). On 19 July, my best friend LCDR Tony Mercogliano, USN married Kay Kendall, a member of the Chester, PA Sodality who he met in 1978 at a Sodality picnic at Holy Child School on Long Island, in Media, PA. They had a daughter, Anne, who was born in 1982. Sue Maino, another member of our Sodality, was the principal of Holy Child. Then, on 26 July, my brother-in-law John McIntosh married Kathleen Kehoe, our daughter Debbie's first grade teacher, in East Rockaway, NY. Marilyn and I fixed John and Kathy up. Their daughter, Jennifer (my goddaughter), was born in 1984.

In late May 1980, I flew an HH-52 to Key West and spent three weeks there as part of the Coast Guard's response to Fidel Castro's Mariel Boatlift from Cuba. We stopped at Air Station Miami on the way down and I saw the CO, CAPT Ernie Allen, one of the finest officers I've ever known. Ernie had been my Ops Officer at Miami back in 1971. I also got to spend the night with my parents.

Little did we know that many of the people on the boats from Cuba were prisoners that Fidel had released from jail and let them go to the U.S. so he wouldn't have to deal with them any more. My friend LCDR Mont Smith was the Officer in Charge of the aviation detachment at NAS Key West. Since I was senior to him, we had a little chat about what to do with me while I was there so he could remain the OIC. We decided that I would be the detachment's maintenance test/admin/VIP pilot. That worked out great and I got lots of liberty in Key West. I even got to ride the 'Conch Train,' visit Ernest Hemingway's house, and spend some time at 'Sloppy Joe's' and 'Rick's' watering holes. It was tough duty, but somebody had to do it! I've been to Key West about five times, all in a helicopter. Marilyn has never been there, and it's still on her 'Bucket List.'

On 22 July 1980, just before our move to Newport, our great friends from church, John and Adrienne Stender, had a going away Mass and party for us in their backyard. There were 65 people there. I told them that I was looking forward to the day that we all lived together on the same mythical street so that we could see each other every day. I had such a good time that I got sick and, for the first and only time in my life, my friend John Folliard had to drive me home. Despite that, they're still our great friends and we've shared numerous family events and celebrations with them. They're just some of the valued friends that we've met over the years and we treasure our opportunities to share life events with them.

Naval War College, 1980-1981

We sold our house on Hampton Road for \$65K and I reported to the Naval War College in Newport, RI in August 1980. We applied for and were assigned to Navy housing at 135 Jones Street in Middletown. As soon as I walked into our house, I said to myself, 'Wow, how am I ever going to get this place this clean, and pass inspection, when I leave?' (I found out later that you could pay someone \$140 to clean your house and they guaranteed that you would pass inspection. It was a good investment.) My Coast Guard 'classmates' were LCDR Jim Leskinovitch, LCDR Jim Underwood, CDR Jack Trainor, and CDR Bob Kramek. Bob later became an Admiral and the Commandant of the Coast Guard. Another classmate of mine, who later became pretty famous, was MAJ Oliver North, USMC.

We were usually only scheduled for classes or lectures in the mornings and then had most afternoons 'free.' We were also scheduled to read at least 800 pages a week to prepare for our classes. So, hardly any of my afternoons were 'free.' I did get to play racquetball once in a while with my next door neighbor, LCDR Smith. The curriculum was a great experience and I learned more about the 'Art of War' than I ever imagined, or cared to.

In the fall of 1980 Eileen Twomey, our former neighbor on Hampton Road who was a widow, passed away suddenly at the age of 54. We drove down and attended the funeral. What a great lady she was! She left six kids, one who became a priest.

Marilyn and I joined the student bowling league and had a lot of fun with our teammates, LCDR Mike Shelton, USN and his wife, Mary. Another fun event I participated in at the War College was a bus trip on a Saturday in 1981 to Fenway Park in Boston with my son, Jeff, to see the Red Sox play the Yankees. I forget who won but it was a thrill to be able to visit Fenway Park. It was built in 1912 and is now the oldest major league baseball stadium.

Besides the Marine Corps Ball on 10 November, one of the social highlights of the year was the inter-service 'Lobster Land Race' at the Officers' Club. Each service was represented by a hand-picked lobster and assigned a 'jockey' for the race. Our jockey was Pat Kramek. The Army had a huge lobster that weighed ten pounds! The jockeys used their 'prods' to 'encourage' (actually, push) their 'steeds' down the course. Blatant cheating was discouraged, but inevitable. I forget who won, but it was great fun. After the race, I proposed that we give our lobster a fittingly humanitarian send-off by releasing him back to the sea from the taff rail on the stern of the nearby Admiral's Barge.

We processed over to the Barge and stealthily climbed aboard in the darkness. I led our team aft and, as I approached the stern, I failed to observe that a deck plate had been removed. I proceeded to step into the gaping hole and severely gashed my right shin on the edge. That was embarrassing! Luckily, I didn't break anything. We continued with our ceremony and, upon returning to the Officers' Club for dinner, I got two of my duty band-aids out of my wallet to stem the bleeding. My compatriots encouraged me to go to sickbay for some stitches, but I would have none of that. I could just imagine the story on the front page of the base newspaper about me after I told the doctor how it happened. It took seven weeks to heal.

Another fun activity in Newport was touring the ornate mansions, the 'summer cottages' of the rich and famous, along Cliff Walk. Marilyn took the kids to one and the tour guide mentioned the Chippendale furniture in one of the rooms. Son Jeff, age six, looked all around and then said to Marilyn, 'Mom, I don't see Chip and Dale.'

I got a call one morning in May 1981 from my assignment officer who told me that I would be going to Hawaii as the District Planning Officer. Wow! I had always wanted to be stationed in Hawaii (who wouldn't?) and the job would use my War College training. I immediately called Marilyn and gave her the news. She was ecstatic! My assignment officer called me back after lunch that day and said, 'Sorry, you're not going to Hawaii. I need you for a flying job.' I said, 'What's left?' He said, 'Well, I haven't filled Operations Officer at Brooklyn Air Station yet.' I said, 'That's probably the only assignment my wife would accept as a substitute for Hawaii, so I'll take it.' She loved it. How about that for Divine Providence? We would be going right back where we came from and where most of our relatives lived. And, I would have the same job my dad had back in the sixties and be sitting at the same desk! It would be my third tour at Brooklyn, not counting two as a Coast Guard 'brat.' I always said I saved lots of peoples' marriages and careers by being assigned at Brooklyn so many times so they wouldn't have to be assigned there. Unfortunately, we had sold our house. More on that later.

Things were pretty hectic in June 1981 as I was completing all of my assignments, taking exams, preparing for graduation, and trying to find a new place to live on Long Island. My folks drove up from Florida to attend graduation and Marilyn wasn't feeling too well, especially when riding in an elevator. She thought she had the flu. Just in case, she decided to have a pregnancy test, and it came back positive! How could that be after twelve years of marriage and seven years after my surgery? Our dear friend, Patricia (Dugan) Mullin, had previously told us the secret is to drink some Harvey's Bristol Cream just before you go to bed, then go to sleep and, magically, it happens. We had tried that several times and it didn't work. We eventually decided it was because I hadn't been flying, and wearing a wetsuit, in almost a year and, believe it or not, I was in a less stressful environment than at an Air Station. Anyway, we decided we needed to tell my parents. After we did, dad said, 'Well, should we congratulate you?' and mom said, 'Are you sure you're the father?' You had to understand their sense of humor. Luckily, we did. They were thrilled, but they had their own way of showing it.

I graduated from the War College on 24 June 1981, Debbie's ninth birthday. As Frank Sinatra sang, 1981 'was a very good year' for me indeed; I got three pay raises! I went over 16 years in the Coast Guard in July, I got an 11.1% cost of living raise, and I was promoted to Commander on 1 October. I started feeling slightly financially secure. I called dad when I found out I was selected for Commander and told him, "Hey, I caught up with you in rank, but not in stature!" He was very proud. I felt great because that's what all kids should strive for, to make their parents proud of them. To mark my promotion to Commander, my compatriots threw me off the seaplane ramp into Jamaica Bay to 'wet me down.' I survived that. Then we had a big party at my house.

Thanks for sticking with this saga up to this point. If you're not too bored and/or don't think it's TMI, please press on. There's more good stuff to come.

Air Station, Brooklyn, 1981-1984

As soon as we found out about it, we started telling our friends and relatives about coming back to Long Island. When she heard that, our friend, Adrienne Stender, kiddingly said, 'I'm not throwing you another going away party!' My cousin, Sister Mary McKenna, was working as the Director of Religious Education at St. Raymond's church in East Rockaway. She knew Matt Twomey, one of Eileen's children, and she told Matt about us coming back and asked him if his family might be selling their mom's house. Matt said he would check with his siblings. A short time later, Matt told Mary that none of the Twomey kids were in a position to keep the house or move into it, so it was available. As soon as Mary told us that, we jumped on the opportunity. We wound up buying the house at 56 Hampton Road, right across the street from our old house, for \$50K without having to deal with a realtor. How cool was that! It was like we never left; we had the same neighbors and our kids had the same friends for three more years. The town lines bisected that house too. What a bargain they gave us! We had looked at several other comparable houses and the cheapest one was about \$85K. We also knew that their house was a 'fixer-upper' and that we'd have to tear out the kitchen. It had the original rusted metal cabinets from 1928. Also, in 1958, the house had been moved from around the corner where the town of Rockville Centre was building a park. So, the floors weren't level and there were some cracks in the walls. It was still worth it. Thank God for Sr. Mary! We borrowed \$10K from my folks and paid cash for the house. We paid them back a few years later, with interest. Our neighbor, Tom Brennan, and his father-in-law re-did our kitchen. That cost about \$10K.

I reported to Brooklyn Air in July 1981. CDR Bill Zensen was still the Operations Officer until his retirement a month or two later, so I was his assistant for a short while. Bill was an avid motorcycle enthusiast. He had just bought himself a new BMW cycle for \$7K to enjoy in retirement and he asked us if we knew anyone else who would be crazy enough to spend that much on a cycle. We didn't. Since I had only been away from flying for a year, I quickly got re-qualified as an Aircraft Commander in the HH-52 by flying with some of the Instructor Pilots at the Air Station. I then spent a week in Mobile in October in the simulator to renew my instrument qualifications.

It was about then that the Coast Guard started using the new helicopter dunker in Pensacola. I think the original requirement was that you go through it every four years and then it was changed to every three years. It consisted of a cylindrical 'barrel' in the shape of a helicopter fuselage that was suspended over a pool. There were two seats in the front 'cockpit' and then about six seats in the rear 'cabin.' You would strap yourself into one of the seats and, when everyone was ready, the barrel would be lowered into the pool and then start to rotate to the left or right. Sometimes it would stop at the 90 degree position and other times it would roll all the way over. Then it began to sink. You had to wait a few seconds until all the bubbles stopped around you then you would release your harness buckle and, while always holding on to a reference point, egress from the barrel. Sometimes you had to go out the closest exit and sometimes you had to go from the cockpit to the cabin and egress from the main cabin door. You went through the process four times. Your final exam was an egress from the cockpit and out the cabin door blindfolded! There were people watching you to make sure you did it right. If you failed, you got to do it again. What an awesome confidence builder that was to know that you could do it 'for real' at night if you had to! It was better than any ride at any amusement park anywhere! I went through the process three times in the 1980's. I wrote on my critique sheet at the end of the third time that, 'if you're over 40 and you've done this three times, you shouldn't have to do it any more!'

One of the first things I had to do after I was promoted to Commander on 1 October 1981 was fly down to our Air Detachment at Naval Air Station Guantanamo Bay, Cuba to relieve one of the Brooklyn Air Station pilots who had been thrown off the island by the Navy for getting drunk at the Officers' Club and making a spectacle of

himself. It was a pretty bad scene. I had to mend some fences with the NAS XO and take over as senior aviator of the detachment for about a week. The base was divided into two sides, Windward and Leeward, by a bay. There was a ferry to transport people and vehicles back and forth. We had use of a vehicle and there was a special priority line for the ferry for vehicles with passengers O-5 and above. That was a nice perk of my recent promotion! My copilot, LTJG Jim Waterbury, and I flew the HH-52 back to Brooklyn. We stopped for gas on CGC Chase and also re-fueled from a Coast Guard C-130 at a little island because we weren't permitted to fly directly over Cuba and there weren't too many jet fuel stops along the way in the Caribbean. Re-fueling an HH-52 from a C-130 was a very unusual event. One time one of the Coast Guard's intrepid aviators tried to do that in Alaska and he taxied his HH-52 into the tail of the C-130. It was a disaster! Fortunately, the only injury was to the pilot's pride and his career. The cockpit of that HH-52 is now on display in the All Hands club at Air Station Barbers Point, Hawaii.

My stint as Operations Officer was pretty uneventful because I knew the area so well and had previously met so many of the people involved with other agencies that we supported. We did have one tragedy during my tenure. One of our pilots, LTJG Bob Winter, was killed in an HH-52 accident at Mobile while he was undergoing transition training. There's a monument there dedicated to Bob and his crewmates. Rob Hardman followed me to Brooklyn for our second tour together.

Our daughter, Kathryn Marie (another miracle child in our lives), was born on 20 February 1982 at 4:52 A.M. at Mercy Hospital in Rockville Centre, Long Island. She weighed 10 pounds, 4 ounces, so everyone called her, 'Kate the Great!' Marilyn's doctor was on vacation, so Kate was delivered by Geno Manna, a doctor Marilyn had never met before. He was like manna from heaven (I couldn't resist writing that). She found out that Dr. Manna had gone to medical school with Al Nasti, a good friend of Marilyn's from college. Small world. Kate was baptized at St. Raymond's church in East Rockaway by my cousin Monsignor Jim McKenna. When she was about three, Katie asked us one day, 'Why was I born?' We said, 'What?' She replied, 'How come I wasn't adopted like my brother and sisters?' That was cute.

In the summer of 1982, Marilyn found another article in the local paper (Newsday) for me. It was about a Master of Business Administration program at the New York Institute of Technology in Old Westbury. It was another great opportunity. I looked into it, applied, and was accepted. Luckily, the results of my 1979 Graduate Record Exam were still valid and acceptable to them. The Veterans' Administration even paid my tuition! I took nine different courses over the next two years. I spent many nights and weekends in class and at the library and often wondered what the heck I was doing sitting in class at age 38 with a bunch of kids. One of the courses I took was Managerial Statistics at night at a different NY Tech campus about 15 miles from my house. There was freezing rain on the night of our mid-term exam and I thought the class would be canceled. Just in case, I drove out there. I arrived about 45 minutes late and there was everyone working on their exam. I was able to complete about half of it before the end of the period and, because the professor graded on the curve, I got a 'C.' Incredible!

One of the requirements for graduation was to write a thesis or pass an oral exam on the nine courses. I opted to take the oral exam. Unfortunately, that was in the summer of 1984 when I was in the process of getting transferred and buying a new house besides working and helping to take care of four kids. I didn't have time to study as much as I should have, and I failed the exam. Bummer! You could take the exam twice and, if you failed the second time, you had to write a thesis. I studied for the next nine months and, just before the next exam, spent five days at Marilyn's folks' house studying for 28 hours. Because I was prepared this time, the exam was pretty easy. I graduated in June 1985 'With Distinction.' I'm sure that piece of 'wallpaper' helped a lot in my getting promoted to Captain three years later.

On 6 January 1983, I had the pleasure of meeting Sergei Sikorsky, son of renowned helicopter pioneer Igor Sikorsky. I flew up to the Sikorsky factory in Stratford, CT with LTJG Doug Bogle and picked up Sergei and Jim Thach, the Sikorsky representative to the Coast Guard who I had met back in the sixties, and flew them to Brooklyn for a visit to the Air Station. The weather was pretty foggy so I was glad that I knew the area well and was able to find the factory on a 'Special VFR' clearance. That's usually when nobody but the Coast Guard is out flying. I've seen Sergei many times at Pterodactyl conventions since then and he's a great friend. He's was an enlisted man in the Coast Guard at Brooklyn Air in 1944 when the Coast Guard first started flying Igor's R-4 (HNS) helicopter at Air Station Brooklyn. He was involved in the development of the rescue hoist with CDR Frank Erickson, the Coast Guard's first helicopter pilot. Sergei now lives in Surprise, AZ.

I moved up to be the XO at Air Station Brooklyn in June of 1983. I was relieved by CDR Ted White. My CO was CAPT Rick Hill who had been the Safety Officer at Brooklyn with me in 1967. He was very demanding but he had a good heart. Rick and I were on the ferry line for Governors' Island in my car one day and we saw one of the enlisted men from Brooklyn Air, AD3 O'Reilly, walking by wearing a flight jacket. According to our unit instructions, that was not authorized. He was placed on report and, after the incident was investigated, referred to Captain's Mast, an administrative disciplinary proceeding. AD3 O'Reilly pleaded innocent to the charge based on his assertion that an officer at our unit, me, frequently wore a Miami Dolphins wool ski hat on the flight line at the Air Station while performing his aircraft pre-flight on cold winter days. O'Reilly said that if the XO could get by with doing that without being disciplined, he shouldn't be disciplined for wearing his flight jacket on Governors' Island. Rick looked at him incredulously and then went ballistic. Among all of his blustering, he essentially told O'Reilly that an officer wearing a piece of non-uniform equipment on the flight line of his home unit has no correlation to someone wearing an unauthorized uniform out in a public place. Poor O'Reilly, he picked the wrong guy to mess with and he didn't know what hit him. I forget what he got for his punishment, but, after being dismissed, he sheepishly slinked out of the office. I still wear the same hat when I'm shoveling snow.

We took a family vacation to Washington, D.C. in the summer of 1983. We stayed at the Twin Bridges Marriott (since torn down) and it had a great swimming pool. It was hot, but we had a great time visiting lots of museums and the zoo. Little did we know that we would be moving there a year later.

Our friends Ed and Pat Mullin had moved to Allentown, PA in 1976 when Ed began work at the local hospital. They had a heated swimming pool installed in their back yard. In the summer of 1983, they hosted a weekend gathering of their fellow Sodalists and their families. There were about 30 people sleeping in their house or camped out in the backyard. It was a wonderful reunion of the group that had started on Long Island in 1958. We participated in many family events with the Mullins over the years.

I joined the Knights of Columbus in the fall of 1983. Harry Earhardt, my friend from church, had been working on me for a long time to join, and I finally relented. It turned out to be a good decision.

We took a family vacation to Hawaii for two weeks for Easter in the spring of 1984. Our airline tickets were \$469 each, round trip. Marilyn's folks came with us and stayed at the Hilton Hawaiian Village in Waikiki. We stayed with Judy and Chuck Miller, friends of ours from the Sodality. Chuck worked for American Express and had been transferred there a few years earlier. They had a three bedroom townhouse in Aiea and we moved in with them and their four kids. Twelve people in a three bedroom townhouse. Yikes! Chuck built some bunk beds to accommodate all of the kids. What a test of our friendship that was. We survived okay. The first thing we did was go to the commissary at Marine Corps Air Station Kaneohe and bought \$600 worth of food to feed all of us. They lent us one of their cars so we could get around the island. Also, because of his job, Chuck was

able to get us FREE tickets to every tourist attraction on Oahu: Don Ho, a Luau, an evening dinner cruise, the Polynesian Cultural Center, etc. Pretty darn good friends, eh?

We gave them a break by spending two nights at Bellows, an Air Force beach resort on the other side of the island. Also, Debbie (11) spent a few days with grandma and grandpa at the Hilton. She was ecstatic! Marilyn's folks went to see Don Ho with us and loved it. They left after about ten days and stopped in San Francisco for a few days on their way home. We also went to Pali Lookout, Punchbowl cemetery, Pearl Harbor, Hanauma Bay, and climbed Diamond Head. Another friend of ours, John R. MacDonald, got Marilyn and me a discount to take an all-day excursion flight around the islands for \$179 each. It was a bargain. Chuck took us to the airport on his way to work. We flew past Molokai and landed on Hawaii where we took a bus tour of Kailua Kona. Then we flew over Kilauea volcano and Hilo and landed at Maui for a bus tour and lunch. After lunch we flew over the cliffs and canyons of Kauai and, after landing there, took a boat ride up a river to see the wedding grotto (it was destroyed in a hurricane several years later). Then we got back on our plane and arrived back at Oahu at 1700 (5:00 P.M.). Judy picked us up. What a great day! We also went to the Miller's daughter, Cindy's, first communion at their church and visited some friends of theirs where we had an Easter egg hunt. Now that was a vacation!

In early June 1984, I got a call from my old friend Dick Zins who was now a Captain and working in the Office of Personnel at Coast Guard Headquarters. He said someone had put his retirement letter in unexpectedly and he needed me in Washington to be the Enlisted Assignments Branch Chief in the Enlisted Personnel Division. I told him I had only been the XO at Brooklyn for a year and Headquarters wasn't on my 'dream sheet.' He said that didn't matter; I was the guy he needed. I also told him that we were getting a new CO that summer and, if I left too, we'd probably also need a new Operations Officer. My words fell on deaf ears. I received my orders on 8 June to report to CGHQ by 3 September. My new CO, Tom Morgan, was not happy. He got the District Commander to send a message to HQ asking them to 'reconsider' my orders. Washington said that the staggered rotation of the Air Station CO, XO, and Ops all in the same summer would be okay and that my orders remained in effect. Now I had two choices: I could accept my orders or I could resign from the Coast Guard, after 19 years, with no benefits. I decided I'd better move to Washington. After 17 years in a flying billet, it was time for me to pay some dues. Dick did me a big favor by picking me for this 'rotational' tour. It turned out to be another blessing in disguise.

Luckily, Marilyn was very understanding. Wherever we got sent, we always treated it as a new opportunity to see and enjoy all of the sights in the area and make the best of the situation. She always easily met people by getting involved in church activities at our new station and then dragging me into her activities. That's why one of my ears is longer than the other (just kidding). The only negative was the loss of continuity for our kids with their schools and their friends.

We had just ordered a new 1984 Chevy Caprice station wagon before I got my orders, and it was delivered on 3 July. I had just paid for a big vacation, started car payments, and now I had to buy a new house. Oh boy!

When Rick Hill got transferred to the District Office in Seattle, we gave him a royal sendoff with a dinner at the renowned Mamma Leone's restaurant in Manhattan. He was a great train enthusiast so, for his going away present, we gave him the Jim Beam Liquor Train. He was blown away by it. Rick became a simulator instructor for Boeing in Seattle after he retired. Sadly, he passed away from a heart attack at age 53.



My sister, Ginger, had some friends in D.C. who set us up with a realtor, Karen Conlon. Since we thought we might have a chance to come back to Brooklyn, we wanted to keep our house on Hampton Road. We went down to D.C. and asked Karen to find us a house to rent. She showed us two houses that didn't suit us and then said we should consider buying a house as an investment. We said we'd look at a few houses for sale and then decide. She showed us one house that didn't fit the bill and then remembered that another house had just come back on the market. She said it was \$127K and it was 'pretty far out' from D.C. but we decided to take a look. The house had everything on our list: four bedrooms, 2 ½ baths, a half finished basement, a two car garage, and was on a quiet street. As soon as Marilyn walked into it, she said 'this will do.' We asked Karen to make an offer of \$126K, and it was accepted. It turned out that the owners, Eddie and Sandra Aquino, had bought the house across the street from their house, so they became our neighbors. We were able to get a 30 year mortgage at 13 ½ %. That was the going rate then. Our payments would be \$1,519/month. I was worried about that because it was about half of my monthly take-home pay. Not to get too far ahead in my story, but we wound up 'buying' that house four times. We re-financed in 1986 for 30 years at 9 ½ %, in 1993 for 30 years at 7 ¼ % and in 2003 for 15 years at 5%. We frequently paid extra principle in our monthly payments and we paid off our mortgage in April 2011, over three years ahead of our original mortgage. Horray!

We listed our house on Hampton Road for rent with Andy Gottlieb, a realtor from our church. He found a tenant for us. She wasn't a very good tenant, but it worked out okay. She lived there by herself and moved two houses worth of furniture into it.

Coast Guard Headquarters, 1984-1986

We arrived at our new house in Rockville, Maryland on about 17 July. Luckily, I was able to join a car pool of guys who lived near me (CAPT Dick Long, Jerry Chaskes, Harry Shafer, and Jerry Boden) to get to work. It was 23 miles and took about an hour each way. I transferred to Father Peter Paul Maher Council #6793 of the Knights of Columbus in Olney, MD. That was the beginning of a long relationship with the Knights.

I reported in to CGHQ in early August 1984. I worked for CAPT Mike O'Brien who was Chief of the Enlisted Personnel Division. The Chief of the Office of Personnel was RADM Henry Bell, who had been on the CGC Northwind deployment in 1959 with my dad. LCDR Don Alciati was my assistant and I had two savvy prior-enlisted lieutenants, Dave Poissant and Tom Specht, as my Central Assignment Control (CAC) officers. I also had about 20 Chief Warrant Officers who were the Rating Managers for each of the enlisted ratings, e.g. Radiomen, Quartermasters, etc. They were all highly experienced professionals (some were 'saltier' than others) who did their best to balance the needs of the service and the desires of their constituents.

It was quite an adjustment getting used to the pace of work at the office. First I had to practically memorize the sections of the Personnel Manual related to Enlisted Assignments. Then I had to get to know each of the Warrants' management style. Each morning, my 'In Box' was usually stacked with service records and requests from enlisted people who had a special circumstance related to their orders that wasn't able to be resolved by their Rating Manager or the CAC. My job was to decide who deserved special consideration. There were many requests for humanitarian transfer based on unique family concerns. There were also many requests for people to remain where they were even though they had advanced out of their assigned billet. Lots of people forgot or disregarded the fine print in their enlistment contract that said they agreed to be assigned wherever the needs of the service applied. Many of our billets were at so-called 'undesirable' or hardship locations, e.g., Loran Stations. Some of them even prohibited bringing their families along. That's why we had to move so many people around instead of leaving them in one place for a long time. The people in the 'cushy' locations would have loved that, but we had to let the people who had paid their dues at the 'non-cushy' places have their chance at a nice place. We also had to deal with the 'sea/shore rotation' schedule for each rating that had billets on ships. Most people would prefer an assignment ashore rather than afloat, so we had to keep that rotation process moving and equitable. Also, sometimes we had to deal with inputs from senior officers directing us to transfer certain people to certain places regardless of the normal transfer parameters. Some of the cases were so controversial that I had to refer them to CAPT O'Brien's office for resolution. Some people were so unhappy with their orders that they were audacious enough to contact their Congressmen to try to get their way. Each response took a long time and a lot of effort justifying our decision to satisfy the Chief of Staff before he signed it. There was never a dull moment.

Shortly after I reported to Headquarters, I was notified that I would be participating on a Commander (O-5) Selection Board. CAPT Tom Matteson was the President of the Board. It was before computers so we had to review the service record of every officer in, above, and below the promotion zone, make notes of significant entries, then refer any controversial items to the President. We met for six days in a row and several evenings went very late. That was quite an education. Our deliberations were sworn to secrecy, and I sure could tell lots of secrets!

