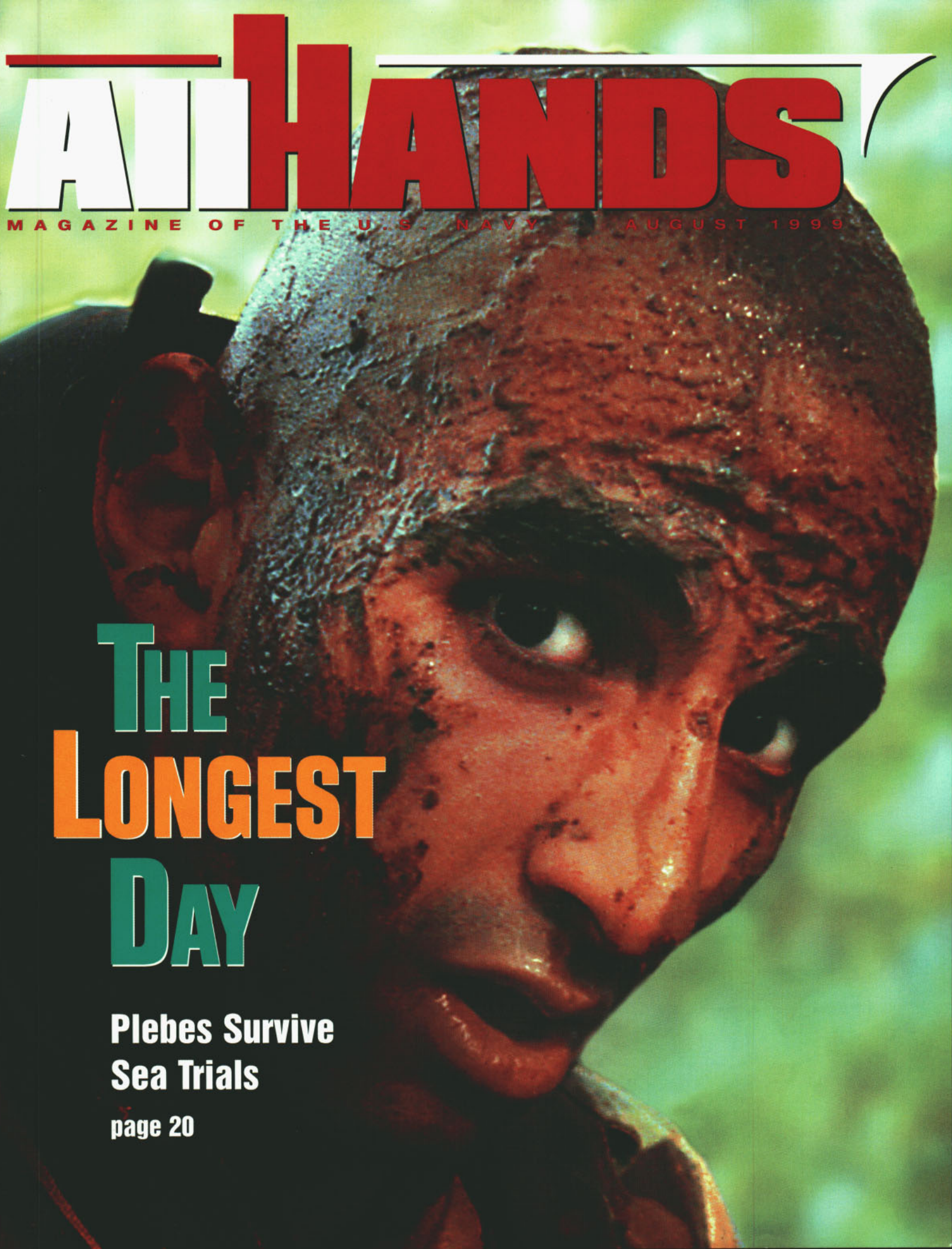
ALL HANDS

MAGAZINE OF THE U.S. NAVY AUGUST 1999



THE LONGEST DAY

Plebes Survive Sea Trials

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Features

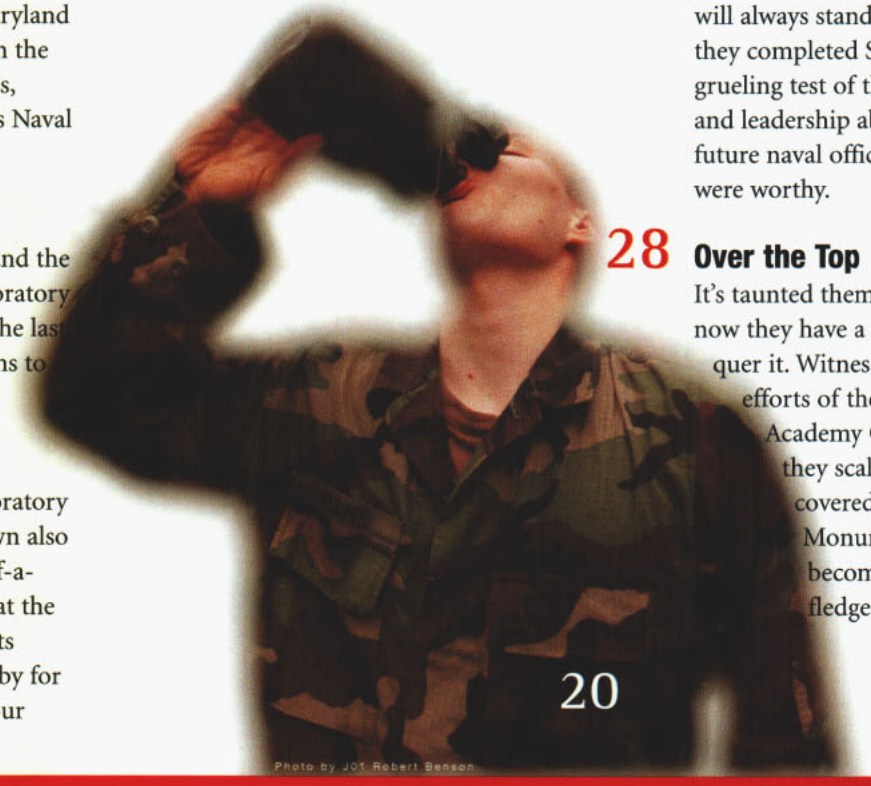

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Photo by JO1 Robert Benson

All Hands

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All Hands (USPS 372-970; ISSN 0002-5577) (Number 988) is published by the Naval Media Center, Publishing Division, 2713 Mitscher Rd., S.W., Washington, D.C. 20373-5819 and additional mailing offices.

Subscriptions: For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; (202) 512-1800.

Postmaster: Send address changes to *All Hands*, Naval Media Center, Publishing Division, 2713 Mitscher Rd., S.W., Washington, D.C. 20373-5819

Editorial Offices: Send submissions and correspondence to Naval Media Center, Publishing Division, ATTN: Editor, 2713 Mitscher Rd., S.W., Washington, D.C. 20373-5819
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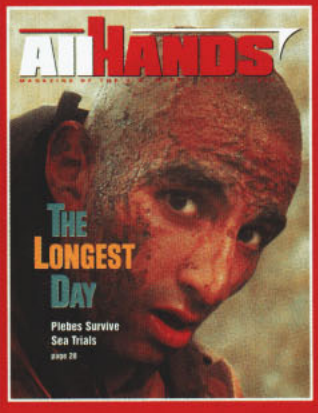
Message: NAVMEDIACEN WASHINGTON DC //32//

Authorization: The Secretary of the Navy has determined this publication is necessary in the transaction of business required by law of the Department of the Navy. Funds for printing this publication have been approved by the Navy Publications and Printing Committee.

Photo by JO1 Rodney J. Furry



On the Cover

Midshipman 4th Class Erin Rosa, a "plebe" at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., tries to catch his breath during the rite of passage known as "Sea Trials."

Photo by JO1 Robert Benson

On the Back Cover

AMS3 Henry Musterman of Magnolia, Tex., listens for any fuel left in an aircraft drop tank onboard USS *Kitty Hawk* (CV-63).

Photo by PH3(AW) Chris D. Howell

Departments

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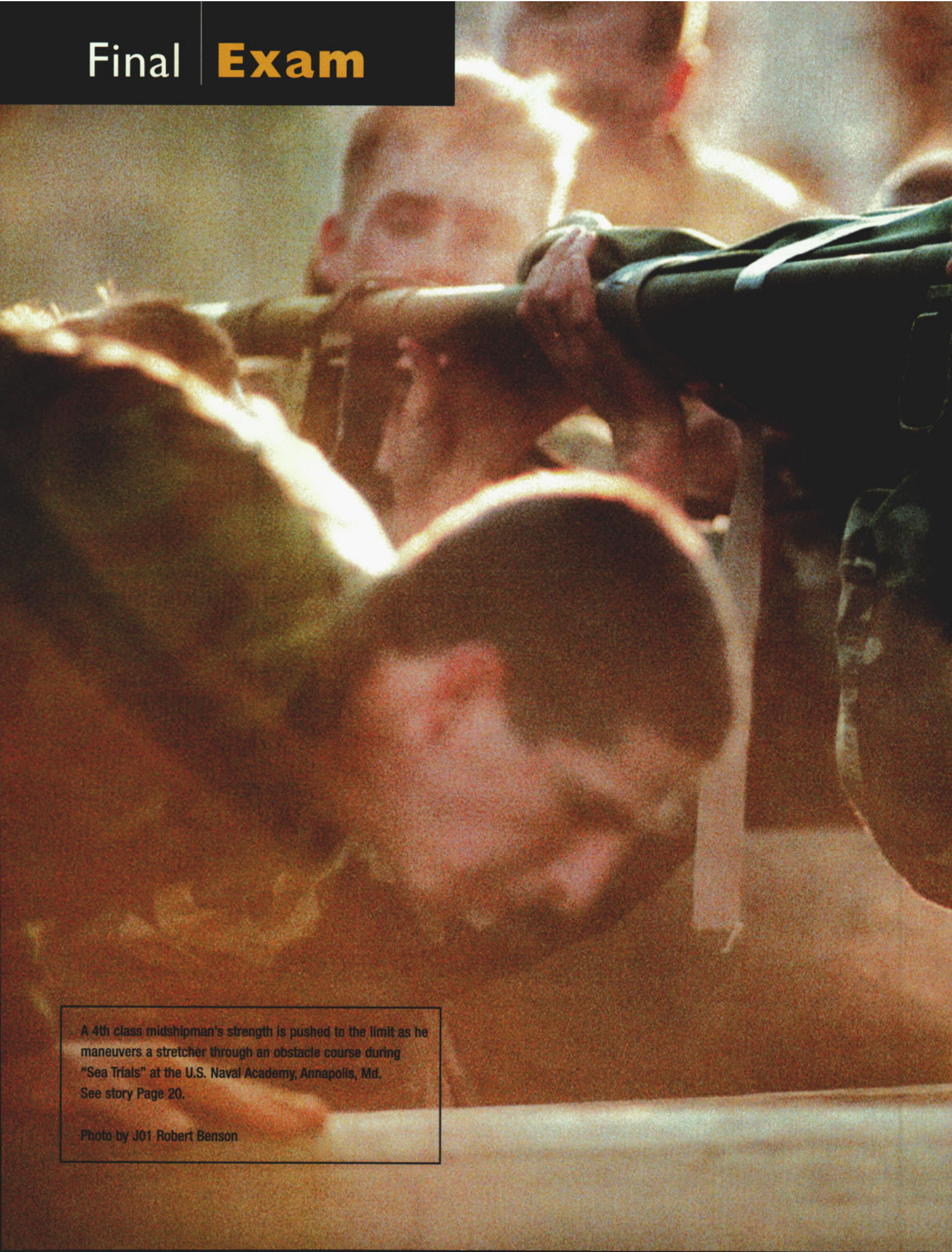
Final Exam



A 4th class midshipman's strength is pushed to the limit as he maneuvers a stretcher through an obstacle course during "Sea Trials" at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.
See story Page 20.

Photo by J01 Robert Benson

On Top of the World

Crew members from USS *Hawkbill* (SSN 666) have a game of catch after breaking through the ice of the North Pole during *SCICEX '99.*
See story Page 14.

Photo by JO1 Rodney J. Furry

Around the Fleet

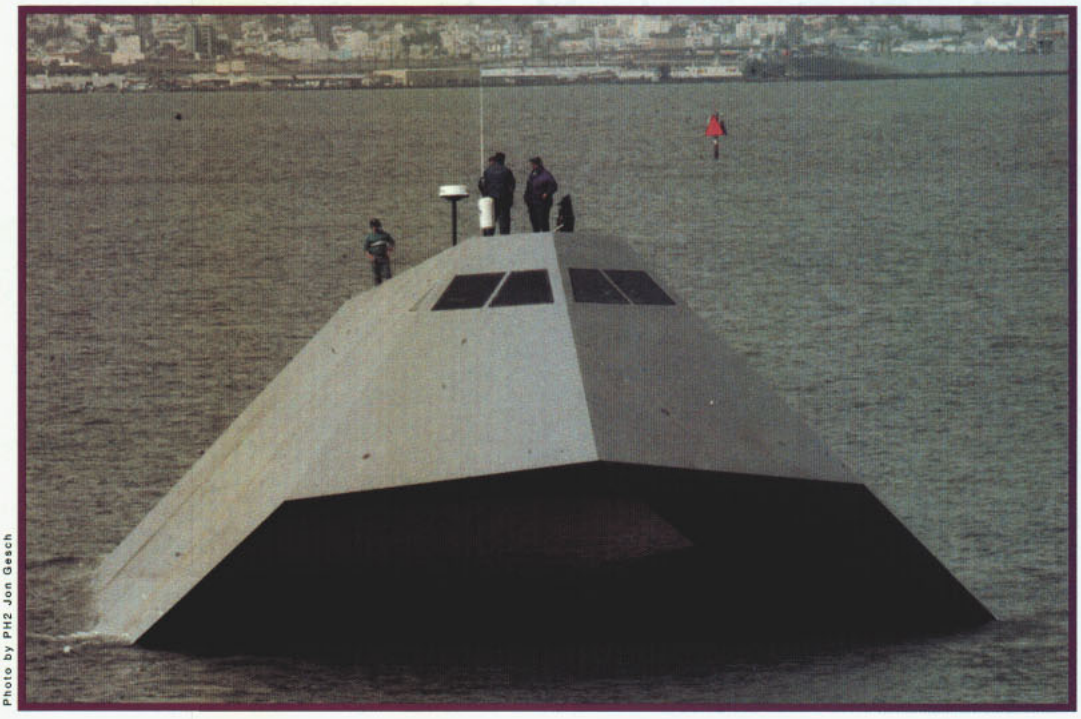


Photo by PH2 Jon Gesch

Sea Shadow glides across San Francisco Bay on the last day of Fleet Battle Experiment-Echo.

Sea Shadow Reactivated for Tests

The *Sea Shadow* advanced surface ship platform was recently reactivated for a new six-year test program designed to evaluate future Navy ships, including the DD 21 land-attack destroyer. The craft is returning to service following five years of deactivation.

Sea Shadow emerged from a mid-1980s collaboration between the Navy, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency and Lockheed Martin Missiles and Space Company. Tests focused on designing, building and testing an advanced technology surface ship that would utilize a Small Waterplane Area Twin-Hull (SWATH) design in conjunction with several advanced vessel-control and signature-reduction technologies.

Early testing centered on the performance and applicability of these technologies to future Navy vessels. Following an early 1990s test program, *Sea Shadow* was deactivated, stored inside a mining barge and was relocated to San Diego. According to Gerard Mayer, manager for *Sea Shadow* at Lockheed Martin, January's reactivation has been planned for the last year.

"We finally received the reactivation orders, and in two months and a week, we had completed reactivation repairs, trained the crew, had our first sea trial and then did the first transit of *Sea Shadow* from San Diego to San Francisco," Mayer said. *Sea Shadow* was incorporated into 3rd Fleet's recently-completed Fleet Battle Experiment-Echo, held in and around the San Francisco Bay region.

Story by Scott Gourley, a correspondent to Jane's Defense Weekly.

