

## MILITARY SEA SERVICES MUSEUM, INC.



# SEA SERVICES SCUTTLEBUTT

December 2016



**John Cecil**

### A message from the President

Greetings,

The year 2016 has been a good year for the Museum. With the completion of the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA) bathroom in November and the ADA compliant ramp and entrance earlier in the year, the Museum is fully ADA compliant. These improvements, along with the many other improvements made during the year as reported in previous Scuttlebutts have contributed to an increase in visitors. We had over 1,000 visitors so far this year. This is at least 600 more visitors than in any previous year.

Needless to say our volunteers were kept pretty busy with visitors. That did not prevent them from participating in community and Veteran's day activities. John Cecil and Fred Carino took Museum artifacts downtown for Sebring's Oktoberfest, Fred Carino gave a talk to Reflections on Silver Lake Retirement Community, Mike Borders talked to the Sebring Lady's Garden Club, Gordon White talked to the Highlands Ridge Retirement Community, Bud Farmer and Gene Kissner took artifacts to the Fred Wilde Elementary School, and Karen Fleetwood took artifacts to the Civilian Conservation Corps festival in Highlands Hammock State Park.

On 7 December, the Museum held a ceremony to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor and a ribbon cutting, cake cutting, and open house to celebrate the grand re-opening of the renovated Museum. This event was a great success. (See below)

On 13 December, 15 ladies from the United Daughters of the Confederacy and two husbands visited the Museum. This was a delightful group and Museum volunteers John Cecil, Mike Borders, and Gene Kissner had a great time taking them through the Museum.

I hope everyone had a wonderful Christmas and that your New Year will be happy, healthy, and prosperous.

John

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**Hours of Operation**  
Open: Wednesday through Saturday  
Noon to 4:00 p.m.  
Web site: <http://milseasvcmuseum.org/>

## **Pearl Harbor Day at the Military Sea Services Museum**

On 7 December, the Museum held a ceremony to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor and a ribbon cutting, cake cutting, and open house to celebrate the grand re-opening of the renovated Museum. A special thank you to Mike Borders, John Cecil, and Fred Carino who did most of the planning and preparation for the ceremonies. Also a special thank you to Diana Borders, Karen Fleetwood, Maureen Fulginiti, and Sandy Cecil who prepared the great refreshments. A special thank you to the Sebring Public Works Department for delivering and setting up 150 chairs and removing them after the ceremony. A special thanks to John and Janet Harbaugh for driving the golf cart shuttle and to Gulf Cart Doctors for providing the "Cadillac" of golf carts. A very special thank you to Jeremy Daugherty and his friend Mike who graciously donated their time and equipment to ensure we had the best possible sound for this important remembrance ceremony.

More than 200 people including several World War II veterans attended the ceremony. Col George Frazier's Sebring High School JROTC honor guard, led by Cadet Kaya Hancock, posted and retired the Colors, while the Sebring High School Marching Band led by Ms. Clorado Paniagua performed the National Anthem. These young students were outstanding.

The Museum staff and we are sure all who attended the ceremony thank them and deeply appreciate their efforts. We also thank the Sebring High School staff who teach these students and allowed their performance. We thank Mike Borders, Museum member, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, John Cecil, Museum President, for his remarks, Reverend Ron DeGenaro, Jr., St. John United Methodist Church, who gave the invocation, Billie Jewett, Museum member, who played Taps, LtCol Daniel Edgar, Commander of the 598th Range Squadron, Avon Park Air Force Range, the Honorable John Shoop, Mayor of Sebring for their remarks, and Father Scott Walker, St. Agnes Episcopal Church who gave the Benediction.

Many who attended commented on the appropriateness of the remarks of the speakers and the ceremony. Many stated this was the best and most appropriate Pearl Harbor remembrance ceremony they ever attended. A very well done to all who participated. BRAVO ZULU!