I worked with CAPT Jim Butler, a friend of my dad's, in Headquarters on several occasions. We would sometimes meet another officer when we were together and Jim would introduce me to him and say that he and I were on a first name basis, 'I call him Captain, and he calls me Steve.'



In the spring of 1985, Marilyn found an ad in the Washington Post about an open house that was coming up at the Garber Facility in Suitland, MD. That's where the Smithsonian Institution kept its cadre of historic airplanes waiting to be restored and/or displayed at the National Air and Space Museum. We took our kids down to the open house and, right after we walked in the building, we saw an older gentleman making kites. I hung around a little while watching him and I found out it was Paul Garber, the man whom the building was named after! He had been working for the Smithsonian since 1920 and he knew Orville Wright! What a wonderful man Paul was and what a fabulous opportunity we had to meet him! I got his card and invited

him to speak at a monthly luncheon of the local chapter of the Ancient Order of the Pterodactyl. He gave us a fascinating presentation about his life's adventures and I got his autograph. He also wrote, 'Happy Landings to the Coast Guard!' He passed away in 1994.

6 July 1985 was a big day in my career. It was my 20th anniversary in the Coast Guard and that meant that I was now eligible for retirement benefits and, if I passed away, Marilyn was eligible for survivor benefits. Some more good fortune. We celebrated that day by having a barbecue and going on a sailboat ride in Chesapeake Bay aboard 'Lofty,' our good friends Tim and Lorraine Dugan's boat. Tim is Pat (Dugan) Mullin's brother. Tim is pretty tall, and that's the reason for the name of his boat. He was a CDR in the Navy and was once the sailing coach at the Naval Academy. They've participated in many of our family events.

One of the duties of the people in my branch was to make periodic visits to the 'field' to explain the Enlisted Assignment process to all of the people assigned at the units in the area, meet with people with special needs, and listen to suggestions on how to improve the assignment process. I 'pulled rank' and scheduled myself for a trip to the 17th District (Alaska) in April 1986. I had never been there before and I wanted to see what it was like. In one week, I got to visit Kodiak, Anchorage, Valdez, Cordova, and Juneau; and I even got there on the same days I was supposed to be in each place. That was pretty unusual in Alaska. Cordova could only be accessed by plane or boat, so my flight from Valdez to Cordova was on a chartered bush plane that carried about four passengers. That was pretty exciting! It was a fabulous trip and the scenery was beautiful.

I got a call in the spring of 1986 from CDR Ned Keeler, who I had been stationed with at Miami, telling me that I had been selected for the Air Force Air War College at Maxwell AFB in Montgomery, AL. That was a big surprise since I had already been to the Naval War College! I asked Ned if I could think about it for a day and he said okay. I was going to be in the zone for O-5 aviation command selection and I didn't want to miss the opportunity. However, I thought it might be a big black mark on my record if I turned it down. I talked it over with Marilyn and we decided to take our chances and turn it down because there was no sense moving my family to Alabama for a year and I didn't want to be a geographic bachelor for a year. I called Ned back and told him that I was reluctantly turning down Air War College. I found out later that the next two guys on the list also turned it down.

The Aviation Command screening panel met about a month later. RADM Tom Matteson was the President of the panel and one of the members was CAPT Dick Long, a guy in my carpool. That's where getting transferred to Headquarters served me well; I got noticed. I was selected to be the Commanding Officer for two years at Air Station Houston, TX, my fourth choice. My tour at Headquarters would only be 22 months; I was getting time off for good behavior! I went in to see RADM Matteson to thank him for selecting me for a CO assignment and he said, 'Sit down here a minute, son!' I said, 'Yes, sir.' He said the panel saw that I had Air Station Brooklyn listed on my 'Dream Sheet,' but they decided that 'a fourth tour at Brooklyn for me would not be career enhancing.' I thanked him again and went off to start preparing for my move to Houston.

The first thing I did was go see the aviation assignment officer, CDR John Whitehouse, to see who would be my XO and OPS officer at Houston. I asked him if Rob Hardman was available and he agreed to order Rob in as my OPS officer, our third tour together. My XO would be the current XO, CDR 'Pete' Cox. Since I wouldn't be going back to Brooklyn as the CO, we put our house on Hampton Road on the market with Andy Gottlieb, our friend from church. Then Marilyn and I took a trip to Houston in late April to rent a house. The CO, CDR Jerry Heins, arranged for a friend of his to be our realtor. Rob and his wife, Sue, were in Houston at the same time to look at houses to rent and we saw a couple of the same houses that they saw. We found a great four bedroom, two bathroom house on a golf course with a pool and a two car garage for \$850/month. What a bargain! The only problem was that we had to start paying rent on 1 May and we weren't moving in until 15 July! That's just part of being in the military.

Andy finally found a buyer for our house in New York and we sold it to Don and Carolyn Klingbeil for \$145K, a nice profit above what we paid for it. We used \$108K of that to add on to our house in Maryland in 1990. Carolyn was the daughter of Dr. Al Liberti, Marilyn's Biology professor at St. John's University. What a small world! They and their kids were a nice addition to the block.

I went to Mobile in May to get re-qualified in the HH-52. I dropped in to visit my friend, CDR Cully Holub, who was then the XO at Mobile. He knew why I was in Mobile but he looked at me and said, 'What are you doing here?' I said that I had to punch my re-qual ticket, again, even though I had so much flight time in the HH-52, because that's what the rules required. I finished the simulator and flight syllabus in two weeks instead of three. I sold my Monte Carlo to CAPT O'Brien's son for \$1,200. We found a very nice Army family, Don and Beverly Leach, to rent our house. They had one daughter and a cat. Don was the Command Enlisted Advisor at Walter Reed Army Medical Center.

Air Station Houston, 1986-1989

Jeff and I drove to Texas and Marilyn flew down with the other kids. We stayed with Marilyn's cousin, Sandra Schillo, in Metairie, LA on the way. I relieved Jerry Heins as Air Station Houston Commanding Officer on 25 July. CAPT Joel Sipes, the District's Chief of Operations, was the presiding officer. My parents drove over from Florida for that and they were really proud of me. My cousin, Sr. Mary McKenna also attended as well as my other cousin, Deborah (Barriere) Wilcox, her husband Lee, and their son Jonathan. Debbie and her family lived in The Woodlands on the north side of Houston. We really enjoyed having some family living nearby.

Shortly after I arrived, we had our first female aircrewman, Donna Perry, assigned to us. We had to make some accommodations to our sleeping arrangements and bathrooms (heads) so she could stand the duty. We didn't have any problems. I later talked her into applying to Officers' Candidate School for the second time. She was accepted and got commissioned. Then she married a 'Coastie,' went to flight training and got her wings. She was CO of AirSta Savannah and graduated from the Naval War College. Now CAPT Donna Cottrell is CO of HITRON Jacksonville, FL. Good on her!

Marilyn began to get involved with activities and meet people at our church, St. Bernadette's. We enrolled our daughter Katie in their nursery school and that's how we met our great friends, Mitch and Sharon Polt. Their daughter Lauren was in school with Katie. Mitch is a civilian pilot and belonged to the Ellington Field flying club. One time he took Katie, Lauren, and me for a flight around the area. It was great fun and the girls loved it! Another time he took Marilyn for a flight and she loved it too. Mitch worked at the Johnson Space Center as a contractor to NASA so he took us several times to the Center for some 'behind the scenes' tours. We got to see Mission Control in Building 29, the WETF facility (swimming pool) where the astronauts did all of their underwater training to simulate working and walking in space, and walk through the mock-up of the Space Station. That was cool.

Our daughter, Lori, was an altar server at St. Bernadette's. Her claim to fame is that she fainted on the altar one Sunday while serving mass. I ran up on the altar to check on her and she was okay. Our son, Jeff, joined a model rocket club. We built the models at home and then launched them from the Johnson Space Center. That was also cool.

I belonged to the 'Blade of Grass Society' at St. Bernadette's. That was a group of guys who spent one Saturday morning a month mowing and edging the church lawn. It was a fun service project. I also transferred to the local Knights of Columbus Council #6234 in Nassau Bay. I even served as chancellor one year and got involved in some of their projects. It was a small Council and there weren't very many active members

I started looking for a new car and found a 1986 Cadillac in the paper with 15,000 miles on it. Even though it had been a rental car, I bought it for \$17K. A few days later, my daughter Lori opened the arm rest for the back seat and found a plastic bag with some stuff in it. She gave it to me and asked me what it was. It was a bag of marijuana! I told her it was some trash and threw it away. Pat Mullin introduced us to her cousin, Jane Mahoney, Jane's husband, Don, and their kids who lived on the west side of Houston. We got to know them pretty well and did some fun things with them. One day Jane took us out to Washington on the Brazos about an hour west of Houston to see the beautiful fields of Bluebonnets. They were gorgeous!

One of the perks of being the CO in Houston was an honorary membership at the Clear Lake Yacht Club. I took the family to a couple of 4th of July celebrations there.

It was about this time that Marilyn gave me a book that set the trend for my future lifestyle, not that it really changed very much. The title was 'Dare to be Dull!' by Joseph L. Troise. I couldn't believe it; it was all about me! The cover asked 'Are you bored by being trendy? Now you can be out of it and proud of it.' There's chapters on 'The Joys of Dull Living: Your House and Car Are a Reflection of What You Are,' "The Underwhelming Wardrobe: The Properly Attired Dull Man, at Work and Play; with Illustrations,' and 'Hiring the Dull: Recommended Occupations for Dull People.' My favorite is Chapter Five: 'The Joy of Dull Sex: Dates for Dulls, the Dull Man's Wallet-Size Sex Manual, The Dull Women's Auxiliary.' It's like a religion. You gotta read it to believe it. You may even become a convert. If you're lucky, you might be able to find it on EBay. There's even an official International Dull Men's Club that I joined several years later on line and I printed out my own Certificate of Dullness. "Audere Hebeo" is Latin for 'Dare to be Dull.' A couple of my dull friends and I started using that as a secret code word whenever we observed a dull event. Amazingly, Marilyn loves my dullness. Now one of my mottos is 'You have to get the most you can out of every dull day.'

The biggest event of my first year as CO was preparing to move into a new \$4M hangar that was under construction at the north end of the base. It was a well-designed building that had multi-functional watch stander facilities to accommodate female duty standers when necessary. We moved in May of 1987. We had a big dedication ceremony on 18 June with the Chief of the Office of Operations in Headquarters, RADM Clyde Robbins, the District Commander, RADM Pete Rots, and several local and national politicians attending. One of the guests was LCOL Vinnie Cerisano, CO of the Texas Air National Guard unit next door to ours. More about him later. My cousin Msgr. Jim McKenna also attended and gave the invocation and benediction. Everything went pretty smoothly with that.

I was proud to avoid having a computer terminal on my desk and I never had one there throughout my tour as CO. I also stood the duty twelve times during my tour when we were shorthanded. Those were great opportunities to get most of my semi-annual night flight requirements done. Amazingly, we never had a SAR case in the middle of the night when I stood the duty.

We went to many events at the Astrodome while we lived in Houston. A couple of times we hired a bus and took an afternoon off from work to attend some Houston Astros baseball games. We saw Barry Bonds when he was playing for Pittsburgh, Mike Schmidt, the Hall of Fame third baseman of the Phillies, and Mike Scott pitch a no-hitter for the Astros. We attended several Houston Oilers football games when 'Bum' Phillips was the coach and Earl Campbell was the star running back. We also attended two annual rodeos and livestock shows. Watching the barrel races was a lot of fun. The highlight was the intermissions when we saw Reba McEntire and also Bruce Hornsby and the Range. We also saw Dana Carvey at the University of Houston in Clear Lake. He was hilarious, especially as 'Church Lady!'



Me (L), AE3 Carey, CDR Rick Murphy

In the spring of 1987, my old friend CDR Rick Murphy was assigned to relieve CDR Pete Cox as my XO. Pete was moving on to the 11th District office in California. There was an unwritten rule that the CO and the XO weren't supposed to fly together in case there was an accident that wiped out both of them. However, on 8 July 1988, I temporarily suspended that rule and we went on an H-52 training flight together to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of our only previous flight together. That was just one of the many good times we had together.

I spent a lot of time at work during the summer of 1987 watching my old friend MAJ Oliver North's riveting testimony at the Congressional Iran-Contra Hearings on TV. Poor Ollie. He had been just another Marine Major about to graduate from the Naval War College in 1981 and go off to be the CO of the Marine Barracks at Rota, Spain when we went to a lecture and he asked some very insightful questions of the speaker. The next thing we knew, his orders were changed and he went to work in the White House. The rest is history.

I got to know my friend, LtCOL Vinnie Cerisano, from the National Guard pretty well. They were flying F-4's from the hangar next store to us and, in October 1987, I sweet talked Vinnie into giving me a ride in one. I had to go through ejection seat training and then we went up for a little over an hour with me in the back seat. It's a good thing I had skipped lunch; that was quite a wild ride! We flew at Mach 1.03, the fastest I've ever gone in an airplane. That's almost 700 mph. What a blast! I wasn't allowed to take pictures. I took him for a helicopter ride a week or so later to pay him back. He had never been in a helicopter and he was quite impressed with what it could do. I even gave him a little 'stick' time.

Me (L), LT Bob Randolph, FltLt Nick Barker, 'Royal Navy 023'



On another occasion, we had a twin-engine British Westland 'Lynx' helo visit the air station for a couple of days while its ship was visiting Galveston. The pilot offered me a ride and I readily took him up on his offer. The most impressive part of the flight was when we were hovering at 1,000 feet over Ellington Field. I asked him what he would do if he lost an engine right then. He immediately pushed the nose over into about an 80 degree dive to pick up airspeed. That was pretty drastic. We also did some wingovers. What a great flight that was.

We had some very active members of the CG Auxiliary involved with us at the air station. Vadda Smith had been commander of the local flotilla and stayed very active in the Auxiliary. Luke Rizzo and Ron Huffman owned their own airplanes and flew several administrative flights for us and sometimes some searches. Ron took me for a flight one day in his L-19 high wing single-engine airplane. Visibility from the L-19 was great and it was a fun flight. RADM Rots came over for an Auxiliary dinner once and presented me with a CG Achievement Medal for my performance as director of enlisted assignments in Headquarters. In 1988, he was fined, reprimanded, and allowed to retire because of some irregularities in the use of Government vehicles and inappropriate claims for travel expenses.

Every fall the Confederate Air Force (now the more politically correct Commemorative Air Force) would have a weekend airshow at Ellington Field. We provided parking on our ramp and sold gas to many of their airplanes. In return, they would provide my family and me with VIP seats for every day of the airshow and tickets for Marilyn and me for their Saturday night banquet at the Hilton by Hobby Airport. The highlight of the show was a reenactment of several WWII aerial battles with T-6s painted to look like Japanese 'Zeros' zooming all over the

place and huge explosions on the ground to simulate bombs exploding. They also had about ten B-25s in the show. We went to the show both days for three years. It was spectacular, and the weather was always perfect! I even got to crawl around inside their B-29 "FiFi," the last flying B-29 in the world.

The Navy Blue Angels or the Air Force Thunderbirds would usually be part of the show. One weekend we had a Coast Guard recruiting van parked on the field to advertise the Coast Guard to the crowd. I climbed up on top of the van to watch the Blue Angels show and I was at 'ground zero.' Everything, including simultaneous fly-bys from different directions, happened right over my head. Wow! It usually took a couple of days after each airshow weekend for my ears to stop ringing from hearing 'the sound of freedom.'



Marilyn had asked me several times to take her for a ride in an HH-52, but it was against regulations. I told her she had to rent a boat and take it out into the ocean then call for help on the radio and I could come out and hoist her. She wasn't too keen on that. However, one night I was scheduled for a training flight to get some of my night minimums. I took her to the base with me, put her in a flight suit and then had her sit in the left seat of the H-52. After we started up, my crewman and I taxied out onto the ramp and, after completing all take-off checks, I lifted the collective as high as I could without the wheels leaving the ground. Then I lowered the collective and we taxied back to the hangar and I dropped her off. That was the extent of her H-52 'ride.' If I had taken off with her, I would have probably been relieved of my command, or worse. She loved it!

NASA was one of the other tenants with us at Ellington Field. We had an agreement with them that we would fly one of their photographers around about once a quarter to take aerial photos of their property in the local area. In return, they took portraits of the air station officers to post on our roster board. That was a nice arrangement. I also got to crawl around in NASA's 'Guppy' aircraft. That was a C-97 with an enlarged fuselage that they used to give their astronauts training in weightlessness. It was a weird looking airplane, but it flew just fine.

LCDR Bruce Melnick was selected as the first Coast Guard astronaut in 1987 and was assigned to NASA in Houston. I invited him and his bride to become part of our wardroom and participate in our wardroom social events as his schedule permitted. It was really cool to get to know him and make him feel welcome in Houston. He got to fly NASA T-38 jets to keep up his flight proficiency and go to different events all over the country. He eventually got to fly on two space missions. That was great publicity for the Coast Guard.

Rob Hardman met someone who worked at the Singer Building in Clear Lake City and he arranged for us to take a ride in an H-60 simulator. That was a kick! I got to make a night landing on an aircraft carrier. Rob and I played racquetball quite often at the University of Houston campus at Clear Lake. They gave the air station a really good deal on a membership. We had two air station racquetball tournaments while I was there and I even came in second in one of them. I was proud that I was able to beat almost all of the 'kids' that entered. LT Jake

Korn (later RADM) was our resident athlete and he won both tournaments. He was a terrific player! I saw him in January 2013 at CG Headquarters at a celebration of the 126th birthday of the Coast Guard's first aviator, Elmer Stone, and Jake looked as trim and fit as when I met him 26 years back.

We had an air station softball team entered in a local league for two seasons while I was there. I played the outfield and first base. We weren't very good, but it was a lot of fun. Rob Hardman was on our team. I enjoyed the exercise and considered it a great outing if I came home with my uniform dirty. Once in a while my friend CAPT Bill Monson, CO of the Port Safety Station, and I would sneak out early on a quiet afternoon and play a round of golf.

My two-year tour as CO really flew by and an Aviation Command Screening panel to select my relief was held at Headquarters in early 1988. There were four candidates for command selection that were senior to my XO, Rick Murphy, and junior to me, but none of them were selected for command! Big dilemma! So, Headquarters had three choices: transfer Rick Murphy after only one year at Houston, assign a new CO that was junior to Rick, or leave me in Houston for a third year. The decision was made to extend me in Houston for another year. I was glad because I wasn't ready to move. What was really ironic was that our tenants in Maryland, Don and Beverly Leach, got extended for a year at Walter Reed! So, we didn't have to find a new tenant for a year. Also, we were able to extend the lease on our house in Houston, but our rent went up \$25/month. Darn! Another stroke of good fortune.

Marilyn and I got to attend the commissioning ceremony of the cruiser USS San Jacinto at the Houston shipyard. Vice-President George H. W. Bush was the guest of honor. That was really cool!



I was selected for promotion to Captain in August 1987 and was promoted on 1 July 1988. Only 4% of CG Captains started out as Seaman Recruits. Some more very good fortune. I'm sure that being a CO and having an MBA and a 'rotational tour' under my belt were a big help in my selection. Mom and dad drove over from Florida for the ceremony and our friend, Fran Chang, was visiting from Massachusetts. Dad and Marilyn pinned on my shoulder boards. Then Rick Murphy, my XO, held a 'Kangaroo Court.' I was charged with impersonating a Commander and I was sentenced to be doused with a fire hose by every member of the crew. I was put in handcuffs and marched out to the

hangar deck where Rick put a chicken on each of my shoulders to symbolize my new 'bird' rank and I was then placed in a metal contraption and summarily 'wet down' by each of the crew. They loved it, and so did I. We had a gala 'wetting down' dinner that night at 'Frenchies' restaurant on the shore of Clear Lake. That day was a lot more exciting than my usual dull days!



Jeff (L), Marilyn, Lori, Me, Katie, Mom, Debbie, Fran Chang, Dad, Rick Murphv



Steve and his 'birds': LT Carl Alam (L), Me

Once in a while we would visit the famous Gilley's, a huge country watering hole in Houston, where you could get good beer, hear great country western music and, if so inclined, ride a mechanical bull. It was great fun. It later burnt down. Another place we visited twice was Eddie's Country Ballroom in Manvel, Texas. Pe Te's Cajun Barbeque restaurant was a great place to have lunch. It was by the main entrance to Ellington Field and crews from other Coast Guard air stations would often fly in just to get gas and dine at Pe Te's. The walls were lined with license plates and other cool memorabilia. You had to see it to believe it. It closed down about eight years ago. Too bad.

Mom had been experiencing some back pain and wasn't getting any better, so she switched doctors and her new doctor had her take a blood test. When he got the results, he immediately sent her to the hospital. She

had lung cancer that had metastasized to other places. Her old doctor visited her in the hospital one day and, when mom saw him, she said to him, 'I told you I was sick!' She didn't see him again. Marilyn and I visited her in Florida on Veteran's Day weekend and tried unsuccessfully to donate blood at the local hospital in her name. I wound up donating blood six times during my life. Two weeks later, dad called at 0730 on 24 November 1988 (Thanksgiving Day) to tell us that she had passed away (at age 67). Ironically, I had bought four new tires for our station wagon the night before! We packed up and headed to Florida. We had Thanksgiving dinner at the Holiday Inn in Lafayette, Louisiana and made it to Crestview, Florida that night. We stopped in Tallahassee the next day to buy a blazer for Jeff and we made it to the funeral home in Lighthouse Point just before they started saying the rosary. The funeral was on Saturday. On Sunday, dad and my brothers and I started driving to Arlington, Virginia where mom would be buried at Arlington National Cemetery. Marilyn drove back to Houston with the kids. I flew home from D.C. after the burial.

One time I went by myself to see the stock car races at a speedway in the Houston vicinity and that's where I saw one of the strangest sports events in my life. On the last lap of one of the races, the pack of cars was entering the final turn and a car spun out the lead car. The lead car turned around backwards and was sitting on the track when another car came along and hit the lead car and pushed it backwards across the finish line! How about that for a strange way to win a race? That reminds me of another incredible sporting event I witnessed. I went to a game at Yankee Stadium in 1978 when the Yankees were playing the Texas Rangers. Bert Blyleven was pitching for the Rangers. That's when I saw two back-to-back inside-the-park home runs. One of the Rangers hit a ball to center field and Mickey Rivers misplayed it; then the next batter hit a ball to right field and Lou Piniella ran into the wall trying to catch it. Both batters made it to home before the balls got back into the infield. My kids think it's amazing that I can be watching a sporting event on TV and make a comment about something that just happened, or should happen next, and then the announcer says exactly the same thing! They always tell me that I missed my calling in life.

We started transitioning to the HH-65A 'Dolphin' helicopter in February 1989. We had a one-week ground school at Houston and then we started sending our pilots to Mobile for three weeks to go through the qualification syllabus. Since I was a 'non-producer, I didn't go to the training in Mobile. I did go along on several test flights with one of our pilots just to get familiar with the aircraft, and I even started qualifying as a co-pilot. My goal was to be a qualified co-pilot before I left Houston but, because of other higher mission priorities, I never finished the syllabus. I wound up with 23 hours in the HH-65. Rick Murphy had a special shirt made for me as a going away present that said I was an 'Honorary Co-pilot.' The transition from the HH-52 to the HH-65 went well. We had another big ceremony in the hangar on 29 March to mark the occasion.

In April 1989, Susan Lucci, one of the stars of the daytime Soap Opera 'All My Children,' visited Houston from New York. We went downtown to see her. She made her appearance and then took some questions from the audience. Someone asked her how old she was. She said that's one of the few questions that she won't answer. Then she signed autographs. We got in line for her autograph and, when we met her, I said, 'I know how old you are!' She asked me how I knew that. I said, 'I know one of your high school classmates, and her mother was your Girl Scout leader.' She was flabbergasted. Then I told her that her classmate, Patricia Mullin, was a good friend of ours. She gave me an autograph anyway.

LT Bob Randolph (L), CDR Rod Leland, Me



Since I was one of the last qualified HH-52 pilots at Houston, I had to 'make a sacrifice' and ferry two of them to their retirement sites. I already mentioned ferrying the 1416 to Miami in March at the end of Chapter 10. I also flew the 1426 to AirSta Los Angeles in April with LT Bob Randolph. We had to make eight gas stops along the way. We brought some extra bottles of water along with us because some of the territory west of Texas was, although breathtakingly beautiful, really desolate. We might be there a while waiting for help if we were forced down for some reason. The weather was great and navigating was pretty easy; all we had to do was

keep I-10 in sight. We spent one night at Davis-Monthan Air Force Base (the aircraft 'boneyard') in Tucson. I had entered on my flight plan that we had a 'Code 7' aboard (that was me) so we got VIP treatment at Davis-Monthan. We got to park overnight on the ramp right in front of base operations. They gave us a Government vehicle to use and we had nice quarters to stay in. We visited the Pima Aviation Museum and drove around looking at all of the stored aircraft sitting out in the desert. It was pretty sad to see some HU-16s (some of which I had flown) piled up on top of each other. We stopped at AirSta San Diego for gas and I saw some old friends. They told us the secret way to fly up the coast and sneak into the air station at LA International airport without getting anyone excited. I turned the 1426 over to the CO, CDR Rod Leland, on 4 April to be transported to an aviation school in Van Nuys to become a training aid. My uncle, Jim McKenna, met me at the airport and I spent the night at his house. That was a great way to end my HH-52 flying career.

Around this time, I got a call from my assignment officer, CAPT (later RADM) Jerry Woolever. He said, 'I see you have D.C. listed here on your dream sheet.' I said that I did because I had kept my house in Maryland when I moved to Houston. He said, 'Not very many people are stupid enough to ask to come back to D.C., so we'll let you!' That's how I got my orders to attend Defense Systems Management College (DSMC) at Fort Belvoir, Virginia and work in the Office of Acquisition (G-A) at CG Headquarters. I'm sure it was also because I had an MBA.

Just before we moved, we bought our daughter, Debbie, a 1988 Toyota Corolla for \$4K so she could use it while she finished her last year at Clear Lake High School. She didn't want to start at a new high school for her senior year. I could certainly understand why because of my high school experience. Luckily, some friends of ours from our church, including Carey (Naylor) Sullivan for the last six weeks, agreed to provide her room and board for the school year. Carey and family still live in Clear Lake City and are still our good friends.

My last flight at Houston was on 6 July 1989, my 24th anniversary in the Coast Guard, in HH-65A 6584 with LT Rob Wright. It was pretty short (0.4 hours) because, shortly after takeoff, we had a bird strike on the deflector plate at the front of the engines. We made a precautionary landing at a little airport. Our crewman checked the exterior of the aircraft and saw lots of blood but no damage. All of the engine instruments read okay so we flew 6584 back to the air station. What a way to top off my tour!