Idea Leads to Big Cash Award For Aviator

LT Chris Williams, of Tactical Electronic Warfare Squadron (VAQ) 131 at Naval Air Station Whidbey Island, Wash., has developed a strike planning software tool called STRIPP and received a MILCAP Beneficial Suggestion Award of $7,500.

He worked more than 18 months to develop the program, originally designed to help *Prowler* planners process jamming and High-speed Anti-Radiation (HARM) missile timelines.

As the program progressed, he was able to link it with other current tools to enhance strike planning and execution for the entire air wing team.

"It has really revamped and streamlined our planning process and it does what other procured programs have been unable to accomplish," said CAPT Danny Knutson, commander, Carrier Air Wing 2. "The fact that Chris developed this on his own is amazing."

Naval Strike Warfare Center has embraced Williams' software, and it's currently being evaluated for use in future Air Wing Fallon detachments.

"What Chris has done simply boggles the mind," said CDR Terry Kraft, commanding officer of VAQ-131. "He has developed an intuitive way to quickly and accurately plan timelines that used to take hours. We now use it to help de-conflict and coordinate entire strikes."

Story courtesy of Crosswind, *NAS Whidbey Island, Wash.*

Tell us something we don't know.

Send your comments to: *All Hands*, Naval Media Center, (ATTN: Editor), 2713 Mitscher Rd., S.W., Washington, D.C. 20373-5819 or e-mail: allhands@mediacen.navy.mil

Countdown to the Millennium

DAYS	HOURS	MINUTES	SECONDS
154	16	29	59

Y2K and You

Red Cross Y2K Preparation Checklist

While most officials predict little or no impact on American society at large due to the Year 2000 "bug," there may be some areas where inconveniences are experienced. More than likely, these problems will be on par with those encountered during heavy storms. To that end, the American Red Cross has published a Y2K Preparation Checklist:

- Check with manufacturers of any essential computer-controlled electronic equipment in your home to see if that equipment may be affected. This includes fire and security alarm systems, programmable thermostats, appliances, consumer electronics, garage door openers, electronic locks, and any other electronic equipment in which an "embedded chip" may control its operation.
- Stock supplies to last several days to a week for yourself and those who live with you. This includes having nonperishable foods, stored water, and an ample supply of prescription and nonprescription medications that you regularly use.
- As you would in preparation for a storm of any kind, have some extra cash on hand in case electronic transactions involving ATM cards, credit cards, and the like cannot be processed. Plan to keep cash in a safe place, and withdraw money from your bank in small amounts.
- Similar to preparing for a winter storm, it is suggested that you keep your automobile gas tank above half full.
- In case the power fails, plan to use alternative cooking devices in accordance with manufacturer's instructions. Don't use open flames or charcoal grills indoors.
- Have extra blankets, coats, hats, and gloves to keep warm. Please do not plan to use gas-fueled appliances, like an oven, as an alternative heating source. The same goes for wood-burning or liquid-fueled heating devices that are not designed to be used in a residential structure. Camp stoves and heaters should only be used outdoors in a well-ventilated area. If you purchase an alternative heating device, make sure it is approved for use indoors and is listed with the Underwriters Laboratories (UL).
- Have plenty of flashlights and extra batteries on hand. Don't use candles for emergency lighting.
- Examine your smoke alarms now. If you have smoke alarms that are hard-wired into your home's electrical system (most newer ones are), check to see if they have battery back-ups. Every fall, replace all batteries in all smoke alarms as a general fire safety precaution.

- Be prepared to relocate to a shelter for warmth and protection during a prolonged power outage, or if for any other reason local officials request or require that you leave your home. Listen to a battery-operated radio or television for information about where shelters will be available.
- If you plan to use a portable generator, connect what you want to power directly to the generator; do not connect the generator to your home's electrical system. Also, be sure to keep a generator in a well-ventilated area - either outside or in a garage, keeping the door open. Don't put a generator in your basement or anywhere inside your home.
- Check with the emergency services providers in your community to see if there is more information available about how your community is preparing for any potential problems. Be an advocate and support efforts by your local police, fire, and emergency management officials to ensure that their systems will be able to operate at all times.

The American Red Cross helps people prevent, prepare for, and respond to emergencies. They're in your neighborhood every day, providing disaster preparedness information and teaching classes in first aid and other lifesaving skills, to help keep families like yours safer. For more information, please contact your local American Red Cross or visit their website at **www.redcross.org.**

(Courtesy of the American Red Cross)

Do you have a Y2K question you would like us to answer? Go ahead and send it to us. We'll select a few questions every month and seek out the experts for answers. You can mail your questions to:

***All Hands*, Naval Media Center**
(ATTN: Y2K and You),
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Or you can send us an e-mail at allhands@mediacen.navy.mil. Be sure to include your name, rate and duty station and don't forget to put the words "Y2K and You" in the subject line.

Around the Fleet

Mercy Treats First 'Real' Casualty Since *Desert Storm*

Throughout many exercises and drills, the crew of USNS *Mercy* (T-AH 19) has proven herself to be operationally ready. But there comes a time when the drills make way for the real thing.

Mercy's first 'real' casualty since Operation *Desert Storm* arrived on board amidst the numerous mock casualties feigning serious wounds in the casualty receiving area aboard *Mercy* during Exercise *Kernel Blitz '99*.

Gas Turbine System Technician 3rd Class Joseph Palamario of USS *Elliott* (DD 967) was hit in the leg with a bursting aerosal can. Though his injury was not life threatening, it required immediate action and medical response.

"What was potentially a devastating injury was well-handled first by the independent-duty corpsman and general medical officer aboard *Elliott*," said CAPT Dean Gubler, head of surgery aboard *Mercy*. When Palamario arrived aboard *Mercy*, he was immediately evaluated by the trauma plastic surgeons.

"The Medical Treatment Facility staff on board *Mercy* dealt with the situation," said Gubler. "[We successfully treated Palamario] and the exercise wasn't interrupted," he added.

After a thorough evaluation, Palamario's wound was dressed and he spent the few remaining days of the exercise in bed rest under the supervision of *Mercy*'s Intensive Care Unit staff.

Mercy participates in a drill the size of *Kernel Blitz* only once every two years, and goes to sea only once a year. The ship is equipped to handle 250 patients, although capable of deploying as a 1000-bed facility. Her staff, from Naval Medical Center San Diego, along with Military Sealift Command civilian mariners, trains aboard the ship once per quarter.

More information about USNS *Mercy* may be obtained at: www.mercy.navy.mil.

Story by JO3 Stacie Rose, USNS Mercy (T-AH 19).

On assignment

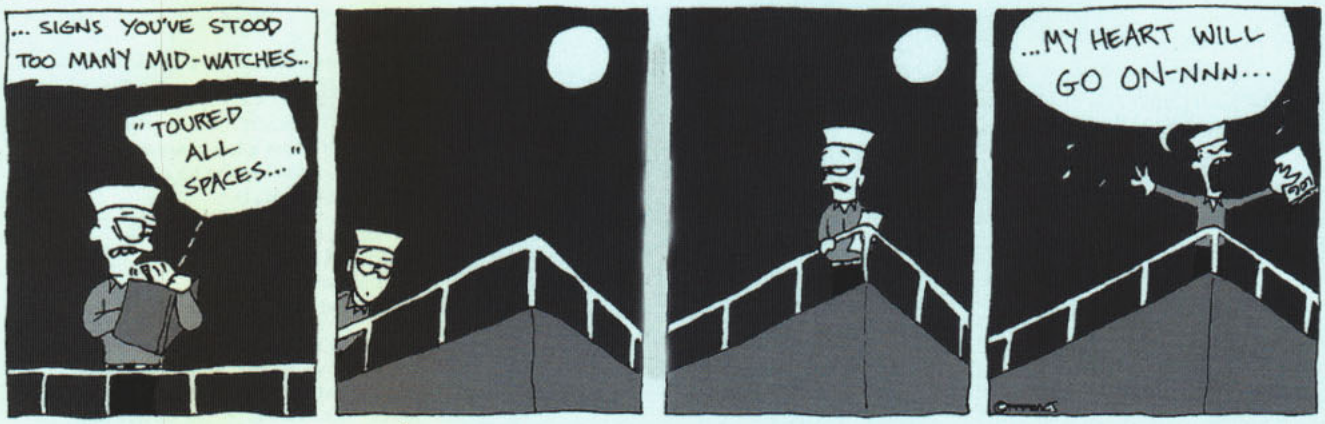
Photo by PH2 John Snedden

"It's a place that offers sanctuary in solitude, the kind of place that inspires enlightenment and inner peace," said JO1 Rodney Furry, who covered SCICEX '99 (See story Page 14). The assignment took him to the North Pole along with a group of scientists embarked aboard USS *Hawkbill* (SSN 666). The mission was to gain a better understanding of the Arctic Ocean's role in the global climate.

For Furry, it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity that will not soon be forgotten. "I stood looking out across the endless white field of frozen ocean and understood what has drawn explorers to this place. It's the kind of experience one would expect to be reserved for holy men and savants. Nonetheless, it's there, waiting to mesmerize anyone willing to make the journey."

Ricky's Tour

By JO3 Mike C. Jones



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Marines and Sailors Find Something Special During Liberty

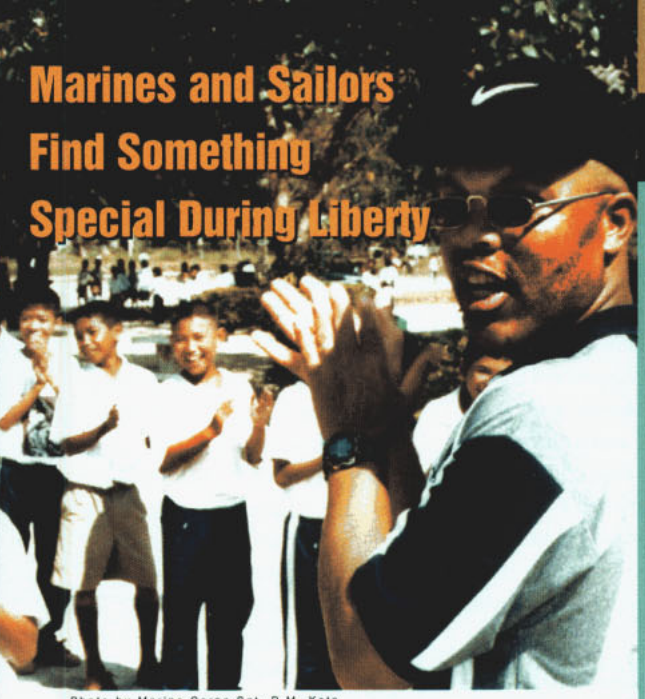


Photo by Marine Corps Sgt. R.M. Katz

RP2 Byron D. Elder with Battalion Landing Team 2/4, the ground combat element of the 31st Marine Expeditionary Unit (MEU), claps with children from the Prujumpa school as they play in the school yard.

Sailors and Marines from USS *Belleau Wood*'s (LHA 3) Amphibious Ready Group (ARG) recently completed a community relations project at an elementary school in Phuket, Thailand, during a five-day port visit.

"I've never done a community-relations project before," said HN Kris Guy of the 31st Marine Expeditionary Unit (MEU). "And I love little kids, even if I can't speak their language."

The trip from the piers to Phuket gave Guy and others the chance to get a view of Thailand that most visiting servicemen never get to see. As the buses moved inland, tourist-lined streets gave way to dirt roads lined with rubber trees and fish farms.

In the schoolyard, the Marines and Sailors led the children in exercises and dancing, including the good, old-fashioned "hokey pokey." Then it was time to get to work. The 60-year-old schoolhouse was in need of a fresh coat of paint. After a few hours of painting it was time for the Marines and Sailors to put down their brushes and buckets, but some were reluctant to stop working.

Pointing to a wooden railing, Guy wished he could do more. "This wood is all rotted. I would stay here five more days to replace it if I could."

While some had been painting, other Marines and Sailors had been cooking. Hot dogs, hamburgers, chips and Kool-Aid proved to be worldwide favorites as the smiling children joined their American friends for a picnic.

The children and their guests were not the only ones having a good time. "This was the first time the American Navy has come here," said Punnee Pomutpol, a teacher at the school. "My students tell me that they are very happy and we hope that the Americans can come again."

As the buses pulled away from the school, Marine Corps Cpl. Zachary A. Crawford, a computer specialist with the MEU, reflected on his experience. "I enjoy helping people who are less fortunate. During liberty I did some shopping and walked on the beaches, but this was the most worthwhile thing that I've done."

Story by 1st Lt. Lasica, 31st MEU Public Affairs.

By Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy MMCM(SS/SW/AW) Jim Herdt

Speaking with Sailors

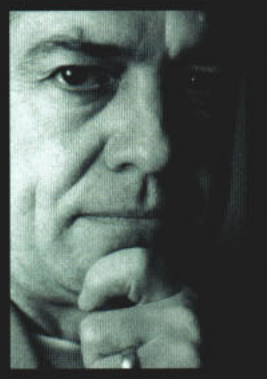


Photo by JO1 Robert Benson

Q: This year, it will be mandatory to have completed the appropriate leadership continuum course (LTC) to compete for advancement. What will happen to Sailors who have not had the opportunity to attend the course?

A: Previously, it was the Navy's goal to have all Sailors in pay grades E-5, E-6 and E-7 attend the appropriate LTC prior to Oct. 1, 1999, but sufficient training capacity isn't available. Also, many commands have procrastinated in sending Sailors to LTC, and 6,600 seats went unfilled in FY98. New guidelines will be issued by NAVADMIN to ease potential advancement hardships on Sailors.

Q: How does a master chief become a Command Master Chief?

A: Primary duty Command Master Chiefs (CMCs) are chosen through a selection board process twice a year. The selection boards are held in Millington, Tenn., each spring and fall. A NAVADMIN message is released semiannually announcing the specific dates of the board and deadlines for the submission of packages. Master chiefs and senior chiefs frocked to master chief from any rating are eligible and, once selected, are given the Navy Enlisted Classification Code 9580. Master chiefs may also serve as collateral duty CMCs, but do not earn the 9580 NEC. Collateral duty CMCs are usually found at commands with less than 250 enlisted Sailors assigned. More details on the Command Master Chief program are available in OPNAV Instruction 1306.2D.

Q: What's the difference between a CMC, a CNO-directed CMC and a Force or Fleet Master Chief?

A: The biggest distinction between these CMCs lies in the scope of the area for which they are responsible. Responsibility increases as a master chief moves up from serving as primary duty CMC, to a CNO-directed CMC, to a Force Master Chief and then Fleet Master Chief.

Primary duty CMCs are assigned to individual commands or units. CNO-directed CMC positions are designated at the Chief of Naval Operations' discretion. These are assigned to commanders who report directly to the CNO and/or whose command responsibilities include significant regional area coordination or other unique dimensions. There are nine Force Master Chiefs who represent the six type commanders and the Bureau of Medicine, Chief of Naval Education and Training and the Naval Reserve Force. Fleet Master Chiefs represent the Pacific Fleet, Atlantic Fleet and European Theater.

Speaking with Sailors **is a monthly column initiated by the Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy as a way of reaching out to the men and women of the fleet, whether they are stationed just down the road or halfway around the world.**

Around the Fleet

"Garudas" Help in Combat Rescue

The VAQ-134 "Garudas" have been working hard in Europe. The routine, if it can be called one, has been plan, fly and sleep.

Nevertheless, schedules and plans often must change dramatically in an unstable world when unexpected events pop up. In Europe, this requires the Navy Tactical Electronic Warfare Squadron (VAQ) 134 team to be ready to fly on a moment's notice.

VAQ-134 had been flying missions for just a few days during Operation *Allied Force* when they received word that someone had been shot down in enemy territory. This meant *Prowlers* were needed on station immediately to aid the combat search and rescue (CSAR) mission.

Garuda jets were turning, taxiing and taking off within minutes. They went out to the operations area, not sure what to expect, bringing the best in electronic combat to the task.

It was late and people were tired, but this is the kind of effort aircrew and maintainers are eager to make. For the eight Garuda aviators, the plan was simple–provide jamming where and when it was needed, and use a High-speed Anti-Radiation Missile (HARM) if anything got in the way.

