



USS Caliente Association



USS CALIENTE AO 53

PIPELINE

March 2008

Hello Shipmates. We have a lot of news for you in this issue. **Norm Street** and company have achieved a record number of new members. 64 new members, and 8 that I missed in the December Pipeline. We have news about the reunion in San Antonio, member news and a couple of items that I believe you will find interesting. Sit back, relax and I hope you enjoy this issue.



We have a number of members that have not sent their 2008 dues in. If you are not sure, contact **Patrick Hurton**, or me, **Bob Howard**. The dues are \$10.00 per year. If you do 2 years, then you won't be bothered until 2010. Contact information later in the Pipeline.

(I received a letter and picture from **Bob Matyas**. Included in the package was a newspaper from the convention he attended with a picture of him on the front page. He was wearing his Navy uniform and looking at an American Flag. The Dear Hero letter he refers to was included in the package. The letter was given to Bob at the convention. It was written by a lady named **Julie Weaver**. I am trying to find out who **Julie Weaver** is. It is reproduced later in the Pipeline. Bob)

400 plus Vietnam Vets from all branches were honored by Safari Club International at Reno Jan 25, 08 at the Peppermill Hotel. Out of hundreds of photos they chose this one of me! These were battle hardened vets, pilots shot down and grunts from all over Vietnam, some with seeing eye dogs and hurt or wounded in one way or another. With 25,000 people at the S.C.I. convention from around the world, I sure was congratulated and thanked for doing our part. We were all war heroes! We did our part. The Caliente patch was on my shoulder! I represented Caliente sailors. Story and pictures will be in color in other magazines, so I have been told. Please send this along with "Dear Hero" to our newsletter. **Robert Matyas** EM3 Caliente 62-65



Here is **Stan Kolassa**. This was taken on the USS Midway in San Diego on February 29th. He is a Docent Volunteer on the ship. Captain **Bob Jackson** also volunteers on the Midway. The ship is a Museum at the foot of Broadway. For those of you that have spent time in San Diego during your Navy days, the ship is where the old Navy Pier was. I was in San Diego and had a nice visit with Stan. After my visit with Stan, I drove over to Sun City West, AZ and had a nice visit with a new Association member, **Jim Arbogast**. There will be some words from him, later in the Pipeline.

(Note: I put these pictures on the front page, so we only have to pay for one page in color)

Sad News

I received the following letter from **Joe Benziger**

Dear Bob

All of **Bud Lynch's** shipmates who served with him aboard the Caliente during WW II were very distressed to learn of his death. We are making a donation to the Association's General Fund in his memory. Bud epitomized the term of "An Officer And A Gentleman". We offer our sincere condolences to Trudy and family.

Received 1/25/08

Dear Bob,

Just to let you know that Douglas passed away at home yesterday morning. He had a four year battle with cancer (multiple myeloma). He treasured his days aboard the USS Caliente.

Sincerely, Sandra Tolderlund

Note: Sandra is an Honorary Life Member

I received word that **Marvin Doschadis'** wife, **Cecelia "Cec" Doschadis**, passed away Saturday, Feb. 23, 2008 in Marengo, IA after an extended illness at the age of 83 years. Cec was united in marriage on June 7, 1947, to **Marvin W. Doschadis** in Walker, IA.

Member News

Email from **Jim Locke**

Received newsletter just fine. It looked superb! Read with great interest the note from **Jack Nelson**. I was the Gunnery Officer and had been on Caliente for 3 years at that time and I actually qualified for the Surface Warfare designation during the trip back with those sweeps. We needed to have "formation steaming" experience as OOD and although we were the guide ship (means we did not do much formation maneuvering), **Capt McGuinness** qualified a couple of us. It was a REAL SLOW return as Jack indicated. I can't remember who the Engineering Officer was at the time, but I do recall **Ensign Jensen...**

Jim Locke

Received from **Bob Reinhard** 12/16/07

Dear Bob,

In the Sept. issue of Pipeline you mentioned that **Bill Schmidtke** had sent you a 1961 Caliente Cruise Book, and that you intended to copy the pictures to a CD. Whenever it becomes available I would indeed like a copy. I was aboard from Oct. 1959 to Nov. 1962.