My Change of Command ceremony was the next day. I was relieved by my friend from Brooklyn Air, CDR Ted White. The District Commander, RADM Bill Merlin, presided. I was awarded a Coast Guard Commendation Medal. I always told people that I learned how to be a CO by watching other COs and I also learned how not to be a CO by watching other COs.

All things considered, our three years in Houston were outstanding! Two of my favorite bumper stickers are: 'I wasn't born in Texas, but I got here as soon as I could!' and 'I'm from Texas; what country are you from?'

Coast Guard Headquarters, 1989-1996

After moving back into our old house in Rockville, I reported to the Defense Systems Management College in late July 1989 for the 20-week Program Manager's Course. Fortunately, I found a carpool of fellow students who lived near me to share the over one hour commute each way to Ft. Belvoir, Virginia. Because of my seniority, I became the leader of my section of students. We were issued a very large number of huge binders filled with info for each of our courses. We learned a lot about Contracting, Test and Evaluation, Manufacturing Management, Logistics, Military Specifications and Standards, Human Behavior, Management of International Programs, Software Development, Configuration Management, etc. I would frequently be sitting in class wondering to myself, 'What the heck am I doing here? I hope I can put this stuff to use some day!' Amazingly, I did, even after I retired. More on that later.

Each of the sections in our class made a field trip to a defense contractor as part of the course. My section was scheduled for a trip to General Dynamics at Carswell Air Force Base in Ft. Worth, Texas. However, I had been told by the CG Office of Acquisition that I would probably be taking over the Coast Guard HH-60 helicopter acquisition project. So, after some negotiating with the DSMC faculty, I was able to switch my trip to go to the Sikorsky Aircraft factory in Stratford, Connecticut. The trip to Sikorsky was great and I learned all about their helicopter assembly line. Unfortunately, I didn't get assigned to the project at CGHQ that I expected. More on that later.

Another project for our section was presenting a proposal for a weapons acquisition program to a simulated Defense Acquisition Board (DAB) for approval, just as it is done for real at the Pentagon (the 'five-sided Funny Farm'). The head of the simulated DAB was actually a person on the Acquisition staff at the Pentagon. Since I was the section leader, it fell to me to be the chairman of that project and make the presentation to the DAB. It was a lot of work and a great experience, and, with help from my section mates, we did a good job.

In mid-1989, dad decided to move North to a place that had a Coast Guard base nearby and was closer to my brother, Jim, and me. He chose Elizabeth City, NC. He bought a nice house at 1813 Darien Drive for \$102K. He later added an above-ground pool and an elevated deck in the back yard. He already knew people there and he loved its slow pace of life. He said it was 'like a step back in time,' and it was great that they only had a 'rush minute' twice a day. He bought himself a red Dodge pick-up truck that had a nice high seat that he could just slide in and out of.

We had a nice dinner dance at the Ft. Belvoir Officers' Club the Saturday before graduation. I graduated in early December. It was snowing that day and I was considering skipping the ceremony, but my brother, Jim, and his family were visiting and we decided to go. We made it there okay and I'm glad we went. However, it took us three hours to get home instead of the usual one hour. Fortunately, my niece Kelly, age one, slept all the way home in the car.

I transferred back to my old Knights of Columbus Council #6793 in Olney and got involved in some projects. I relieved Frank Witt as treasurer in 1991 after he had done the job for seven years. I stayed on as treasurer for 15 consecutive years. More on that later.

I re-joined my old carpool and now it had some new members, CDR Bill Paradise and CDR Mark Wolfson. I reported to CG Headquarters about two weeks after graduation and found out that I was going to relieve CAPT Jack Denninger in a few months as manager of the EC-130V Project that was being performed by, you guessed it, General Dynamics at Carswell Air Force Base in Fort Worth. That didn't prove to be a detriment. The EC-130V

Project was the addition of an E-2C APS-125 rotodome and electronics stations, obtained from the Navy at no cost, to a Coast Guard HC-130. It was the first time it was ever attempted. It's purpose was to detect potential drug smuggling vessels heading north through the Caribbean 'choke points' between the various islands and then vector CG ships and helicopters to intercept them. The Coast Guard Commandant, Admiral Paul Yost, got \$42M directly from Congress to fund the project. (We liked to say back then that we were in the 'Yost Guard.')

There were many people who were adamant that the project would never succeed. Since it was such an innovative electronics project, the Air Force Special Operations Command acted as the middle-man for the project. CDR Bill Danner was my assistant and technical expert. CDR Forrest Hetland and CWO Ken Derrick were also on my staff. Bill, Forrest, and Ken handled the technical issues and I took care of the politics and dealing with CG senior officers. The Chief of Aviation Forces (G-OAV) and Chief of Aeronautical Engineering (G-EAE) provided solicited and unsolicited advice and assistance.



I took a trip to Florida in February 1990 to visit the E-2C operation at Air Station St. Augustine commanded by my old friend CAPT Tom Johnson and observe the fixed-wing intercept teamwork between the E-2C and the HU-25s operating out of Air Station Miami. I got a ride in E-2C 158641 on 8 February and I got 25 minutes of 'stick'

time in HU-25C 2139. The Coast Guard had started its E-2C program in about 1988 at Naval Air Station Norfolk and then moved to St. Augustine. The EC-130Vs were planned to take over for the E-2Cs. The need was identified for seven EC-130s but only one was built. Air Station St. Augustine closed in 1992.

I went to an electronics convention in Washington, D.C. around this time and met aviation pioneer Frank Piasecki, owner of his own helicopter company. The Coast Guard had several of his helicopters in its inventory in the 1950s. One was the H-21 'Flying Banana.' Frank was a very friendly guy and I asked him to speak at one of our luncheons of the local chapter of the Ancient Order of the Pterodactyl. I was then the president. He agreed and, a few months later, he took the train down from Philadelphia and I picked him up at Union Station. He gave us a wonderful presentation on the highlights of his life and the history of his company. I forgot to get his autograph.

In early 1990, my friend CDR Hugh O'Doherty was editor of 'Flight Lines,' the Coast Guard aviation safety magazine. He conducted a survey of HH-52 trivia to commemorate the retirement of the HH-52. I submitted what I thought might be some significant HH-52 flight records. He made up and published some questions based on my inputs: 'What pilot has the most H-52 hours?' (4485.7) (This was later proven to be the second-most hours), 'What pilot has the most H-52 simulator hours?' (144.6), 'What pilot has the most H-52 shipboard landings?' (460), 'What pilot has flown the most number of the 99 H-52s?' (60), 'What pilot flew the farthest north in an H-52?' (82 degrees, 15 minutes North). His last question was: 'Who was the only one to submit H-52 trivia?' That was me.

Marilyn and I went to Debbie's high school graduation in Houston in June 1990. We also saw many old friends. I drove her car back to Maryland and she went to college at Marymount University in Arlington, Virginia.

Two of the children of our friends Ed and Pat Mullin, Teresa and Susan, were born with Cystic Fibrosis, a debilitating lung condition. Their son, Ted, was spared that illness. When Teresa, Ted, and Susan were teenagers, they adopted two other children, Elizabeth, and then Timothy. Teresa graduated from Harvard University and moved to London, England to enroll on a lung transplant candidates list. Teresa even wrote a book, 'The Stones Applaud,' about her life with CF. She lost her courageous battle against CF in London on 9 May 1991 at the age of 22. Susan married Sean Boyle, a friend of Ted's from the Naval Academy. They had been married for almost two years when Susan passed away at age 23 at home in Allentown, PA on 16 March 1999. Two beautiful lives cut short. Pat and Ed, in honor of Teresa and Susan, helped to found Camelot House, a center for seriously ill children in the Lehigh Valley area. They also helped to start an annual Rock and Roll concert around 1992 to raise funds for Camelot House. The concerts were held every December until 2011 and they were a huge success. Marilyn and I attended many of them and heard many of the stars of the Rock and Roll era (Peter Noone (Marilyn's 'heartthrob'), Bobby Rydell, Fabian, Lou Christie, The Diamonds, The Drifters, The Coasters, The Skyliners, The Grass Roots, The Turtles, etc.) sing their greatest hits. I even got a few autographs.

6 July 1991 was another big day in my life. It was my 26th anniversary in the Coast Guard, and that was the third of the three goals I established when I joined. The others were getting my wings and making Captain. The last big pay raise comes at 26 years. Some more good fortune.

I made many trips to Ft. Worth to monitor the progress of the project. VADM Howie Thorsen, the Atlantic Area Commander, visited Ft. Worth one time for a briefing on the EC-130 project. He also got a guided tour of the F-16 assembly line. I was able to ride along on the back of the golf cart with him. That was cool. Once I had a terrific steak dinner at The Cattleman Restaurant. Dad had been there many years before on temporary duty

and had told me about it. I also went to 'Billy Bob's' a few times. That was a country bar just like Gilley's in Houston.

The project was completed on 1 August 1991, one day late and under budget. It met or exceeded all operational requirements. We took RADM Kent Williams, Chief of the Office of Acquisition, for a familiarization flight out of Andrews Air Force Base on 17 September 1991 flown by LCDR Bill Nielsen and LTJG Elliott Wicker, the two pilots who were involved in the entire project. He was as impressed as a non-aviator can be.

One of the challenges we confronted during the project was that the leading edge of the C-130 vertical stabilizer (tail) was not equipped with de-icing capability. There was some concern that chunks of ice that had accumulated on the rotodome would be flung off into the tail and damage it. We had to prove that adding a de-icing capability to the tail for about \$300K wasn't necessary. We located an Army unit that had a rig attached to the rear of an H-47 helicopter that dispensed colored water that would freeze in cold air temperatures as it came in contact with anything in its path. However, the Army had never worked with a C-130 flying behind the H-47. After much discussion, it was decided that the experiment was feasible. We located an Air National Guard unit at an airport in Duluth, Minnesota to conduct three weeks of icing testing in February 1992. The conditions were perfect for what we needed to do; the average daily temperature during our stay was -11 degrees F.! We flew numerous flights at 105 knots behind the H-47. That was the H-47's maximum speed and the C-130's minimum speed. That was where I got my only C-130 'stick time.' I went along on an observation flight and got to sit in the left seat of CGNR 1721 and fly around for ten minutes on 11 February. I also got to fly in the other aircraft involved with the test: CH-47 84-24159, HU-25C 2112, and JU-21A 66-18008. I was amazed that everything went well. It was exciting! The only problem we encountered was a broken starter on one of the C-130 engines that had to be changed outside in the frigid conditions because the hangar was too small to accommodate the C-130. The maintenance guys had to work in 15 minute shifts. The testing cost about \$75K and it proved that adding anti-icing capability to the tail of the C-130 was not necessary.

As she had done at other places where we were stationed, Marilyn became very active in the CG Headquarters Officers' Wives' (now Spouses') Club. She enjoyed the company of the other wives and she even served as President of the club for two years in a row. More on that later.

ADM Yost retired in the middle of the project and ADM Bill Kime became the Commandant. ADM Kime wasn't as enamored with the EC-130V as ADM Yost because he thought it was a 'single mission airplane' and it was too expensive to maintain. He directed that a one-year Operational Evaluation be conducted from 1 April 1992-31 March 1993 out of Air Station Clearwater, Florida. After an overwhelmingly successful demonstration of the operational capabilities of the EC-130V over a sustained period, ADM Kime gave it away to the Air Force to use as they saw fit. We finally retrieved our airframe from the Air Force, stripped out all of the electronic modifications, and it began flying again as a Coast Guard asset in 2013. The project was completed and I was transferred to the Office of Readiness and Reserve (G-R) in CG Headquarters in April 1992. I was later awarded a Meritorious Service Medal for my performance as the project manager.

I became the Chief of the Readiness Analysis and Exercise Division in the Office of Readiness and Reserve (G-R) in April 1992. I was in charge of coordinating all of the Coast Guard's readiness assessment parameters and its planning and participation in readiness exercises in-house and with other services. I got to know several people from the other services and participated in many readiness briefings in the 'tank' at the Pentagon to the Admiral in charge of DoD readiness. I had a recurring, fixed budget that I didn't have to fight for every year. Thankfully, my colleague, Ms. Brenda Beasley, made sure my budget was funded every year. I worked closely with the people in the Budget Division and the Defense Operations Division. That's where I met CDR Thad Allen and CDR

Bob Papp, both of whom went on to be Admirals and the Commandant of the Coast Guard. That was the first Commandant that I was ever previously senior to.

Our son Jeff graduated from Magruder high school in 1992 at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. He went on to college at Towson State University in Baltimore, MD. We joined a Bible Study group of members of our parish in the fall of 1992. Most of the original members still participate and they've become our very good friends. We've been meeting for the last 21 years.

We had a Readiness Planning Course at the CG Training Center in Yorktown, VA. Once a quarter, I would be the graduation speaker and hand out diplomas to the students. I always used to say at the beginning of my speeches that, 'when I was younger, I didn't like to give speeches. Then I took a few speech courses, and I still don't like to give speeches!' Most of the graduates went on to work at District Planning offices.

Marilyn's dad, John McIntosh, passed away on 5 June 1993 at age 72 from complications related to diabetes. Marilyn was already up in New York with him and, as soon as she called me, I loaded the kids in the car and we drove up. They kept him on life support until we got there. We miss him. Marilyn's mom, Lorraine, is doing pretty well considering that she's now 90. She has macular degeneration in both eyes and recently had abdominal surgery, but she still lives alone in her senior citizens complex apartment in East Meadow, NY. Fortunately, Marilyn's brother, John, and his family live nearby and diligently support her.

The Captain Continuation Panel was held in September 1993 and, thankfully, I was continued on active duty. Only about half of the people in each continuation zone make it. That meant I would be able to complete my 30 years as an officer instead of having to retire on 30 June 1994, just short of 29 years of service. I was thrilled to make it to 'Captain, Upper Half.' I'm sure that having my friend VADM Bob Nelson and my Office Chief, RADM Greg Pennington on the evaluation board, along with Marilyn having served as President of the Headquarters Officers' Wives Club for two years, helped my chances for continuation immeasurably. I truly believe that your spouse can play a big part in the progression of your military career, or not. I never had any expectations of making 'Flag' since I hadn't attended the Coast Guard Academy and I hadn't had some of the 'stepping-stone' assignments that can punch your ticket for that.

Around this time, Rob Hardman completed his assignment as CO of Air Station New Orleans and was transferred to CG Headquarters to be the Division Chief of the CG Diversity Program. It was our fourth tour together.

I got to take several trips over the next four years to 'show the flag' from Headquarters and observe the progress of various exercises. I went to CG Port Security Unit exercises at Camp Perry in Port Clinton, Ohio and Little Creek Amphibious Base in Norfolk, VA. There were DoD exercises at Dam Neck, VA and Hurlburt Field in Panama City, FL. I even got to an exercise in Gray's Harbor, Washington. Once a year, I got to spend a week at the Naval War College in Newport, RI representing the Coast Guard with my assistant, Dorsey White, at the Global War Games. My mission was to make sure the Coast Guard didn't get lost in the DoD shuffle. I even wrote a position paper for one of the games. Its title was, 'The Coast Guard is not a Stealth Organization.' Marilyn came up with some of the kids for the week a couple of times and we had a great time.

One of the big exercises (Response '95) was in New Orleans in the summer of 1995. One of the people on my staff, LTJG John Henigan, was my coordinator for the exercise with the Eighth District staff. He worked very hard on the project and gave many briefings to our office chief and several other Headquarters divisions. John and I flew down to New Orleans for the exercise. There had been a torrential rainstorm with severe flooding in New Orleans the night before and, unbeknownst to us, the exercise had been canceled! We didn't find out until after we arrived in New Orleans. So, we had a nice leisurely afternoon and evening in the French Quarter. The airline

schedule was severely disrupted by the storm so we had to fly home the next day via Chicago. Tough duty, but somebody had to do it.

My brother, Bob, married Nancy Schlemmer on 12 February 1994 in St. Petersburg. They had been 'fixed up' by some mutual friends. He had bought two tickets to a Neil Diamond concert in the hope that he would have someone to go with him. It was Nancy's first marriage at age 39+. Nancy was pretty brave; she inherited an instant family as Bob had four sons!

A couple months later, dad came to visit us with the intention of having his knee replaced at a hospital near us. He had a physical exam first and the doctor found that he had colon cancer. So, he had an operation for that and recuperated for about four months at our house. Marilyn was his caretaker and chauffer to doctor's appointments. She really enjoyed driving his truck. Luckily, we had added on to our house in 1990 and had a first floor bedroom and bathroom with wide doorways for a wheelchair and a walk-in shower with seats for him. Once he recovered from that, he was scheduled again for his knee surgery. Just before they rolled dad into the OR, the doctor reviewed his chest x-ray and saw something suspicious. Further examination revealed the presence of some kind of tumor. So, he had surgery for that. They found a 200 gram tumor in his heart! The doctor later said they usually find that during an autopsy. Dad recovered from that and, in February 1995, he moved to Chambrel, a continuous care community in Williamsburg, VA. He finally had surgery on both knees a few months later. He was so happy that he could stand up and brush his teeth without having any pain in his knees. He experienced kidney failure in early 1996 and passed away peacefully at home on 2 March at age 76. Marilyn and I were there with Jim and Sue when he died. We told him the day before that it was our wedding anniversary and we think he waited an extra day just for us. He had a full honors funeral at Arlington National Cemetery about two weeks later.

One of dad's items that I inherited was a beautiful 7-foot Sensenich Brothers, Lititz, PA wooden propeller that he got around 1945 when he was stationed at Dinner Key in Miami. It was on a Coast Guard amphibian that dipped it in the water during a take-off run and cracked it. The mechanics were about to discard it and dad said he'd take care of it for them. You can't even tell where it cracked. It's probably worth quite a bit now. It's still standing in a corner of my family room. I also have a beautiful brass 'binnacle' from a wooden WWII-era CG lifeboat in my family room. They were being removed from the lifeboats in order to prevent shrapnel damage if the boat was hit by enemy fire. Dad took one off the junk pile and turned it into a lamp. That's why the glass has a crack in it and it has some dents. I also have dad's CG sword. We use it to cut birthday cakes.

Another of my all-time great purchases was a school desk that I bought at a yard sale in New Hampshire for 75 cents when we were visiting our friends Tom and Ginny Bridge. It was painted red, green, and orange and had a piece missing from the front. I stripped it down and varnished it. I used a piece of wood that I found on the beach of Jamaica Bay to fix the front. A few years later, I bought an ink well for it at an antique store for \$4.50.

I was assigned to several collateral projects during my tenure in G-R. One was the project officer for an annual Headquarters Combined Federal Campaign charity drive. Another was President of a Discharge Review Board that reviewed peoples' appeal of the circumstances of their discharge. I also served on a Board that selected the Master Chief (E-10) of the Coast Guard.

In the spring of 1994, I was selected to conduct a comprehensive study on the use and abuse of alcohol in the Coast Guard. I was assisted by some people in the Office of Health and Safety and convinced the budget gurus to give me \$20K for travel expenses. The project took several months and many briefings. We reviewed a lot of data about CG alcohol abuse incidents to try to identify some trends and interviewed several individuals and

organizations who had experience dealing with these issues. We also visited a civilian alcohol abuse treatment center in Williamsburg, VA and learned about their process.

We held a meeting with several senior officers from the west coast at Training Center Petaluma, about 75 miles north of San Francisco. I worked a full day in the office and then flew out to San Francisco from Dulles airport. I had arranged to meet HSC Gordon Yowell, one of the people on my team at the Hertz Rent-A-Car desk at the airport. He was flying into San Francisco from somewhere else. I went to the Hertz desk after my arrival at about 1930 and Gordon wasn't there. I waited a while and he still didn't arrive. This was before cell phones. After chatting with the person behind the desk, I found out there were eight Hertz Rent-A-Car desks at the airport! I started my trek from one end of the terminal to the other and back and never saw him at any of the desks. After about 2 ½ hours, I went to the USO facility and noticed that Gordon had logged in there earlier. I went and checked out my rental car and drove to Petaluma. I arrived at about 0030. By the time I hit the rack, it was 0115. That was 0415 east coast time! Luckily, I didn't have a meeting until 1000. That was one of the longest days of my life. The best thing about that trip was that the CG Subsistence Specialist (cook) school was located at Petaluma, and the Pacific Area Commander, VADM Marty Daniell, was paying a visit that day for lunch. The SS students went to GQ and pulled out all the stops to prepare a sumptuous 'lunch' for him. I got to enjoy the same prime rib lunch. It was one of the best meals I ever had, and it only cost about two dollars! Timing is everything.

We concluded our study and I wrote up, submitted, and briefed the report and recommendations to the Chief of the Office of Personnel and several others. I never heard any follow-up about what recommendations were implemented.

Debbie graduated from Marymount University in May 1994. She had a lot of fun in her last three years of college as the manager of the women's basketball team, the Saints. She kept score, washed uniforms, and got to go on most of the trips to the away games. She even got to go to Minneapolis once and visited the Mall of the Americas. She got kidney stones for the second time (the first time was when she was ten) while on another trip to an away game and all her friends started calling her 'Pebbles.' We went to most of the home games and had a lot of fun. I used to call her friends by their uniform numbers instead of their first names. They thought that was cute.



Harriett Hudgins (L), Bob Dunn, Dorsey White, Joe Pancotti, Brenda Beasley, Marilyn, Me, Ken Bradford, Jeannette Washington, Jim Jacenich, Dennis Blackall, Mike Phillips

I had three birthday parties when I turned 50 on 19 January 1995. My staff at work had a party during lunch, my sister threw me a party on Long Island, and Marilyn threw me a surprise party at our house. The only problem about the surprise party is that Dick Long got his dates mixed up and rang my doorbell a week early for the party. Oh, well.

In March 1995, for our anniversary and my 50th birthday, Marilyn signed us up for a membership at the new indoor Olney Swim Center. They also have two hot tubs, a sauna, and an exercise room. It's only two miles from our house and it was a great opportunity to get exercise. I swam 16 lengths of the pool the first time we went, and I thought I was gonna die! I hadn't swum that far in a long time. I've been increasing my laps over the past 18 years and now I swim 82 lengths of the pool (2,050 meters, five different strokes) in 64 minutes, usually twice a week. I think I've swum at least 1,650 miles during those 18 years. I also do 70 85# leg lifts each time. It was a great investment. It also lets me eat almost anything I want to.

On 1 July 1995, I did something almost as incredibly dumb as shooting myself in the eye with a bow and arrow and sliding down the banister at school; I fell off the porch roof of my house! Marilyn was at work at her part-time job as a Physical Therapist at Holy Cross Hospital. I decided to scrub the mold off the siding around the windows on the front of the house. I climbed up the ladder to the roof and started my project. I couldn't quite reach the siding over the bathroom window, so I decided to build a little platform so I could stand level and reach the peak of the siding. I was standing on the platform and reaching up to wash the siding when my foot slipped off the platform and, all of a sudden, I was airborne and falling about 15 feet to the ground. My right foot landed in a shrub and my left foot landed in some dirt next to it. I landed on my left hip on the edge of the concrete sidewalk, put out my left arm to break my fall, and tapped the left side of my head on the sidewalk. My arm bowed up when I landed and it started to hurt. I laid there for a few seconds and decided that I was still alive. Then I tried to see if I could stand up. I did that okay. Then I closed the ladder and took a shower. My hip was many shades of purple, but it didn't hurt too much. After I took a shower, I sat in a chair in the family room for the rest of the day. I told Marilyn about my adventure when she got home from work and we decided I should go to the emergency room to get my arm and hip checked out. We spent about five hours in the ER at Bethesda Naval Hospital. I had x-rays taken of my hip and arm that showed a crack in the head of my radius bone at the elbow. The doctor said if it was any worse they would have to put a screw in the radius to help it heal. He said all I had to do was wear a sling for four days. I said, 'Good, because I'm flying to Bermuda on vacation in two days.' Our flight to Bermuda was uneventful and we had a great time at my high school reunion during our week there as I previously mentioned. When I arrived there in a sling, it looked like I had already had a motorbike accident and accumulated some 'road rash' before I even got there. When I got back to work the following Monday, there was a message on my answering machine from the hospital. It said they had taken another look at my x-rays and decided I should come right in so they could insert a screw in my radius. I called them right away and they said it was now too late to do that. So, my radius healed just fine but, because my arm was immobilized in a sling for four days, I have some slight range of motion limitations in my wrist and elbow. Maybe that's why I'm not such a good bowler anymore.

In September 1995, I had to go to San Francisco and Hawaii to pass the word to the District staffs about the impending re-organization of the CG Reserve Force. I flew to San Francisco on the Sunday of Labor Day weekend and spent the night at the U.S. Marine Memorial hotel, a very historic location. Since it was a holiday weekend, I got to park on the street around the corner. After making my presentation the next day, I flew out to Hawaii and stayed at the Hilton Hawaiian Village hotel for the \$100/night Government rate. I arrived at my hotel at around 1700 and called home to give my 'Ops Normal' report. It was 2300 back in Maryland and Marilyn was watching the ninth inning of Cal Ripken's record-breaking 2,131st consecutive game played. I watched it on TV. After the game, I went down to the pool where there was a musical group entertaining the guests. When that finished, I went out to the beach and watched a full moon rising over Diamond Head. It was

gorgeous! I flew back to Los Angeles the next night and Marilyn met me there for a little vacation. My uncle Jim McKenna picked us up and took us out to a great dinner at his yacht club. We then drove to Long Beach and spent the night. After I visited the District office during the day, we toured the S.S. Queen Mary and went to Happy Hour at the bar. Then we drove to San Diego and visited Bill and Mary Phillips, our old neighbors who lived two houses up from us in Rockville. More tough duty, but somebody still had to do it!



On 22 October 1995, Marilyn and I drove down to Bealeton, Virginia to attend the Flying Circus All American Barnstorming Airshow. That's where I paid \$30 for a 15 minute ride in a Stearman open-cockpit bi-plane, one of the last items on my flying 'Bucket List.' It was spectacular! The pilot was a lady named Marty Gauppert. I sat in the back while she did some wingovers and flew me around the area. It was my second ride in an open cockpit airplane. The first was, as previously mentioned, when I took off in a T-28 on a night solo flight in flight training.

Also in October 1995, my Pre-flight Class 39-65 held a 30th reunion in Pensacola, FL. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to attend. However, Erik Rigler, Ken Smith, Jim Lynch, John Thomas, Ed Burke, Mark Pista, Ron Rasmussen, John Sowders, Jim Tritten, Dick Powell, and Gary Smith did make it down there. They had a dinner at the Mustin Beach Officers' Club and they toasted me as the 'senior man' and the last person from our class still on active duty. I'm sorry I missed it.

Our daughter, Lori, graduated from Magruder High School in May 1996 and enrolled at Mt. St. Mary's College in Emmitsburg, MD.