They did both, firing the first *Prowler* HARM in Operation *Allied Force*, with another quickly following. They successfully suppressed the enemy air defenses from reaching out and touching the CSAR team, enabling them to rescue the downed F-117 pilot and bring him safely home.

Story courtesy of Crosswind.

NADEP JAX Lends A Helping Hand In The War On Drugs

The Naval Aviation Depot (NADEP) Jacksonville, Fla., has been selected to take a more active role in fighting the war on drugs. Depot artisans are currently modifying 32 P-3C *Orion* aircraft with special provisions and equipment to enhance the Navy's ability to seek out drug runner aircraft and boats. Under this effort, known as Counter Drug Upgrade, or CDU, the *Orions* in-theater have been specifically tailored for counter-drug operations. The modification involves the removal of an *Orion*'s surface search radar and replacing it with the intercept radar APG-66, currently used in the F-16 *Fighting Falcon*.

When teamed with the Navy's E-2 Early Warning Aircraft, *Orion* crews can be vectored to the bad guys and gain better contact on the suspect aircraft. Once locked in, the P-3 can hold contact for hours. During normal operations, drug runner aircraft increase escape opportunities by either landing at a forward airfield or dropping loads to go-fast boats staged in nearby waters.

To counter these escape routes, the P-3 CDU has its Optical Station System's cameras available. These cameras allow the crews to standoff miles from the contact without being detected, while observing and recording activities.

Due to its ability to track airborne targets, monitor surface operations at a safe distance and remain on station for an extended period of time, the P-3 CDU aircraft has made significant contributions to and remains the backbone of the counterdrug concept of operations in the Eastern Pacific, Caribbean and over South America.

Story by Charlene D. Pugh, NADEP Jacksonville, Fla.

SHIPMATES

Intelligence Specialist 1st Class **Serloyd Carter** from the Naval Strike and Air Warfare Center, Fallon, Nev., was recently named Reserve Deputy of the Year for the Churchill County, Nev., Sheriff's Department. Carter, a native of Houston, has been a volunteer sheriff since 1997 and has been serving on NAS Fallon's Auxiliary Security Force for the past year.

Aviation Structural Mechanic Airman **Nicholas R. Chapo** from Coventry, R.I., was selected as Naval Support Diego Garcia, 1998 Junior Sailor of the Year. Chapo is currently assigned as an aircraft welder and divisional training petty officer for the general maintenance division, Aviation Intermediate Maintenance Department, Diego Garcia.

CDR **Paul M. Kuzio** recently received the ADM Ben Moreell Medal, which is presented annually by the Society of American Military Engineers in recognition of outstanding contribution to military engineering. Kuzio is Officer–in–Charge of Construction for the $400 million redesign of Naval Medical Center Portsmouth, Va., with its centerpiece $167 million Charette Health Care Center.

Electronics Technician 2nd Class **Albert Leyendecker** of the Naval Pacific Meteorology and Oceanography Center/Joint Typhoon Warning Center (NPMOC/JTWC) Pearl Harbor, was selected as Shore Sailor of the Quarter, 1st Quarter CY99. Leyendecker was singularly responsible for installing, trouble-shooting and modifying a Satellite Processing System, critical to JTWC's mission.

USS *Carl Vinson* Crane Operators Contribute To Readiness

USS *Carl Vinson*'s (CVN 70) hangar bay would be really crowded – and the ship would not be as prepared to fight – without the Lorne Rough Terrain crane. "We use the crane at least three times a week," Aviation Storekeeper 2nd Class Jason Sloan said. Sloan is a crane driver for the supply department on board *Carl Vinson*.

"Without the crane, we wouldn't be able to bring things out of the hole, move propellers from the bulkhead and the hangar would be congested," he added. The "hole" that Sloan referred to is the jet engine hatch, five decks deep.

"Four of the decks below have store rooms we use for aircraft parts," he added.

AK1 Robert Brady says crane operations are a good experience out of their daily business. "I've been licensed to operate a crane since 1994. I didn't think that I would ever operate a crane when I joined the Navy. Lorne Cranes have only been on carriers for four or five years."

Crane training on board the aircraft carrier takes about six weeks, according to Brady. "It takes on-the-job training, hands-on operation, learning hand signals and how to be a safety observer," he said. "Our training is based on the same standardized training in civilian industry."

AK1 Douglas Bovie is in the process of getting his license and has used the crane six times. "It's kind of nerve-racking the first time," he said. "There are a lot of levers and I have to maneuver the cargo around using directions from the signalman."

Photo by PHAN Andrea Seymour

AK3 Stephen Mustin Jr., steadies cargo being lowered in Hangar Bay 3 aboard USS *Carl Vinson* (CVN 70)

The crane comes in handy when taking on cargo in port or while anchored, according to Brady. "When we anchored in Bahrain, the barges came to the ship by Elevator 4, and we used the crane to load the cargo onto the ship. Without a crane, we have to pull into port and move the cargo up the brow from the pier."

The crane is an all-terrain vehicle the Navy bought from the Army specifically for use on aircraft carriers. Crane operations are not only fun for the operator, but also very important to the operations conducted by the aircraft carrier. "Without the crane, the aircraft would not fly," said Sloan.

Story by JO3 Brian Hess, USS Carl Vinson *(CVN 70) Public Affairs.*

BY THE numbers...

10:

The number of teams currently competing in the Women's National Basketball Association (four teams will join the action at the start of the 2000 season).

7,899.83:

The number of miles through the Earth between the North Pole and South Pole (a measurement called the Polar Diameter).

41,000:

The number of miles the nuclear submarine USS *Triton* (SS[R]N 586) covered during her famous 84-day submerged voyage around the globe, a record that still stands today for speed and endurance. CAPT Edward L. Beach, best-selling author of *Run Silent, Run Deep*, was *Triton*'s commanding officer.

200:

The weight, in pounds, of lard it takes to form the traditional three-inch layer of grease around Herndon Monument, the gray, obelisk at the U.S. Naval Academy. Each year, 1,000 Naval Academy plebes work together to climb the slippery, 21-foot-tall grease shaft in an effort to remove a plebe's blue-rimmed "dixie cup" at the top and replace it with a midshipman's cover, signifying the end of plebe year.

TIME CAPSULE

This month we take a look back at the July 1978 issue of *All Hands*, in which we introduced our 21st Chief of Naval Operations, ADM Thomas B. Hayward.

In that issue, the newly-appointed CNO discussed the current state of the Navy as well its future role in national defense. Hayward's biggest challenge, it seems, was devising a way to meet the personnel needs of a growing Navy. Retention was key, he said, as well as training good leaders and keeping them.

Also in that issue, *All Hands* profiled Japan's "secret weapon" of World War II – a "midget submarine," approximately 80 feet long, armed with two torpedoes and operated by only two men. The Japanese used the submarine only once and not very well. In fact, the United States captured its first prisoner of the war because of this submarine's failure.

We also profiled Navy test pilots. These daring men learned to fly all sorts of aircraft, including gliders, as part of what was known as the Soaring Program.

And we ran a story on underwater photographers, who were, and continue to be, the Navy's window to the world under the waves.

Far Right: A bird's eye view of the U.S. Naval Academy.

Right: As you look up from the City Dock area, you can't miss the Maryland State House.

Destination An

By J01 Joseph Gunder III

Photos courtesy of the Annapolis and Anne Arundel County Conference and Visitors Bureau.

The Maryland Renaissance Festival comes to nearby Crownsville, Md., every year from August to early October. There's jousting, people in period costumes, renaissance arts and crafts and stage acts.

It was a sad day when General Washington resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army at the old State House here in 1783. But only a few miles from that spot, close to 1,000 midshipmen throw their caps in the air every spring in exultation as they receive their commissions in the U.S. Navy.

This is Annapolis, Md. Only about 27 miles from both Washington, D.C., and Baltimore, this city dates back to before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It's famous for many things, but one standout is the U.S. Naval Academy, founded there in 1845.

More than just midshipmen, professors and plebes, there's a large enlisted contingent stationed in Annapolis. Some work at the nearby Naval Station while others work directly with midshipmen at the Academy.

Yeoman 1st Class Robert Frye works in the enlisted accessions office. His job is to help bring members with prior service into the Naval Academy. Whether he's conducting interviews, helping a potential midshipman fill out forms or pointing him toward the right way to get medically qualified, Frye is enjoying his tour. "I like it here," he said. "There are so many educational benefits about living here, with all the schools around. The waterfront here is just magnificent. You could ride a bicycle downtown and see all the shops and restaurants.

"I think working at the Academy is especially influential to all the junior people," Frye continued. "They see all the midshipmen, and it makes them think about their future … about maybe getting a commission one day."

Named for King James II's youngest daughter, Princess Anne, Annapolis was actually the capital of the United States from November 1783 to August 1784,

napolis

and remains the capital of Maryland.

Tired of being taxed above and beyond what was approved by the elected assembly in 1775, Marylanders met under a huge tulip poplar tree downtown and discussed independence from London. That tree, known as the "Liberty Tree," still stands some 224 years later. Other colonial cities had similar Liberty Trees where disgruntled citizens would meet, but the one on the campus of St. John's College here is the only one remaining.

Protected by the Appalachian Mountains to the west and the Atlantic Ocean to the east, Annapolis has mainly mild weather. Breezes from the Chesapeake Bay help keep the temperature moderate – about 35 degrees in winter, while summer stays around 85 degrees.

Boats are such a big deal here that Annapolis calls itself "the sailboat capital of the world." Anne Arundel County, where Annapolis is located, boasts the greatest number of boats in Maryland – more than 31,000. If you're into sailing, you could check out "City Dock" in the historic area. Word has it that it's a great place to get something to eat and watch the yacht parades every weekend.

When you visit the Naval Academy, you can see the crypt of John Paul Jones in the Academy Chapel, or gaze at the original foremast of USS *Maine*. There's also a terrific museum on the yard where you can see the fold-out table upon which the Allied powers accepted Japan's surrender in World War II, among a host of other great exhibits.

If you stop by during commissioning week in May, you might get to witness an incredible sight, the Herndon Monument climb. "Plebes," or first year students, work as a team to scale this 21-foot-high obelisk covered with lard for the occasion(see photos Page 28). When one gets to the top, he or she has to knock off the white hat of a plebe and replace it with a midshipman's hat. Only then are the freshmen able to be called midshipmen.

But you don't have to be a plebe to see Annapolis. You can make a trip back through time to the homes, inns and storefronts of the Revolutionary War, take a spin around the Maryland State House or just enjoy a short walk to dinner and spend a quiet evening by the bay.

It's all in Annapolis. Check it out, and expect to have a great time in a unique city that's so much more than a Navy town.

Gunder is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands.

Story and photos by JO1 Rodney J. Furry

The Icemen

USS *Hawkbill* (SSN 666) and the Navy's Arctic Submarine Laboratory take *SCICEX '99* to the North Pole in the last of a series of ocean studies.

The ghostly radio voice drifted eerily under the ice pack down through the depths where it finally echoed, cold and distant from a tiny speaker to the crowd in USS *Hawkbill's* (SSN 666) control room.

"*Hawkbill* ... This is Marvin Gardens ... you are clear to surface, over."

As the heat in the overcrowded compartment continued to rise, the Skipper gave the command, "Officer of the Deck, vertical surface the ship, achieve a three-zero foot per minute ascent rate."

The captain's voice cut through the humid air like a scythe, and a bead of sweat formed on the young lieutenant's brow.

The lieutenant replied, "Vertical surface the ship, achieve a three-zero foot per minute ascent rate. Aye, sir!"

As the helmsman made minor adjustments with the planes, the chief of the watch began to systematically pump out *Hawkbill's* huge ballast tanks to make her buoyant. For the first time in weeks, all other activity inside the boat came to a halt. Each set of eyes was curiously fixed skyward, as if they could see through the hull to the approaching ice pack.

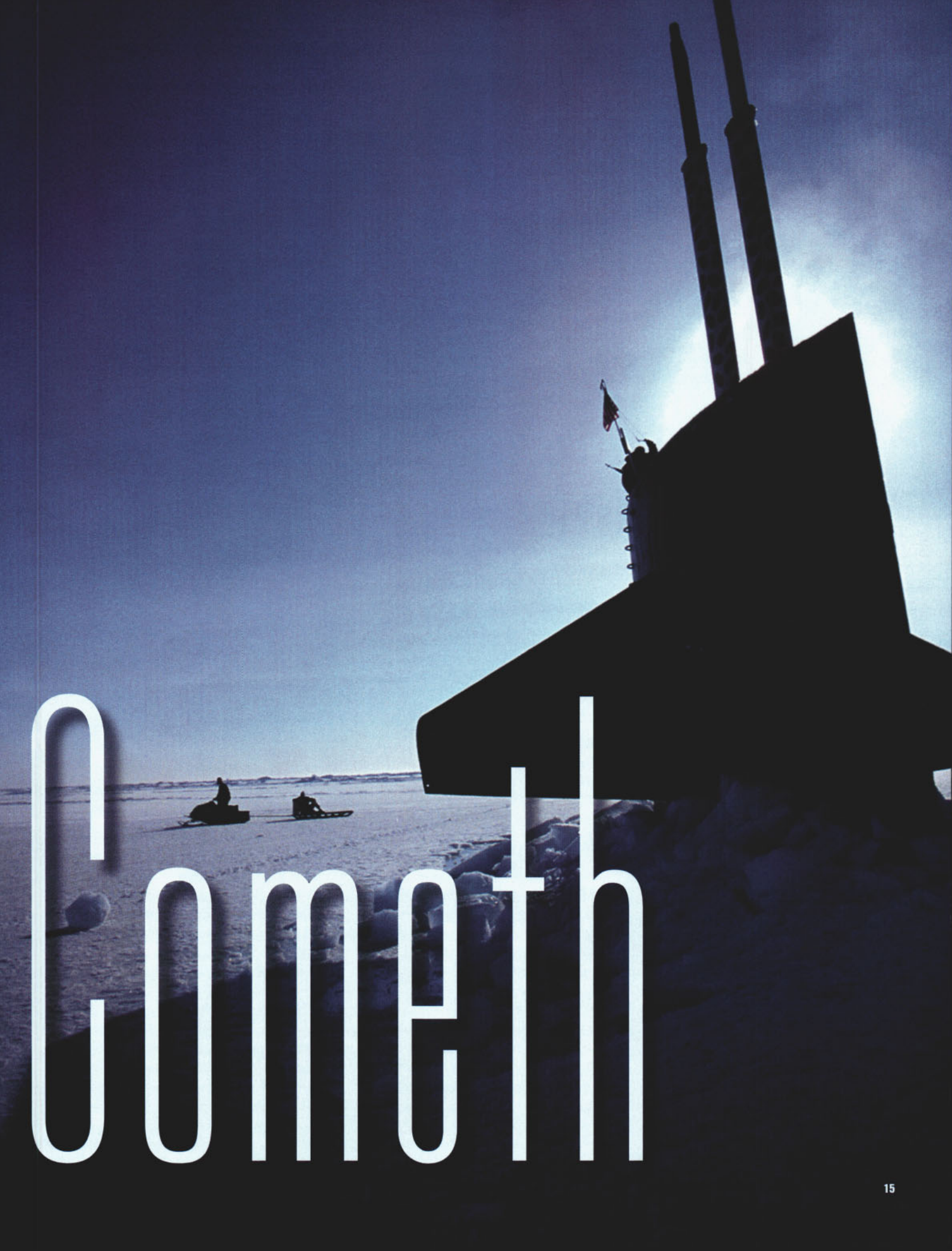
His bead of sweat swelled and trickled when the lieutenant finally exhaled. Meanwhile, the diving officer slowly began ticking off the feet.

"Eight-zero feet ... seven-zero feet ... six-zero feet ..."

White knuckles gripped every available hold. *Hawkbill* ascended until a shout rang out, "Impact!"

Suddenly the top of the sail collided with the ice pack, sending a shudder throughout the boat. She lurched with a heavy steel groan that sounded like King Neptune himself had the boat in his powerful grip. More than three feet thick but no match for the 4,000-ton vessel, the ice succumbed to the force of the surfacing boat and split with a shattering protest.