**Mike Borders and John Cecil**



**Sebring High School Marching Band**



**Sebring High School JROTC honor guard**

## Welcome Aboard New Members

On 2 December 2016, Henry M Gibbs signed up as an annual member Henry is a United States Marine Corps veteran. He works as a pipe fitter and LP gas service man. Henry lives in Lorida, FL

Also, on 2 December 2016, Marjorie J. Adamson signed up as an annual member. She is a retired United States Navy Chief Hospital Corpsman. Chief Adamson lives in Sebring, FL.

On 7 December 2016, Randy Miller signed up as an annual member. Randy is a United States Navy veteran. He works as a diver. Randy is the owner of the fully restored World War II era Harley Davidson motorcycle that is on display in the Museum.

On 10 December 2016, Corbin and Jean Fowkes became annual members. Corbin is a United States Navy veteran, and a retired bricklayer. Jean is a retired Federal Program Director and teacher. Corbin and Jean live in Sebring, FL.

On 18 December 2016. COL George Cajigal and Polly Parks became our newest annual members. George is retired United States Army Colonel. COL Cajigal served with the Army Corps of Engineers. He is also a member of the local chapter of the Military Officers Association of America. Polly worked in maritime metal recycling. George and Polly live in Sebring, FL.

A very hearty welcome aboard to our newest members! A sincere thank you to all our members for their continued support. Without member support, the Museum would not be able to pay its bills and would have to close the doors.

## Tale of an Asian Sailor

### CHERRY

#### [BRION BOYLES · WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 2016](#)

A NAVY STORY: Going on 30 years ago in Sasebo, Japan, the Mama-san of the “Blue Moon Bar And Grill” was the mother of my Japanese bargirl ex-fiance, Hitomi. Mama-san’s name was Emiko, but she went by the name of “Cherry”, although any possible resemblance prompting the adoption of that moniker had faded decades since. She was round, fat and jolly, rather a potty mouth for a Japanese woman, but I loved her dearly. I still saw her almost every night I was in port, long after my engagement to her daughter fell apart and Hitomi shipped Stateside with her new Lieutenant.

One day, Mama brought a gift to my hootch. I had a tiny, one-room apartment (“Aparto”, in Japanese) down Shiraki-Cho alley, over an itty-bitty whorehouse joint called the “Snack SWALLOW” where I did a little Johnnie Walker Red and Benson & Hedges cigarette business in the black market. Her gift was a great, big, six-sided ceramic ashtray—with fat, naked sumo wrestlers painted all over it...and lettered for some obscure manufacturing outfit. It was a factory second...I think it had the wrong phone number painted on it...but made by one of the famous Noritake shops in Nagasaki. She got it for a mere few yen at a discount sale, but I treasured it.

## Tale of an Asian Sailor (Cont'd)

In the cold Sasebo winter, after she'd close the BLUE MOON for the night, she'd waddle into my door in her silk robe with a big steaming bowl of Udon in her hands, and laugh past the last half-inch of a B & H clenched in her pearly white teeth. Seeing the huge ashtray occupying the entire top of the "kotatsu" kerosene-heated table, she would burst forth with "You SO CRAJEE domb-shit saylah! MOO-VAH dis domb ting! Why you likey dis domb-shit ashu-tray so muchee?"...but love it I did.

Alas, my sumo ashtray was broken during my recent move earlier this year, when we lost our home and had to move into this very tiny house (not much bigger than my Japanese aparto, now that I think about it. ). It fell out of an open cardboard box and broke on the concrete pad of our tiny back porch.

For months I had known we were going to lose our house. For days, I had kept a stiff upper lip as we cleaned my home of 19 years to hand over to the buyer, packed most of those 19 years into boxes for storage, and humped them thru the biting, unseasonal bitter April cold to the new place. All that time, I held myself together. When that silly ashtray broke, I lost it. Cherry had been dead for a decade, but I could hear her laffing at me, sobbing uncontrollably over that damned thing...."You one DOMB-SHIT saylah!"

Contributed by CDR Eugene "Doc" Savage, USN (Ret).  
Thank You Doc for the great story.