(Rick Rigler (L Front), Ken Smith, Jim Lynch, John Thomas, Ed Burke (L Center), Mark Pista, Ron Rasmussen (L Top), John Sowders, Jim Tritten, Dick Powell, Garv Smith)

A couple of months before my retirement, CAPT Tom Robinson and I were moved into a joint office so that we could prepare and complete all of the activities associated with retirement. It was kind of like 'open gangway,' a concession to 'short-timers.' I remember spending about a week preparing my retirement speech. About a week before my retirement, my co-workers in the Readiness Analysis and Exercise Division and some other people in G-R took Marilyn and me out to lunch and they presented me with a beautiful 'shadow box' with a CG flag, my wings, Captains insignia, Command Ashore pin, and all of my ribbons displayed.



My retirement ceremony was held in room 2415 at CG Headquarters on 19 July 1996. The effective date was 1 August. I served 31 years and 26 days. All of my siblings and their spouses were there, along with my Aunt Audrey Martin, dad's sister, and my cousin Sister Mary McKenna. RADM Rick Larrabee, my Office Chief, presided. I had once been senior to him. He was in that OCS class that was commissioned a week after me in 1967. My retirement speech was 24 minutes long and my brother, Jim, did a video of the ceremony. I received a Meritorious Service Medal for my performance as the G-RER division chief. After the ceremony, we drove home in a

tremendous thunderstorm and had a great party at our house. My friend Rob Hardman retired in the same room a week later.

Luckily, I had the benefit of a military pension to fall back on. Since I entered the Coast Guard before 1986 and retired with over 30 years of service, I got the maximum pension allowable, 75% of my 'base' pay at retirement. That didn't include any 'allowances,' e.g., housing and subsistence. So, my pension was actually 61% of my last paycheck. I also 'sold' 60 days of leave that I had on the books (the maximum allowable) and got 38.5 days of pay and allowances out of those 60 because that's what my 'Saved Leave Balance' was. The SLB was some accounting gimmick that the Coast Guard had imposed on us about 20 years earlier. They came out with a decree that, on a certain upcoming date, whatever was your leave balance on that day would be your 'Saved Leave Balance' and, if you sold leave when you retired, that's the maximum number of days that you would get pay and allowances. For all the days sold above that, all you got was base pay. And, if your leave balance ever went below your SLB, that would be your new SLB. I never let that happen.



Aunt Audrey (L), Jim, Ginger, Marilyn, Me, 'cousin' Lynn Goldhammer and Bob

I heard many complaints from my peers during my career about how low military pay was compared to comparable positions on the 'outside.' They also groused about their Variable Housing Allowance (VHA, an amount depending on your rank and where you were stationed) being inadequate. I thought it was great because, before 1980, there wasn't any VHA! I couldn't afford a new car every other year or take many extravagant vacations, but I always had enough income to support my family without being a burden on anyone else. Receiving Aviation Career Incentive Pay (ACIP) ('flight pay') throughout most of my career was a big help. The best part was that I didn't have to contribute anything every payday to fund my retirement pension. Not many of my peers took that into consideration. Also, I had a deduction every payday for Social Security, and that came in very handy in later years. More on that later. I also never lost a nickel on any of the three houses that I sold during my life. My kids will have to deal with selling my current house.

Some of my out-of-town relatives stayed at a nearby Holiday Inn for my retirement and we joined them there for a night. The next morning, Marilyn and I had to wake up early because she had arranged for us to go on a hot air balloon ride for my retirement present. The balloon crew picked us up and we drove to an open field in Urbana, about a half hour north of the hotel. We helped set up the balloon and Marilyn and I took off with the pilot shortly before sunrise. There were three other balloons accompanying us. The rest of the 'crew' chased us in a car. We watched a beautiful sunrise and cruised along at about 400 feet. The gondola sides aren't very tall when you're leaning over them looking around without any restraining devices. We heard cows mooing and once we dipped down to the top of a tall tree so I could grab a piece of branch as we went by. I even got to 'fly' the balloon for a couple of minutes. All you do is squeeze a lever that increases the intensity of the flame inside the balloon and that makes you gain altitude. Everything else is at the whim of the wind.



We 'flew' five miles in an hour and landed gently in a farmer's field in Damascus. As we were dismantling the rig, a guy started walking over toward us. I thought for sure that we were in trouble for landing in an unauthorized location. When the guy arrived, he asked the pilot, 'Do you still give a bottle of champagne to the owner of the field where you land?' The pilot said, 'Of course!,' and handed him a bottle of champagne. After packing up, we drove to a local park where we had a champagne breakfast at a picnic table. I still have the bottle. What a spectacular experience that was! It was the last item on my flying Bucket List. My F-4 ride was the fastest I ever flew, and this was the slowest. Marilyn wouldn't tell me how much it cost. It was worth every penny.

Finding a 'Real' Job

I didn't do much for the first two months of my retirement. It was great to be able to get up whenever I wanted to and do whatever I wanted to. Most of my weekly agenda consisted of swimming, golf, racquetball, home maintenance, and 'Honey Do's.' You probably know what those are. For those of you who don't, those are whatever things your 'Honey' wants you to do. I kept up my membership in the Military Officers' Association of America (MOAA) and later joined the Association of Naval Aviation (ANA). Our daughter, Katie, started high school at Magruder and made the JV Cheerleading squad. She developed some lifelong friendship with her fellow cheerleaders. Of course, we attended the JV, and the varsity, football games.

My idyllic retirement came to a screeching halt in October 1996 when Marilyn discovered a lump in her breast which was confirmed by mammogram and ultrasound. Dr. Mark Getka, our physician at the C.G. Headquarters clinic, immediately referred her to Bethesda Naval Hospital for surgery. Ironically, my brother Jim's wife Sue was diagnosed with breast cancer that September. Marilyn and Sue became 'support sisters' for each other. Our lives immediately focused on Marilyn's treatment and recovery and my full-time job became serving as her chauffeur and caregiver for the next seven months. She had several surgeries, many blood tests, and four cycles of chemotherapy. She was enrolled in a clinical trial and received another four cycles of an additional chemo drug which, at the time, was not the standard of care for newly-diagnosed breast cancer patients. Marilyn has always said that it was a real blessing to have been randomized into the arm of the study that was given this additional drug and she owes her good outcome and long survivorship to it. I was amazed at her fortitude, persistence, optimism, and faith. Her oncologist was Dr. Guy Tillinghast. He was a great doctor and became a good friend of ours. We went to his wedding and still see him and his family occasionally. They now live in Williamsburg, VA.

Her care was outstanding. She still gets annual check-ups and she's now a 16-year survivor of breast cancer. God is good! She now volunteers at the hospital as a Eucharistic Minister once a week. She also joined a support group there and made some fabulous, enduring friendships with her fellow survivors.

In the fall of 1996, our son Jeff was working at the Woodmont Country Club in Rockville. He heard one of the members mention that he had two tickets to the Washington Redskins vs. New York Jets football game that night that he couldn't use and he couldn't find anyone to give them to. Jeff told him he knew someone who could use them, Marilyn and me. He brought them home to us and we went to see the game at RFK stadium. We missed the first quarter because of a traffic jam. We sat in the end zone under an overhang of seats and the place was literally rocking throughout the game. I forget who won. That's the first pro football game I attended, and it will be the last pro football game I attend. Besides the daunting logistics of getting there and back, the prices nowadays are obscene, as are many of the fans.

In April 1997, I saw an ad in the local weekly newspaper that the country club near us was looking for a part-time 'tennis course maintenance manager.' Marilyn had worked there a few years earlier as a weekend receptionist at the main desk. I applied and got the job. It paid minimum wage, but I got to play free golf on Monday's when a members' 'outing' wasn't scheduled. I worked about 15 hours a week. My job was to be the receptionist in the office and 'groom' the 12 outdoor clay courts after each use by pulling a piece of chain link fence behind a golf cart. In the winter, I would vacuum the four indoor courts once per shift. I usually rode my bike the mile and a half each way to the club. My friend Tony Mercogliano had given me his bike about 20 years earlier. It was a three-speed that was stuck in third (high) gear and he was about to throw it away. It was great exercise.

In the spring of 1998, a good friend of mine asked me to relieve him as coordinator of transportation at St. Patrick's church while he was occupied with employment in another state for five years. I would be in charge of finding rides to Sunday Mass for elderly or ill parishioners by other parishioners who would pick them up on their way to Mass. I said okay. His out-of-state employment turned out to be seven years, and he moved back here in 2005. I'm still waiting for him to take his old job at St. Patrick's back.

I worked at the country club for 15 months and then I decided it was about time for me to find a full-time job since I still had six more years of college for my kids and three weddings to pay for. In May 1998, Marilyn and I were at CG Headquarters signing up participants for the annual Race for the Cure to raise funds to eradicate breast cancer. Marilyn had started a CG team and gotten the spouses' club interested in participating. As we were manning a table in the cafeteria to sign up team members, my old friend CAPT Tom Sechler walked by. He told us that he was retiring that summer and was going to work for User Technology Associates (UTA), a Government contractor. He said that Pete Cox, my old XO in Houston was working for UTA on a weather satellite project in Silver Spring, MD and they were looking for someone to help out with their Configuration Management (CM) tasking. Tom encouraged me to investigate that, and I did. Pete was the UTA site manager on the project. The only UTA people working there then were Pete and Chuck Anthony, the guy in charge of Configuration Management. Pete knew my CG acquisition background and training because I had worked with him in the Office of Acquisition in the early '90s. He was the Quality Assurance Officer. I contacted Pete and he talked to the project's Systems Engineer and Director about potentially bringing me on. They said okay and Pete took me out to lunch for an interview. It was really just a formality. He just wanted to see if I thought enough to wear a suit to lunch, which I did. Pete arranged for me to speak with Skip Eastman, the Systems Engineer, and Dr. Jim Pranke. They approved my position there and, as soon as I sent in my application to UTA, I was hired on 13 July. That validated the most important aspect of job hunting: networking.

I had finally found my 'real' job, and I had to start working for a living. Eventually, there were 18 retired 'Coasties' employed at UTA. So, now I was one of those 'scum-sucking Government contractors.' We were also known as "Beltway Bandits," 'Highway Helpers,' and 'Parkway Patriots.' We had an excellent 401K program and I took advantage of that. They also had a health insurance program, but I didn't participate in that because of my Government health benefits. The owner, Yong K. Kim (Y2K, it said that on his car license plate), was really good to his employees. We had an elaborate company anniversary/holiday party every December and a company picnic every summer. His motto was 'Health and Family First.' However, he expected you to work hard for him, and we did. He sold the company in April 2004 for \$50M to Digitalnet, Inc. and moved to California. On 1 November 2004, Digitalnet was bought out by BAE Systems, Inc. My job and my salary remained the same. The best part about working for BAE was that they had their annual employee Holiday Party at the new Udvar-Hazy National Air and Space Museum at Dulles Airport. What a fabulous venue that was!

So, my training in Configuration Management at DSMC did come in handy and now, ironically, my boss was the guy who used to work for me in Houston. He was a great boss! My computer skills were very primitive and Pete was very patient with me as I got a lot of OJT and did a lot of self experimentation to become computer literate. My pay wasn't all that good, but I really didn't care. It was a lot more that I was making at the country club, and it was a full-time job. The pay got much better later on.

The project I was working on was NPOESS (National Polar-orbiting Operational Environmental Satellite System). It was a joint NASA, NOAA, and Air Force project that started in 1994 as one of Vice-president Al Gore's 'Re-inventing Government' initiatives. The Air Force had their own weather satellites and NOAA wanted to get in on that action. The Air Force and NOAA provided funding and NASA provided expertise. The objective was to integrate about six new and/or improved weather sensors onto one launch vehicle and to get those sensors into orbit before the existing satellites ceased functioning. It was a great concept and everyone in the Integrated



Program Office (IPO) was very focused on its success and worked extremely well together. We worked hard and played hard. We had a lot of fun celebrating holidays (Christmas, Halloween, St. Patrick's Day, etc.) and promotions/retirements of the Air Force officers. We also had a monthly cake to celebrate the birthdays of IPO members during that month. Unfortunately, there was a lot of politics involved. More on that later. The office was only 12 miles from my house and it took me 30 minutes each way. Not a bad commute in this area.

My first assignment was to update the office's acronym database. No Government project can function without the rampant use of acronyms. The list I inherited had about 700 acronyms listed. After some research, I bumped that up to over 1,800! Some acronyms had three or four different meanings. Amazing! You knew you were a veteran of the office if someone mentioned an acronym and you didn't have to go look it up. Our CM function was to electronically update requirements documents and then print out a hard copy. We also processed, tracked, disseminated, and maintained a historic database of Engineering Change Requests (ECRs) that were proposed by the contractor and/or the sensor experts on our staff. The intricacy of the work at most places of employment isn't that difficult and a common comment would be, 'Well, it isn't rocket science.' However, in this case, it was rocket science; and some of the rocket scientists I worked with were really eccentric. It was quite an experience.

We had a Preliminary Review Board/Configuration Control Board (PRB/CCB) meeting usually once a week. Pete knew that I was an avid proofreader and note taker, so he asked me to take minutes of each meeting. My reputation for that grew and I became the 'scribe' at almost every office meeting or contractor briefing that required one. It really helped to justify my existence there. I took notes at a contractor briefing for award of a sensor development contract. That contractor was the 'non-selected bidder' (that means they lost). They protested the award of the contract and, based on my notes of their presentation, their protest was denied. I felt pretty good when I was advised of that by one of the senior people in the office. We migrated to an electronic ECR tracking system that NASA had been using and I populated the new system with all of the previously approved ECRs from our existing database. It took a long time and it was tedious, but that also helped to justify my existence. Around 2003, I started recording significant and humorous (mostly humorous) quotes that I heard at meetings. Some of them were really hilarious, especially when taken out of context. I identified the authors in my hand-written notes. I kept a file but didn't identify the authors. I usually gave a copy to someone as a going away present when he or she was moving on to another job. I think everyone enjoyed reading those quotes every once in a while and trying to remember who said what.

Marilyn met Fr. Miles Barrett, the Catholic Chaplain at Bethesda Naval Hospital, in the late '90s and he became a very good friend of ours. He's one of the most musically talented people I've ever met and he thoroughly enjoys life. He's also an accomplished private pilot who owns his own airplane. Besides being stationed at Bethesda, he's been stationed with the Marines at New River, NC, served as Catholic Chaplain on the USS Bonhomme Richard helo carrier, and was the Catholic Chaplain at the Naval Academy since we met him. His last assignment was as the Catholic Chaplain at the Coast Guard Training Center at Cape May, NJ. He thought he had died and gone to heaven, and the recruits loved him. Since he was serving with the CG and was a pilot, I got him an honorary membership in the CG Aviation Association. He even flew his airplane down to Jacksonville in 2010 for

one of our 'Roosts.' He served in Cape May for three years and we attended his retirement ceremony there in September 2012. We visited him at Cape May each year on Memorial Day weekend and usually spent one night at his house before we spent our annual weekend at the Marianist Retreat Center (Mary's House) on Cape May Point. I've been going to the Retreat Center off and on since 1967. We took our kids along many times when they were young. We have a great time relaxing and visiting with old friends every year. In 2010 and 2011, Marilyn and I attended the Boot Camp graduation ceremony while we were visiting Fr. Miles. Wow, was that nostalgic for me! In 2011, Fr. Miles even gave us a ride around the area in his airplane. Another fabulous dull day!

Besides moving up to the varsity cheerleader squad in 1997, our daughter, Katie started participating in the drama club at Magruder. She was in both plays her last three years there and got increasingly significant roles. Of course, we went to each of her performances, so we got to see each play she was in at least six times. She also got involved in Student Government and did very well academically. She had a fabulous high school experience and graduated in 2000. That ended eleven years in a row that one of our kids was a student at Magruder. She then moved on to New York University in Manhattan to major in Music Education.

In the summer of 1999, Marilyn and I attended a Mass honoring the life of Fr. William Joseph Chaminade, the founder of our Sodality, in Sykesville, MD. We met several people there who had formed a local 'Metro Marianists' group and they invited us to join them. We did, and we've been meeting every other month or so since then at each other's houses to share lunch and fellowship and discuss contemporary religious issues. Jerry Miron, one of the members of our group, is the former priest whose ordination I attended in 1959 in Clearwater, FL. They're really nice people and it's great to know some local Marianists. I've even recruited a few new members into the group.

My 1986 Cadillac finally wore out in 1999. I had it for 13 years and it had 152,000 miles on it. It still looked beautiful on the outside but it had lots of engine and suspension problems. I put an ad in the paper asking for \$1,795 and one guy came to look at it. He loved the outside and he took it for a test drive. He said he'd think about it and call me back. He never did. It was still in running condition, so I gave it away to the Salvation Army. I looked on line and found a 1998 Cadillac Sedan deVille for sale for \$27K in York, PA. Marilyn and I went up to look at it and it was really nice. It was 17 months old, had 15,000 miles on it, and we bought it on 30 December for \$26.5K (\$15K under sticker price)! I'm still driving it and it has 163,000 miles on it.

In the summer of 2000, we took a family vacation to Hawaii to celebrate Katie's graduation from high school and Lori's graduation from college. It was the last big family vacation that, so far, I financed. Marilyn's brother, John, and his family came with us. We spent three nights at the Hyatt Regency in downtown Waikiki and four nights in Maui at Kanapali Beach. We rented a car in Maui and drove up to Haleakala, the desolate place where the astronauts trained for their moon walks, and watched the sunrise at 10,100 feet. Marilyn and I attended a timeshare presentation and got \$100 off our tickets for a luau. They wanted us to sign up for a week annually in a one-bedroom condominium for \$28K. That wasn't a bad price, but there was no way we could afford it. We had a fabulous time. The only mishap was that Jeff rented a moped and had an accident on a hairpin curve of a road. He had lots of scrapes and bruises, but no serious injuries, except to his pride. As we were getting on the plane to go home, one of the passengers asked him, 'How big was the shark?'

I joined the Smithsonian's Air & Space Society around 2001 and began attending their 'Flight Jacket Night' presentations every November at the Air and Space Museum. I'm usually the only 'Coastie' there. It's been really cool to see and hear many famous aviators and astronauts (Chuck Yeager, Bob Hoover, Wally Schirra, Gene Cernan, etc.) at the lectures and see all of the patches on everyone's flight jackets. Fortunately, mine still fits. I talked to the Director of the Air & Space Society at the lecture in 2012 that commemorated the Centennial

of Marine Corps aviation and suggested that she arrange for a 'Coastie' aviator to speak at the 2016 lecture to honor the Centennial of Coast Guard aviation. Hopefully, that will come to fruition.

Katie witnessed the destruction of the World Trade Center twin towers on 9/11/01 from her dormitory in Tribeca. It had a profound and lasting effect on her. For the second semester of her sophomore year at NYU, Katie did a 'study abroad' semester in Florence, Italy. We took advantage of that and visited her in late February 2002. She was living on the third floor (no elevator) of a student housing apartment in downtown Florence with about four other girls. She would catch a bus to go to class at a villa just outside of town that had been donated to NYU and served as the Florence campus. We stayed in a nice little hotel called Albergo Firenze. We visited the Accademia museum to see Michaelangelo's 'David' and the Uffizi art museum and we walked across the Ponte Vecchio bridge. We saw the Duomo (the great cathedral) and the gold doors of the Baptistery. I even climbed to the top of the great dome. We also took a bus to Fiesole in the hills. We took another bus to visit Siena and a train to visit Pisa to see and climb the leaning tower. Then we took a train to Rome and stayed at a hotel (Domus Carmelitana) that was four blocks from St. Peter's Basilica in Vatican City. We attended Mass three times in St. Peter's: once in Latin, once in Italian, and once in Polish. We went to the Forum, spent five hours in the Vatican museum (including half an hour in the Sistine Chapel), and took a train for a day trip to Assisi. Marilyn and I climbed the St. Peter's duomo. What a wonderful trip that was!

For the first semester of her senior year, Katie did a 'study abroad' at Southern Cross University in Lismore, Australia with her girlfriend Tracey London. It was cheaper, including the airfare, than a semester at NYU. She and Tracey bought a very used car and rented part of a house in Byron Bay, a beautiful beach resort town with a lighthouse, about a 45 minute drive from Lismore. Byron is the easternmost point in Australia. Marilyn and I attended Katie's graduation from NYU on a sweltering day in May 2004 in Washington Square Park on campus.

Then she and Tracey went back to Byron Bay for five months on a casual work permit. Kate got two part time jobs there. She worked during the day at Coyote Cantina, a Mexican restaurant. At night she worked on the assembly line at the Byron Bay Cookie Factory. That's where she met and fell in love with Jay Platt, a native Australian. We flew to Australia for the first time in October 2004 to visit her and meet Jay. The hardest part of the trip was that it took 19 flight hours to get there, five to Los Angeles and 14 to Sydney. You take off from LA at about 2230 and land at Sydney at about 0630, two days later! The middle day goes away. You get it back on your return trip. You leave Sydney about 1430 and you arrive in LA at about 1100, the same day you left Sydney and before you took off! Very confusing. We enjoyed a couple of days in Sydney before flying up to the airport by Byron Bay where Kate picked us up. It was another fabulous trip. The time difference between Sydney and Washington, D.C. is 14, 15, or 16 hours; it depends on who's on daylight savings time when. Also very confusing.

Kate returned home for two years and worked teaching music at one Catholic school and art at another and as a piano teacher. Then she moved back to Australia in January 2007 to work on her Master's degree in Museum Studies at Macquarie University in Sydney. She got an international scholarship for her tuition. She volunteered at the Paramatta Heritage Center and did her Master's project there on 'Women Transported,' the story of female convicts sent to Australia from England as their sentence for crimes committed. Her mentor was Gay Hendriksen. The project received several awards and became a traveling exhibit in other Australian cities. Kate became Jay's 'domestic partner' and completed the process to become a 'permanent resident' of Australia. She graduated in the fall of 2008 and we went back for that. We saw some beautiful sights around Sydney and in the Blue Mountains (Red Hands Cave, Three Sisters, the Teapot Museum) and spent a weekend at Shoalhaven Crest, a beach resort in the Southern Highlands, with her. Another beautiful trip. Marilyn found a fabulous airline deal in 2009 on Qantas Airlines for \$722 round trip from JFK airport to Sydney. She took Debbie and Lori to see Kate. It was Debbie's first visit to Australia and the Goldhammer girls had a blast. Kate later got her

certification as a yoga instructor and worked at several studios in the Sydney area. She has returned to the U.S. about once a year to visit us and her friends. She and Jay parted ways in January 2013.

My position didn't require much traveling but, in 2002, I got to spend two weeks in San Jose, California and two weeks in Los Angeles while the two bidders for the major sensor integration contract made their presentations. I got to play golf with my uncle Jim McKenna once at his country club when I was in LA. It was a fun day. I've often kiddingly said that the 'non-selected bidder' should have won the contract because they served the best food at lunch every day. However, my suspicions that the contract was awarded to the wrong bidder were reinforced over the next nine years when they submitted over 1,000 ECPs during that time. We'll never know how many ECPs the losing bidder might have submitted, but over 1,000 in nine years seems like a ridiculously large amount to me. Also, for many reasons, the 6-year/\$5.2B contract slipped by over five years and over \$8B! Unfortunately, that dubious stewardship of taxpayer dollars is a common occurrence.

Around this time, Marilyn and I got involved in the annual Relay for Life in Williamsburg, VA to raise funds to fight all types of cancer. Jim's wife, Sue, started a team, 'Sue's Crew,' that we joined and raised funds for. Everyone we asked for donations was very generous. A couple of times our team raised over \$10K. We did it for about eight years and then for two more years after Sue passed away. We now support the Relay for Life in Olney, MD.

Marilyn also got involved as an 'Angel Friend' in the 'Gabriel Project.' The project helps needy unwed mothers before and after the birth of their child with counseling, moral support, and such things as clothing, furniture, food, and other necessities. I've been Marilyn's chauffeur and logistics person. We've had about five different clients over the years and they've been very appreciative of our help. We also support a mens' shelter near us and a 'soup kitchen' in D.C. with donations of food once a month.

In the summer of 2003, Marilyn and I went to a college graduation party for Molly Rechen, one of Katie's high school friends who was a year ahead of her. I heard some guys talking about playing racquetball and joined the conversation. Shortly after that, I began playing racquetball once a week with my friends Ron Herberg and Jon Lankford. We've been playing once a week consistently for almost ten years! About four years ago, we picked up a fourth player who had been practicing at the courts by himself. Herb Grossman, a retired judge, has been playing with us since then when his grandparent duties don't interfere. Herb is usually my partner because then our teams are pretty evenly matched. We really don't care who wins (after all, 'It's only a game!'); we're just out there to beat the heck out of each other and get a fabulous workout, which we do. We play on almost completely enclosed outdoor concrete courts regardless of the weather. Our record low temperature that we've played in was 18 degrees. The only time we can't play is if the floor of the court is slick from condensation. The county finally installed some new lights recently, and they're free. They used to cost about \$1.25/hour. The money we paid over nine years for lights probably funded a big part of the cost of the new ones.

The size of the NPOESS staff almost doubled while I worked there and some more people from UTA (Bill Acree, Don Tallmadge, Brad Haughey, and Michael Cowan) joined us. I had met Michael when I was in Houston. He was the CO of Coast Guard Base Galveston and we worked together and attended a lot of luncheons together. He's a great guy. Bill became the lead UTA manager on site and my boss while Pete Cox moved to another function at NPOESS.

I took a stress test at Bethesda Naval Hospital in February 2004. The doctor looked at my results and said, 'If you keep doing what you're doing, don't come back!' I said okay, and I haven't been back since.

On 26 June 2004, our daughter, Debbie, married Jeffrey Lee Belmont, a guy she met through someone at her job. They were married at St. John's Episcopal Church in Olney, MD and the reception was at the beautiful Inn at Brookville Farms just north of Olney. Jeff worked for a major exterminator company. Then, about three years ago, he started his own business, Envirotreat Pest Control Services. After a slow start, his business is now doing well. They had a son, Luke Stephen, our first and only grandchild, on 23 November 2010. More on Luke later.

On the Sunday of Labor Day weekend in 2005, I had one of the more stellar days of my life. Marilyn and I visited Busch Gardens in Williamsburg, VA with my brother, Jim, and his family. Jim had a season pass so we got VIP parking. He also got us 50% off tickets. We opened the park and we closed the park. My niece, Emily, and I rode on every roller coaster (I think there were eight). Jim went on one and that was enough for him. Sue made a picnic lunch and we ate it at the season pass picnic area. In the evening, we went to a free concert and saw the Marvelettes and the Temptations. They were fabulous! We got the most we could out of that dull day!