As the tension of the moment subsided, a small group of support personnel on the ice pack above them was already swarming around the protruding sail



Cometh

Left: ET3(SS) Gerald Henderson takes the helm during tight maneuvers in the Bering Strait.

Right: *Hawkbill*'s Commanding Officer CDR Robert Perry looks over a map of the Arctic with navigator LCDR Rick Stoner (left) and ASL ice pilot Jeff Gossett while plotting the boat's track.

Below: University of Hawaii Engineer Mark Rognstat and Columbia University Engineer Dale Chayes look over data taken from the SCAMP ocean-mapping sonar as they prepare to begin testing the unit in the Arctic Ocean.

like bees around their queen. Below the ice she hung – stealthy, black and smooth – a true vessel of war.

But beneath her sleek façade, *Hawkbill's* interior revealed a torpedo room converted to an oceanographic laboratory for a peaceful mission. The mission, dubbed *SCICEX '99* (Science Ice Expedition), teamed the best of the scientific community with the military community's most advanced hardware to improve our understanding of the Arctic Ocean's role in the global climate.

For the past five years, the nation's top scientists and engineers have had Navy nuclear submarines at their disposal thanks to an agreement between the Navy Submarine Force, the Office of Naval Research, the National Science Foundation, The National Oceanographic & Atmospheric Administration and the U.S. Geological Survey. The general opinion is that the undersea boats are the luxurious way to navigate in this inhospitable part of the world.

"A nuclear submarine is the perfect platform for this kind of scientific study," said CDR Robert Perry, *Hawkbill*'s commanding officer. "We can maneuver and explore vast areas of the Arctic Ocean for extended periods. That's something you just can't do with a surface vessel like an icebreaker," he said.

But that's not to say it's an effortless cruise. Just getting to the Arctic Ocean requires an unmatched test of the crew's navigational skills. For more than a week, *Hawkbill* maneuvered through the shallow, ice-covered Bering Strait at a snail's pace, zigzagging around deep ice keels extending far below the surface ice pack. It's a trip that would be almost impossible without the help of a small group of "ice pilots" from the Arctic Submarine Laboratory (ASL) who know through experience just how unpredictable a trip like this can be.

"We didn't know what we would encounter up here," said Jeff Gossett, an ice pilot and former submarine officer who was making his 21st trip into the region. "You can't rely on previous experience to tell you what it's going to be like at any particular point along the way," he said.

At times the boat squeezed under the pack with only feet to spare between her keel and the ocean floor. While gallons of sweat may have been expended at the boat's conn, the helmsmen had a little added protection thanks to modern technology.

Sonar has long been a submarine's eyes and ears in the deep, but navigating under the ice poses a unique challenge. The answer is a group of specially-designed sonars tested during more than 40 years of Arctic submarine travel, pioneered by Dr. Waldo Lyon and the crews of USS *Nautilus* (SSN 571) and USS *Skate* (SSN 578).

The Pulsed Forward–Looking Upgrade (PFLU), or "Pee-flew", is the windshield of the system. It provides the conning officer and the ice pilots a graphic picture of obstacles directly in front of the vessel. With a watchstander staring at the tiny, multi-colored picture for hours on end, the boat makes what

seems like an endless number of course changes around the dangerous ice keels that extend down into the depths like giant stalactites in an underwater cave.

Maneuvering through the labyrinth of ice is usually done with only a few feet of breathing room between the top of the sail and the ice pack overhead, so a pair of sonars also provide a safe look at the confining ceiling above. While a top-sounding sonar scribbles out a profile picture of the ice immediately overhead, a side-scanning sonar paints a computerized image of the surface.

"Most of the crew operated this equipment last year during *SCICEX '98*, so their familiarity with the sonars has made my job easier this year. But as I said before, the conditions are totally different, so it's not stress-free," said Gossett.

Though it may seem a lot of trouble to go through for a vast, lonely wilderness, the scientific community has recently begun to form an understanding of how important the Arctic Ocean is to regulating the world's climate.

Even after more than 90 years of gathering scientific data, relatively little is known about the region, due mostly to the difficulty of operating in the harsh environment.

"The Arctic Ocean is probably the least known body of water we have. A lot of the things we thought we knew, we often find aren't true," said Randy Ray, an ASL ice pilot and laboratory assistant.

Some of the important findings reveal that the Arctic is the earth's repository for many undesirable products like pollution. They are also finding that there may be some previously unknown tidal currents in the Arctic that affect the currents and climate of the rest of the world's oceans, and, in turn, affect the global climate.

Once *Hawkbill* was safely out of the shallow Bering Strait and several hundred feet below the ice pack, Machinist Mate (SS) 3rd Class John Groustra busily took water samples from a specially designed tap in the torpedo room laboratory. The hundreds of samples taken during the journey will help scientists build a better picture of the Arctic Ocean's chemical makeup at various depths.

"It feels good to be involved in something that has a much more global importance," he said.

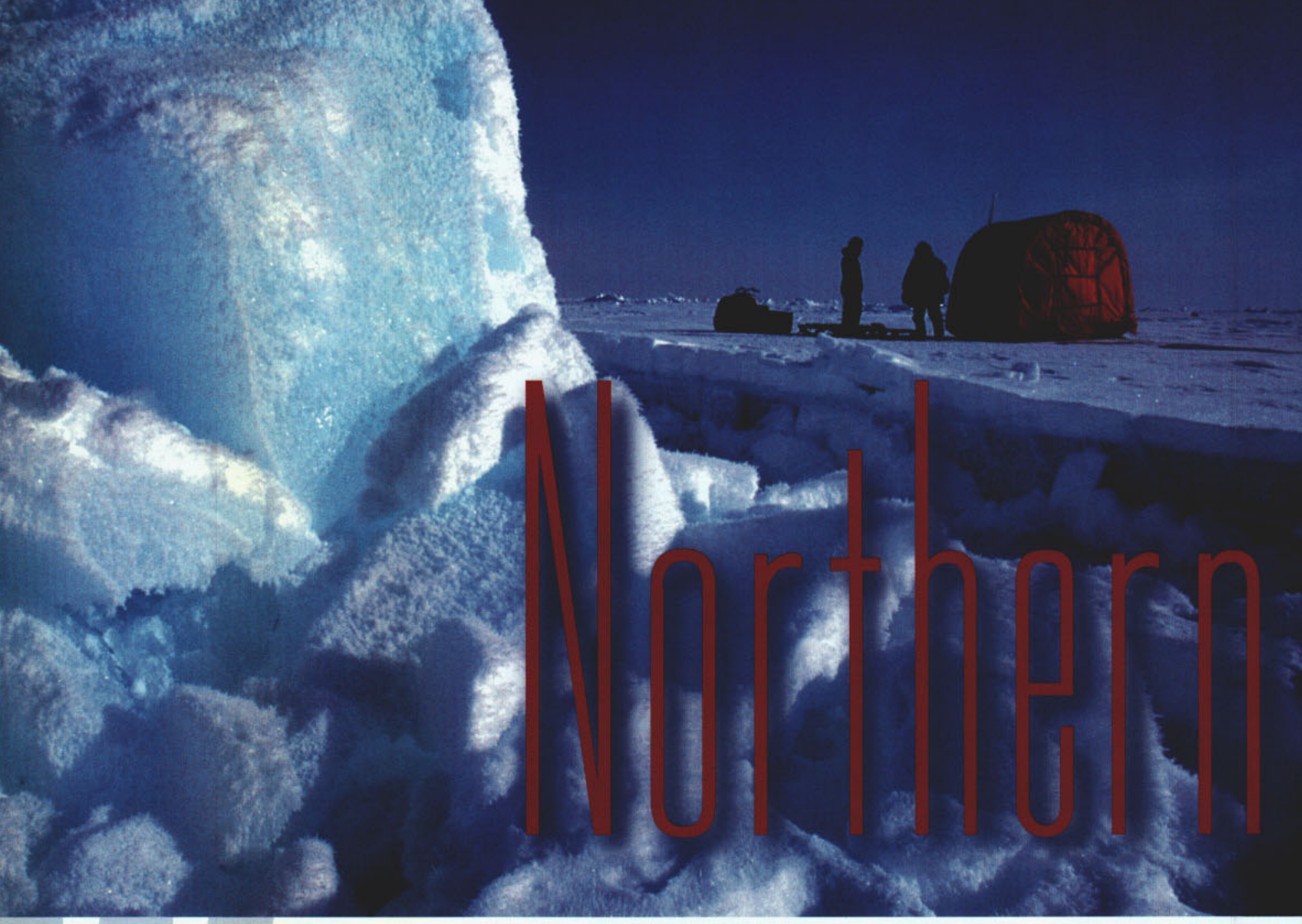
Crew members perform a fire drill as *Hawkbill* prepares to go under the ice.

Hawkbill surfaces at ice camp APLIS.

Nearby, oceanographer Steve Okkonen from the University of Alaska-Fairbanks is busy cataloguing the samples for use in a variety of studies, while engineers monitor a new ocean-mapping sonar that penetrates deep into the ocean floor providing more information than ever before possible.

After a few surfacings at the ice camp to pick up scientists and supplies, *Hawkbill* continued on her course for several more weeks to gather data. As they prepared to dive for their journey and slip back under the ice, the crew took one last look at the barren landscape.

Furry is a San Diego-based photojournalist for All Hands.



Northern

"Water, water everywhere, [but alas,] Nor any drop to drink." The words come to mind as one looks out across the empty horizon of the Arctic Ocean. Nothing more significant than a vast expanse of ice broken occasionally by great, Volkswagen-sized boulders thrust upwards by the force of impacting floes is revealed. The significance here though, 130 miles from the nearest thawed civilization, is the small huddle of wooden huts and tents sheltering one of the northernmost groups of people on Earth.

"Welcome to Ice Camp APLIS!" offered the camp's Officer-in-Charge, Dan Steele. As the man responsible for the welfare of all of the camp's inhabitants, Steele began to brief a small group of visitors on the camp rules and safety hazards as they thawed out over steaming cups of coffee.

"Make sure you don't leave the ice floe without informing the command hut, and make sure you have a radio and rifle with you," said the cheerful Steele through his bushy frozen moustache. They looked at each other and wondered where he thought they were going to run off to, especially after he explained that polar bears, common to the area, can smell a man from 20 miles away and run up to 45 miles per hour. They would soon find that there was plenty to do off the ice floe, and the polar bears had luckily not been informed of the human buffet at Ice Camp APLIS.

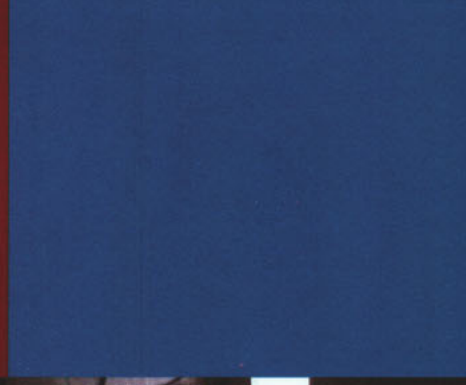
The Applied Physics Laboratory Ice Station (APLIS) was the first of its kind built in several years as a support camp for the last in a series of five Science Ice Expeditions (*SCICEX '99*). Named Ice Camp Lyon after the late Dr. Waldo Lyon, who helped pioneer Navy submarine exploration of the Arctic, the camp served as a temporary home for a small *SCICEX* support staff from the Navy's Arctic Submarine Laboratory (ASL), and a group of scientists.

"There is so much that can be learned from the Arctic that benefits not only the scientific community, but will eventually benefit the Navy as well," said ASL's Commander, CAPT J.A. Fischbeck.

Stepping from the warm shelter of the small huts, the cold hits you like an all-pro linebacker, and near-instantaneous frostbite is a common danger when the temperature drops well below -50 degrees Fahrenheit. Near the camp, a group wielding long saws and pick-axes gathered around a hole, looking like ice-fishing lumberjacks. Gazing into the icy abyss below the four-foot thick ice, Roger Anderson, a hydrographic expert from the University of Washington Applied Physics Laboratory, explained that it was part of their research.

"Once the hole is finished, we can place a device in the water that measures the water current," he said. The long pole, resembling an upside-down weathervane is part of several ongoing studies by the lab aided largely by the Navy's Arctic research program.

Zooming across the floe on the back of a snowmobile, James Parinella and Armen Bahlavouni buried their faces in the large fur-lined hoods of their parkas



Enclosure

Story and photos by JO1 Rodney J. Furry

and watched the billowing cloud of snow stirred up in their wake. Their excursion off the safety of the floe over, they expressed thanks to the Navy for providing an affordable way for them to get to the Arctic. On this day, they were testing new equipment capable of studying the movement of the ice pack.

"We're setting up tiltmeters at various places on the ice pack to study the waves that form as the ice moves," said Bahlavouni. "It's an alternative way of studying ice thickness trends, which will provide more information on the ocean's currents."

Studying the currents and their effect on the overall climate was also the focus of other scientists at the camp. Heavy boots crunched across the ice outside the command hut, announcing the arrival of Peter Mikhalevsky, Ice Camp Lyon's chief scientist. Inside, he turned his attention to yet another ice hole, this one cut right into the floor of the hut.

Mikhalevsky's company, Science Applications International Corp., has developed a technology for studying the Arctic climate using underwater acoustics. He was getting ready for an important test of the system, which would receive an acoustic signal from a source all the way across the Arctic nearly 3,000 miles away.

The system, called Arctic Climate Observations using Underwater Sound, or ACOUS from the Greek word for 'to listen', may eventually provide researchers and climatologists with a long-term system for studying the ocean below the ice that requires fewer camps like this one.

"One of the things we hope to develop using the ACOUS is a greater understanding of the cyclical warming and cooling of the ocean," he said. "This will help us better understand how the climate here affects the global climate."

As a tiny plane circled across the rooftop of the world, the camp came to life at the prospect of oil and food replenishments and possibly a newspaper from civilization. It's understandable why the average equatorial dweller probably never gives the frozen Arctic outback a second thought. Still, here in the middle of nowhere, the Navy and a group of scientists were willing to brave the harshest of elements in an effort to better understand the world's oceans.

The small camp slowly disappeared as the plane scrambled aloft, offering the departing visitors an even greater view of the endless expanse of frozen white wilderness. Another old phrase comes to mind. This one, from an ancient Taoist philosopher, seemed written for the place: "The highest good is that of the water. The goodness of water is that it benefits the ten thousand creatures, yet itself does not scramble, but is content with the places that all men disdain."

Furry is a San Diego-based photojournalist with All Hands.

Story and photos by JO1 Robert Benson

The LONG

Fourth class midshipmen of the Class of 2002 grind through an exhausting day of "Sea Trials."

EST Day

One Friday night, not too long ago, Midshipman 4th Class Gregory Chapman bought $50 worth of fast food and began a feast to end all feasts.

Forget the Last Supper and the pilgrim's Thanksgiving dinner; this was the super mega meal – the mother of all chow downs. Single-handedly, Chapman wolfed down some 280 fries, a gallon or two of cola and about five pounds of hamburgers. He snacked for an hour that night – heroically, mythically. Calorie counters and nutritionists would have reeled in disbelief had they witnessed the hamburger-hoarding spectacle.

Chapman deserved the 4,200 calories though. For during that day he got by on a banana, some strawberries and an occasional sip of water here and there. He and about 1,000 of his closest friends at the U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., had just been through something he later called, "the hardest thing he ever did": Sea Trials.

One of the culminating events of the Plebe year, Sea Trials is an intense, day-long workout. The relatively new event at the Academy is designed to test Plebe class training, teamwork, endurance and determination. The day begins at about 3 a.m., and runs nonstop until 8 p.m. Included are obstacle courses, physical endurance exercises, basic seamanship, problem-solving exercises and knowledge of the Academy.

That day, April 29, 1999, the class of 2002 pushed themselves to the limit.

Then they gorged themselves.

Then they slept.

And perhaps sleeping more soundly than any other midshipman was

Looks like a war-torn battle zone, but the barbed wire, smoke and spraying water were on the Academy yard. Plebes had to sprint through mud and crawl under barbed wire in this exercise.