A memory: When I went aboard Caliente there was a man named **Pinkowski** aboard. Apparently he was being transferred or getting out, so I never got to know him. The story about **Pinkowski** was that on the previous cruise, in Hong Kong, "Pinky" had the aft watch one day, when one of those "bum boats" selling all kinds of things approached. "Pinky" saw some Wellington boots that he admired, and put \$20 into the boatman's basket as payment. The boatman then started off with "Pinky's" purchase. When "Pinky" raised his rifle, the boatman laughed, knowing it wasn't loaded. Then "Pinky" pulled a clip from his ammo belt, loaded the rifle, and said "Now get back here with my #@!! boots!" According to the storyteller the little boat literally skipped along the water, back to the ship, the boots came up in the basket, and the boatman skittered away, thankful to be alive.

Don't know if the story is true, or not, but it was heard a few times in 1959. Can anybody confirm or deny?

Anybody know or remember **Pinkowski**?

Best wishes for a great Christmas and a Happy New Year to you and yours.

Bob Reinhard CD Sent 12/19

Received 12/12/07

Hi Bob,

Received your report and enjoyed reading it. In answer to **Lloyd Oliver's** question regarding the storm that put the Caliente in dry dock: I believe we went to Yokosuka, Japan for dry dock. That's when I looked her over from ground level and realized just how big she really was. I was assigned to mess duty in the chief's mess or just got up to sick bay as a striker for hospital corpsman with **Chief Powell**. My memory takes a holiday now and then, being 73 and four months doesn't help much.

Thanks again.

Frank Teachman HM2

Received 12/12/07 from **Bill Lawler**

Hey, Bob!

The Caliente Reunion was a huge success as far as Nancy and I are concerned. It was great to meet others who had sailed on the Cal, and get caught up with you, **Jack Hughes**, and **Morris Banks**. **Warren Froscheiser** and I didn't sail together, but he left the Cal and 3rd Division just a few months before I came aboard to be the Gunnery Officer. He knew most of the men in my division, and filled me in with some great stories. He and Bobbie are a hoot! The dinner cruise was terrific! Warren, Bobbie and I did most of our talking there, and it was on the bow that evening that **Jack Hughes** and I got re-acquainted, and Nancy got to meet him. What a super evening.

Your buddy, **Rusty Pickett**, did an outstanding job. We thought the accommodations were excellent, the tour of Charleston most interesting, the food exciting, and the locale intriguing. We enjoyed the Fleet Landing's she crab soup and view of the water, then spent some shekels at the market.

Thanks for setting up a hospitality room, Bob. Next time, let us know what we can do to help you during the reunion. I think any one of us would be happy to do some leg work for you.

Nancy and I really enjoyed everyone we met. What a wonderful group of people, and how interesting it was to learn about them. We have many warm memories of them.

Finally, Bob, the reunion book is well done. It is a good representation of places and faces with each attendee identified, as well as good group shots.

Your fitness report on this one: **OUTSTANDING**

Merry Christmas to you and Sherris.

Fair winds and following seas!

Bill (Bill, it was great seeing you again. I hope to see you and Nancy in San Antonio. Thank you for the nice words. Bob)

Note from the Editor: I went to my first Caliente reunion in 1995 at Long Beach, CA. I didn't know anyone there. There were a few guys that were on the Cal the same time I was, but I didn't remember them. By attending the reunions, I have met many people and made a lot of new friends. At the reunions, we have a great time. If you can make it to a reunion, you may or may not see anyone you knew on the Cal, but I guarantee you will make new friends. End of sermon!!

From **Jim Arbogast**

Following a line of Destroyers into Auckland Harbor, the Caliente was unable to complete a 90° turn like her escorts and slid up on a mud bank(1968). A drink that night in the local pubs was called Caliente on the Rocks. I have fond memories of my tour of duty on the Caliente and it was good that someone remembered me at my age (77). The years have been good.

I went from Caliente to the following assignments:

1. CO Navy Recruiting Station, Kansas City, MO.
2. Washington, DC, BuPers, NavCruitCom.
3. MPA, USS Kittyhawk, CVA-63
4. Retired – Worked in Commercial Air Conditioning for Trane and York as Service Manager – 10 years each position.

I started a Kennel and raised Irish Setters, Huskys, and Elk Hounds. I really enjoyed it.

Healthwise is another story!!

Quadruple Bypass

3 deteriorated discs (L3,4,5) coupled with severe spinal stenosis. Surgery is not an option. Limited walking and standing.