In June 2006, I decided that my financial situation was secure and eight years was long enough working at NPOESS. So, at age 61½, I decided to retire and I gave Bill seven weeks' notice. My retirement luncheon was at 'Mi Rancho,' the Mexican restaurant around the corner and it was a blast. Marilyn and my three daughters attended and they 'roasted' me. They even brought in some of my old nerdy clothes and showed them off. I usually brought my lunch to work and, if I was careful, I could get a month out of one lunch bag. I had just started using a new bag and Marilyn retrieved the old bag out of the trash can at home so that Lori could frame it and present it to me. It was a bag for my prescriptions from Bethesda Naval Hospital and it even had my name on it. The framed bag is still hanging on my 'love-me' wall in my basement along with many CG plaques, certificates, etc. that I collected over the years. My friends gave me a new insulated lunch box with a helicopter on it (they must have had a premonition that I would be needing one in the future) and I was also presented with a plaque, a letter from the project director, and a nice shadow box with the symbols of the three agencies. I retired on 31 July.

Life After Retirement

Marilyn and I took a trip to Massachusetts in the late summer of 2006 to attend the wedding of Elizabeth Mullin, the daughter of our dear friends Ed and Pat Mullin. After the wedding, we visited some friends and relatives in Massachusetts and Maine. We saw Fran Chang in Westford and drove over to Rockport to visit our friend Thomasina Bedingfield, from our Sodality on Long Island, and her mom. We had a fabulous three-hour lobster lunch in her mom's house. Then we drove up to Maine to see Dominic and Linda Mirone, our friends from Miami Lakes, and their daughter Kelly (our goddaughter) and her family. We took a ferry over to Peaks' Island and had dinner there. We also spent the night with my cousin, Peter Guffin, and his wife, Barbara, in Freeport. Of course, we also had to visit the L.L. Bean main store in Freeport. It was a great trip.

On 10 November 2006, our daughter, Lori, married her college sweetheart, Andrew L. Beil, in the chapel at Mt. St. Mary's College in Emmitsburg, MD. The reception was at the beautiful Gettysburg Hotel on the main square in Gettysburg, PA. The hotel had bought the bank next door and turned it into a reception hall. It was really cool to be able to go into the bank vault and store their wedding presents there temporarily. My Knights of Columbus friend, Rob D'Onofrio, was the DJ. Rob had also been a student at 'The Mount' a few years ahead of Lori. Unfortunately, Lori and Andy got divorced on 3 January 2013.

Retirement from my 'real' job was going great until my old boss, Bill Acree, called me one day in the spring of 2007. He asked me if I could please come back to my job because they hadn't been able to find anyone to replace me. I told Bill that I had just started collecting early Social Security and, although I could go back to work while collecting Social Security, they would start taking money away from me (\$1 for every \$2 of income) if I made more than \$14K per year. I agreed to take my old job back and work one day a week for about 43 days a year until I reached my income limit. Bill said that would be fine. So, since I had never officially been hired by BAE Systems, I had to apply for a job with them and take a drug test. I passed and was hired.

I usually worked on a Monday because that was when the PRB/CCB meeting was held. I could get all of the preparations done for the meeting early in the day, attend the meeting at 1400 and take notes, then type up the minutes before I went home. It worked out great and I did that for four more years. It was nice unexpected income to pay for vacations.

The NPOESS project re-organized (actually fell apart) in the summer of 2010. The Air Force became unhappy with all of the political in-fighting, finger-pointing, and Congressional oversight and decided to go back to their independent weather satellite development. We had a rousing farewell picnic/barbecue/softball game/awards ceremony at the Walter Reed Annex picnic area in August. Even though I had already received my retirement awards in July 2006, I received another letter, plaque, and shadow box just as everyone else did. NASA and NOAA decided to press on together and my office re-located to the Goddard Space Center in Greenbelt, MD. I heard that the project budget is now higher than it ever was before. They didn't invite me to join them there and my job went away on 11 January 2011. That was okay with me; I had intended to retire again later that year anyway. Amazingly, I got a nice severance payment from BAE Systems. Pretty good for a part-timer. We had a reunion of former project employees at a pub in Silver Spring in August 2012. About 65 people showed up and it was great to see everyone. Hopefully, we'll have another one in 2013.

In December 2007, Ray Copin, aviator 744, my good friend from the Coast Guard Aviation Association called me and asked me to relieve him as editor of 'The Pterogram,' the newsletter of the Ancient Order of the Pterodactyl. He said he was 75, had been doing it for 12 years, and I was highly recommended. I had always been amazed at the great job Ray had done as editor but I told him I didn't know anything about the Microsoft

Printer computer program that he used to create it. He said not to worry, he would teach me. I asked him for a few days to think about it. I called him back and said I would take it on. He and his wife, Iris, visited us from Seattle in February 2008 and he downloaded the program onto my computer and gave me some lessons. I became his 'associate editor' for the three 2008 issues of the newsletter and went 'solo' for issue 1-09 in January 2009. He's been my 'mentor' ever since and I really appreciate that. Being editor for the past four years has been a ton of work but also a ton of fun. It's been a great way to keep abreast of all that's going on in Coast Guard aviation. I've gotten lots of great comments from our members about the product I've put out. I think that's partly because they're glad I'm doing it so they don't have to. Anyway, I guess I'll be doing it for about eight more years and then I'll look for a relief. Any volunteers?

One of the requirements of being editor of the newsletter is to attend each of our Pterodactyl 'Roosts' every year and take photos and write up a 'Roost Report' for publication in the next newsletter. They're a lot of fun and a great way to see your old 'shipmates' and reprise mostly-true 'sea stories.' We have a golf tournament, tours of local places of interest, and a banquet on Saturday night to present awards for Safety Officer of the Year, Maintenance Officer of the year, and for the outstanding Fixed-wing and Rotary-wing aircrew of the year. The active duty honorees really appreciate the recognition.

Around the end of 2007, I also joined the Capital Area CG Retiree Council. I had heard about their quarterly meetings at Headquarters and got myself an invitation to attend one of their meetings. I went and, all of a sudden, I was a member. That was another way to keep up on what's happening in the CG. We revived a CG Retiree Holiday Party at the Vinson Hall military retirement facility in Fairfax, VA that had been dormant for a few years. Thanks to CAPT (Ret.) Paul Peak and his wife, Jane, who are residents, we're able to hold it there. It's now held on the first Sunday of December every year and, besides being a great way to kick off the holiday season, it's a great reunion of old friends and an opportunity to make some new ones. Tragically, we lost CAPT (Ret.) Norm Lemley, one of our beloved council members, at age 73 in December 2011 shortly after our annual party. He and his wife were on vacation in Sweden and were riding in a dogsled that collided with a car. We miss Norm.

Also around 2007, my friend Mike Ryman recruited me to be an 'Arimathean' at our church. The Arimatheans are retired guys who assist at funerals of our parishioners by serving mass, and carrying the cross and candles during the entrance and exit processions. We add a lot of dignity to the service and are really appreciated. I serve at about 10 funerals a year as an Arimathean. I think I'm still the youngest member. I hope they put on a good show for me someday.

Ron Kiss, my good friend from bible study and church, started the ROMEO's around this time. That's 'Retired Old Men Eating Out.' It was a bunch of his friends from church and the neighborhood who would go out to see a movie and have dinner somewhere about once a month. He would scan the movie listings and usually find an action-packed 'guy flick' for us to see. We've also been to the National Museum of the Marine Corps, a radio museum, and the Washington, D.C. auto show. It was, and still is, great fun!

ROMEO's at 'Globe and Laurel' Marine Corps restaurant after visiting Marine Corps museum: Me (L), Pete Whitford, Noel Benevides, Tom Cuddeback, Rod Shockley, Pete DiGioia, Ron Kiss



Marilyn and I got to visit the White House three times in 2008. The first visit was in April to watch the arrival of Pope Benedict XVI on the South Lawn for his first visit to the U.S. During the summer, we got a private tour of the White House from Steve Rochon, a CG RADM who retired and became the 'Chief Butler' of the White House. He was in charge of the daily operation of the White House and supervised the White House staff. He took us to many places in the White House, including the diplomatic reception room and the rose garden, that are usually off limits to visitors. What a treat that was! It's really cool to see a ceremony in progress at the White House and be able to say that you once stood in the exact same place. In December, we got to see the elaborate and beautiful White House Christmas decorations. Marilyn usually views the decorations annually with the Coast Guard Spouses' Club.

Jim's wife, Sue, passed away on 12 January 2009 at age 50 after her courageous 13 year battle against cancer. We miss her and will always remember her. In the fall of 2011, Jim met Tanja Howell, a lady from Williamsburg, at swing dance lessons at the local community center. She's a teacher at Kelly and Emily's old high school, although they never had her. As I like to say about people I know who are in a committed relationship, they're in 'serious like.'

In April 2009, after years of polite encouragement from some of my Knights of Columbus friends, I participated in the Exemplification of the Fourth Degree 'Patriotic' ceremony. I didn't own the required tuxedo, but I told my friend that I would go through with it if I could wear my Coast Guard 'Mess Dress' uniform. He checked on that and found out it would be okay. Luckily, I still fit in it. One of the voluntary activities of Fourth Degree Knights is becoming a member of the 'Color Corps.' Those are the people who wear tuxedos, ceremonial capes, swords, and feathered chapeaus to dignify religious and patriotic ceremonies. There are about four different colors of feathered hats signifying how long you've been in and your function in the Color Corps. My Knights of Columbus friends are still working on me to start doing that. One of them even gave me a hat that he doesn't use anymore. I just might make the commitment someday.

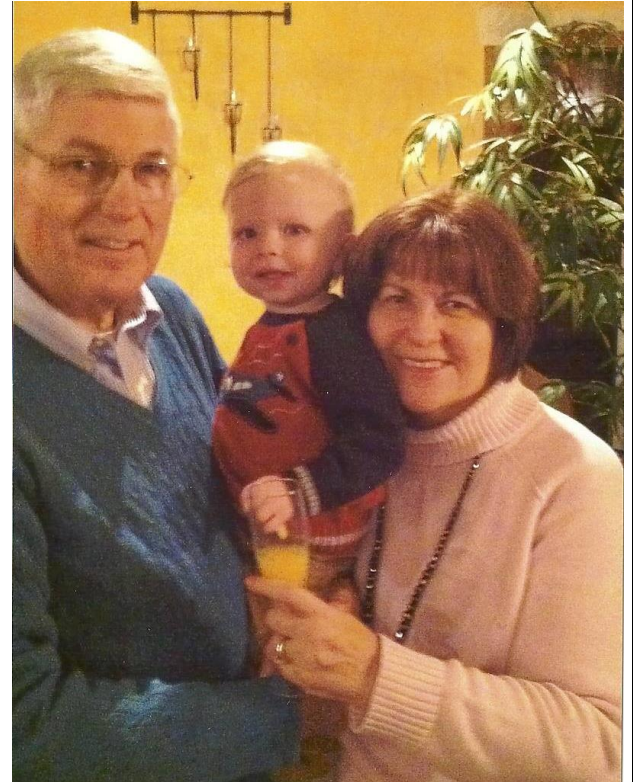
In July 2009, on our way to New York for a flight to Barcelona, Spain for our gala Mediterranean cruise on Royal Caribbean, Marilyn and I spent two relaxing nights at our good friends, Ron and June Kiss's, beautiful beach house in Seaside Heights, New Jersey that they co-own with June's sister. (The first floor of their house was flooded by Superstorm Sandy in October 2012 and they're in the process of having the house raised onto pilings and rebuilding the first floor.) We spent a morning at the beach and they took us for a ride on their power boat and to lunch at the Lavalette Yacht Club where Ron was the Commodore for that year. We also visited a local nautical antique store and I found something I had been seeking for a long time, a ship's porthole. The owner of the store had recently died and his wife was trying to keep the store going. After negotiating with her for a while, I was able to get the porthole for \$150.

In the spring of 2010, I built a bar in my basement and the porthole is mounted prominently on the front of it along with some nautical signs from CGC Eastwind. The middle of the porthole contains a picture that was the poster for the 200th anniversary of the Coast Guard in 1990. The two barstools are from Air Station Brooklyn that I bought at a sealed-bid auction for \$7.51 around 1978. That was when the wardroom there was remodeled almost single-handedly by LT Doug Phillips. He did a good job. Hanging nearby the bar is a poster commemorating the 150th anniversary of the Coast Guard in 1940 that I got from dad. That was a year after he joined the Coast Guard. I'll bet there aren't too many of them around anymore.



Mom (Debbie)(L), Great Grandma (Lorraine McIntosh), Great Grandson (Luke Stephen), and Grandma (Marilyn)

Our grandson, Luke Stephen Belmont, was born at Shady Grove Adventist Hospital in Gaithersburg, MD on 23 November 2010. He looks just like his mom, Debbie. It's been a joy watching him grow up!



In the spring of 2011, I volunteered to help out my good friend and fellow Pterodactyl John 'Bear' Moseley, aviator 743, by proofreading his 'History of Coast Guard Aviation, 1916-2010' project. It took him seven years and hundreds of interviews to complete. What a wonderful thing he did to help preserve the history of Coast Guard aviation! It was a labor of love. He sent me a CD and it took me about a week to read through the whole narrative and find typos for him to correct. He was very appreciative and I can say with confidence that there are no typos in the finished product. The Pteros are selling it for \$10. It's a bargain.

I continued my activities on a fairly low profile with my Knights of Columbus council since my 'retirement' as treasurer in 2006 until 14 March 2011. That's when my good friend, Innocent D'Almeida, came over to see me at the end of one of our council meetings. He was on the nominating committee for officers for the upcoming Fraternal Year. He said to me, 'You need to do something! I'm getting desperate.' I knew exactly what he was talking about. He wanted me to become the Grand Knight of the council for a year. I was always reluctant to move up in the hierarchy of council officers from treasurer on to Grand Knight because I didn't feel that I wanted to take on that huge responsibility and time commitment. However, I knew that it was time to 'pay my dues.' I said to Innocent, 'I know what you want me to do. I'll have to check with my boss (Marilyn) and get back to you.' He said okay. I discussed it with Marilyn and she agreed to take on the responsibilities as 'First Lady' of the council for a year. She knew what she was getting into from seeing so many previous First Ladies attending so many events throughout the year. I also knew what I would be doing after watching so many Grand Knights doing their duties over the years.

I called Innocent back a few days later and said, 'Okay, Innocent. I'll do this, for you.' He was ecstatic. I said 'Who's going to be my deputy?' He said he would get back to me on that. A few weeks later I found out my Deputy Grand Knight, the guy who would move up to be the next Grand Knight after me, would be a deacon at one of the two churches associated with our council. He had never been a council officer and I had never met him! As you can imagine, I wound up doing most of the Grand Knight's duties by myself while I was also 'breaking in' my eventual relief.



I took over as Grand Knight on 1 July 2011 and even bought a tuxedo to wear to the Columbus Day Ball and other events. One of my favorite sayings when I was the Grand Knight was, 'I'm not a Past Grand Knight yet, but I'm workin' on it!' With a lot of help, my time as Grand Knight was very successful and our council had a splendid Fraternal Year! Marilyn and I went to the annual state convention in May 2012 for the first time and it was fabulous. The council had submitted reports to the state three times during the year for each of our six areas of council activities for judging by the State Program Director and his assistants. I went to the awards ceremony on Saturday morning and we received an award for third place in one of the categories. Then my council's name was called five more times for another third place award, two second place awards, and two first place awards. That was phenomenal! I think it was the first time our council had ever won an award, in its 36 years of existence, in every category at the State Convention. I got lots of kudos from my peers and my council for that. My tenure as Grand Knight ended on 30 June 2012. I was now a Past Grand Knight. It was so great to have that 'P' in front of 'GK' on my council nametag. I'm now a Trustee of the

council for three years.

In November 2014, our District Deputy had to resign unexpectedly due to personal reasons. Unexpectedly, the State Deputy, Stephen Adamczyk, invited me to serve as District Deputy for the remaining 19 months of the term. I knew it would be a huge commitment of time and expenses, but Marilyn agreed to devote the necessary time to participate in the many State functions that she was expected to attend, so I accepted this unexpected honor. So, as when I became a Grand Knight without having been a Deputy Grand Knight, I became a District Deputy without having been a District Warden. How could I step right into that job without any transition training? Easy. I had learned how to be a District Deputy, and how not to be a District Deputy, by watching other District Deputies do their job over the years. Then, in the summer of 2015, my District Warden unexpectedly resigned due to work commitments. A couple of months later, I asked my friend and fellow Fr. Maher Council Past Grand Knight, Joe Krempasky, to be my District Warden and to relieve me as DD in the summer of 2016. He accepted. Then Joe's father, Louis, passed away in February 2016. Joe was the executor of his father's estate and was so overwhelmed by those responsibilities that he was unable to become DD in 2016. So, with the approval of the new State Deputy, Stephen Cohen, I agreed to stay on as District Deputy until July 2017 when Joe would be able to relieve me. As I write this, that will happen in two months when, at age 72, among other things I'll finally have some free time to relax and read many Clancy and Michener books which I've been stockpiling in my basement from yard/book sales over the years. It was a real pleasure and honor to be requested by State Deputy Cohen to be a delegate from the State of Maryland at the Knights of Columbus Supreme Convention in Toronto in August 2016. Marilyn and I agreed to do that because we had never been to Toronto, we had some friends there that we wanted to visit, and we got to visit Niagara Falls again. It was a fabulous and fun experience.

I won't quite be done with my association with the Maryland State Council in July 2017. The 2018 Supreme Convention will be in Baltimore, MD. My good friend, Jack Giacalone, is currently the Executive Assistant to the

State Deputy and, God bless him, he'll be in charge of the majority of the planning and execution of the convention. So, I've volunteered to assist him in that huge endeavor. We'll see how it goes.

Our grandson, Luke, was baptized in June 2011 at St. John's Episcopal Church in Olney and we had his baptism celebration at the Inn at Brookville Farms. Marilyn's mom was even able to attend. In November 2011, our daughter, Debbie, son-in-law Jeff, and grandson Luke moved in with us, just after Luke's first birthday, to save money to pay off some debts and eventually purchase a place to live. Fortunately, we had room for them. It's been a joy having Luke living with us, watching him grow up, and, since February 2012, helping to raise him. That's when Debbie went back to work as a receptionist at a dermatology clinic. Marilyn and I take turns on 'grandparent duty' when Deb and Jeff are at work during the week. Their departure date is TBD. It was actually October 2013.



In May 2014, Marilyn and I drove to the Jersey shore to attend a celebration of my beloved aunt Audrey Martin's 90th birthday with her family. My sister, Ginger, and her husband, Dermot also attended. It was a wonderful time! Aunt Audrey passed away in the summer of 2015 at age 91.

At the 2014 Ptero 'Roost' in Cape Cod, I was presented a Coast Guard Public Service Commendation in recognition of my efforts to support the history of Coast Guard aviation and my achievements from 2008 to 2014 as a 'highly professional researcher, writer, editor, and publisher of the 'Pterogram,' the newsletter of the Coast Guard Aviation Association.' It was signed by VADM John P. Currier, Vice-Commandant of the Coast Guard, on 18 April 2014, just before his retirement. I was very honored and proud to receive this award.

One of my retirement goals was to be able to afford to travel and experience some of the world's historic, awesome, and breathtakingly beautiful sights and observe their cultures. Marilyn and I have been incredibly fortunate to have been blessed with the health and wealth (my military pension and now two Social Security checks coming in every month) to do just that in the past 15 years. I could write a chapter about each of our vacations just since 1998. I'll spare you that and just list them below. I've already talked about some of them.

'98: Trip to Orlando for high school reunion and Universal Studios.

'99: Cruise to the Western Caribbean (Aruba, Curacao, St. Martin, and St. Thomas) out of San Juan on Royal Caribbean to celebrate our 30th anniversary.

'99: Fly to Des Moines, IA to visit brother Bob and family.

'00: Family vacation to Hawaii.

'01: Trip to Las Vegas, Hoover Dam, and Grand Canyon.

'02: Trip to Italy to visit Katie.

'02: Trip to Atlanta for wedding of Cindy Miller.

'02: Family Trip to France (Paris and Tours) for second wedding ceremony of Franck and Cindy Launay-Fallasse.

'03: Trip to San Antonio for high school reunion (stayed at historic Menger Hotel) and Houston to visit friends.

- '04: Trip to Australia to visit Katie.
- '05: Cruise to Alaska from Vancouver on Princess with brother Bob, cousin Betty, brother-in-law John, and their spouses. Four nights on land after cruise.
- '06: Trip to California to visit CG friends Kip and Wendy Louttit and family in LA and cousin Lisa Romo and family in Claremont.
- '06: Trip to New England for Elizabeth Mullins wedding and to visit friends and relatives.
- '07: Cruise to Bermuda on Celebrity out of Bayonne, NJ with Pat, Ed, and Tim Mullin.
- '07: Trip to California to visit Louttit family, Romo family, Marilyn's cousin Chet Zaleswki and family, and Sue Maino (Sodality friend).
- '07: Trip to Banner Elk, NC for Ted Mullin's wedding.
- '08: Trip to Jamestown, NY for Lucille Ball annual festival and Niagara Falls, Canada.
- '08: Trip to Australia for Katie's graduation from Master's Program.
- '09: Cruise in the Mediterranean (Cannes (Monaco), Livorno (Lucca), Civitavecchia (Rome), Naples (Sorrento and Pompeii), Venice, Dubrovnik (Croatia), Corfu (Greece)) with 15 family members and friends out of Barcelona on Royal Caribbean to celebrate 40th anniversary.
- '09: Trip to Elizabeth City, NC for Pterodactyl Roost.
- '09: Fly to Orlando for Marilyn's godson Joey Gundersen's wedding and to visit Disney World (military free admission).
- '10: Bus trip touring eastern Europe (Poland (Warsaw, Czestochowa, and Krakow), Slovakia, Hungary (Budapest), Austria (Vienna), Czech Republic (Prague)), with brother-in-law John and his wife Kathy and their friends Dan and Lorraine.
- '10: Trip to Niagara Falls, Canada.
- '11: Cruise to Western Caribbean (Grand Cayman, Roatan, Cozumel (Mayan Ruins at Tulum)) on Princess from Ft. Lauderdale with brother Bob and his wife Nancy.
- '11: Trip to San Francisco, CA.
- '12: Bus tour of Ireland and Scotland with Al and Kim Schweizer, John and Kathy McIntosh, Jane Madden, Matt Weichner, and Pat and Ed Mullin.
- '12: Trip to Maine for wedding of Anne Mercogliano on Chebeague Island and to visit friends and relatives.
- '12: Flight to Denver to see friends and relatives and to Sacramento for Pterodactyl Roost.
- '13 My 51st High School reunion (Bob Burns, Linda Baker, & Pam Warriner from my class) in Nashville, TN.
- '14 Cruise 15 nights on Island Princess from Los Angeles to Ft. Lauderdale through the Panama Canal with brother Bob and his wife Nancy.
- '14 Bus tour of Germany (Mainz, Hamburg, Black Forest, Munich) Austria (Innsbruck), Switzerland (Lucerne), and Lichtenstein.
- '15 Caribbean cruise from Bayonne on Royal Caribbean with cousin Betty and her husband Artie.
- '15 Baltic cruise on Regal Princess (7 countries in 11 nights: Copenhagen and Aarhus, Denmark; Oslo, Norway, Warnemunde (train to Berlin) Germany; Tallinn, Estonia, St. Petersburg, Russia; Stockholm, Sweden; Helsinki, Finland) with Ben and Motoko Wharton.
- '16 January Caribbean cruise on Anthem of the Seas from Ft. Lauderdale with Barbara and Eddie Parisi and their daughter, Annette, and her husband, Dan, who were on their honeymoon.
- '16 Visited Lois Dermody in Vero Beach, FL in January
- '16 January Family trip to Disney World
- '16 Attended Knights of Columbus Supreme Convention in Toronto as a Delegate from the Maryland State Council and visited Sr. Estelle and Sr. Roberta Johnson. Also went to Niagara Falls.
- '17 Cruised 15 nights on Crown Princess from San Francisco to Hawaii (Oahu, Maui, Kauai, and Hawaii) and Ensenada, Mexico with brother Bob and Nancy, Ben and Motoko Wharton, Steve and Cindy Florer, Larry and Ann Spencer, cousin Betty and Artie, Gary and Dianne Palmer, and Jack and Phyllis Giacalone.

'17 July bus tour of northern Italy (Milan, Lake Como, Cinque Tera, Venice/Murano, and Florence with John and Kathy McIntosh and Steve and Jane Koch. I got to go swimming in Cinque Tera. We also visited the American cemetery just outside of Florence and Siena. Siena's cathedral and its library are one of the most beautiful sites we've seen. Siena's cathedral has exquisite marble floors with beautiful scenes of allegories, etc. We saw many astounding villas (including George Clooney's) on our boat ride on Lake Como. It's awesome to watch 'Rick Steves' Europe' and, for most of his shows, be able to say 'We've been there!'

'18 July 'Honeymoon' cruise with newlyweds brother Jim and his wife, Tanja, brother Bob and his wife, Nancy, and Tanja's sister Kim on Royal Caribbean from Bayonne to Portland, ME, Bar Harbor, ME, St. John, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. On our stop in Portland, we met cousin Peter Guffin and his wife, Barbara, for coffee, went to church, had lunch with Guy and Kelly Tillinghast and their two kids, and then had ice cream and stopped at a brewery with Dominic and Linda Mirone and their daughter, Kelly, and her husband Loren. We sure got the most we could out of that day! Went to Acadia National Park in Bar Harbor and the maritime museum in Halifax.

'19 July 'Anniversary' cruise on Royal Caribbean in the Caribbean from Ft. Lauderdale to Labadee, Haiti, Falmouth, Jamaica, and Cozumel, Mexico celebrating our 50th, Bob and Nancy's 25th, and Debbie and Jeff's 15th wedding anniversary. We had 21 people in our group including all of our family (8) and brother Bob's family (13). Grandson Luke was a little leery of being on a big ship out in the middle of nowhere, but he loved it and had a blast with his other cousins. The highlight was Luke (8) singing 'Old Town Road' in Karaoke. What a wonderful trip!

'20 January cruise from Baltimore to St. Thomas, St. Maarten, St. Lucia, and Barbados (couldn't get in to St. Kitts) on Royal Caribbean with a MOAA group, including Gary and Dianne Palmer and Harvey and Naomi Kaplan

Marilyn and I just returned from a wonderful trip to Nashville, TN in May 2013 for another of my high school reunions. We had never been there before. Wayne Garrison, my friend from the class of '63, and his wife, Doris, hosted. I even saw Pam Warriner, Linda Baker, and Bob Burns, my classmates from '62. The 'Grand Ole Opry' was fabulous! We also visited 'The Hermitage,' Andrew Jackson's family estate, the Parthenon, and 'Antique Archaeology,' the store featured on the History Channel show 'American Pickers.' We saw several items in the store that Mike and Frank had purchased during their shows. There was even a band playing in the store. It was awesome! We visited my nephew, Matt, his wife Melody, and their great kids Jared (10) and Karis (7) on the way home. They live near Knoxville.