## Cora



## Cora

- Published on March 23, 2016

### **Bob Stockton**

#### **Award Winning Author and Independent Publisher**

It was the summer of 1967. The Carrier Task Group to which I was attached had been operating in the Gulf of Tonkin providing bombing interdiction over North Vietnam since early winter. The code name for our operating area was ""Yankee Station," which meant that we shared bombing duties with the Air Force over North Vietnam. After nearly sixty days at sea working twelve hours a day, seven days a week the relief carrier finally arrived and our big ship tied down her aircraft, stored the bombs securely in the ordnance magazines, wheeled one hundred and eighty degrees and headed east across the South China Sea for the Carrier Pier at Subic Bay.

The transit to Subic would require three days. Olongapo City, with her endless array of bars, lovely young bar girls and "rock" bands which always consisted of three guitars and a set of drums (the musicians never seemed to understand that when reaching the end of a song they were all required to stop playing at the same time) here we come!

It was the second day of our Philippine transit when I received word that I was wanted in the Air Operations Office to pick up a message that had arrived on the daily mail plane.

Puzzled, I hustled up to Air Ops. Who would be sending me a message? Where did it originate? Was it bad news? These questions were buzzing inside my head when I entered the Air Ops shack. The duty officer handed me an envelope with only my name and rank written on the outside. No return address. No stamp. What in the name of heaven could this be about?

Enough speculation. I decided to open the damn thing on the spot. The note was from my old friend and former shipmate Gino. It simply read: "Take some leave. We're headed south to see Max." Gino and I had been stationed together several years past and I assumed that the mysterious "Max" in the note referred to Max McNeil who was also stationed with us but had transferred out and hadn't been heard from since. I submitted and was granted a leave request for the entire in port period. Knowing Gino as I did I knew that this leave period was bound to be a memorable one.

Day three dawned and our Carrier arrived at the Cubi Point carrier pier in Subic. Her crew was ready for some much needed rest and recreation. I had packed my civilian clothes and was one of the first men to leave the ship when liberty was announced. Standing on the pier waiting was my friend Gino, a young Filipina woman, a Filipino man and two portable ice chests. It was good to see Gino again after more than two years. He introduced me to the woman as his girl friend Minda and the man as Rogelio. Rogelio, he said was our chauffeur. The ice chests were filled with bottles of San Miguel beer and cheap Popov vodka.

Chauffeur? Why did we need a chauffeur, I inquired? Because, came the answer, we were headed southeast through the Zambales Mountains and around Manila Bay to Cavite City where Max was living in high style in a walled villa. Oh and by the way, Gino added, we'd be taking a live baby babuy with us.

## Cora (Cont'd)

Babuy? What on earth is a babuy? A baby pig, came the response. When we arrived at Max's place we were going to butcher and roast the thing.

I reached into an ice chest and took a long pull from one of the vodka bottles inside.

Rogelio was none too pleased that we'd be transporting livestock in the Navy Special Services Ford Fairlane that Gino had rented. Minda, speaking rapidly in tagalog assured him that she would fashion some diapers for the pig and that she would not only take care to see that it wouldn't soil the car interior but that she would also handle the delicate business of bribing the soldiers at the various checkpoints along the highway who were armed with automatic weapons and weren't afraid to use them if they perceived to have suffered an affront to their delicate national honor. After much back and forth and the exchanging of a twenty peso note Rogelio reluctantly agreed to allow the pig to ride inside the car with us.

I took another long pull from the vodka bottle. I was going to need it if I was going to be part of this safari!

In the interest of brevity I will shorten the narrative surrounding the long journey to Cavite City and report that the pig had a ripping good time riding in the front seat in Minda's lap, diapered to the nines with his snout sticking out the window like a dog. We managed to bribe our way through two checkpoints without getting shot by some very nervous soldiers. After several more pulls from the vodka bottle and a few San Miguels both Gino and I were developing an affection for the damn pig riding happily in front, snorting at the passersby in the little barrios along the highway. We presented our case to Minda to spare the pig, but to no avail. The pig was to go to his reward the next day skewered and slowly rotated over a fire pit.

Well at least he enjoyed the car ride.