Silhouetted in the afternoon sun, Midshipman 4th Class Gregory Chapman prepares to cross between two poles on a "high line."

Chapman. Even in slumber, the 22 year-old Newbury, N.H., native stood out. Not because of the number of pushups he cranked out that day, or the miles he ran or the weight of the logs he carried; not even because of the dried ketchup on his face. Around the yard, Chapman is known as a "prior" – someone who had prior enlisted time before coming to the Academy.

To some – especially the men and women who came to the Academy green and straight out of high school – the title "prior" was intimidating.

Early in the year, Chapman's classmates whispered and pointed behind his back. His drill instructors – themselves senior Academy students with no prior-enlisted service – silently wondered if they had the right stuff to teach a person who outranked them in terms of Navy experience.

The enlisted class advisors – Navy chiefs – they too must have eyeballed Chapman, wondering how much he really learned in the fleet.

"To be a prior you gain more respect," said Chief Fire Controlman (SW) Robert Chezem, the company's senior enlisted advisor. "Their leadership abilities are better than the others, so the young ones tend to look up to them. Athletically and academically they're on the same footing, but priors who have been in the fleet understand what goes on here at the Academy a little better."

Chapman's inherent leadership came through at Sea Trials. In the 15th mile of running, when his team had to drop to their bellies and crawl through the mud, he showed the way by going first. When the 400-pound log being supported above their heads by five running midshipmen began to slip, he screamed words of encouragement. When the team had to formulate a plan to carry a man on a stretcher through an obstacle course, he laid the groundwork. And in the 14th hour, when the non-stop grueling exercises began to take their

Watch your step! In the midst of "going down," a midshipman from Chapman's company braces for impact.

Seems easy enough, but nerves soared high on this falling exercise, where fellow "teammates" had to catch a blindfolded midshipman as she trustingly fell into the arms of her classmates.

Chapman (left) and Midshipman 4th Class Clachakis show their weariness after an exhaustive five-mile run (the fourth five-miler of the day).

toll, he pushed himself and everyone else just a little harder.

"There was one obstacle," recalled Chapman, "when we were climbing a pole and I had the other guys on my shoulders .... I couldn't think of anything else other than, 'let this pass.' And when we were carrying the Zodiac boats, and they were bouncing off our heads – that was just miserable.

"I can look back on Sea Trials now and say I have more endurance than I ever thought I did. Parts of it were fun and parts of it weren't."

Chapman said Sea Trials toughened him up. But toughening him up more, perhaps, was the Navy's Basic Enlisted Training, or the long hours of study at Nuclear Machinist's Mate School.

A couple years earlier, they were nothing more than dreams for Chapman. Soon the kid, who was fascinated by World War II history and Tom Clancy novels in high school, was embarking on the biggest story of his life. He thought about going to the Academy, but instead went to college at the University of New Hampshire, Durham, N.H. After a year, his desire to "travel and learn more" caught up with him.

Enter the U.S. Navy.

"My father was very tickled when he found out I was joining the Navy. My parents came out for pass and review in boot camp. Then, they came to the Academy while I was here. My mom didn't go to college, and neither did my

Right: A little before 8 p.m., sleeping comes easily as Sea Trials ends.

Below: Chapman and the team grunt through sit-ups with a 400-pound telephone pole.

Chapman's team huddles and devises a strategy prior to a daunting exercise.

dad, so for me to come to the Academy, it's really special for me and them."

He joined the Navy in April 1996 and immediately went to Nuclear Machinist's Mate school after boot camp. His ASVAB score of 90-plus reflected his intelligence and desire to learn more.

"I spent a month in Charleston, S.C., at the Nuclear Power Training Unit, and from there I went to the Naval Academy Prep School in Newport, R.I."

After a year of preparatory math, English, chemistry and physics, Chapman moved to the Academy.

He shaved his head, began doing mandatory exercise routines like a madman and was force-fed teamwork, loyalty and integrity concepts. Training, orientation, briefs, placement tests, uniform inspections, discipline training, rifle drilling and room inspections also followed.

Slowly, Chapman took on the form of a midshipman.

He earned the respect of fellow classmates and instructors, was promoted to class company commander and excelled in school.

Chapman said the first semester class company commander was also a prior enlisted. "He and I outperformed the other plebes, because, having been in the fleet, we had a huge headstart on everyone."

There were some sacrifices the 'prior' made at the Academy. His pay dropped from $990 a month as an E-4 to only $50 per month (the Academy automatically deducts allowances for laundry, uniforms and his education loan). He had to sell his car and become separated from his girlfriend.

Finally, after 17 hours of grueling exercises, Chapman (right) and his teammates from 3rd Company sing the traditional Academy song "Blue and Gold" to mark the end of an exhaustive day.

But Chapman made do. He wrote a lot of letters to his girlfriend. He was welcomed into the Barber household – an Annapolis family who specifically requested a prior enlisted Sailor to sponsor. And sooner than he knew it, the year was over – as marked by the culminating event known as Sea Trials.

Today he looks back at his enlisted time fondly. "I can honestly say the greatest time of my life was being stationed in Orlando, Fla., while going through machinist's mate "A" school. The guys I met there and hung out with were the greatest, and I still keep in touch with my old roommates and my best friends."

In "A" school they did everything together, from parachuting out of airplanes to studying nuclear physics. "The bonding here is a little different then it was in "A" school. As company commander, I'm more of a leader.

"After Sea Trials I had a better appreciation for those in my squad, and more respect for others' ability. There's things I can't do by myself, but with the team we can."

Bruised and battered, pained and stiffened, sunburned and soiled; there's one thing Chapman realizes he can do – without the help of his squad – and he demonstrated it after 15 hours of Sea Trials:

Mad feasting. Fry after fry after fry.

Benson is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands.

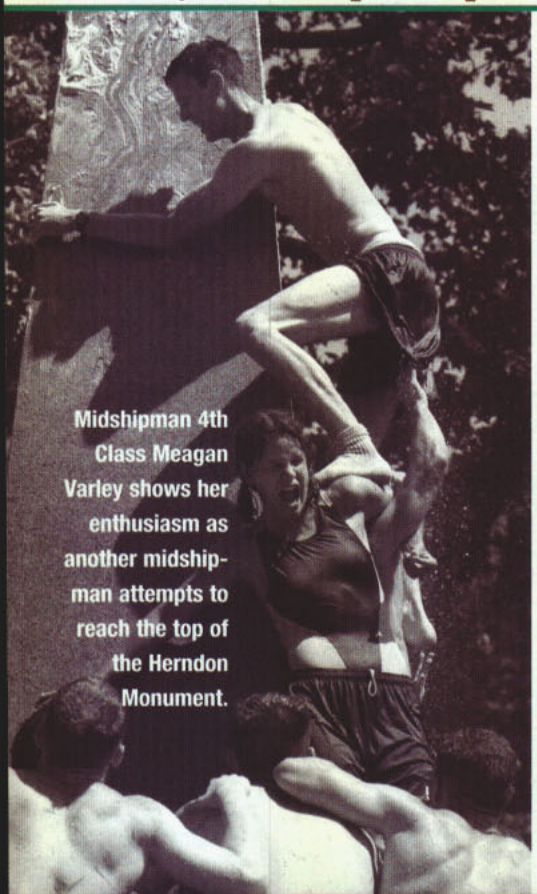
Above: Chapman cringes as he does leg lifts.

Below: After more than 16 hours of Sea Trial events, all 1,000 Plebes gather in for congratulatory remarks.

The theory is simple: if you squeeze the crowd toward the monument, the only way to go is up. Naval Academy history does not recognize a specific date documenting the origin of climbing Herndon Monument – it seems to have originated from an enthusiastic charge of former plebes.

OVER TH

1,000 people, 200 pounds of lard and 21 feet



Midshipman 4th Class Meagan Varley shows her enthusiasm as another midshipman attempts to reach the top of the Herndon Monument.

Sounds easy enough: climb a 21-foot gray monument, remove a plebe's blue-rimmed "dixie cup" at the top and replace it with an midshipman's cover.

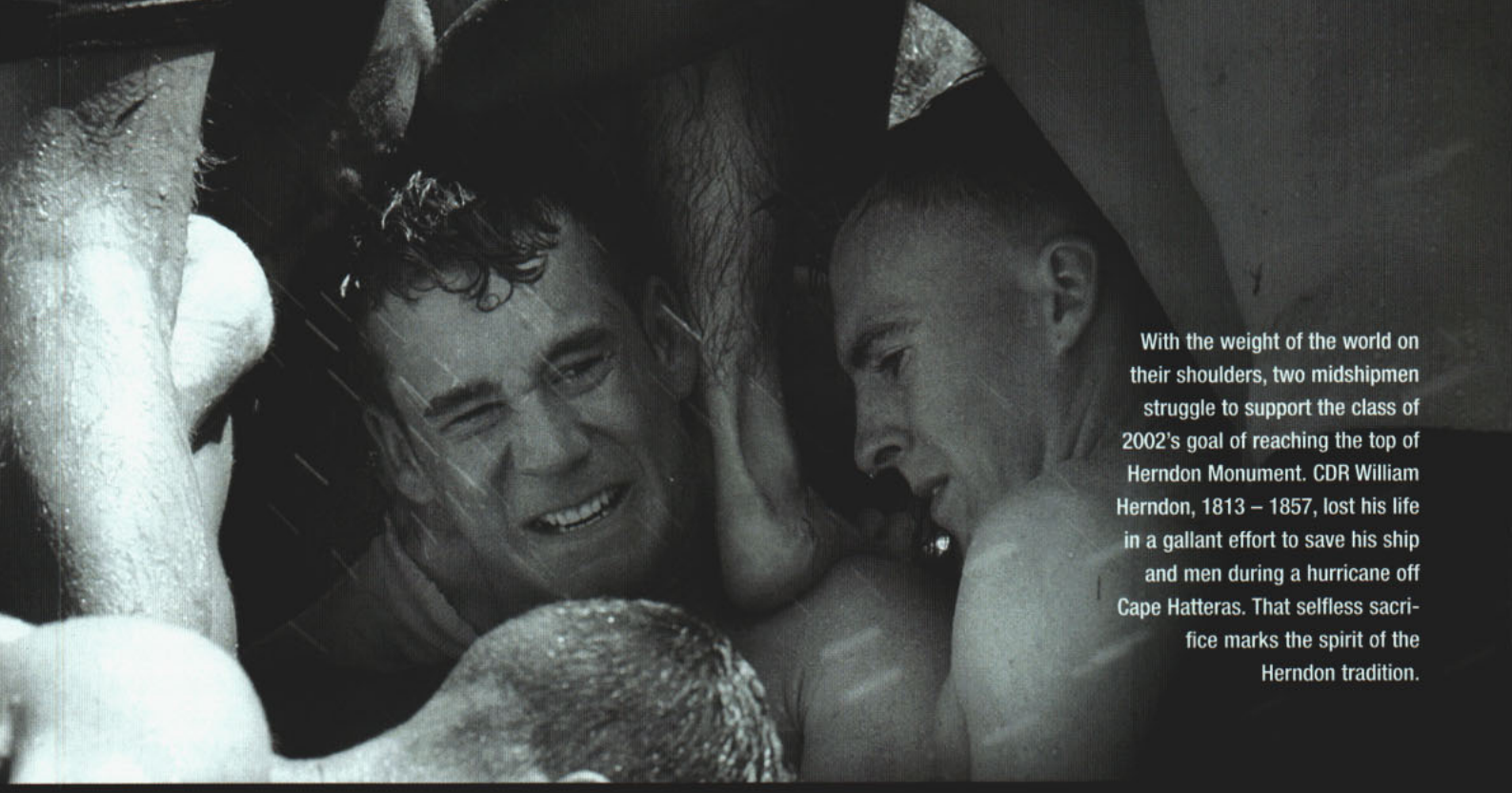
Thing is, it takes most groups three to four hours, or more, to do it. Might be because the obelisk-shaped monument is greased down with 200 pounds of slippery lard three inches thick. Or maybe because the group attempting the climb is constantly showered with cold water.

But for the 1,000 eager, screaming Annapolis Naval Academy plebes, the lard and water just added to the fun of climbing Herndon – a monument that taunted them all year. In an event that rivals Sea Trials in excitement, and has far more honor and prestige than a college campus "see how many you can stuff in the phone booth" competition, the annual climbing is meant to reward young midshipmen for finishing plebe year. It also reminds them of the values of teamwork, courage and discipline that are instilled in them throughout the year.

This time it took the group a little more than two hours to accomplish the hat trick atop the monument. Last year it was a four-hour climb.

Four hours! From Mount Everest's Base Camp 4 to the summit takes only six. (But those climbers didn't have lard to contend with).

The Herndon ceremony began with a cannon blast at 2 p.m. as



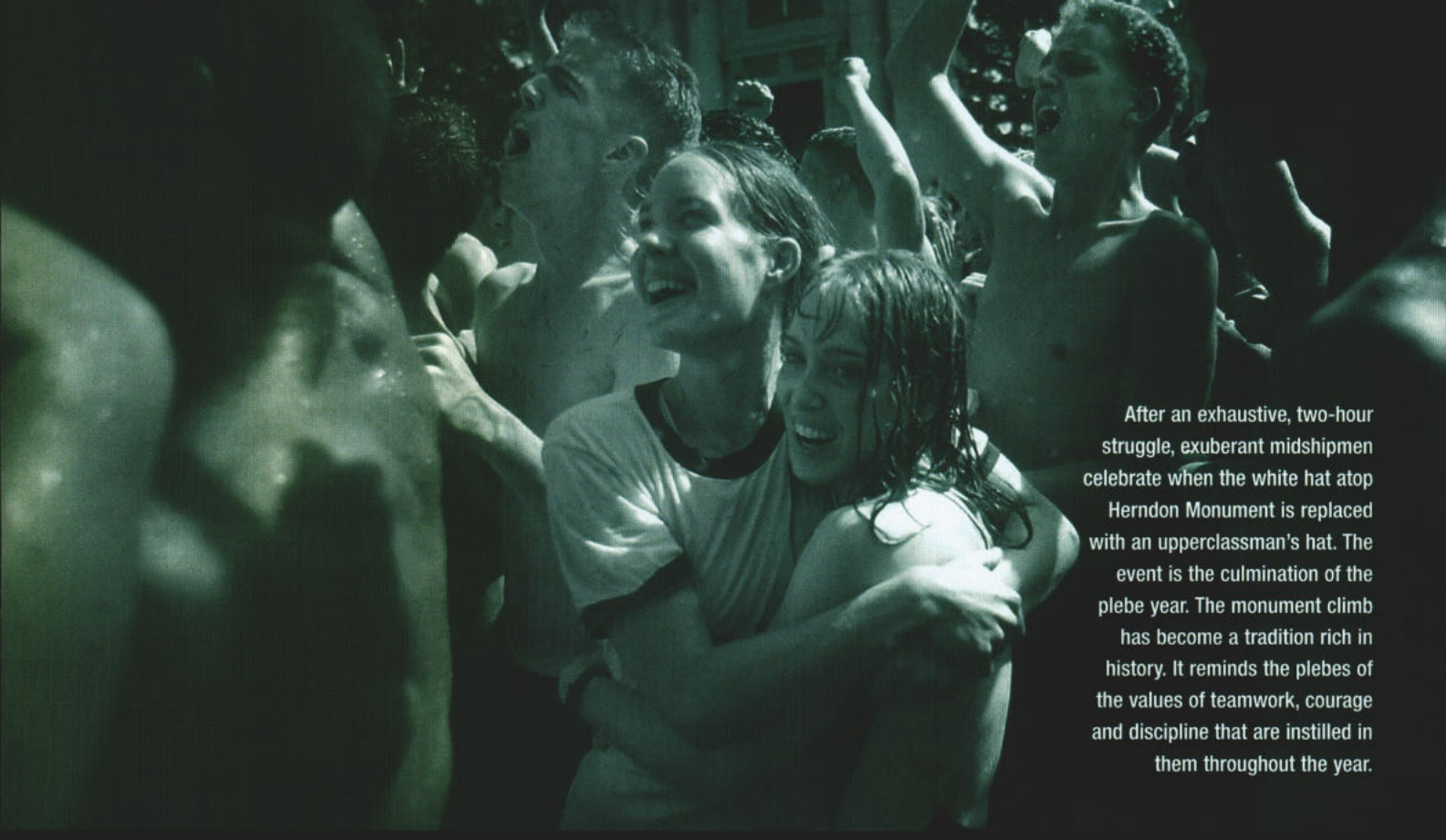
With the weight of the world on their shoulders, two midshipmen struggle to support the class of 2002's goal of reaching the top of Herndon Monument. CDR William Herndon, 1813 – 1857, lost his life in a gallant effort to save his ship and men during a hurricane off Cape Hatteras. That selfless sacrifice marks the spirit of the Herndon tradition.