We're planning a trip from Los Angeles through the Panama Canal to Ft. Lauderdale in February 2014 with my brother Bob and his wife Nancy. (We did that. It was the 100th anniversary of the Panama Canal and it was awesome to also see the new canal under construction). As you probably noticed, retirement is hard work; it's not for the faint of heart. I'm still trying to get the most I can out of every dull day. Marilyn and I still have a few things on our 'Bucket List:' a cruise of the Canadian Maritime Provinces, a cruise of Scandinavia and Russia, a visit to Charleston, SC, and experiencing the Albuquerque Hot Air Balloon Festival. I'm also anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Centennial of Coast Guard Aviation in 2016. I'll be proud to say that I was a part of that and will have been around for 71% of the history of Coast Guard aviation! I was, and it was a fabulous year! One of the highlights was the dedication of the completely, meticulously, and beautifully restored HH-52A CGNR 1426 helicopter in April at the Udvar-Hazy National Air & Space Museum where it will be hanging suspended from the ceiling in perpetuity. I'm proud to say that I was the last person to fly the 1426 'operationally.' I delivered it to Air Station Los Angeles in April 1989 from Air Station Houston with LT Bob Randolph for further transfer to a trade school in Van Nuys, CA to be used as a training aid for aircraft mechanics. At the San Diego Ptero Roost (convention) in 2015, my friend and fellow CG pilot, Larry Evans, told me that a civilian helo pilot had been hired to fly it to the nearby trade school, and Larry, who worked at the school, had 'hovered it a few times' during the 25 years it had been at the school. The CGAA had been looking for a suitable HH-52 candidate airframe to overhaul for many years without any luck. At the Ptero Roost in 2012 in Sacramento, I saw Larry and asked him

if the 1426 was still at the school. He said it was and I said 'We need it to hang in the Smithsonian.' I told Ptero RADM Bob Johanson, the 'Phoenix Project' officer about it and, to make a long story short, the CG was able to obtain the 1426 back from the school in a trade for an HU-25 'Falcon' jet that was being retired. What a happy ending to a monumental effort! I hope you get a chance to see it hanging in all of its glory. That's grandson Luke (age 5) and I below in front of the 1426 in the fall of 2016.



This is what I wrote about the Centennial year in the Coast Guard Aviation Association Newsletter, the Pterogram, edition 3-16: *I think what we all, the entire CG aviation community: active, retired, and auxiliaries, accomplished this year was nothing short of phenomenal! Could we have done more? Probably. Should we have had a traveling exhibit of CG aviation artifacts to visit each air station for a week? Maybe. Be that as it may, I'm very proud to say I played a small part in it and was alive to enjoy all of the fabulous Centennial experiences that I attended...*

In June 2015, my beloved and venerable '98 Cadillac died. There was some massive computer/electrical problem. My trusty mechanic, Joe Basile, had it in his shop for six weeks and couldn't figure out what went wrong. He even 'phoned a friend' (like on the game show) who worked at the local Cadillac dealer, for advice.



His friend made a 'house call' to Joe's shop, and he couldn't fix it either. So, after 15 ½ years, I gave it away to the Make a Wish Foundation because they took cars that weren't running. I was sad to see it go, but I got my money's worth out of it. In August 2015, I bought a red 2012 Lexus IS 250 with all-wheel drive, a spoiler, a moon roof, Sirius XM radio, alloy wheels, new low profile tires, etc., for \$26K. It had 30,000 miles on it and came with a three-year bumper-to-bumper warranty up to 100,000 miles. It was a hard deal to pass up. It may be the last car I ever buy. That was the second car we bought in 2015. In February, a guy backed into our 2006 Camry while it was parked at the VA hospital and totaled it. There's a lot

more to that story, but I won't bore you with that. We bought a new 2015 Camry and Marilyn loves it, especially since it has a backup camera.

In the summer of 2015, Marilyn and I joined the St. Patrick's Church 50th anniversary celebration committee. We were recommended by our good friend and fellow Knight Chuck Cozad because he thought we would do a good job. The committee was chaired by Marion Spahn, our retired choir director, and Janet Limmer. We planned several events for throughout 2016 and Marilyn and I chaired a reception after one of the events. It worked out well. We had a lot of fun working with the committee.



On 11 September 2015, Marilyn and I attended the Recruit Company graduation at Coast Guard Training Center Cape May to commemorate the 50th anniversary of my graduation from Boot Camp. The CO even introduced me at the graduation and told everyone that it was the 50th anniversary of my graduation. What a fun day! We spent the previous night at our good friend Fr. Miles Barrett's house in North Cape May. And he wasn't even home! It was so nice of him to let us stay there even though he was away.

In February 2016, Marilyn had a very successful right hip replacement at Walter Reed National Military Medical Center. In February 2017, she had cataract surgery on her left eye. Then, in April 2017, she had cataract surgery on her right eye. She is ecstatic about the results! In February, 2020, Marilyn had a very successful 'reverse' right shoulder replacement at Montgomery General Hospital to fix a severe rotator cuff deterioration. She's now the 'bionic woman.'

In October 2017, I decided to 'retire' from my twice-weekly swimming sessions at the Olney Swim Center because I recently began playing racquetball twice a week instead of just once. I had been swimming for over 22 years and had logged almost 2,000 miles of laps during that time. Not bad for an old man. I'm still playing racquetball twice a week with Ron Herberg (71), Jon Lankford (74), and Herb Grossman (at least 80). We've been playing for 17 years (as of August 2020). We don't care who wins; we just beat the heck out of each other and enjoy the exercise.

Also in October 2017, Marilyn and I drove to Raleigh, NC for a wonderful reunion of my Pre-flight Class 39-65. We had 12 guys there, many with spouses. How great it was to see some of my classmates and catch up with them after 52 years! We had the reunion in Raleigh because one of my classmates, Ed Burke, lives there and was willing to make the arrangements. The highlight was taking a two-hour bus trip to visit Carolyn Jim, the spouse of our deceased class Master Gunnery Sergeant, Wilson Jim. She was thrilled to meet us and be part of the celebration. We made her an Honorary Naval Aviator and presented her a set of wings in honor of her husband. I wore my Coast Guard Dress Blues on the visit. Dan McCormick wore his Marine Dress Blues and Rodney Anderson wore his Navy dress blues. We looked very impressive and we were very proud that we could still fit in our uniforms. We also visited Sergeant Jim's gravesite and met some of his family.



In February, 2018, I had a ‘wedge biopsy’ exploratory arthroscopic lung cancer surgery at Walter Reed after an inconclusive ‘bronchoscopy’ and ‘needle biopsy.’ I lost seven percent of my breathing capacity, but I started out at 102%. Doctor Mullinix said he would do a ‘frozen section’ of the biopsy right after he removed it and, if it was malignant, he would then remove my complete upper left lobe and I would lose 20% of my breathing capacity. When I woke up, the doctor said ‘You’ve still got your lobe.’ However, two days later, he called me and said that further examination of the biopsy showed that I had a very small bit of low grade cancer and the doctor got it all out with very good margins. So, I didn’t need any radiation or chemotherapy, and I’ve been getting follow-up CT scans every six months since then with no new developments. He also said that he had a really tough time getting through my chest wall with the equipment because of the muscles I had developed during 21 years of swimming. From checking in to checking out, I was in the hospital for 36 hours. These procedures resulted from some suspicious looking cell clusters (lesions) in my left upper lobe that were discovered in February, 2017, during a colonoscopy! How crazy is that? It was a ‘virtual’ (CT-scan) colonoscopy that also shows what’s happening in your chest. If it wasn’t for that, I would probably still have no clue what’s going on in my lungs. I asked my pulmonologist, Dr. McKay, why I didn’t have any symptoms related to my lung problems. He said ‘When you have symptoms, it’s too late.’ So, if you’re ever having a colonoscopy, and you have a choice, opt for the virtual colonoscopy. The hard part, the prep, is the same for both procedures. The only drawback is if they find a polyp or two; then you have to have a ‘regular’ colonoscopy to have them removed. I also had a PET scan which didn’t show cancer anywhere else. 20% of non-smokers get lung cancer.

In April 2018, Marilyn and I attended brother Jim’s marriage to Tanja Howell in Williamsburg, VA. I was Jim’s best man (for the second time) and brother Bob and Tanja’s brother, Bob White, were also in the wedding party. Tanja’s sister, Kim, was the Matron of Honor. Jim had met Tanja a few years back at a ‘swing dance’ lesson. He

had been dating some other ladies that he had met 'on-line' but nothing developed from that. He would never have met Tanja on-line because she didn't fit some of Jim's desired qualities: she was too young and too short! It was a nice family reunion. Counting Tanja's three kids, they're now a family of seven. Lori was in Oregon. Our nephew, Ryan, and his wife, Rachelle, are also in our family picture.



In May 2018, Marilyn and I attended the ceremony at Coast Guard Headquarters elevating our friend VADM Charlie Ray to be the Vice-Commandant of the Coast Guard. It was a beautiful ceremony and a great reunion of fellow Coast Guard aviators. I'm pictured below with Charlie and Charles 'Butch' Denmark, who was one of my aircrewmembers when I was stationed in Miami and later went to OCS and became a Coast Guard aviator.



In June 2018, Arlyn Danielson, Beth Crumley, and Janet Pasiuk from the Coast Guard Historian's office visited our house to look at many of my Coast Guard artifacts. I think they were very impressed. Some of my favorite Coast Guard artifacts are a poster from the 150th anniversary (1940) of the Coast Guard and a wooden propeller from a Coast Guard Widgeon amphibian. My dad got the propeller when he was stationed at Air Station Miami (Dinner Key) in about 1944. Someone was making a water takeoff and dipped the propeller in the water and cracked it. It was no longer useable and about to be thrown away when dad said 'I'll take care of that.' He brought it home. It's now a collector's item that I think the American Pickers (Mike Wolf and Frank Fritz) would be very proud of. I also have a picture (taken in about 1979; the pilot is Jerry Murphy) of an HH-52A flying over the East River at sunrise with Governors Island and the World Trade Center towers in the background and a Japanese fish net float (made from melted Coke bottles) that broke free from its net and floated in the current from Japan to a beach in Alaska. Dad found it when he was on icebreaker duty on CGC Northwind flying an H-13 helicopter in 1959. He landed on the beach, picked it up, and brought it home. I'm hoping to find a good home for my artifacts someday. It would be a shame for them to be lost. I've invited the Coast Guard museum committee to examine them for inclusion in the upcoming museum in New London, CT.

On 1 March, 2019, our dear friends Pat and Ed Mullin and sister Ginger and husband Dermot visited us and took us out to dinner to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary. On 3 March, Deacon David Suley from our church presided over the renewal of our marriage vows after the 9:30 A.M. mass at St. Patrick's which daughter Debbie, the Mullins, and our Bible Study friends Ann King, Carol Rinker, and Tom Rhodes attended. We continued our celebration the last weekend of March with all of our kids, son-in-law Jeff, and grandson Luke along with a visit by our brothers and sisters-in-laws John and Kathy, Bob and Nancy, Jim and Tanja, and nieces Kelly and Emily. We had a joyous luncheon at 'Momma Lucia's' in Olney. What a great extended celebration!



On 8 May 2019, I represented the Coast Guard Aviation Association at a ceremony marking the 100th anniversary of the launch of the NC-4 flying boat aircraft on its historic attempt to complete the first airborne trans-Atlantic crossing from the old Coast Guard Station Rockaway, NY with 1/LT Elmer Stone, Naval Aviator #38 and CG Aviator #1, as the pilot. The odyssey was completed when the NC-4 arrived in Lisbon, Portugal on 27 May. What a privilege that was! I gave a short speech about the history of the flight, the competition that the NC-4 faced, and the re-enactment flight in 1986 with VADM (Ret.) Howie Thorsen as the Coast Guard representative. There were many crew descendants, local politicians and Navy dignitaries there. It was a great day!

In late April and mid-May 2019, I had successful cataract surgery on both eyes at the hospital at Ft. Belvoir, VA. What a difference in my eyesight! We're immensely fortunate to have our health care so nearby and we've certainly gotten our 'money's worth' from our military health care (and now Medicare) over the years. I guess we're both still around so we can be caregivers for each other as needed.

Also in late May 2019, I took what was probably my last trip sailing on Chesapeake Bay on Freogan with Al and Paul Schweizer and our old sailing buddy, Tom Croft. I had a bad cold the week before, but I wanted to make the trip and they needed me to help with crewing, so I drove 3 ½ hours down to Hampton, VA. We had our usual fun time, but did a lot of motoring vice sailing due to bad weather. I couldn't get rid of a bad cough during the entire trip, but I stuck it out and made it back home okay. I went to the doctor a few days later and found out that, for the first time ever, I had pneumonia. She gave me some super medicine (a 'Z-pack') that worked well. However, I had some lingering infection in my lower left lobe for quite a while. It's tough getting old.

On 22 June 2019, we attended sister Ginger and her husband Dermot's 50th anniversary celebration in Princeton, NJ in a beautiful old building on the Princeton campus. Their entire wedding party was there (except for our beloved cousin Susan Martin who passed away on 1/11/2011) along with several of my cousins from both sides of the family and 'calabash cousins' and their spouses from around the country. It was a wonderful party!



On 4 July 2019, Marilyn and I drove to Long Island and visited her mom, Lorraine, at a nursing home. She had been there for about seven months after experiencing two falls in her home in October 2018. The next morning, we got a call from the nursing home to tell us that Lorraine had just passed away. She was about three weeks away from turning 97. We got together with Marilyn's brother, John, and his wife, Kathy, and made the funeral arrangements that Friday afternoon. We had the visitation on Sunday and the funeral at St. Raphael's church on Monday followed by lunch for 25 at Borelli's restaurant. There was a great turnout of her friends and family at the funeral home. I had brought some funeral clothes with me just in case. Our kids brought up some funeral clothes for Marilyn. Lori flew in on a whirlwind trip from Oregon. We picked her up at Newark airport early Sunday morning. We had already planned for son Jeff to come up on the bus that weekend and we had rented a truck so we could clean out mom's apartment that weekend and Jeff drive the truck back to Maryland with her furniture. Mom did us a big favor passing away when she did because we could then go on our family anniversaries cruise later in the month without worrying about her being left almost alone at the nursing home.

In early November 2019, Marilyn and I flew to Jacksonville, FL, rented a car, and visited several old friends and relatives. We spent three nights with Chuck and Judy Miller at their beautiful new home in Nocotee. Then we drove to Clearwater Beach for the annual Ptero convention where we saw many old Coast Guard friends and had a fabulous time. We took Caitlyn Goldhammer (daughter of Ryan and Rachelle) out to dinner for her 18th birthday. Daughter Lori and her friend Mike had driven across country from Oregon and met us in Clearwater. They then drove up to Maryland to stay for a few days before Mike drove back across country. Then we drove to Vero Beach and stayed two nights with our old friend Lois Dermody. Her son, Chris, dropped by for a visit. We also visited Rick and Denise McCord who had recently moved to Vero Beach. What a great trip it was!

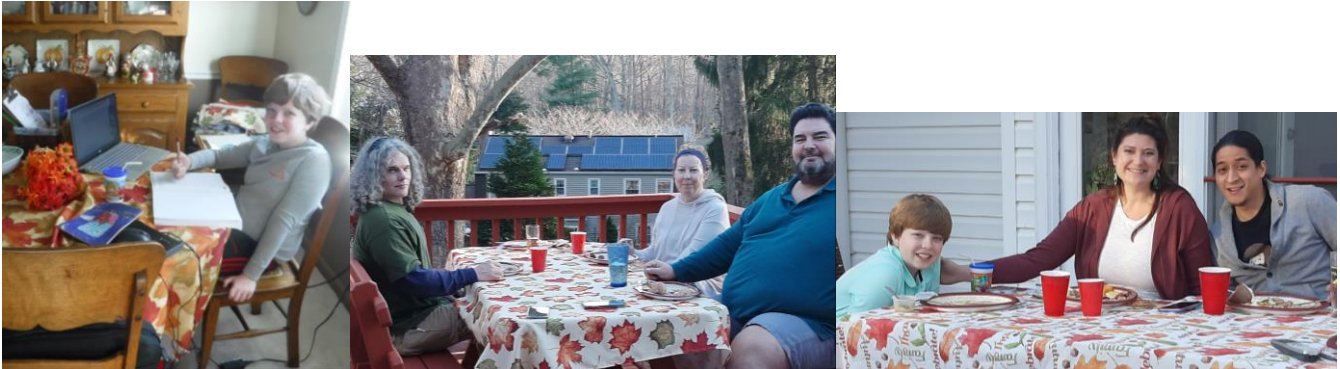
We're now (December 2020) dealing with the effects of the worldwide novel coronavirus pandemic since March. So far, everyone in our family is healthy and taking necessary precautions, but we do know four people (Maj (Ret.) Dan McCormick, USMC (my Pre-flight classmate), who is just now getting off a ventilator that he's been on since August, ADM Charlie Ray, USCG, and our daughter, Lori and her friend, Mike, who tested positive in early December but are feeling fine) that have tested positive. We've saved lots of money on gas and tolls. We haven't been to Long Island since October 2019. Besides taking Luke to visit Arlington Cemetery in May, about the only time we've been out of Maryland has been to visit our dear friends, Tony and Kay Mercogliano several times in Dumfries, VA. We've become Hallmark Movies and Mysteries 'Groupies' and especially like their Christmas movies. I cleaned out my garage and hung lots of stuff (license plates, signs, pictures, etc.) on the walls. I also cleaned out the back of our basement and our shed, and completed many outside projects around the house. Now my kids won't have to do all of that stuff. We were supposed to go on a cruise on Princess around the British Isles and to Normandy with the Louttit's in June, but that was cancelled. We were also supposed to go to our annual Ptero Roost in September in Port Angeles, WA in September. Alas, it was postponed and was conducted 'virtually' in December. I read 'An Airman's Prayer' and the list of this year's deceased Pteros as part of the virtual Roost Business meeting. I was looking forward to seeing Port Angeles since I haven't been there since 1957 when I was 12. It's been re-scheduled for next September. We'll see. I've been the proud editor of the 'Pterogram' for 12 years now since I relieved my dear friend Ray Copin as editor. He did it for 13 years. It's a 'labor of love' and great fun being a part of the documentation and preservation of Coast Guard Aviation history.

We've dialed into many events on 'ZOOM' this year: weekly Monday bible study meetings



(we've been meeting for 29 years; the photo above was taken in March 2019; five of our members have passed away) and Wednesday Gospel reviews with Deacon Suley; monthly Long Island Sodality meetings; an occasional meeting with our D.C. Metro Marianists group and Sunday masses; and the 50th anniversary mass and celebration of the Marianist Family Retreat Center in Cape May Point, NJ. No offense to Fr. Dave McGuigan, but I wrote a few notes during his homily. I do my best thinking during homilies. "I've been coming to Mary's House since 1967, when I was 22. I've watched the sunset from the top of the fire escape. The last time we visited Mary's House was in 2017. When Fr. Dave talked about the 'Woman of the House' in his homily, it made me think of Helen Miranda (and her deceased spouse Dominic), who was the cook at retreats for probably 20 of the past 50 years. They lived right up the street near the main road. Today brought back many memories of my times at the Cape: Bro. Joe Altinger, bonfires on the beach, Fr. Rich Kuhn, Fr. Ted Cassidy, Bro. Walter Oberster, Fr. John LaFaso, Fr. Paul Landolfi, Fr. Ray Middendorf, Fr. Anthony Jansen (founder of the Catholic Lay Community of Long Island in 1958), and the Cavanaugh's (the neighbors across the street). My family spent a wonderful week in the Cavanaugh's downstairs apartment, for \$600, in 1996. Many of you probably remember the photo of Mary's House from the air that's in the main hall. I took the photo from a Coast Guard helicopter in about 1979. Bro. Oberster is waving with a group of retreatants. Many thanks to Foch and Jessica for their dedicated service over the years. We loved seeing Tracey Coleman's Christmas tree, already up, in the

background! We're glad to have lived long enough, and be healthy enough, to be part of this celebration!" Before this year, I thought zoom was just something that a car did. About three days a week, grandson Luke, (now 10) has been attending virtual fourth grade using our dining room table as his school desk. He's adapted pretty well to on-line learning.



For the first time ever, we had our Thanksgiving dinner, with just our family and Katie's boyfriend, Omar, socially distanced, out on our deck on a beautiful 68-degree afternoon. We 'face-timed' daughter Lori in Oregon.

This is the 49th season since the Miami Dolphins' undefeated season in 1972. There have been three seasons since then when one team lost just once. My favorite 2020 NFL team is the 'Washington Football Team' that surprisingly beat the 11-0 Pittsburgh Steelers. I'm hoping that the record stands for at least the rest of my days.

We pray for a speedy and effective vaccine availability. What a year!

We have a nine-night cruise scheduled for June 2022 (moved from 2021) on Royal Caribbean out of Baltimore to Bermuda, Nassau, and Coco Cay with brother Bob and his wife, Nancy. It will be terrific to visit Bermuda again. We haven't been there since 2007. Maybe the virus will be gone by then.

In 2021, our kids turned 49, 47, 43, and 39, and our son-in-law turned 51. It's amazing how they're getting older and Marilyn and I aren't.

My next move will be from upstairs to downstairs, into our first-floor bedroom with a handicap-accessible bathroom, when I'm too old to climb stairs. I'm reminded of my mortality by the many funerals of Coast Guard friends, several younger than me, that I've attended at Arlington National Cemetery. That's where my final resting place will be (if they still have room for me), in the same cemetery as my parents. Marilyn said she's gonna put my beer can collection in the casket with me. I hope it fits.

By the way I'm STILL tryin' to break 100 in golf. It's a dumb game!

Vivat Jesus!
Semper Paratus!



DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD



The Commandant
IN RECOGNITION of notable services that have assisted greatly in furthering the aims and
functions of the Coast Guard
takes pleasure in presenting the
MERITORIOUS PUBLIC SERVICE AWARD
to

Captain Stephen E. Goldhammer

Executed this 4th day of November 2021 At

Washington, D.C.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Melvin W. Bouboulis", is written over a horizontal line.

Melvin W. Bouboulis
Rear Admiral, U.S. Coast Guard

DEPT OF HOMELAND SECURITY USCG. CG-4770 (REV. 7114)

*Meritorious Public Service
Award
To*

Captain Stephen E. Goldhammer, USCG (Retired)

The Commandant of the United States Coast Guard takes pleasure in presenting the Coast Guard Meritorious Public Service Award to Captain Stephen E. Goldhammer, USCG (Ret), for exceptional, enduring contributions to the Coast Guard and Coast Guard Aviation. Captain Goldhammer has served as Ye Olde Scribe for the Coast Guard Aviation Association (CGAA) since 2008, and compiles, edits, and publishes three issues of Pterogram, the official journal of CGAA, every year. As editor, he consistently delivers high-quality periodicals that highlight his exceptional imagination and organizational skills to thousands of regular subscribers, and scores of prospective members and aviation enthusiasts. Furthermore, he demonstrates superior journalistic talents that always provide readers with informative and entertaining articles, enhanced with equally rousing graphics and photographs. Crafting the Pterogram requires countless hours by Captain Goldhammer in seeking and assimilating articles, then editing submissions from myriad contributors to create each masterful publication. In addition, Captain Goldhammer is a prolific writer, and adeptly documents seminal events and notable moments in time. To this end, Captain Goldhammer employs kindness and encouragement with volunteer contributors in their submissions of editorial content resulting in a superb issue for CGAA members. Captain Goldhammer's dedicated labor and devotion to each Pterogram has made it a premier journal of current issues and historic milestones, reporting and recording Coast Guard contributions to the colorful epoch of aviation history. Captain Goldhammer has produced thirty-six Pterogram issues with thousands of hours of volunteer service to research, coordination, drafting, editing, and publishing. Additionally, he contributes substantial time and leadership to shaping CGAA Board of Directors' endeavors by developing and supporting the CGAA member and history websites. Captain Goldhammer's outstanding initiative, dedication, and leadership are most heartily commended, and in keeping with the highest traditions of public service and the United States Coast Guard.

Epilogue

So, there you have it; the story of the first 76 years of my 'dull' life. That's my story, and I'm stickin' to it. I hope what you've read met your expectations. I could have written much more, and some of you are probably wondering why I left certain things out. I'll leave it up to you to fill in the blanks. As you probably surmised, I've had a lot of good fortune in my life. As long as Uncle Sam doesn't go bankrupt, I'll be able to continue my retirement without any financial concerns. Since I've been to Haleakala (Maui), Byron Bay (Australia), Fairbanks, Venice (Italy) and Des Moines (among countless other awesome places, many for free courtesy of Uncle Sam), my life is pretty much completed. There's not much left on my 'Bucket List.'

I've successfully defied the laws of gravity countless times, had the same number of successful landings as take-offs, seen a rainbow around the shadow of my helicopter, and, in the words of John G. Magee, Jr. in 'High Flight,' "I have slipped the surly bonds of earth...and, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod the high untrespassed sanctity of space, put out my hand, and touched the face of God." I'm extremely proud to have served with my dad in the Coast Guard for ten years, carried on the 'Goldhammer' name in the Coast Guard after Walter retired in 1975, and added a little bit to his legacy.

I've also been blessed to have my beloved and wonderful wife, confidant, soul mate, traveling companion, best friend, and all-around 'good sport,' Marilyn, who has put up with me and my idiosyncrasies for the past 44 years. I always tell people that I've been happily married for 43 years, and 43 out of 44 ain't bad! Our friend Deacon Robert Campbell once told Marilyn that she should change her name to Joy because of all the joy she brings to peoples' hearts. My Marilyn is '...the music in my heart.'

I've learned that the demands of parenting never subside. My four kids experienced a lot of 'growing pains' during their lives (don't we all?) and have provided me with a lot of happiness as a dad and grandfather. They've also taught me that patience is a virtue. I wish them well as they confront the challenges in their lives.

As Frank Sinatra sang in 'My Way,' "...regrets I've had a few, but then again, too few to mention." I've always tried to adhere to the tenet of doing unto others what you would have them do unto you. As my earthly pilgrimage enters its homestretch, I'd like to think that I've made a difference in some peoples' lives, whether by hoisting them from the perils of the raging sea or setting an example for how they should live their lives. I'm looking forward to joining the cadre of helicopter pilots in heaven someday; all of those angels constantly 'hov'ring about.'

Addendum One is my latest Biographical Statement. The following Addendum is a compilation of many noteworthy quotes from prose and poetry that I've read or heard over the years. Enjoy! My kids are thinking about adding an Addendum commenting on my composition. Time will tell.

You are welcome to keep this book as a memento, pass it on to someone you think might be interested in reading it, or return it to me and I will pass it on.