I do have 3 canes, 2 walkers and an electric scooter. Thank goodness for pain meds.

(Note: Jim Arbogast is a very special person in my life. I have tried to find him on several occasions for almost 40 years. I don't know which of **Norm Street's** helpers found him, but you have my most sincere appreciation. Thank you. **Bob Howard**.)

Received a call from **Bobby Pasola** (64-68 BM1) 210-655-9271. He just joined the Association and wanted to buy a ball cap. He lives in San Antonio and has room in his house if anyone is not able to afford the hotel room for the reunion.

This is a copy of the letter that was given to **Bob Matyas** at his convention. I was able to find the letter on the web, but the guy that runs that site is away on vacation and won't be back until April. I'll try and keep track. It is quite a letter. Bob

JULIE WEAVER, AN OPEN LETTER TO ANYONE WHO SERVED IN VIETNAM

Dear Hero,

I was in my twenties during the Vietnam era. I was a single mother and, I'm sad to say, I was probably one of the most self-centered people on the planet. To be perfectly honest, I didn't care one way or the other about the war. All I cared about was me; how I looked, what I wore, and where I was going. I worked and I played. I was never politically involved in anything, but I allowed my opinions to be formed by the media. It happened without my ever being aware. I listened to the protest songs and I watch the six o'clock news and I listened to all the people who were talking. After awhile, I began to repeat their words and, if you were to ask me, I'd have told you I was against the war. It was very popular. Everyone was doing it, and we never saw what it was doing to our men. All we were shown was what they were doing to the people of Vietnam.

My brother joined the Navy and then he was sent to Vietnam. When he came home, I repeated the words to him. It surprised me at how angry he became. I hurt him very deeply and there were years of separation - not only of miles, but also of character. I didn't understand.

In fact, I didn't understand anything until one day I opened my newspaper and saw the anguished face of a Vietnam veteran. The picture was taken at the opening of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. His countenance revealed the terrible burden of his soul. As I looked at his picture and his tears, I finally understood a tiny portion of what you had given for us and what we had done to you. I understood that I had been manipulated, but I also knew that I had failed to think for myself. It was like waking up out of a nightmare, except that the nightmare was real. I didn't know what to do.

One day about three years ago, I went to a member of the church I attended at that time, because he had served in Vietnam. I asked him if he had been in Vietnam, and he got a look on his face and said, "Yes." Then, I took his hand, looked him square in the face, and said, "Thank you for going." His jaw dropped, he got an amazed look on his face, and then he said, "No one has ever said that to me." He hugged me and I could see that he was about to get tears in his eyes. It gave me an idea, because there is much more that needs to be said. How do we put into words, all the regret of so many years? I don't know, but when I have an opportunity, I take, so here goes.

Have you been to Vietnam? If so, I have something I want to say to you - Thank you for going! Thank you from the bottom of my heart. Please forgive me for my insensitivity. I don't know how I could have been so blind, but I was. When I woke up, you were wounded and the damage was done, and I don't know how to fix it. I will never stop regretting my actions, and I will never let it happen again.

Please understand that I am speaking for the general public also. We know we blew it and we don't know how to make it up to you. We wish we had been there for you when you came home from Vietnam because you were a hero and you deserved better. Inside of you there is a pain that will never completely go away. And you know what? It's inside of us, too; because when we let you down, we hurt ourselves, too. We all know it, and we suffer guilt and we don't know what to do. So we cheer for our troops and write letters to "any soldier" and we hang out the yellow ribbons and fly the flag and we love America. We love you too, even if it doesn't feel like it to you. I know in my heart that, when we cheer wildly for our troops, part of the reason is trying to make up for Vietnam. And while it may work for us, it does nothing for you. We failed you. You didn't fail us, but we failed you and we lost our only chance to be grateful to you at the time when you needed and deserved it. We have disgraced ourselves and brought shame to our country. We did it and we need your forgiveness. Please say you will forgive us and please take your rightful place as heroes of our country. We have learned a terribly painful lesson at your expense and we don't know how to fix it.