E TOP

Story and Photos by
J01 Robert Benson

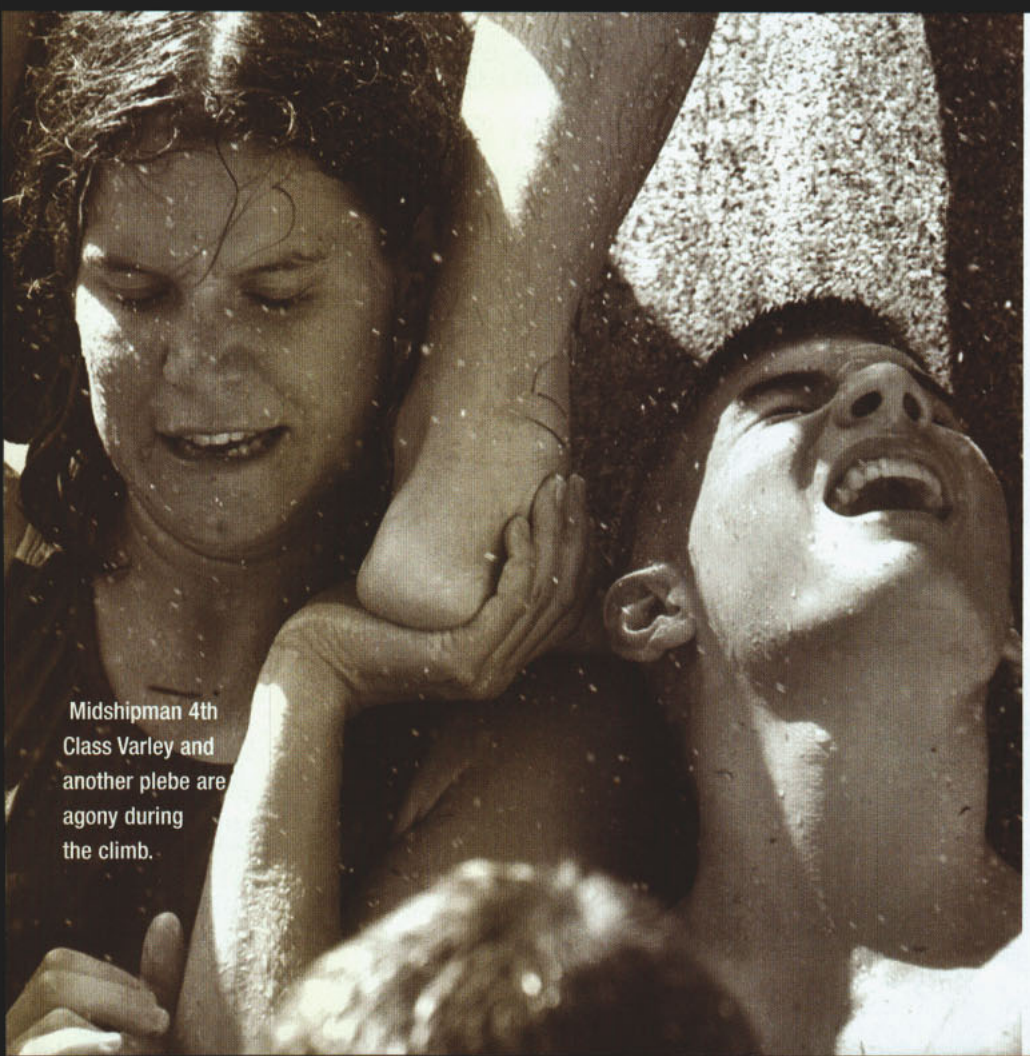
to climb and there "tain't no more plebes."

After a cannon blast signals the start of the event, shoes are ripped off and thrown at the monument to dislodge the coating of lard. Later, a mountain of soiled shoes is collected.



After an exhaustive, two-hour struggle, exuberant midshipmen celebrate when the white hat atop Herndon Monument is replaced with an upperclassman's hat. The event is the culmination of the plebe year. The monument climb has become a tradition rich in history. It reminds the plebes of the values of teamwork, courage and discipline that are instilled in them throughout the year.

Shoe throwing, hands, shirts and bodi



Midshipman 4th Class Varley and another plebe are agony during the climb.

plebes – all 1,000 of 'em – dashed toward the monument. Then they climbed and fell, slipped and slid, grasped and groped.

At first sight, they say, the monument appears much taller than it actually is, perhaps due to the lard slathered on by upperclassmen. Shoe throwing, hands, shirts and bodies remove the fatty white goo. That same lard – or the smell of it – permeates thousands of cheering spectators.

Bodies turn red with beads of sweat dripping down the tower of people. Agony shows on the faces of those at the bottom of the pyramid as they support three or four tiers of bodies upon their shoulders. As the crowd yells in anticipation, the class gets excited and "They're gonna make it" is heard all around.

A person nears the hat on top. Expectations soar. Then someone loses balance, falls and sends a

dozen or so bodies toppling down like dominoes.

Climb again. Lather. Rinse. Climb again.

One Annapolis tradition says that whoever reaches the top to switch the white hat to an upperclassman's hat will be the first to rise to the rank of admiral.

This year a behemoth of a midshipman – 6'6" and more than 230 pounds – made his way to the top rung of bodies, stretched like he never had before and with the tip of his fingers tossed a midshipman's cover atop the memorial.

The pyramid collapsed in exhaustion, the crowd went wild and a future admiral was hailed as the hero. Herndon was once again defeated.

Hats off – literally, from the top of the monument – to the two-hour class of 2002.

Midshipman 4th Class Varley's heart stops as she nearly loses her balance while standing atop other people's shoulders.

es remove the fatty white goo.

Helping hands push the class of 2002 to new heights, hopefully to the top of the Herndon Monument.

An interview with C

RUN SILE

A postwar photograph of USS *Piper* (SS 409), which Beach commanded at the end of World War II.

Photos courtesy of Naval Institute Press.

APT Edward L. Beach

CAPT Edward L. Beach is a 1939 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, where he ranked second in his class and held the midshipman rank of regimental commander. Serving aboard submarines, he participated in the Battle of Midway and 12 combat patrols during World War II, earning 10 decorations for gallantry, including the Navy Cross. By war's end he was in command of his own boat, USS Piper (SS 409).

Some years later he would command the nuclear submarine USS Triton (SS[R]N 586) during her famous 84-day/41,000 mile submerged voyage around the globe, a record that still stands today for speed and endurance. Ashore, Beach served on the personal staff of General Omar Bradley during Bradley's tenure as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and as naval aide to President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

He is the author of 13 books, including Run Silent, Run Deep, and numerous articles. Four of his books have been bestsellers. His latest work, Salt and Steel: Reflections of a Submariner, is available through the Naval Institute Press.

Beach retired from the Navy in 1966. The new home of the U.S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md., was christened Beach Hall last April in honor of him and his father, who was also a naval officer of literary achievement. All Hands recently had the opportunity to sit down with Beach for an exclusive interview.

Q: In the first chapter of *Salt and Steel* you credited your father with greatly influencing your decision to join the Navy, and yet he actually tried to dissuade you a little bit.

A: Yes, he really did. He went to quite some length to argue against it.

Q: Why do you think he did that?

A: I've wondered about that because clearly he wasn't against duty in the Navy. I've since decided that he was bending over backwards to make sure that I knew what I wanted to do. His influence on me at that time was stronger, I think, than even he realized. I sort of worshipped him.

Roy Benson was his name, and I really did like him. He was known as 'Pigboat Benny.' Terrific leader.

The third was the man who relieved Benson, after four excellent patrols. This was Robert E. "Dusty" Dornan, the most capable, hardest-fighting submariner in the force. I was his exec, and it was from him that I really learned the business.

The fourth was ADM Chester Nimitz himself.

Q: Under your command, USS *Triton* circumnavigated the globe – 84 days, 41,000 miles – a record that still stands today for speed and endurance. Did you have any idea at the time how historically significant that voyage was going to be?

A: Nowhere near the way you put it now. But I did know that it was going to be important, because it had never happened before. And I was one of the guys who had been early on touting the nuclear submarine, which I predicted could go 20 knots for 1,000 hours. Compare that to the latest diesel boats of the time, which had a top speed of 15 knots but would run out of battery power in one hour. Well, as it turned out, I was given a submarine that could do 30 knots for months, not 20 knots just for 1,000 hours. And, indeed, we ran at 21 knots all the way around the world. For a submarine, that was phenomenal. So I knew this was something very special.

Q: What kind of outlet did writing provide for you while you were in the Navy? Is that a natural extension of your interests or was it something that started as a diversion and got bigger?

A: Well, my father wrote about the Navy. As I said, he was the most important figure in my life. So I wanted to follow in Dad's footsteps. I went to the Naval Academy and became a naval officer, like him. He wrote about the Navy – a total of 13 books. I began writing as a midshipman, and now I've written 13 books. At the time, I guess, I just wanted to make Dad proud of me.

Q: How, as the naval aide to the President of the United States, were you able to write *Run Silent, Run Deep*?

A: I've wondered about that, too! In the first place, being a naval aide does not occupy 100 percent of your time. There is a little time for yourself. So, instead of playing golf or going to a lot of parties, I

CAPT Edward Beach with his bride, Ingrid, on their wedding day, about 30 hours before the landing on the coast of Normandy.

USS *Trigger* (SS 237), fresh from the builder's yard at Mare Island.

Q: Besides your father, whom do you think has most influenced you?

A: I would put it to four people. Perhaps the first is my skipper on this old destroyer, USS *Lea* (DD 118). His name was Clarence Broussard, and he could run a ship beautifully. I became kind of a son to him and he a father figure to me. I had no idea he was a submariner, but when I left the ship to report to submarine school, he appeared in full uniform with a submarine pin on his jacket — for me.

Another was my skipper aboard the submarine USS *Trigger* (SS 564). CDR

would come home after hours at the White House, sit in my living room with a clipboard and write. My goal was to write two pages a night. I wrote a couple hundred pages that way. I didn't always get two pages done every night, but that was my quota.

Q: Were you surprised by the success of *Run Silent, Run Deep*? Did that kind of take you by surprise?

A: Well, yes, of course. Naturally, I had hoped it would be a success, but I had no idea how big a success it would be. That was a terrific compliment, and even more so that the book is still selling. In fact, right now, the folks at the Naval Institute Press, who reprinted it in their Naval Classics Series, tell me it's their best continuous seller.

Q: How involved were you in the making of the movie? Did you have any input in that?

A: None whatsoever. I was unhappy with the movie. If you read the book and look at the movie carefully – one right after the other – you'll see that the movie has little resemblance to *Run Silent, Run Deep*. I mean, I think they had the script pretty well written before they even read the book. They only wanted the title – they simply bought the book for the title. Now, Ingrid, that's my wife, says I shouldn't talk like this. She thinks I should say "Oh, it was a great movie. Go see it!" Because the more they see the movie, the more they'll want to buy the book. But I really can't say that, because it's not true to the Navy that I saw and tried to describe.

Q: Looking back on your life, what would you consider your crowning achievement? What's the one thing you're most proud of?

A: That's a hard question. I'm proud of *Triton*'s around-the-world cruise, but I didn't really do that. That was done by my crew and the Navy – the ship the Navy built and put me in command of. That's not a personal achievement, although I was captain of the ship. Probably the biggest thing that's ever happened to me on the personal level is to have the Naval Institute's Beach Hall named after my father and me. No doubt about it.

Q: If you had one thing to say to a Sailor or a junior officer who is about to make that crucial decision to stay in or get out, what would it be?

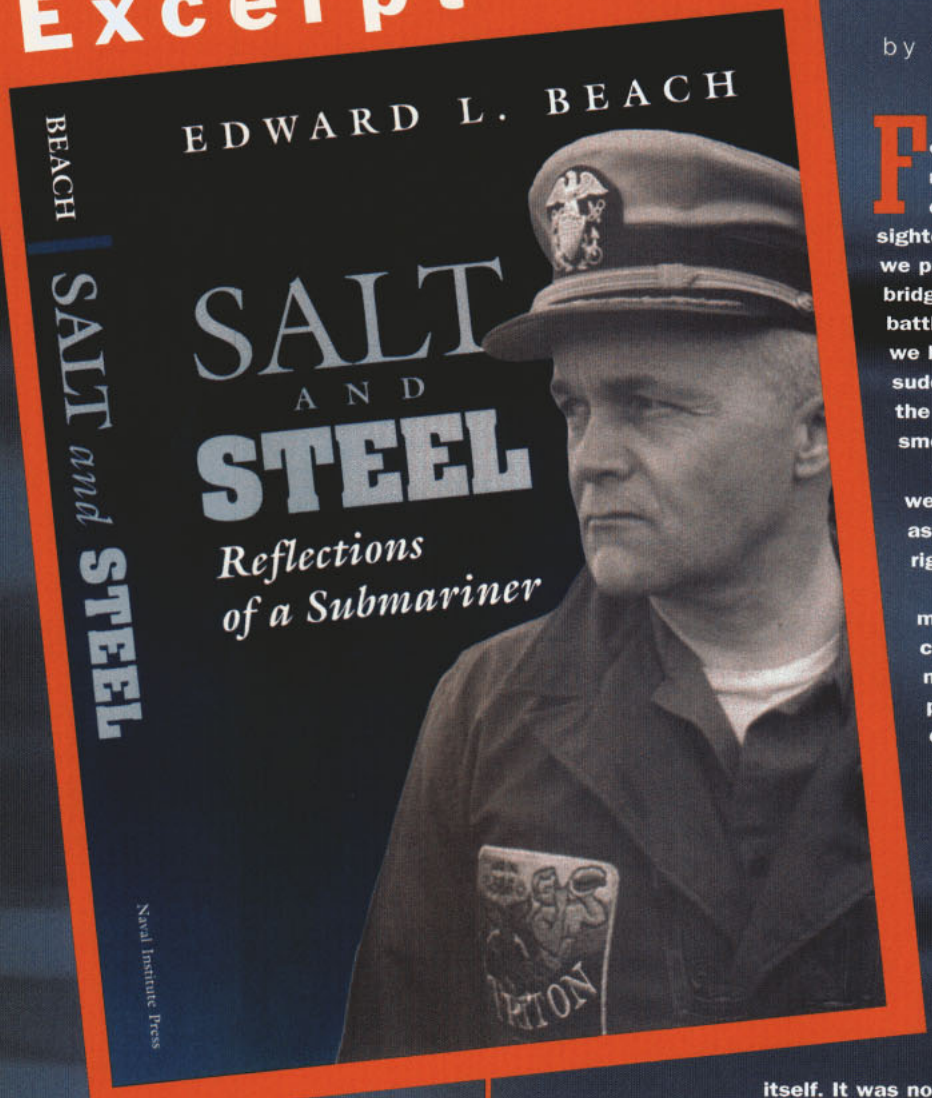
A: I've been thinking about that for a long time. What is there about the Navy? To me, it's always been a tremendous feeling that I am part of an organization that's much bigger than I am. The Navy has done things for me that most people just couldn't comprehend. Of all my school friends, I was the one who had the biggest adventure.

During the war, I was driving submarines. The Navy made that possible. Now look at the commanding officer of an aircraft carrier, or a nuclear engineer, a naval aviator or a Sailor in command of his own boat. They all have responsibility – they're part of something much bigger than themselves. They are adventurers. They do wonderful things that other people can't do. This is one of the tremendous things the Navy can do for you.