Addendum One

April 2018

CAPTAIN STEPHEN E. GOLDHAMMER

Captain Goldhammer was born on January 19, 1945 in Miami Beach, Florida. He graduated from Kindley Air Force Base High School, Bermuda, in 1962. He enlisted in the Coast Guard in July, 1965 and was a member of the Ceremonial Honor Guard during recruit training. He entered Naval Flight Training in October, 1965 as an Aviation Cadet and received his commission as Ensign, USCGR and designation as Coast Guard aviator number 1,207 in January, 1967. During the ensuing 29 years, Captain Goldhammer became a regular Coast Guard Officer and was assigned to fixed and rotary wing duty at Aviation Training Center Mobile, AL (IBSEC), Air Station Miami, and three tours at Air Station Brooklyn. During his first aviation assignment at Brooklyn, he and his father, Walter, formed the first, and only, Coast Guard father and son flying team. Captain Goldhammer served as Chief, Enlisted Assignments Branch, Enlisted Personnel Division at Coast Guard Headquarters for two years prior to his assignment as Commanding Officer, Air Station Houston from 1986 to 1989. He has accumulated 5,775 flight hours including 4,630 in the HH-52A helicopter. He was promoted to Captain in 1988 and became the senior Aviation Cadet on active duty in 1992.

Captain Goldhammer is a 1973 graduate of Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University and a 1981 graduate of the Naval War College. He earned his Master of Business Administration from the New York Institute of Technology in 1985. He completed the Defense Systems Management College Program Manager's Course in 1989 prior to assignment as Air Interdiction Systems EC-130V Project Manager in the Office of Acquisition until April, 1992. He retired as Chief of the Readiness Analysis and Exercise Division in the Office of Readiness and Reserve in July, 1996. After retirement, he worked at a local country club for 15 months at the tennis center and played free golf. He then worked for 12 years on the Configuration Management staff of a weather satellite project before retiring again in January, 2011. He is a lifetime member of the Coast Guard Aviation Association (Ancient Order of the Pterodactyl). He joined the Knights of Columbus in 1983 and is a Fourth Degree Knight. He served as Treasurer of Fr. Peter Paul Maher Council #6793 from 1991-2006 and Grand Knight from 2011-2012. He also served as a District Deputy for the Maryland State Council of the Knights of Columbus from 2014-2017.

Captain Goldhammer's awards include the National Defense, Arctic Service, Humanitarian Service, Coast Guard Achievement, Coast Guard Commendation, two Meritorious Service medals, and two Coast Guard Public Service Commendations for his efforts to preserve Coast Guard aviation history and his work as editor of The Pterogram, the newsletter of the Coast Guard Aviation Association.

Captain Goldhammer has been married to his wife, Marilyn, of Floral Park, New York since 1969. They have four children (Debra, Jeffrey, Lori, and Kathryn), a son-in-law (Jeffrey Belmont), and one grandchild (Luke Stephen Belmont) who was born in November, 2010.

Addendum Two

With love from Deb:

I am so very proud of my Dad for writing his memories. It gives some insight to others into what we, his family, have always known about him. Dad is an extremely dedicated, hardworking, honest, spiritual and witty person. I consider myself very blessed to have been adopted by my parents. Many people often joke about me being so detail oriented and liking things neat and tidy - traits I got from Dad. He has so many admirable traits that I could be so lucky to pick up any of them. I only hope he is able to pass some of them onto my son.

I would not be honest if I said moving around as much as we did was always fun and an adventure. I always knew how important being in the Coast Guard was to my dad. However, it was always more than just a job, it was a lifestyle. Not many people can say they have a passion for their career, but Dad can.

After reading his stories, he makes me more aware that only you can create the life you want to live and choose the path you want to take and always make the most of it.

I am so fortunate to have this man as my father and now grandfather to Luke. Even as he approaches seventy he continues to impress me with all that he does; always living each day to the fullest.

Thank you for all you have done and continue to do for us!

All my love

Debbie

With love from Jeff:

Since this addendum is at the end of this book, I guess I have license to write pretty much as freely as I see fit...I would hazard that only the most intrepid and caffeinated of readers could make it this far. Like my father, this book definitely dares to be dull—in this respect, I would go so far as to say that my father and his book are both exceedingly daring!

Of course the truth of the matter is that this is only half true. The book is dry, yes. The book is presented pretty much in “this happened, then that happened, then this happened, then that happened” format. Heck, it put me to sleep several times while reading, and I’m in it! But hey, you’ll kindly and accommodatingly note that nowhere in his academic achievements does my father cite any accolades in creative writing. Simply not in his skill set, and as a result this book ostensibly describing the globe trotting life a man lived instead reads like minutes from a meeting. I guess in an almost literal way this book is exactly that—minutes from the life of Stephen Goldhammer, as taken down by the man himself. A further result is that there are perhaps aspects of the man that don’t come through as readily. One would have to read between the lines to guess at the true depth of my father. Frankly, I don’t think anyone who reads this book would then expect to find its’ author citing poetry in the addendum.

I recognize that my view of and experiences with Steve are going to be biased to some degree or another because I am his son, but there’s nothing for it. As much as I try in life to be a neutral observer, in this case I am not. Despite this (or perhaps because of this), I’d like to share a couple of stories either involving or about my father, and in doing so may hopefully illuminate the man just a bit more to you, the reader. I’m certain I could pen an entire book about my father, but I’ll do what I can to stay brief.

As I read the book, my father was painted as a man who was seemingly a bit of stickler for the rules, yet also could be just an easygoing one of the guys as well. As a child you might have been able to sell me the Brooklyn Bridge, but you would NEVER have been able to sell me the notion that there was an easygoing particle anywhere in my father's being. Tall and imposing, my father seemed to me to tower over everything and everyone in my life—to my child's mind he matched his brothers in height (they are both approx. 6'6"). His mind and eyes were sharp, his countenance stern, the gravity of his presence encumbering and capable of instilling fear. Now I know I just confessed to being biased in my opinion of the man, but in this case I can call witnesses who share my view! My childhood best friend. My other childhood best friend. My sister. Her friends. My other sister, and her friends. All of the neighborhood kids. All of my cousins. It would probably save space to simply say "every non-adult who ever came into contact with Steve Goldhammer" probably thought this way. All this to segue into a humorous little anecdote my mother likes to tell, so here goes:

One fine afternoon on Long Island, while living in the house my parents purchased from the Twomey family, my friend Chas Carre came over to play. My mother greeted him at the door, and being the generally concerned parent she was and being specifically a good friend of Phyllis Carre (Chas' mom), she inquired of Chas: "Chas, what time does your mom want you to go back?" To which Chas replied, "When Mr. Goldhammer comes home." Hilarious! Kids do say the darndest things.

It was in this fashion that my peers and I regarded my father—the stern disciplinarian—for years to come. I have stories similar to the Chas story with other friends stemming from our late teens. While living in the house in Maryland, my friends and I were hanging out after school, and we heard dad's car pull into the garage. Everyone froze and looked wide eyed at me, and I then scurried over to stand at the top of the stairs leading to the basement and stood there barking orders. "Pour the remaining contents of your sodas in the sink and place the cups in the dishwasher! Grab your jackets, and move move move!", while animatedly gesticulating with my arm in a circular motion, ushering everyone down the stairs. This they did, single file, and without further prompting from me knew enough to go out the back door and off to someone else's house. One friend happened to be carrying a box of Bugles, which we had been snacking on. He unceremoniously threw them into a corner of my room in his panic and haste (the way to the back door was through my room), and they went flying everywhere. I thought I had cleaned up the mess, but the next day I happened to be putting on my boots and my foot crunched into a bunch of them that had fallen in one. Ah, good times. I have one college friend who to this day will sometimes ask me "how's the Captain?" Hah!

Okay, so my dad was a bit of a hardass. This has not been a permanent condition however, and leads me right into part two of what I'd like to say about my dad. My dad covered in the previous pages that my mom was diagnosed with cancer at about the same time as my aunt Sue was. This was after my aunt Linda was already lost to cancer, grandma Goldhammer had lost to cancer, and grandpa Goldhammer had died of kidney failure earlier that same year. All these things appear in matter-of-fact format, but let me tell you these were trying times. I wasn't making things easy on anyone as I was actively estranging myself from the family at that time, and I think that my dad was probably more frightened and confused about what was going on in his life right then than perhaps at any other time in his past. To address this, my dad did something that I have found most people incapable of—he actively changed how he interacted with people around him, in a much less hardass way. This is an incredible feat, and testament to just how remarkable my father is (in case piloting a military helicopter in stormy weather to pull drowning people from raging seas isn't enough). How many people do you know who have said they were going to change some aspect of their personality for the better, and then went ahead and actually succeeded in doing it? I would guess very few. My dad didn't talk about it though, he simply mellowed out little by little over the course of a few years (until he was only half a hardass), and we all noticed it. It was just the right thing for him to do, and just enough to help our family stay knit through some troubled times. Devotion to his family above and beyond the ordinary continued when I managed to land myself in a bad

situation that lasted many years, and my dad stood by me the whole time. Right up to the current moment, I would be willing to speculate that almost anyone who knows my dad, whether immediate family, extended family, or friend, could easily list off times that my dad has done right by them or done them a solid favor. If asked about times when my dad has wronged them, just the sounds of crickets chirping.

My dad mentioned he and mom attend pro-life rallies. Contentious issue, has been for decades. Pretty easy to have an opinion one way or another on the issue, if all you have is an opinion. But what's that saying about opinions....? My dad though, this is a guy who believes what he believes AND he adopted three kids. This is a guy who not only talks the talk, but walks the walk. Hard to find that trait in people these days; very old school. That's what makes my dad a leader; he sets the bar high, and leads by example.

My father is an intelligent and complex man who has lived an extraordinary life of accomplishment as well as having endured the trials and tribulations that beset us all. I count myself privileged to have the most upright, capable, and knowledgeable man I've ever known and my dad be one and the same.

With love from Lori:

From when I was adopted at the age of 6 months until we moved back to Coast Guard Headquarters when I was 11, I had moved seven times, lived in five different houses and went to three elementary schools in three states. That's a pretty exciting life to have had at such a young age! It wasn't always easy to move – particularly saying goodbye to friends every year or two – but I remember the excitement and anticipation about a new adventure each time. I've always been fascinated to hear stories from people who grew up in one place, never moved away until college, perhaps not even then and raise their children in the same place they were. Both, I'm sure, have their good sides and bad sides, but when I think back on the first decade of my life, it really defines so much of who I am today. I learned so much from each experience – how to be outgoing and open in order to make new friends, not to be afraid of change or opportunities that come out of the blue but to face them head on, the value of frequent flier miles and cheap gas.

A few highlights from life as a Coast Guard Brat:

- Hampton Road will forever be my 'Pineapple Place' (props if you recognize that) – it was an entire street of family with open doors, open arms, full tables and helping hands. It was where I learned to ride a bike. It was where I made my first best friend a few days after she was born and who I still keep in touch with today. It was where I met my 4th mom, our neighbor Brigid, who we lost way too early in life (birth mom, foster mom, real mom, Brigid). It was where we had the best block party every year – I still have not met a match for that annual shin-dig!
- From 3rd grade to 6th grade we lived in Texas and had a big pool with a diving board AND slide that backed up to a golf course where Kate and I sold lemonade (to the few customers we could retain after Jeff and his friend set up a competition stand with real soda and candy bars)
- Kate and I were OBSESSED with Top Gun – like wake up every morning, pull on stretchy unitards and roller skates, watch Top Gun and then go outside and re-enact. Even better, and less embarrassing, than those home games was sitting in the lounge at Air Station Houston and hanging out with all the Coasties and hoping someone would wear a hat inside so we could ring a bell and get a free coke!
- We travelled all the time. Between family vacations my parents took us on and holiday trips to visit friends and relatives, we were always on the road. I saw so much of the USA in such a short span of time, and I believe that's what drove me to see as much of the world as I can for the rest of my life.
- On Powder House Drive, there was a laundry chute from my parent's bathroom on the third floor down to the basement. As kids, this was not so much a benefit of laundry convenience as it was a great game where we would drop random objects down the chute and then run down two flights of stairs to try and

beat it to the basement. I'm sure my parents loved the thundering of neighborhood kids in a race of futility.

- Of all the places I've lived, the only two I don't really remember are the first house on Hampton Road and our house in Rhode Island. I've been in both and I know what they look like, but I don't have any real memories. What I do have are feelings I get at certain times, a nostalgia for both places that I cannot really explain but that I cherish.

The US Coast Guard was my childhood. This is, of course, because of Dad's career but it's more than that. There are people who go into their jobs, do what they are told, watch the clock, punch out and go home happy to not have to think about work till the next day. That's not Steve G. I have yet to meet a man with more pride in his work than my father. He loves the Coast Guard so much, and truly devoted his life to what he loved. The Coast Guard was our extended family the minute we pulled up to, or landed in, a new home. He served with dedication, determination, pride and humility and he made his family a part of his work, taking as much pride in sharing us with the Coast Guard as he did sharing the Coast Guard with us.

There is a battered copy of this memoir that lives on my coffee table – covered in notes and bearing the marks of several coffee spills. I offered to edit and publish this memoir for Dad and when I sat down with it the first time I immediately decided that I couldn't copy-edit this the way I would a proposal at work. It is written in my Dad's voice, and I can hear him telling each story with excitement and pride in every word. I'm honored to have helped with the formatting and printing of this memoir and I am so full of admiration, respect and love for my Dad for putting his life into such a beautiful book.

I love you with all of my heart, Poppa G!

With love from Kate:

My very first memory is from a family vacation to Hawaii. Dad is carrying me as we make our way up Diamond Head, as I remember it, through a tunnel. It just reminds me how loving and dedicated Dad is to our family and all the amazing things he does and has done. He is always there when you need him and there to remind me to try and live life to the fullest every day. He can be very serious as he is determined, diligent, persevering, but he also fills his life with fun. As you've read, his life is definitely not dull!

Some other favorite memories with Dad are his 'wetting down' ceremony when he was promoted to Captain with chickens on his shoulders, when he took Lori and me up the Statue of Liberty, when he somehow got his foot out the car window while driving just for a laugh, and when he drove us through a green sky as a huge storm closed the Verrazano Bridge. He was there cheering along as I did as a cheerleader at all of my high school football games. He is behind all of us no matter what.

He is also very dedicated to Mom as she is to him. It is easy to see they are truly loving partners and a great example to us and to the huge extended network of family and friends they enjoy in their lives. I could not have asked for better footsteps to follow and I hope he knows just how amazing, unique, and irreplaceable he is as our Dad.

With love from Luke:



Addendum Three

Collected Selections of Prose and Verse From the Readings of Stephen E. Goldhammer Beginning September 1960

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul: nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forebore...
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two. - *E. B. Browning*

...I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.

She is not as fair to outward view
As other maidens may be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
Oh! Then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light...
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

Come with me and be my love.

Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing she can really give or refuse—her heart. Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments, she may sell to you; but her love is the treasure without money and without price. She asks only in return that when you look upon her your eyes shall speak devotion; that when you address her your voice shall be gentle, loving, and kind; that you shall not despise her because she cannot understand all at once your vigorous thoughts and ambitious designs; for, when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purpose, her love remains to console you. - *Dreiser*

Words are but the vague shadows of the volumes we mean. - *Dreiser*

Oh the half-hours, the minutes of the world; what miseries and griefs are crowded into them. - *Dreiser*

The first symptom of true love in a man is timidity; in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assumes the qualities of the other. - *Victor Hugo*

We'll never be so foolish as when we are in love. - *Almy*

Love—the will to live the will of another person.

To love takes tears...

...Cold hands, warm heart - *Mary Victoria*

...Forever, and ever, and even then.

Of all the calamities that befall mortal man, nothing is worse, or ever will be worse, than woman. - *Sophocles*

To be concentrated means to live full in the present, in the here and now, and not to think of the next thing to be done, while I am doing something right now.

Wealth is the means toward a better life.

Courage is the mark of the man who is the complete master of his emotions.

Life is learning. The man who stops learning is as good as dead. - *Hutchins*

What is all human conduct but the daily and hourly sale of our souls for trifles? - *G. B. Shaw*

Sex—the procreant urge of the world.

The more we know the more inadequacy we discover in the world to satisfy us.

The nearer a racer comes to his goal the greater his anxiety becomes. - *Almy*

If you can't build yourself into the hero of your dreams, you miss the full richness of your life.

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. - *H. D. Thoreau*

A man sits as many risks as he runs. - *H. D. Thoreau*

If we want to know what success is like, we should ask the person who has failed.

Flying—the only great adventure which one can enjoy sitting down.

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And dance the skies on laughter silvered

Wings

Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long, delirious burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with
easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand, and touched the face of
God. - *John G. Magee, Jr.*

FRIENDSHIP

OH THE COMFORT—the inexpressible comfort of feeling
safe with a person.
Having neither to weigh thoughts,
Nor measure words—but pouring them
All right out—just as they are—
Chaff and grain together—
Certain that a faithful hand will
Take and sift them—
Keep what is worth keeping—
And with the breath of kindness
Blow the rest away.

The aviator of today is picked for his quickness of mind and body, and the first thing that strikes you about him is a sort of feline, wound-up-spring alertness. Then you note his reticence, the cool reserve of a man whose lot is to express himself in deeds, rather than words, and, lastly, there is a quiet seriousness, verging almost on sadness, of a man who must hold himself ready to look in the eyes of death at any moment and yet keep his mind detached for other things. (1917)

There are three things that can kill an aviator—Pride, Fear, and Hurrying.

The action of loving means that I wish well to someone else. I discover another self as dear and as close to me as I am to myself. My beloved's welfare is as important to me as my own.

The aloneness many of us feel on this earth is assuaged, more or less effectively, by the deep and abiding relationships we have with other human beings—with our parents, our children, our brothers and sisters, our wives, lovers, husbands, sweethearts, closest friends. These relationships are not always as close as we would like them to be and communication is often distressingly difficult. Yet there is always the hope that each man and woman who seeks this special warmth will eventually find it.

Each new experience you have gives you a deeper appreciation of life...if you shut life out, life will shut you out. True, you may achieve safety but that is the most contemptible of life's gifts...you may avoid the storms but you

will never know the glory of the sun, the moon, the stars, nor ride the rough waves, nor walk with the dawn. Dare to live...dare to love, dare to laugh, dare to cry, dare to yearn. Dare to stand up and face life like a man. If you do, life will whip you cruelly, will scar and blister you and cast you down into the darkest depths. But it will also lift you to heights sublime. That is what life will do if you will but face it. If you will not, life will leave you alone, and that is the worst hell a man may know.

Do everything that is to be done with respect for the truth, and do it in freedom of spirit, in spite of the obstacles within and without; and in the teeth of selfishness, sloth, cowardice, popular opinion. And do it with confidence! By this I do not mean to follow a program of any kind, but to make the simple responses that always were and always will be right: Not to wait until someone in need asks for help, but to offer it; to perform every official act in a manner befitting both common sense and dignity; to declare a truth when its 'hour' has come, even when it will bring down opposition or ridicule; to accept responsibility when the conscience considers it a duty. When one so acts, he paves a road, which, followed with sincerity and courage, leads far, no one can say how far, into the realm where the great things of Time are decided. - *Guardini*

Man is not so constructed as to be complete in himself and, in addition, capable of entering into relations with God or not as he sees fit; his very essence is man-in-relation-to-God; and what he understands by that relationship, how seriously he takes it, and what he does about it are the determining factors of his character. - *Guardini*

A hand is the first thing that one gives to another. - *Robert Kinpoitner*

If you never really get to know someone, how can you ever love him? - *Robert Kinpoitner*

Friendship needs no words—it is solitude delivered from the anguish of loneliness. - *Dag Hammarskjold*

Life only demands from you the strength you possess. Only one feat is possible—not to have run away. - *Dag Hammarskjold*

Your cravings as a human animal do not become a prayer just because it is God whom you ask to attend to them. - *Dag Hammarskjold*

You find it hard to forgive those who, early in life, have come to enjoy the advantages which go with maturity. Aside from any other consideration, why don't you put into the balance the long spring enjoyed by a youth who matured late? - *Dag Hammarskjold*

A grace to pray for—that our self-interest, which is inescapable, shall never cripple our sense of humor, that fully conscious self-scrutiny which alone can save us. - *Dag Hammarskjold*

What happens during the unspoken dialogue between two people can never be put right by anything they say—not even if, with mutual insight into what has occurred, they should make a joint attempt at reparation. - *Dag Hammarskjold*

You told yourself you would accept the decision of fate. But you lost your nerve when you discovered what this would require of you: then you realized how attached you were to the world which has made you what you were, but which you would now have to leave behind. It felt like an amputation, a 'little death,' and you even listened to those voices which insinuated that you were deceiving yourself out of ambition. You will have to give

up everything. Why, then, weep at this little death? Take it to you—quickly—with a smile die this death, and become free to go further—one with your task, whole in your duty of the moment. - *Dag Hammarskjold*

I do not know the secret of success, but I know the secret of failure: try to please everybody. – *Bill Cosby*

How warm and tender is the thrill...I feel within my heart...whether you are near me...or we are far apart...true love can bridge both time and space...this I have come to know...the wonders of this life are mine...for you have made it so...just knowing you are waiting...makes roads smoother to plod...and everywhere I chance to go...I get a friendly nod...such is the miracle of love...it changes night to day...champion of happiness...conqueror of dismay...to me you are a summer day...my reason and my why...giving me the kind of love...on which I can rely...so warm and tender is the thrill...I feel within my heart...whether you are near me...or we are far apart. - *Ben Burroughs*

The style of leadership that works best both with my own inclinations and operational efficiency is one of treating subordinates with consideration and respect. Leadership is knowing your job well, knowing the job of your subordinates, and inspiring them to do theirs better. - *Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr. CNO*

Be bold—and mighty forces will come to your aid.

Love life. Be grateful for it always. And show your gratitude by not shying away from the challenges. Always try to live a little bit beyond your capacities—and you'll find your capacities are greater than you ever dreamed.

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy. O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. - *Prayer of St. Francis of Assisi*

It's an alarming thought that I'm giving up the only thing I know how to do. - *Charles Kuralt (5/4/94)*

If you think of yourself as a clown or a "character," you cannot have the self-respect required to take your profession seriously. - *Mickey Mantle*

The story of a man's life is the story of his relationships with others. - *Fr. Kevin _____, Steubenville*

Let anyone who thinks he is standing upright watch out lest he fall. - *St. Paul*

When a person has a hard life, you shouldn't make it harder. - *B. Morgan (3/74)*

Since economic relations take institutional form, we have necessarily designed a structure to institutionalize human impotence. It is called bureaucracy. The limitlessly tolerant servant-master of advanced societies, it is perfectly willing to be labeled communist in one place and capitalist in another, as long as it is allowed to function. - *R. N. Goodwin (2/74)*

And even if we are occupied with important things, even if we attain honor or fall into misfortune—still let us remember how good it was once here, when we were all together, united by a good and kind feeling which made us...better perhaps than we are. - *The Brothers Karamazov*

Ours is a culture of restlessness, of change and movement in response to an insatiate hunger for experience and a fear of commitment. - *R. N. Goodwin (1/74)*

Banners seen on Monday Night Football, 1972 & 1973:
Hello to Dandy Don, Fearless Frank, and The Wethead.
Our Father, who art in heaven, Howard be thy name...
Will Rogers never met Howard Cosell.

When people step on your toes, it's usually because they're not moving. - *Ernest C. Allen*

You have to lead people; you don't drive them. - *Frederick P. Schubert*

Civility in high office is a mark of confidence as well as gentility. The master of the amenities is the captain of his soul.

A corpulent girl from Woods Hold
Had a notion exceedingly droll:
At a masquerade ball,
Dressed in nothing at all,
She backed in as a Parker House roll. - *Robert J. Kinpoitner*

When opportunity knocks, have your bags packed. - *Gen. Chappie James, US Army*

You never get a second chance to make a good first impression.

Man who stand on head in barnyard can't see for shit.

Man who drop lighted match in jockstrap have great balls of fire.

The harder I work, the luckier I get. - *Dr. Denton Cooley*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. - *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aims. - *Santayana*

When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes. - *Isaac Watts, "Hymns"*

To invent a helicopter is nothing. To build one is something. But to fly one is everything. - *Otto Lilienthal*

I'm especially grateful as I have no other marketable skills. - *Johnny Carson on signing a new contract with NBC*

You don't accomplish as much when you're pissed off. That's why we train people to be professionals. If you want to get the job done, emotions don't help. - *Tom Clancy, "Patriot Games"*

The difference between adventure and ordeal, is attitude.

To whom much is given, much is expected. - *Frank DeFord*

The moment of decision is the loneliest in human life. It must be come upon in stillness and darkness and brooding thoughts and doubts torn out from the deep reaches of the soul. – *Leon Uris, "Armageddon"*

Managers who try to succeed through over-control often fail because their subordinates are unable to accomplish very much. - *Cockpit Resources Mgt. text (9/88)*

You guys work the issues; I'm open to anything. - *Jerry Heinz (1/10/90)*

Motivating key staff members is the primary mission of management. - *Steve Cohen, "Armed Forces Comptroller" Spring '89*

How not to communicate to your staff:

Pronouncements from on high.

Frequent dramatic changes in direction.

Reliance on formal communication.

Policies without explanations.

Ambiguous bureaucratese.

Silence. - *Manpower Report to Congress*

The most successful organizations in virtually any walk of life are those that tolerate a little failure along the way. - *Lt. C. Abel, USCG*

In this life, son, you must carefully make up your mind as to the right road, and then march down it. If a wall of water forty feet high comes at you, hold your nose, kick to stay afloat, and when the water recedes, get on with your job. - *James Michener, "Texas"*

When you reach the age of forty-seven, if you have any brains, you awaken to the fact that the race is going to be over much sooner than you thought. So if I only have one life to live, only one dent to make, I want to make it where it counts, in Texas. - *James Michener, "Texas" P. 661*

In the military, as in all human endeavor, it can sometimes be the man who merely survives who triumphs, whether his skills warrant it or not. - *James Michener, "Texas"*

When wisdom and persuasiveness won't work, there's always creative intimidation. - *P. J. Budahn, Navy Times (7/9/90)*

Different views should be heard. They don't have to be accepted, just heard. - *Ken Beaudry, Parade Magazine (7/90)*

If you keep on saying that things are going to be bad, you have a good chance of being a prophet. – *Issac Bashevis Singer*

It is our responsibilities, not ourselves, that we should take seriously. - *Peter Ustinov*

The most important single ingredient in the formula of success is the knack of getting along with people. - *Theodore Roosevelt*

To become a champion, do every task, every day, to the best of your ability.
When you must mete out punishment, ask the perpetrator to suggest a sentence.
Inescapable responsibility, combined with ignorance, becomes fear that generally reveals itself as timidity.
- Lt. Kevin J. Maloy, *USN, Proceedings* (11/90)

Any time men believe they can predict the future and then manipulate events to make their predictions come true, they are bound to make terrible mistakes. - Art Barton, *"Running Critical"* (1974)

If you're not in a job where you have a chance to innovate, show initiative, or lead people, your promotion chances are diminished. - Capt. Phil Cardaci, *USCG G-PO* (1990)

Fecal Myopia—Optic nerve gets crossed with the rectal nerve. Result: a shitty outlook on life.
- Bill Paradise (2/91)

Life is so short, it doesn't really matter when you die, just that you were happy when you were alive. - Lt William Delaney, *USMC* (2/91)

PR-wise, there's no such thing as a "military mind." Just solid bone. - P.J. Budhan (2/91)

I am resigned to death as all humans must be at the proper time. Death neither alarms nor frightens one who has had a long career of fruitful toil. The knowledge that my work has been helpful to many fills me with joy and great satisfaction. - Mary McLeod Bethune, 1955, *"Ebony"* (11/90)

I think a place's value is in the friends you make, really. - Clara Gaines, *"Sports Illustrated"* (11/19/90)

The wicked leader is he who the people despise.
The good leader is he who the people revere.
The great leader is he who the people say, "We did it ourselves." - Lao Tsu

You retire, you expire. - Willard Scott

Probably the most wasteful time you can spend is when you try to do something well which you shouldn't be doing at all. - R. C. Goizceeta, *Coca Cola CEO*

Leadership—Seeing further down the road than those around me can.