*(These first few paragraphs are from my short story "Cora").*

<http://loststocktonstories.com/index.php>

Contributed by [Bob Stockton](#). Award Winning Author and Independent Publisher

Thank you Chief Stockton for the interesting story.



## Stories Wanted

We would like to publish in the Scuttlebutt short stories of Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard personal experiences, and/or short stories of sea services historical events. We are sure there are plenty of stories out there that would be of interest to Scuttlebutt readers. Please email your stories to [navmargrd@gmail.com](mailto:navmargrd@gmail.com) or mail to the Museum.

## Anniversaries

21 Dec 1861. Congress created Navy Medal of Honor for Sailors and Marines.

13 Dec 1936. U.S. National Guard established.

07 Dec 1941. "A date which will live in infamy." 0748 Hawaii time, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor killing 2,403 U.S. citizens.

08 Dec 1941. The Japanese begin the invasion of the Philippines by destroying U.S. aircraft at Clark Field.

08 Dec 1941. The U.S. and Allied countries, except the USSR, declared war on Japan.

11 Dec 1941. Germany and Italy declared war on the United States.

18 Dec 1965. U.S. Navy River Patrol Force, Operation Game Warden, began in Vietnam.

08 Dec 1967. U.S. Navy Judge Advocate General (JAG) Corps established.

23 Dec 1968. Eighty- two USS PUEBLO crew members released after 11 month imprisonment and torture by the North Koreans.

20 Dec 1989. U.S. invaded Panama in Operation Just Cause.

15 Dec 2011. Iraq War ended.

06 Jan 1942. Eleven U.S. Navy nurses captured when Manila fell to the Japanese. Sixty-seven U.S. Army nurses were captured when Corregidor fell to the Japanese in May 1942. The Navy nurses were liberated on 23 Feb 1945. The Army nurses were liberated on 3 Feb 1945.

25 Jan 1943. The Pentagon is dedicated, becoming the world's largest office building at the time.

27 Jan 1943. American bombers mount the first all-American air raid against Germany when they bomb Wilhelmshaven.

23 Jan 1968. USS PUEBLO (AGER-2) captured by North Koreans in international waters in the Sea of Japan. One PUEBLO crew member was killed and seven others sustained shrapnel wounds. The 82 surviving crew members were imprisoned in North Korea.

## Anniversaries- continued

29 Jan 1980. USCG BLACKTHORN, following an overhaul, was leaving Tampa Bay for her homeport in Galveston, TX, when she collided with the tanker SS CAPRICOM near the Tampa Bay Sunshine Skyway bridge. Shortly after the collision, BLACKTHORN capsized and sank killing 23 crew members. Twenty-seven crew members survived. BLACKTHORN was raised for investigation, but was scuttled after completion of the investigation. USCG BLACKTHORN now serves as an artificial reef for recreational fishing and diving in the Gulf of Mexico.

17 Jan 1991. Persian Gulf War (Operation Desert Storm) began.

18 Jan 1991. USS NICHOLAS (FFG-47) working with Kuwaiti fast attack craft ISTIQLAL found that nine of the 11 oil platforms in Kuwait's Dorrah oil field about 40 miles off Kuwait's coast were occupied by Iraqi soldiers. Army AHIP Helicopters and Navy SH-60 Helicopters from NICHOLAS, firing guided missiles, neutralized two of the platforms. Shipboard firing from NICHOLAS and ISTIQLAL neutralized the other seven platforms. Teams from NICHOLAS boarded the platforms and destroyed the Iraqi fortifications. Five Iraqi soldiers were killed and 23 were taken prisoner. No U.S. or Kuwait casualties.

## Quotable Quotes

Perfection is not attainable, but if we chase perfection we can catch excellence.  
---Vince Lombardi

It is when a people forget God, that tyrants forge their chains.---Patrick Henry

Socialism is a philosophy of failure, the creed of ignorance, and the gospel of envy; its inherent virtue is the equal sharing of misery. ---Winston Churchill.

The problem with socialism is that eventually you run out of other people's money.  
---Margaret Thatcher

A people that values its privileges above its principles soon loses both.  
---Dwight D. Eisenhower