From the heart,

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"We sleep safe in our beds because rough men stand ready in the night to visit violence on those who would do us harm." ~ Orwell

I received the following from **Bob Jackson** and from **Joe Benziger**:

I Was a Sailor Once

I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe. I liked the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the 1MC, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work. I liked Navy vessels - nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers. I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea, Valley Forge - memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome. I liked the lean angular names of Navy "tin-cans" and escorts - mementos of heroes who went before us. I liked the tempo of a Navy band blaring through the topside speakers as we pulled away from the oiler after refueling at sea. I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even liked the never ending paperwork and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all the walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word, they were "shipmates"; then and forever. I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now set the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side. The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough times; the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship was ever present. I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe. I liked quiet birdwatchers with the aroma of strong coffee - the lifeblood of the Navy permeating everywhere. And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness. I liked the sudden electricity of "general quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations," followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war - ready for anything.

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them. I liked the proud names of Navy heroes. A sailor could find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood. In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, and a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm. Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days. Remembering this, they will stand taller and say, "I WAS A SAILOR ONCE." *Author Unknown*

New Members

New and Returning Members Missed in the December Pipeline (8)

Alexander Bardy. 1961 to 1962, SN. He lives with his wife Rea in Alanson, MI

Marvin Boozer. 1952 to 1956, SN. He lives in Riverdale, GA

Robert D. Cooper. 1943 to 1945, EM1. (Returnee and LM) He lives with his wife June in Glen Burnie, MD

James Grable. 1959 to 1961, SH3. He lives with his wife Bonnie in Perris, CA

Edward Sansom. 1951 to 1954, SN. He lives with his wife Rosemary in Paragould, AR

Frank Solchaga. 1952 to 1956, BM3. He lives with his wife Carol in Lakeland, MN

Joe Trimmell. 1960 to 1964, SKC. (Returnee) He lives with his wife Jennie in Derby, KS

Donald Verlenden. 1953 to 1954, FT3. He lives in Libertyville, IL

New and Returning Members Since The December Pipeline(64)

James Arbogast. 1966 to 1968, LT. He lives with his wife Ellen in Sun City West, AZ

Tony A. Ayala. 1965 to 1968, GMGSN. He lives in Fort Dodge, IA

William F. Bayley. 1961 to 1963, MM3. He lives on Bainbridge Island, WA

James Bedingfield. 1953 to 1954, FN. He lives with his wife Nita in Stanton, TX

Bob Beeter. 1966 to 1968, SK3. He lives with his wife Neva in Pleasanton, TX

Jack Bjarnason. 1964 to 1966, MM2. He lives with his wife Josie in Vancouver, WA

Gerald P. Brady. 1952 to 1956, MM2. He lives with his wife Agnes in St. Charles, IL

David Browning. 1967 to 1968, PC3. He lives with his wife Kathy in Lake Oswego, OR

Stanley P. Brunns. 1963 to 1965, SN. He lives with his wife Sharon in Marco Island, FL

William E. Bugg. 1963 to 1965, LTjg. He lives with his wife Sharon in Sequim, WA

Basil F. Burrows Jr. 1963 to 1964, RM3. He lives with his wife Sharon in Swartz Creek, MI

Virgil L Caruth. 1961 to 1962, SH3. He lives with his wife Norma in Hollister, MO

James I. Case. 1963 to 1965, FN. He lives with his wife Sandra in Palmdale, CA

William L. Chisholm. 1967 to 1968, SN. He lives with his wife Barbara in Gladstone, MO

Robert B. Connor. 1962 to 1964, SK3. He lives with his wife Faye in Westlake, LA

Wallace D. Copeland. 1967 to 1968, BTC. He lives in Manteca, CA

Norman Corey. 1953, SN. He lives with his wife Eleanor in Adelanto, CA

Raymond A. Corliss. 1964 to 1965, ETN3. He lives in Deerfield, NH

Sam Diaz, 1954 to 1954, SN.(return) He lives in Santa Barbara, CA

Billy H.Farmer. 1962 to 1966, BM2. He lives with his wife Mieko in Lakewood, CA

Robert E. Fites. 1964 to 1967, MM2. He lives with his wife Virginia in Long Beach, CA

Wm. G (Bill) Freed. 1968 to 1969, FN. He lives with his wife Maureen in Folsom, PA

Gary A. Girard. 1963 to 1964, LTjg. He lives with his wife Anita in Jamestown, RI