Beach cherished his duty as President Eisenhower's naval aide.

Another special ship in Beach's life was USS *California* (BB 44). As commandant of Mare Island Navy Yard, his father supervised her construction and launch, and the younger Beach dreamed of someday even being her skipper.

Excerpt from



by Capt. Edward L. Beach

For our first contact with the enemy we deserved no kudos, but we learned from it. Shortly before daylight, not far from the coast of Japan, we sighted a small merchant ship. Dawn was breaking as we pursued. [Lt.Cmdr.] Benson was, of course, on the bridge, and I happened to be OOD. The ship was at battle stations. We were expecting to submerge once we had attained the right position, but it was suddenly evident that we had been sighted because the enemy ship turned away and began belching smoke, evidently hoping to outrun us.

With our four big railroad-type diesels, we knew we had more speed than he could make. "Get right astern of him," Benson said to me, "and fire one right up his arse!"

No sooner said than done. I felt it quite a compliment that Benson had not taken the conn. He could have done this at any time, but for the moment I was still handling our ship. Getting into position behind our target was easy, and we quickly settled in, our four engines at maximum power, right astern. He was maybe a mile ahead of us, and we were overtaking him fast. It would soon be time to make ready the bow torpedoes for firing; this should not be done too soon, however, for in a stern chase they would have farther to run, and at this instant, still looking fixedly through my binoculars, I suddenly saw what we should have been seeing all along. "Captain!" I yelled, "That's not his stern! It's his bow! He's coming right at us!"

The situation had dramatically reversed itself. It was now broad daylight, and whoever the skipper of this little freighter may have been, he was attacking this enemy submarine he had sighted, not trying to get away! "Collision Alarm!" I yelled down the conning tower hatch at my feet. "He's trying to ram!"

The high-pitched screech of the alarm (which I've always thought of as the voice of a ship screaming in fright) instantly came through the hatch. We could hear watertight doors banging shut under the sudden onslaught of whoever happened to be nearest (weighing as much as 500 pounds, they made a distinctive loud noise duplicated nowhere else). Then all was tensely quiet, and the voice of Walter Pye Wilson, our chief wardroom steward, assigned to steer the boat at battle stations, came up sonorously through the hatch. "Watertight doors shut below! Boat's secured for collision!"

At battle stations, black, heavyset Wilson, an old-time submariner, one of the steadiest men aboard as well as one of the most popular, was assigned to steer the ship. He had always been the proverbial tower of strength at his multitudinous duties; from wardroom to galley to handling mooring lines to battle station helmsman, he was never at loss, his cool voice under stress helping

to keep the rest of us cool too. The big chrome-plated steering wheel was just beneath the hatch at our feet, so it was logical that whoever was steering should also function as a link in the communication chain. Wilson was a natural for this job.

The only hatch open was now the conning tower hatch, which would not be shut while there were men on the bridge. "Lookouts below!" I shouted. We certainly didn't need them now, and this would get them out of immediate danger if the ships hit. Benson and I were then alone topside, the menacing bow of the enemy ship looming very dose indeed. We were exactly end-on to each other, by this time only one or two hundred yards apart. Black smoke was pouring out of the freighter's single tall stack. Clearly he had put everything he had on the line. We, too, had our four diesel engines at maximum power. At our combined closing speed of perhaps 30 knots we were due to collide within seconds.

"Right full rudder!" I yelled at Wilson. I could visualize his massive muscles spinning that big steering wheel faster than it had ever been spun before. "Rudder is right full!" he yelled back, a special note in his voice. Trigger's bow precipitantly swerved to starboard.

This exposed the length of our port side to the enemy ship's bluff bow, and would give him the chance he must have hoped for, to hit us bows on, amidships. Sure enough, he must have put his own rudder to port, for he began to swing toward us. With our own hard-over rudder, our port broadside was swinging toward him, exposing itself. To the [Japanese] skipper it must have looked like a perfect opportunity. Seconds separated us from having our side smashed in.

It was like driving a car in heavy traffic, with two big differences. Ships are a lot longer than cars, and they steer from the stern, not the bow. Judging the relative motion as well as I could, I shouted down the hatch, "Shift your rudder to left full!" If Wilson's muscles had bulged at the first command, they must have gone into hard knots at this second one. We could see the rudder angle indicator on the bridge spin to the full left position, moving even faster than before. Trigger obediently stopped her swing to starboard, began to curve rapidly to the left. "Rudder is left full, sir!" bellowed Wilson. His voice definitely contained an unusual tone.

The ships were now perhaps 50 yards apart, water curling from both his bows as he put his full effort into turning toward us. There was nothing remarkable about him at all: just a rusty old freighter of perhaps 3000 tons, single stack puffing out a big cloud of smoke. The only thing unusual about that old tub was the man driving her.

One of *Trigger*'s "plankowners," Beach is the lieutenant (junior grade) closest to the camera in her commissioning ceremony. His first wartime duty was in this ship.

But we were at full speed. With our rudder now hard over toward the enemy ship and his toward us, we were spinning a circle around the same spot, passing side by side only a short distance apart. We would pass clear. I felt a quick sense of satisfaction that I had successfully dodged his assault. Already his bridge was coming abeam of ours. Suddenly Benson spoke. It was his first utterance in several minutes. "Ned," he said, "are you a hero?"

"Nossir!"

"Neither am I! Let's get out of sight!" The two of us dived for the hatch. As OOD I was the last man through it, and as I jumped below a rifle bullet zinged through the bridge side plating, making a neat hole a foot or two above my head.

"Take her down!" said Benson, and down we went with all the familiar noises attendant upon diving: diesels shutting down, exhaust valves and main air induction valve slamming shut, conning tower hatch clicking shut, its dogging handwheel being spun.

Wilson, his broad impassive face beaded with sweat, was putting the rudder amidships – another routine on diving. "All ahead two thirds," ordered the captain. This, too, was part of the normal diving routine. Wilson turned the two knobs on the engine order telegraphs mounted in front of him, moving their pointers from the "ahead full" position, below "standard" to "ahead two-thirds." The answer from the maneuvering room back aft, where the electrician's mates on watch actually controlled the speed of our propeller shafts, was so quick it was evident they had their hands already on their own knobs.

The danger was now past. For a moment there was nothing for anyone to do, and Wilson had evidently taken more than his years of naval and submarine experience had prepared him for. "Mr. Beach," he said, great globules of sweat standing out on his expressive face, "if we're going to have a collision, can't you at least make up your mind where you want me to put the rudder?"

I stared at him for an instant, the realization dawning of what must have been his view of our recent emergency. A number of our crew heard the exchange, and for the next few days I heard comments about making up my mind, but behind the wisecracks I sensed also a hint of approving respect. Among the crew of a submarine at war, a great deal is never put into words.

And as for Wilson and me, nothing can ever take the place of that delicious moment.

Story and photos by JOI Rodney J. Furry

Hoop Dreams

Some people actually dream about basketball. Not just your typical daydreams, but actual dreams; Technicolor flights of fantasy featuring awestruck faces frozen below them as they soar through the upper atmosphere on their way to slam dunks and graceful finger-rolls while an arena full of people cheer themselves into a stark-raving mad frenzy. Hoop dreams like this happen more often than you might think.

Cryptologic Technician (Administrative) 2nd Class Odetta Johnson-Shepherd and Machinist Mate 3rd Class LaShawn Brown know what it means to dream about basketball. They've been playing since they were kids. So when the WNBA's Phoenix Mercury invited them to come to Phoenix, Ariz., and be players for a day, it was a dream come true.

During warm-ups on the big day, Brown and Johnson-Shepherd stepped to the line decked in their new Phoenix Mercury practice uniforms and hit a few free throws to loosen up.

"I couldn't believe it when I found out," said Brown, whose credentials as a three-time, All-Navy player made her a top candidate for the honor. "I've been a Mercury fan for a long time, and Coach Cheryl Miller is one of my heroes, so I couldn't pass it up," she said.

With cool confidence Johnson-Shepherd dribbled a few paces to the left and nailed a jumper from the three-point line. Though slightly shorter than the average player on the professional team, she showed no fear of inadequacy as she stepped right into some of the drills offering up a tenacious defense.

"I'm not worried about whether I can keep up with them. I know how good my game is. I'm just excited about testing my skills next to theirs," said the Sailor, who traveled to Phoenix all the way from Yokosuka, Japan, for the experience.

The women couldn't have found a more formidable arena to test those skills. As one of the top teams in the increasingly competitive women's professional league, the Mercury make up a collection of some of the world's best players in the world of women's basketball. During a break between drills, Brown and Johnson-Shepherd chatted casually with players like Mercury Guard Umeki Webb, who offered encouragement and helped them feel at home during the team's pre-season training camp.

"It's great to have people from all walks of life involved

in what we're doing. It's rewarding to share with our biggest fans what playing at this level is like," said Webb.

With the 1999 season just around the corner, the team was still settling new players into the fold, so having a few new faces on the court barely raised an eyebrow. According to Webb, sharing the experience proved to be surprisingly easy for the team, thanks to the Sailors' obvious skills.

"We just started practices, so a lot of the people here are new. We haven't fully got our team's chemistry yet, so it's fun having them here with us. And with their game, we don't have to slow down at all," she said.

During a private one-on-one coaching session, Assistant Coach Howie Landa showed particular interest in helping the women develop their game. As he put them through a series of shooting drills, he paused often to energetically offer tips on body mechanics.

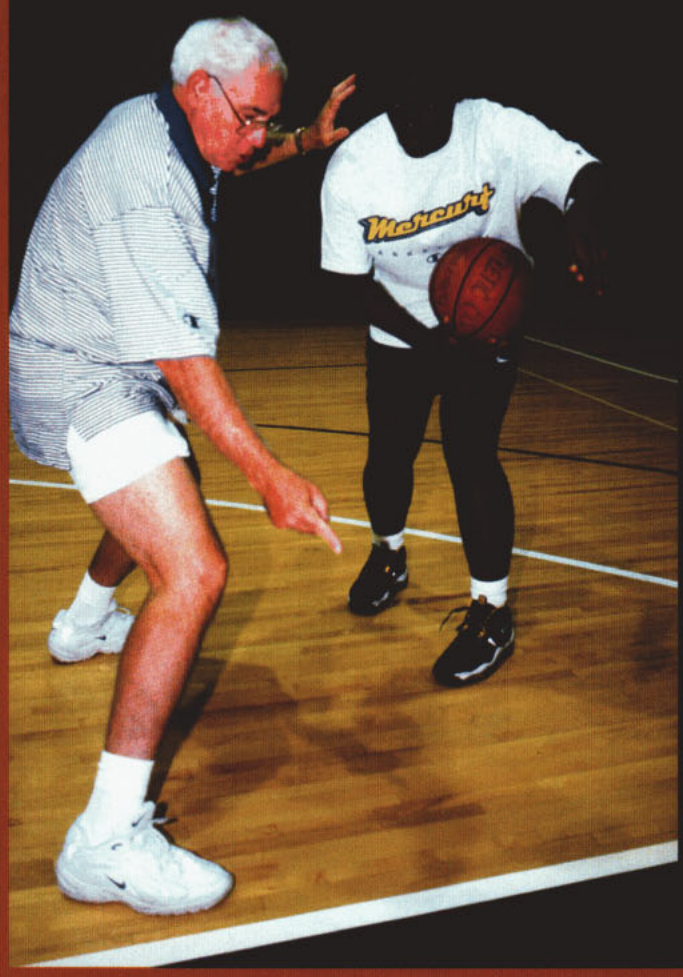
Landa, a former Sailor himself, looks fondly back on his own days as an All-Navy basketball star in Norfolk, during his enlistment from 1958 to 1960. After winning an All-Navy Most Valuable Player title in 1959, he went on to a career in coaching the women's game, which he prefers to the men's game because of the strong focus and fundamental skills they bring to the court.

"Women are fun to teach, because they come to learn," he said. "They know they have faults, and accept coaching more openly in their efforts to improve," he said.

Having two Sailors on his court reminded him of his days in the Navy, and he openly enjoyed sharing his knowledge.

"I'm glad the Navy gave them the opportunity to come here. I think it's important to give something good back to the kids, because they do work so hard. The Navy was good to me, so it feels good sharing this with them," Landa said.

At the end of the long day, Brown dribbled the ball around the empty gym looking tired, but smiling as she reflected on the experience, and let the dream soak in.



Phoenix Mercury Assistant Coach Howie Landa runs MM3 LaShawn Brown through drills during a one-on-one coaching session.

"It really was an enlightening experience," she said. "All the players were top-notch, so I learned a lot and appreciated being around that level of competitiveness," she said.

Johnson-Shepherd added, "No matter how good you are, you can always learn something new."

As two of the Navy's most respected basketball players, the women seemed eager to return to their home gyms to tell tales of their trip.

"Basketball at this level is mentally such a different game," said Brown. "I'm inspired to go back to Norfolk and share the experience with all of the local players there."

With all of the attention they received at the one-day fantasy camp, one would think the Sailors were ready to trade their "crows" for a shot at the big time. But these two hard-court heroes are still Sailors at heart, and see this as a chance to showcase the wide-ranging talents of the Navy as much as anything.

"I'm a lifer, I admit it," said Johnson-Shepherd. "I love basketball, but when I tell people about my love for the Navy, I'm serious. It's a good life, and the Navy's been good to me, so I can play the game I love and still have a solid career.

Who could ask for a better dream come true?

Furry is a San Diego-based photojournalist assigned to All Hands.

CTA2 Odetta K. Johnson-Sheperd discusses strategy with a member of the Phoenix Mercury

Teammates, Sisters, Friends

Story and photo by JO2 Jeremy Allen

It's the middle of the first quarter with seven minutes left on the clock when No. 50, Machinery Repairman Fireman Hazel Carrington, dishes a bounce pass with mustard on it to No. 5, Damage Controlman 3rd Class Winniferd "Tabby" Brady.

Tabby, or "Taz" as she is also known because of her Tasmanian devil-like speed, pauses in her whirlwind of motion, grabs the ball, glances at the clock and realizes she can slow down: her All-Navy team is ahead by 13 points. This is only the beginning of a grueling six-game competition to determine the winner of the Armed Forces Championship at the Construction Battalion Center, Port Hueneme, Calif., so Tabby knows she has to conserve her energy and use her teammates like Carrington.

Carrington, 6 foot, 1 inch of pure basketball talent, has learned to play every position. That includes backing her whirling dervish sidekick Tabby, the 5-foot 4-inch point guard for the All-Navy women's team.

Together this Allen Iverson/Magic Johnson-like duo lead the three point shooting, dunking portion of the All-Navy Women's Basketball team.

Hidden among the team's high fives and rebounds is a bond that has been tested on courts around the country. They are more than just players – they are friends. Carrington and Tabby met three years ago at their first All-Navy Team Training Camp and have been inseparable ever since.

Bringing that history with them to this year's squad helped the entire team learn to work together like a well-oiled machine on the court after only four weeks of twice-a-day practices.

"I watch everybody to see how they like to play when I am on the court with them," said Carrington. "I know how to set them up in that spot. With Tabby, I know she loves to go right. So I will drive left and leave her strong side open; that's like Magic Johnson, he knows all his people and what they like. When you can do that, you've got it. It's called teamwork."

For example one player, Storekeeper 3rd Class Mildred "Stretch" Conston, No. 13 from NAVSTA Pearl Harbor, liked to go left, so Carrington would drive right and if the "enemy" ties her up she knows she can pass it left and Conston is on her strong side.

Carrington learned this teamwork technique by studying what position other members on the team favor. "When I am on the court with them I know how to set them up in that spot," said the Corpus Christi, Texas native.

Team building started each morning at 7 a.m. sharp. The assistant coach, Hospital Corpsman 3rd Class Ray Wagner from Naval Hospital, Camp Pendleton, Calif., started them off by stretching out and running laps around the gym. Then he put them through their paces with running basketball drills, jumping rope, sprints, free throw practice and lay-ups. For each basket missed they ran two laps. Then after lunch the second practice began with more drills and sprints, and ended with a scrimmage. The women quickly learned to work as a team or they got cut.