Occasional failure is the price of improvement.

The way to develop the best that is in a man is by appreciation and encouragement.

Being good as a son and obedient as a young man is, perhaps, the root of a man's character.
- Confucius

Too much collating can cause colitis. - Capt. Tony Adams, *USCG* (8/19/92)

One day you're a promising young rookie and the next you're a fading old veteran. - Ted Turner (3/17/93)

What is life but timing and the genius of positioning anyway? - *Paul Hendrickson, Washington Post (3/25/93)*

Part of good management is understanding human nature. - *Thomas Boswell, Washington Post (5/19/93)*

Giving birth is nature's way. Adoption is God's way. - *Immediate Family (7/23/93)*

Truth and fairness have little to do with what happens in Washington. - *Syracuse Post Standard (8/28/93)*

Readiness: The military's ability to pull up its socks and rush off to war at a moment's notice.
- *David C. Morrison, "National Journal" (9/18/93)*

Courage is not the absence of fear; rather, it is strength to overcome fear. - *Military Strategy*

The thrill of being in the know is what Washington lives for. - *Mary McGrory, Washington Post (12/21/93)*

Why do people toast success? It just screws up your life. - *Tom Clancy, "The Sum of All Fears" P. 51*

...short haircuts and simplistic mentalities that attached to uniformed service. - *Tom Clancy, "The Sum of All Fears" P. 88*

One can either be an agent of destiny or a victim of it. Everyone has that choice. - *Tom Clancy, "The Sum of All Fears" P. 489*

You have to take your mission seriously without taking yourself too seriously. You don't change anything alone and you don't change it overnight. - *Sandy Gottlieb, Washington Post (2/27/94)*

You have to tell little white lies to get by in life. - *Harry Shafer (10/12/94)*

Boredom is inevitable when we shift from doing to monitoring—as airline pilots using “glass cockpits” will testify. Even self-esteem suffers from this shift because the honest pilot must confess that he now only monitors mechanisms that can fly the aircraft unassisted. - *Dr. V. L. Grose, Proceedings of the Marine Safety Council (5/95)*

We are short of money, so we must start to think. - *Lord Rutherford (1920's)*

We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it—and stop there; lest we like the cat that sits down on a hot stove-lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove-lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one anymore. - *Mark Twain*

To make your living from something you love is really an unusual piece of good fortune. - *Paul Simon (1994)*

My coaching beliefs, in a nutshell, are these:
Keep winning and losing in perspective
Lead by example

Go for respect over popularity
Value character as well as ability
Work hard but enjoy what you do.

Success is not forever, and failure isn't fatal.

Failure is successfully finding out what you don't want to repeat.

Five-step plan for coaching people:

Tell people what you want them to do.

Show them what good performance looks like.

Let them do it.

Observe their performance.

Praise progress and/or redirect.

I don't know how to play games with people. My feelings are on my sleeve. When I'm happy, I'm happy. When I'm upset, I'm upset. I'm honest and straight with my people and I want them to be honest and straight with me. - *Don Shula, "Everyone's a Coach" (1995)*

There is no pillow as soft as a clear conscience. - *John Wooden*

Without friends, existence is empty, sterile, pointless. In a man's life, friendship is even more important than love. Love may drive one to kill; friendship never. Cain killed Abel because Abel was his only brother, whereas he should have been his friend. - *Elie Wiesel, "All Rivers Run to the Sea" (8/95)*

The days of our lives pass all too quickly, but when we are busy and happy, as I have been during my years in the Navy, our days leave a great store of wonderful memories. - *Arleigh Burke*

Pick battles big enough to matter, small enough to win. - *Jonathan Kozol*

If you are having a tug of war with a tiger, give him the rope before he gets to your arm. - *Max Gunther*

In the back of a little kid's mind is a dream. And to be able to touch that dream, hold that dream and for that dream to become a reality is amazing. - *Elvin Hayes (5/90)*

To become half a success in what you do, you have to enjoy it or else you become a griper. The good Lord gave me a talent and I'll use it until I run dry. - *Dean Martin*

Success is when you don't know if you're working or you're playing. - *Warren Beatty*

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by our standing in our own sunshine. - *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

If your dreams are to come true, they must be more than goals written on paper. Persistence and diligent action backed by a positive belief that you will succeed are vital parts of your plan. - *Barbara A. Winter, "Making a Living Without a Job"*

When you have come to the edge
Of all the light you know,
And are about to step off
Into the darkness of the unknown,
Faith is knowing

One of two things will happen:
There will be something solid to stand on,
Or you will be taught how to fly. - *Anonymous*

The best gifts you can give your children are roots and wings. Roots give us a sense of belonging. They come from within, from discovering who you are and what you want to do—and then doing it with gusto. Roots give us the strength and security to share ourselves with others. Wings are all those things that keep us moving and growing, going beyond where we've been and what we've done. Wings prompt us to discover the meaning and purpose of life. - *Barbara A. Winter*

The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams. - *Eleanor Roosevelt*

Fall in love with what you're going to do for a living. It's very important. To be able to get out of bed and do what you love for the rest of the day is beyond words. It's just great. It'll keep you around for a long time.
- *George Burns*

Get started. Don't quit. - *Barbara A. Winter*

Choice is the difference between adventure and ordeal. - *Tamara Jones, Washington Post (7/99)*

If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you. - *BMCM Wray (3/22/00)*

That was too much fun to be legal. - *CDR Buckley, CG Band Director (8/6/00)*

You're lucky if, on the last day of your job, there are three things you have done that mattered.
- *Richard Socarides, White House gay rights advocate (7/99)*

20 years from now you will be more disappointed by the things that you didn't do than by the ones that you did. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover. - *Mark Twain*

If you don't fear death, you can't love life. - *Gene Weingarten, Washington Post (3/3/02)*

Being a parent is all about holding on and letting go, and trying to do both simultaneously.
- *Joanie Hansen, "Providence" (12/13/02)*

Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.
- *George Carlin (9/9/04)*

Spending time is a greater gift than spending money. - *Dove candy wrapper*

Sex: A transient merging of bodies that enhances the merging of souls. - *Allan Berger, Washington Post (2/8/04)*

Leadership requires realism coupled with optimism.

Constrained resources are often the best way to provide innovative solutions. - *Tom Sutliff, NASA Magazine Issue 20*

I exercise so I can eat. - *Jake Steinfeld, "Body by Jake" (9/05)*

I have been fortunate enough to lead...an uneventful life. - *Giorgio Morandi (1960)- Hirschorn Museum (6/24/05)*

It's become apparent to me that my eyes and ears, among other appurtenances, aren't quite what they used to be. - *Mike Wallace on the eve of his retirement from "60 Minutes" at age 88 (3/06)*

Friendship is being there when you'd rather be somewhere else.

Peace be with you (until we meet again).

Pardon me if I don't rise. - *Tombstone quotes, Fr. Wilson, Holy Family Church, Hicksville (5/21/06)*

You can't solve a problem if you spend decades failing to perceive it. Humans adapt best when worried. - *Joel Achenbach, Washington Post (5/28/06)*

For the Person I Love Most in Life

You are my love

You understand all my thoughts

You understand whatever I do

You are fun

You are exciting

You are strong

You are gentle

You are intelligent

You are honest

You are sensitive

You are creative

You are the one

person that I

trust my life with

and whom I always want

to be with

You are my

Love - *Susan Polis Schutz*

We look at politicians most of all in hope of seeing reflected what we admire in ourselves. - *Jim Hoagland, Washington Post (5/13/07)*

First they ignore you, then they ridicule you, then they fight you, then you win. - *Gandhi (6/18/07)*

He is not only dull himself; he is the cause of dullness in others. - *Samuel Johnson*

You don't love because; you love despite; not for the virtues, but despite the faults. - *William Faulkner*

I reject the notion of becoming the commissioner of Major League Baseball because of a fatigue of public life. - *George W. Bush, President (12/08)*

A life is not important except in the impact it has on other lives. - *Jackie Robinson (4/16/09)*

I have never heard anything about the resolutions of the apostles, but a good deal about their acts. - *Horace Mann*

Don't wait for your ship to come in, swim out to it. – *Unknown (5/24/10)*

Something besides fog momentarily blurred the vision of the two men as their hands met for the last time. – *Frank Wead 'Gales, Ice, & Men' (5/24/10)*

There is nothing quite like the respect of your peers. - *John Wooden (1910-2010)*

All the best dreams are those that happen with your eyes wide open. – *Unknown (7/18/10)*

What is peace of mind?

Taking a deep breath.

Letting your children explore every surface in sight.

Leaving land with all the comforts of home.

Providing your guests with a healthy environment. - *Boating Ad*

No time is wasted that makes two people friends.

Compliments will get you no place. - *Movie 'Holiday Affair'*

The beauty of the soul shines out when a man bears with composure one heavy mischance after another, not because he does not feel them, but because he is a man of high and heroic temper. - *Aristotle*

For once you have tasted flight...you will walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward, for there you have been and there you will long to return. - *Leonardo da Vinci*

How far you go in life depends on your being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant of the weak and strong. Because someday in life you will have been all of these. - *George Washington Carver*

You never know what you're capable of doing until you're forced to dig deep and stand on your own. - *Lori R. Bell, AF spouse*

Make no little plans. They have no magic to stir men's blood and probably will not themselves be realized. – *Architect Daniel Burnham*

When you're a parent, how happy you are depends on the happiness of your least happy child. - *Joe Paterno*

How dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use!

As though to breathe were life! - *Alfred Lord Tennyson, 'Ulysses'*

HELICOPTERS ARE DIFFERENT FROM PLANES

The thing is, helicopters are different from planes. An airplane by its nature wants to fly, and if not interfered with too strongly by unusual events or by a deliberately incompetent pilot, it will fly. A helicopter does not want to fly. It is maintained in the air by a variety of forces and controls working in opposition to each other, and if

there is any disturbance in this delicate balance the helicopter stops flying, immediately and disastrously. There is no such thing as a gliding helicopter.

This is why being a helicopter pilot is so different from being an airplane pilot, and why, in generality, airplane pilots are open, clear-eyed, buoyant extroverts and helicopter pilots are brooders, introspective anticipators of trouble. They know if something bad has not happened it is about to. - *Harry Reasoner, 2/16/71*

Age is only a number, I know, but I'm getting number every day. - *Roy Blount, Jr., Sports Illustrated (7/9/12)*

Love is not just a valentine. It is a covenant with the greater good. It involves charity, compassion, empathy, self-sacrifice and, yes, listening. - *Kathleen Parker, (12/19/12)*

Life is what's happening while you're making other plans.

Not all of us can do great things. But we can do small things with great love. - *Mother Teresa*

Stevie Wonder could see that play! - *Dick Vitale (2/13/13)*

Keep your heart from hate, your mind from abuse.

Live simply, expect little, give much.

Think of the other person, forget yourself.

Always do as you would be done by.

Wise navigators do not sail when the clouds are ominous. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

It is in moments of disappointment that we speak our true thoughts. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

Living in close harmony in the bosom of a large and closely bonded family provides even the dullest intellect with ample opportunity to penetrate even the most secret recesses of another's mind and temperament. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

If we do not meet again here on earth, we shall surely reassemble at His feet in heaven. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

It takes a certain type of girl to marry a sailor...women who are willing to have their husbands away for years at a time. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

Only one way to make money in this world...own nothing, control everything. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

He is my calabash cousin...if one went back far enough, some kind of blood relationship could be established. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

Education: that marvelous, growing, aching process whereby a mind develops into a usable instrument with a collection of proved experience from which to function. - *James Michener, 'Hawaii'*

Friends in war are different in many ways from friends in peacetime. You depend upon friends in war much more. - *Bill Mauldin, 'Up Front' (1944)*

Only teenagers think boring is bad. Adults, grown men and women, who've been around the block a few times, know that boring is a gift straight from God. - *Tana French, 'Broken Harbor'*

Life is good. Be thankful. Keep on traveling! – *Rick Steves, 8/2/13*

The ultimate souvenir—a broader perspective. – *Rick Steves, 2014*

What is drama but life with the dull bits cut out. – *Alfred Hitchcock*

Don't tell me how old you are or how well educated you are. Tell me how well traveled you are. – *Rick Steves, 2000*

The great force of history comes from the fact that we carry it within us, are unconsciously controlled by it in many ways, and history is literally present in all that we do. – *James Baldwin*

I figure I owe it to myself to have some peace at this point in life. – *Morgan Freeman, 2017*

Who wants to live forever? How tedious life would become. Mortality makes everything matter, keeps life interesting. – *Abigail Thomas, 2017*

Life comes at you in a thousand different forms, and you better be prepared to accept it when it comes along. Because if you miss it, the years stretch out forever, bleak and lonely and meaningless. – *James Michener, Alaska, P. 681*

Young is what we all once were.
Youth and dreams, hope and
Promise are what we had. It has
Always been one of life's unhappy
Mysteries how that time escapes;
Why it does, where it goes and,
Especially, when. Even sadder,
This: If youth, as it is said, is the
Finest of days, what a price to pay
After it has gone. If we are not able
To look forward to the best rather
Than back, what really remains? – *Curry Kirkpatrick, So Young and So Untender, 6/24/74*

We were good friends. When you lose that, you lose part of yourself. *Jack Nicklaus about Arnold Palmer, 2017*

Ah, would that these words of mine were written down, inscribed on some monument with iron chisel and engraving tool, cut into the rock forever. *Job 19:23-24*

The triad of human perfection: knowledge, judgment, and character. - *Antonin Scalia, 'Scalia Speaks'*

May the father of all mercies scatter light and not darkness in our paths, and make us all in our several vocations useful here, and in his own due time and way everlastingly happy. - *Antonin Scalia*

I expect I have forgotten 90% of the legal rules I learned in law school; and half of what I do remember from that time is now wrong. - *Antonin Scalia*

The role of the judge—apply the law, not improve it. – *Antonin Scalia*

Pray for things, but accept what you are given; He knows better than you what is for your own good. – *Antonin Scalia*

Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood. – *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Knowledge is the treasure, but Judgment the treasurer of a Wise Man. He that has more Knowledge than Judgment, is made for another man's use more than his own. – *William Penn*

Knowledge is one thing, virtue is another; good sense is not conscience, refinement is not humility...Liberal Education makes...the gentleman. It is well to be a gentleman, it is well to have a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life. – *John Henry Newman*

For the one who believes, nothing can give as much comfort upon the loss of a friend as does the assurance that that friend kept clearly in mind what was most important and died in the friendship of Christ. – *Antonin Scalia*

It takes great courage to have four children and sit by and watch them make mistakes. – *Fannie Flagg: 'The All-girl Filling Station's Last Reunion'*

When you live long enough to see your children begin to look at you with different eyes, and you can look at them not as your children, but as people, it's worth getting older with all the creaks and wrinkles. – *Fannie Flagg*

The good news about hitting seventy is at least you know you didn't die young. – *Fannie Flagg*

He is not only dull himself; he is the cause of dullness in others.–*Samuel Johnson*

I leave this life with no regrets. It was a wonderful life—full and complete with the great loves and great endeavors that make it worth living. I am sad to leave, but I leave with the knowledge that I lived the life I intended. – *Charles Krauthammer, June 2018*

Apart from the degree as a credential and the way that college embeds you in a network and perhaps even does you some good as a human being, what you actually learn how to do there has become essential to competing in the postindustrial job market. Whatever your major, a college degree indicates that you are good at learning, an ever-more-important meta-skill as careers increasingly feature many different jobs rather than long-term stable ones. And the degree indicates that you can assimilate and organize complicated bodies of information, analyze that information to create outcomes that have value to others, and convey that analysis with purpose and clarity.—*Carlo Rotella October 2020*

You're not geriatric.' 12/21/18 Dr. Richele Corrado at Walter Reed after I told her that I had previously been assigned to the Geriatric clinic.

Retirement—Whether you stay busy or have lots of time to spare,
Whether you're adventuring or snoozing in a chair,
Whether you make lots of plans of play each day by ear,
I hope all the happiness you've earned keeps growing year by year!

I am not afraid of death. I just don't want to be there when it happens.—Woody Allen

He died as well as a man can manage—full of years, full of honors, surrounded by affection, confident in his faith, knowing that his work on Earth was done.—Michael Gerson re Pres. George H.W. Bush, 12/4/18

On some great and glorious day, the plain folks of the land will reach their hearts desire at last, and the White House will be occupied by a downright fool and a complete narcissistic moron.—H.L. Mencken, July 1920

There is no moment in my life
When you are not a part of me;
You hold my heart; you guard my soul'
You guide my dreams so tenderly.
And if my will might be done,
And all I long for could come true,
With perfect joy I would choose
To share eternity with you. --Robert Sexton, 2020

Don't remember me with sadness,
Don't remember me with tears,
Instead, remember all the laughter
We've shared throughout the years.
Now I am contented
That my life was worthwhile,
Knowing that as I passed along the way
I made somebody smile.
When you are walking down the street
And you've got me on your mind,
I'm walking in your footsteps
Only a half a step behind.
So please don't be unhappy
Just because I'm out of sight;
Remember that I'm with you
Each morning, noon and night.—Author Unknown

A limb has fallen from the family tree.
I keep hearing a voice that says, "Grieve not for me.
Remember the best times, the laughter, the song.
The good life I lived while I was strong.
Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you.
Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through.
My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest.
Remembering all, how I truly was blessed.
Continue traditions, no matter how small.
Go on with your life, don't worry about falls.
I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin
Until the day comes when we're together again." —Source Unknown

People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel. --Maya Angelou

If one obeyed the laws of God and man, studied diligently, denied oneself, worked hard, took one's place in the community, discharged one's duties, dealt justly with one's fellowman, one would prosper and reach the end of the road full of years and honor.—Gordon W. Prange, 'At Dawn We Slept,' P. 728

The unexpected can happen, and often does. 'At Dawn We Slept,' P. 738

How I wish I could see the next 50 years. We are facing the greatest age in history. Some of you will see a world of untold and unimagined wonders. Read Alfred Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall.' He saw the future about a hundred years ago. How much greater a future you face only the greatest imagination can foresee. Face it with courage, with ideals, and high moral conviction, and God will reward you.—Harry S. Truman, 1950, in 'The Bravest Guy,' P. 141

Regret for things we did is tempered by time. Regret for things we did not do is inconsolable. Author Unknown

A good education and a kind heart will serve you well throughout your entire life.—Alex Trebek, 'The Answer is...Reflections on My Life,' 2020, P. 269

Death is part of life. And I've lived a long life. If I were in my twenties with years ahead of me, I might feel differently. But when you're about to turn eighty, it's not like you're missing out on a great many things.-- Alex Trebek, P. 261

I'm not afraid of dying. One thing they're not going to say at my funeral as part of the eulogy is "He was taken from us too soon." I'm about to turn eighty. I've lived a good, full life, and I'm nearing the end of that. I know that.-- Alex Trebek, P. 283

My life has been a quest for knowledge and understanding, and I'm nowhere near having achieved that. And it doesn't bother me in the least. I will die without having come up with the answer to many things in life. I'd like to be remembered first of all as a good and loving husband and father, and also as a decent man who did his best to help people perform at their best.—Alex Trebek, P. 285

Colin Powell, 'My American Journey,' 1995

P. 29 All work is honorable. Always do your best, because someone is watching.

P. 36 Being responsible sometimes means pissing people off.

P. 90 There is no end to what you can accomplish if you don't care who gets the credit.

P. 218 You now begin to leave childhood behind and start on the road to manhood...you will establish definitively the type of person you will be the remaining fifty years of your lifetime. Temptations will come your way; drugs, alcohol, opportunities for misbehaving. You know what is right and wrong, and I have confidence in your judgment...Don't be afraid of failure. Be more afraid of not trying...Take chances and risks—not foolhardy actions but actions which could result in failure, yet promise success and great reward. And always remember that no matter how bad something may seem, it will not be that bad tomorrow.

P. 264 Leadership is the art of accomplishing more than the science of management says is possible.

P. 344 What is a father but a banker provided by nature?

P. 511 Better to admit a mistake than be caught in one.

P. 587 Only the mediocre are always at their best.

P. 608 I am a political conservative with a social conscience.

P. 610 A sense of shame is not a bad moral compass.

P. 611 We have to start thinking of America as a family. We have to stop screeching at each other, stop hurting each other, and instead start caring for, sacrificing for, and sharing with each other. We have to stop constantly criticizing, which is the way of the malcontent, and instead get back to the can-do attitude that made America. We have to keep trying, and risk failing, in order to solve this country's problems. We cannot move forward if cynics and critics swoop down and pick apart anything that goes wrong to a point where we lose sight of what is right, decent, and uniquely good about America.

We have to achieve the blessings of family; and we should begin with the restoration of real families. We need to restore the social model of married parents bringing into the world a desired child, a child to be loved and nurtured, to be taught a sense of right and wrong, to be educated to his or her maximum potential in a society that provides opportunities for work and a fulfilling life.

P. 612 We are a fractious nation, always searching, always dissatisfied, but always hopeful. We will prevail over our present trials. We will come through because our founders bequeathed us a political system of genius, a system flexible enough for all ages and inspiring noble aspirations for all time. We will make it because we know we are blessed, and we will not throw away God's gift to us.

Thomas Jefferson once wrote, 'There is a debt of service due from every man to his country, proportioned to the bounties which nature and fortune have measured to him.' I feel that debt heavily, and I can never be entirely free of it. Try to give back to this country as much as it has given to us.

P. 613 Colin Powell's Rules

It ain't as bad as you think. It will look better in the morning.

Get mad, then get over it.

Avoid having your ego so close to your position that when your position falls, your ego goes with it.

It can be done!

Be careful what you choose. You may get it.

Don't let adverse facts stand in the way of a good decision.

You can't make someone else's choices. You shouldn't let someone else make yours.

Check small things.

Share credit.

Remain calm. Be kind.

Have a vision. Be demanding.

Don't take counsel of your fears or naysayers.

Perpetual optimism is a force multiplier.

The Keeper's Son, By Homer Hickam

P. 30 Coast Guard officers have to look at the stars a lot. They help them figure out where they are.

P. 297 Parody of the 23rd Psalm:

The Lord is my skipper.

I shall not drift.

He guides me across the dark waters.

He steers me through the channels.

He keeps my log.

Yea, though I sail through the tempests of the sea, I shall keep my wits about me.

His strength is my shelter.

He prepareth a quiet harbor before me.

Surely the sun and the stars shall guide me and I will come to rest in heaven's port forever.

Culture shock is the growing pains of a broader perspective.—Rick Steves, 5/24/21

Our energy is like a bank account, and we can spend only so much of it on any given day.—Connie Schultz, Time magazine, May 2021

Caribbean, By James A. Michener

P. 352 Two basic rules for a Navy marriage: First, an officer is only half a man if he lacks a wife and children, so get married. Second, he must pick that wife with extreme caution, for she must be his firm support and not the cause of his downfall.

P. 596 Time is a fleeting chariot across the sky. So quick it sets at dusk behind the clouds.

P. 599 Integrity is everything. Live so that people speak of you as a man whose word is his bond of honor.

P. 804 Love is the self-revelation of two souls. Sometimes it comes in a blinding moment on only one day, sometimes after a slow awakening of eleven years. God takes no cognizance of the timetable.

The Coast Guard Rescue of the SeaBreeze, By RADM Carlton Moore, USCGR (Ret.)

P. 133 For all of you who wear the Coast Guard uniform and do noble things in dangerous places, your modesty becomes you but never really tells the full story.

P. 164 Nothing can be said to truly describe the contributions of the military spouse, both at home and from afar. Those who have chosen a profession that requires them to act in the most dangerous of times have found mates who fully understand the dangers but also understand what drives those they love to do what they do. Aside from the challenges of frequent moves to new duty stations, raising a family and being both a lover and a friend, they live with the uncertainty of tomorrow more than most. The military spouse is truly the staysail of the family ship, calming the effects of heavy weather and providing subtle assistance in keeping to the charted course.

There is one thing about life that is inevitable: At some point, we aviators will all 'go west' to fly forever with Lindbergh. When that day comes, each of us will leave behind a legacy that was forged by what we did during our time on this Earth. That legacy won't be determined by the amount of hours in our logbooks or what was parked in our hangars. We will be remembered for what we did with our airplanes—and in some cases, helicopters. Dianna Stanger, Flying magazine, February 2020

Lindbergh, By A. Scott Berg

P. 26 Life's values originate in circumstances over which the individual has no control.

P. 27 A sound individual is produced by a sound lifestream.

P. 27 The principles of self-reliance—nonconformity and the innate understanding that greatness came at the inevitable price of being misunderstood.

P. 562 After my death, the molecules of my being will return to the earth and the sky. They came from the stars. I am of the stars.

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; for he today that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother. William Shakespeare in 'Henry V.' (The President's Daughter, by Bill Clinton, P. 375)

Crossing Antarctica, By Will Steger and Jon Bowermaster

P. 39 Invent your life. Be happy. Do what you want to do.

P. 289 The only limit to achievement is the limit you place on your own dreams. As you seek your own way in the world, look beyond personal gain to your responsibility as God's stewards of the earth. Let your vision be guided by hope, your path be adventurous, and the power of your thoughts be directed toward the betterment of tomorrow.

Sometimes I'm glad I'm as old as I am. Me

'The Dash' By Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak

At the funeral of a friend.

He referred to the dates on her tombstone

From the beginning...to the end.

He noted that first came the date of her birth

And spoke the following date with tears,

But he said what mattered most of all

Was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time

That she spent alive on earth

And now only those who loved her

Know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own,

The cars...the house...the cash.

What matters is how we live and love

And how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard;

Are there things you'd like to change?

For you never know how much time is left

That can be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough

To consider what's true and real

And always try to understand

The way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger

And show appreciation more

And love the people in our lives

Like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect

And more often wear a smile...

Remembering that this special dash

Might only last a little while.

So when your eulogy's being read

With your life's actions to rehash,

Would you be proud of the things they say

About how you spent your dash?