According to Tabby, Carrington is a good player with finesse. "She is smooth. She is better than the first year I played with her." Tabby said Carrington was scared to play her game back then. "I don't know what it was, but I think she is playing her game now."

Along with improving her score, Carrington's game involves a little teasing with Tabby because they are both self-proclaimed "babies" of their families. "She is a very nice person but spoiled because she's the baby in the family," explained Tabby who has played All-Navy ball since 1996. "She tells me I'm spoiled and I tell her she's spoiled. We are back and forth with it."

This ability to handle teasing helps them deal with the pressure and tension of the game. Head coach Cryptological Technician (Operator) 1st class Eugene C. Munns knows the women can handle the pressure he puts on them, even when it involves constructive criticism.

"Hazel, you take a little while to get started but once you get going you go well," said Munns, who has coached Carrington for the last two years. "You need to jump more. You need to pull up and take a jump shot rather than try to go to the middle so much."

Inexperienced players might take these words as a personal attack or insult, but advice like that helps make these Sailors into both better players and leaders.

Teamwork, motivation and the urge to win are what it takes to make a good team, explained Munns. But it also takes an ability to listen and learn. "A good player has to have 80 percent attitude, 10 percent talent and 10 percent motivation," said Munns. "It's all about your attitude, yourself, the game, the players around you."

The clock continues to tick. Now it's the fourth quarter with only two minutes left of the sixth game. After four grueling days of back-to-back games, Tabby and Carrington's All-Navy Women's Basketball Team hasn't quite been able to take gold from the Army. Still, they know that down deep that they won first place ... in teamwork.

Allen is a photojournalist assigned to All Hands.

The All-Navy team runs together during a work out before a game at the Construction Battalion Center Gym in Port Hueneme, Calif.

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CyberSailor

The Making of a Musta

Since this month's cover story is about the training of Naval Academy midshipmen, I decided to jump on the Web to see what I could find out about the "boat school" in Annapolis, Md. What I discovered was, quite simply, amazing. For example, I was stunned to discover how many ex-Sailors have graduated from the Academy. These "mustangs," as they are called, started out as E-1s and worked their way to a commission. But, if you don't want to spend "four years by the Severn," as they say, I also found lots of other ways to earn those officer bars. If you want to find out how to become an officer, you should talk to your career counselor today. Those folks have all the information you need to know, and they can help you get on the right path if a commission is what you want. But, in the meantime, take a ride with me. I'll show you what I found on the Web.

Being the savvy Web navigator that I am, I was able to find the Web site **www.nadn.navy.mil,** which tells you everything you need to know about the Naval Academy. On this site's pages you will find the basic eligibility requirements for entry into the Academy. You can also find frequently asked questions about how long your obligated service to the Navy is after graduation and what the difference is between being nominated or appointed to the Academy.

But the topper of all of this is you can get a U.S. Naval Academy Admission Information request. The form is right there on the Web page: all you have to do is fill in the blanks.

They'll send you back the information you need to begin the process of becoming a midshipman. If you're interested in finding out what campus life is like at the Academy, you can also find it here. Don't know what naval career field you want to be in? You can find that information here, too.

There is also a Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps (NROTC) link that contains valuable information about the hundreds of schools nationwide that participate in the program.

By the way, if you're looking to become an officer as an enlisted Sailor, there's always the Chief of Naval Education Web page at **www.cnet.navy.mil.** Go to "Programs," then click on "Officer Programs." You'll see a list of all the officer programs including BOOST, ECP, NJROTC, OCS, OIS and the Seaman-to-Admiral Program.

www.nadn.navy.mil

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You can click on any program name to find out eligibility requirements, pay and allowances, education requirements and an overview of each program.

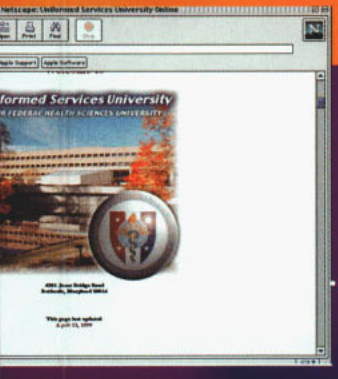
For specific information on each program you can also go to the Bureau of Naval Personnel Web site at **www.bupers.navy.mil.** Look under NAVADMINS for the most recent changes to instructions concerning each officer program. For example, look under NAVADMIN 030/98 for OCS Naval Flight Officer and Supply Corps Commissioning Opportunities. LDO and CWO programs are found under NAVADMIN 066/98. Seaman-to-Admiral program information is found under NAVADMIN 090/98 along with revisions in NAVADMIN 091/98.

If you're interested in a career in Navy medicine you can look on **www.usuhs.mil** to find out about how to become a medical officer. There's also the Medical Enlisted Commissioning Program (MECP) found in BUPERSINST 1131.3 and the Health Care Administration and Physician Assistant Sections of the Medical Service Corps, Regular Navy which can be found in BUPERSINST 1131.2.

Unfortunately, CyberSailor is too old to get into the officer programs. Make sure you don't waste your opportunity. Go check it out today.

Remember, if you want to find out what program is best for you, see your command career counselor. And don't forget the Web for more information as well.

Cyber Sailor



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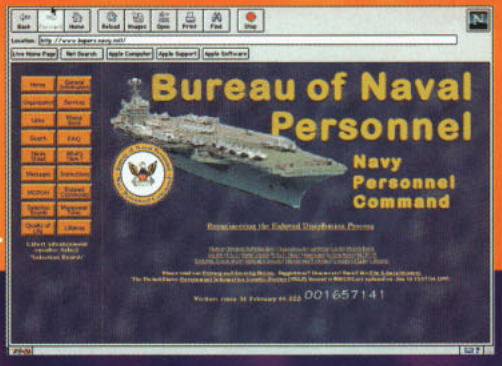

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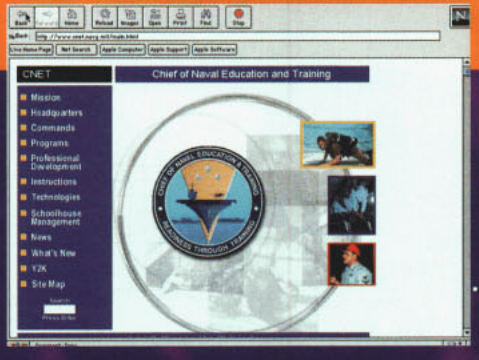

www.cnet.navy.mil

Eye on the Fleet

EYE ON THE FLEET is a monthly photo feature sponsored by the Chief of Information Navy News Photo Division. We are looking for HIGH IMPACT, quality photography from SAILORS in the fleet to showcase the American Sailor in ACTION.

FUTURE FLYER

A prospective naval aviator checks out how it feels to sit in the pilot's seat of one of the many jets on display at the Norfolk Naval Base Air Show.

Photo by PH3 Jessica Werling

HOME AGAIN

USS *Enterprise* (CVN 65) returned to Norfolk Naval Station and many warm welcomes after a highly successful six-month deployment to the Mediterranean Sea and the Arabian Gulf.

Photo by PH2 John Mahoney

SAM I AM

USS *O'Kane* (DDG 77) fires off one of her surface-to-air missiles during sea trials in the Atlantic.

Photo by PH3 Phil Hartman

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Eye on the Fleet

IT'S ALL IN THE WRIST

MRFN Porfirio Yldefonso from Manila, Republic of the Philippines, machines "T" coupling measurements for a low-pressure compressor in the machine shop aboard USS *Bataan* (LHD 5).

Photo by PHAN Dennis Timms

PICKING UP THE PIECES

PR2 Jodi L. Biser, assigned to Navy Fleet Air Reconnaissance Squadron (VQ) 4, clears debris from a neighborhood near Tinker Air Force Base, Okla. The base and surrounding areas were devastated by a massive tornado that ripped a two-mile wide swath through much of Oklahoma and Arkansas. Sixteen Sailors assigned to the squadron lost their homes in the disaster.

Photo by LT Monica Richardson

EYE IN THE SKY

AW1 Jim Rogers monitors a surface contact on board an SH-60B *Seahawk* assigned to the "Scorpions" of Anti-Submarine Squadron (Light) (HSL) 49, embarked aboard USS *Hewitt* (DD 966) in the Arabian Gulf.

Photo by PH1 Spike Call

JUST PLANE HOT

Crew members from USS *George Washington* (CVN 73) take part in a live fire-fighting exercise using the Mobile Aircraft Fire Fighting Trainer on the flight deck.

Photo by PHAN Shirelle Graves

The Final Word

Fire and Brimstone

By JO1 Robert A. Benson

Right up until Machinist's Mate 3rd Class Michael Congdon came along, Connecticut resident Johnathan Vitale was having a bad day.

He was in a semi-conscious stupor, near death, and being burned alive in flames from the waist down. Ten feet away, Vitale's friend lay dead after being jolted by 7,000 volts of electricity.

Smoke was everywhere and the flames were spreading, inching their way closer to a big truck full of dynamite. "ROLL ON THE GROUND!" ordered Congdon. Vitale hesitated, looked up in a confused, half-awake gaze as he burned, then slowly complied.

But that was only the beginning of the story.

The horrific scene that Congdon came across as he made his way to work last year on May 26 was one he won't soon forget. The memories were brought to life as he told his story recently at an award ceremony where he received the Navy/Marine Corps Medal.

Pulling off the road to investigate the calls for help, he became a witness to mayhem: A tall drilling rig had accidentally come in contact with overhead power lines, causing the entire rig, including Vitale and his partner, to become electrified.

Congdon immediately responded. He ripped off his dungaree shirt and doused the flames eating Vitale, who, after being electrified, was thrown from the rig. At the same time MM1 Smith happened upon the scene and began doing the same. Attention was next focused on Vitale's partner. Smith approached to check for a pulse. As he reached down toward his neck, he was enveloped in "a tingling sensation." Congdon told him to back off, perhaps saving yet another life.

Still, that was only the beginning of the story.

The flames spread to nearby grass, shrubbery and the power line overhead. Quickly Congdon rolled Vitale out of harm's way. He found a fire extinguisher and used it. "As we were stepping back, the power line fell down in front of us and the transformers exploded," recalled Congdon. The arcing wires and flames narrowly missed a nearby truckload of dynamite.

Soon the police arrived. Congdon gave his statement, then quietly drove to work in disbelief. He didn't even look in the rearview mirror as he drove away.

Perhaps the mirror was reflecting painful memories he'd rather not recall.

Remember, that was only the beginning of the story.

Soon after the rescue, his wife was killed in a car accident. His son was placed in the Exceptional Family Member program after being diagnosed with a heart problem (the 10-year-old will require open-heart surgery in the future). And last month, a drunk driver missed a turn, veered off the road, jumped Congdon's front yard fence and plowed into the house while he was asleep inside.

Through the difficult times, Congdon relied on those around him: family, friends and shipmates who gathered at the award ceremony in May to honor a hero.

There, a forever-grateful Jonathan Vitale, overcome with emotion, badly burned and unable to walk like he used to, stood proudly by Congdon's side. The pain and suffering he endured was bravely hidden.

And so was Michael's.

Did you know?

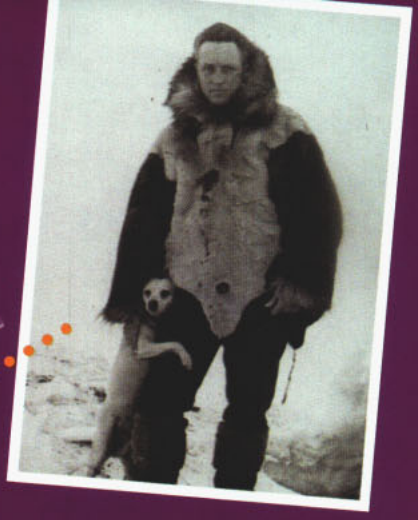
The WNBA's #1 draft pick for the 1999 season was four-time All-American Tennessee star Chamique Holdsclaw. Holdsclaw reported to the Washington Mystics' training camp in May. She got off to a roaring start in her debut, June 10, scoring 18 points and grabbing six rebounds.

The Naval Academy's fight song "Anchor's Aweigh" was composed around the turn of the century by LT Charles Zimmermann, who was the school's bandmaster. The lyrics were written by Midshipmen 1st Class Alfred H. Miles. The song made its debut at the 1906 Army-Navy football game and later became the official song of the U.S. Navy. Anchor's Aweigh gained national exposure in the 1920s and 1930s when it was aired over radio stations and featured in several popular Navy films.

The first ever live television broadcast from a U.S. Navy aircraft carrier at sea occurred May 12, 1999, aboard USS *Theodore Roosevelt* (CVN 71) as she transited the Ionian Sea in support of Operation *Allied Force*. While clear, uninterrupted video and audio streamed via satellite from the carrier to NBC studios in New York, "Today Show" host Matt Lauer conducted several interviews with TR Sailors. The technology that made it all possible came from the ship's state-of-the-art satellite system, called Challenge Athena.

Aboard Navy ships, bells are struck to designate the hours of being on watch. The practice stems from the days of sailing ships, when most Sailors couldn't afford to have their own timepieces and relied on the ship's bells to know when to report for duty. The ship's boy kept time by using a half-hour glass. Each time the sand ran out, he would turn the glass over and ring the appropriate number of bells.

SAILOR

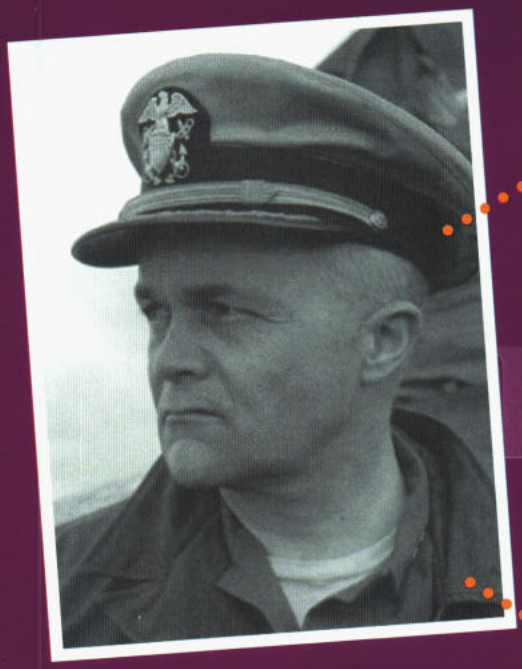


Commander Richard E. Byrd:

SAILOR, EXPLORER, ADVENTURER ...

First person to fly over the North Pole (1926) and South Pole (1929).

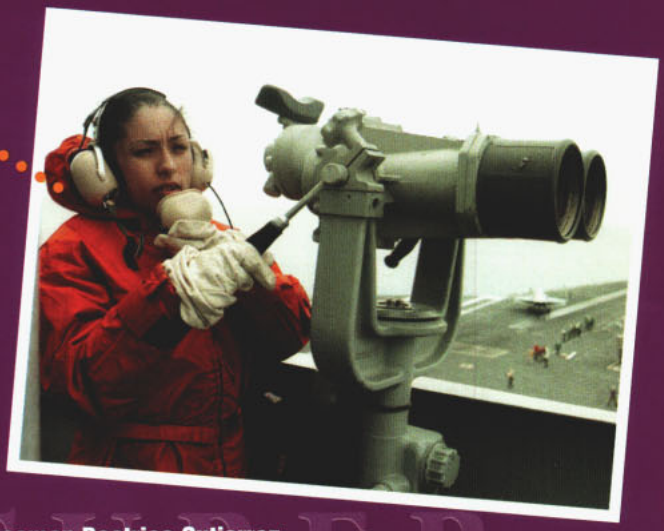
EXPLORER



Captain Edward L. Beach:

SAILOR, EXPLORER, ADVENTURER ...

Commanded the submarine USS *Triton* (SS[R]N 586) on her record-breaking circumnavigation of the globe ... submerged.



ADVENTURER

Seaman Beatrice Gutierrez:

SAILOR, EXPLORER, ADVENTURER ...

Discovering the world on board USS *Abraham Lincoln* and ...

...MAKING NAVAL HISTORY


All HANDS
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