C. Fletcher Gordy. 1943 to 1944, YN1. (LM) He lives in Wilmington, DE

Ronald A. Hagen. 1966 to 1967, MM3. He lives with his wife Cheryl in Cocoa, FL

Marvin Ray Hardy. 1960 to 1963, FN. He lives with his wife Sue in Hemet, CA

Larry Hatterman. 1958 to 1962, EM3. He lives with his wife Marilyn in Tucson, AZ

Eddie R. Hays. 1952 to 1955, GM2. He lives with his wife Nancy in Independence, MO

Roy D. Henson. 1960 to 1964, BM3. He lives with his wife Lois in Stoutland, MO

William Hilley. 1965 to 1967, LTjg. He lives with his wife Toni in Na'alehu, HI

Jerald Hodges. 1953 to 1955, DK3. He lives with his wife Peggy in The Villages, FL

Warren B. Howell. 1959 to 1963, EM3. He lives with his wife Brenda in Ruffin, NC

Dave E. Jennings. 1960 to 1962, RD3. He lives with his wife Diana in Spokane, WA

Kenneth Kalbfleish. 1965 to 1969, MM2. He lives with his wife Gail in Gasport, NY

Fred Lanker. 1953 to 1955, SN. (renewal) He lives with his wife Nelda in Pollock Pines, CA

Ivan L. Legler. 1966 to 1967, MMFN. He lives with his wife Peggy in Evansville, WI.

Larry Lottman. 1966 to 1967, BM3. He lives with his wife Rachel in Wymore, NE.

Norris Mayben. 1964 to 1967, BM2. He lives with his wife Tiennia in St. Augustine, FL.

Rodney McKinney. 1962 to 1964 SK2. He lives with his wife Sharon in La Mirada, CA

Foy D. McKissick. 1966 to 1968, CS3. He lives in Lyndon, KS

Tom L. Michel. 1968 to 1970, BM3. He lives with his wife Tracy in North Bend, OR

Charles F Ogier. 1964 to 1969, SKC. He lives with his wife Ritsuko in San Diego, CA

Bobby J. Pasola. 1964 to 1968, BM1. He lives with his wife Yoshiko in San Antonio, TX

Clem Pullings Jr. 1968 to 1970, GMG3. He lives in Bloomington, CA

Gerry Requarth. 1951 to 1955, PO3. He lives with his wife Jeri in Murray, KY

Dale N. Richardson. 1966 to 1967, ETN2. He lives with his wife Maiko in Kerrville, TX

Paul Roethemeyer. 1963 to 1964, BT1. He lives with his wife Jeanne in Bolingbrook, IL

E. Mason Ruhlen. 1964 to 1965, RM3. He lives with his wife Donna in Bayonne, NJ

Myron R. Sees. 1970 to 1971, RM3. He lives with his wife Judy in Missouri, TX

James F. Sharkey. 1969 to 1971, EM3. He lives with his wife Karen in Tewksbury, MA

Tom Shoopman. 1965 to 1967, SN. He lives with his wife Janis in Suisun City, CA

Ernest Showalter. 1952 to 1953, EM3. He lives with his wife Minnie in Midland, TX

Granville T.Smith. 1966 to 1968, PN3. He lives with his wife Marcia in Willis, MI

Max E. Stamm. 1967, FN. He lives with his wife Tamera in Sacramento, CA

Carl F. Stark. 1954 to 1956. He lives with his wife Lillian in Trinity, TX

Tom V. Strain. 1952 to 1953, FN. He lives in Houston, TX
Frank Streepy. 1964 to 1967, YN2. He lives in Tacoma, WA
Roger A. Thresher. 1961 to 1963, MM3. He lives in Corona, CA
James E. Thurman. 1960 to 1961, MM1. He lives with his wife Eleanor in West Valley, UT
Jose Valdez. 1965 to 1967, YN3. He lives with his wife Marie in Grand Prairie, TX
Albert (Van) Vandegrift. 1968 to 1972, SM3.(renew) He lives with his wife Astrid in Santa Maria, CA
Richard G. Wargo. 1952 to 1955, RM3. He lives with his wife Alice in Ocean Isle Beach, NC
Richard R. Witzke. 1963 to 1964, ETN3. He lives with his wife Sally in Rochester, MN
Morris Woodburn. 1950 to 1952, SN. He lives with his wife Marjorie in Kearney, AZ
Ernest Payne was a Seaman on Caliente from 1966 to 1967. Ernie Passed away on September 17, 2007. His widow, Joanne sent in the money. We are listing **Joanne Payne** as an HLM. Her brother served on Caliente and she will work on getting him to join the Association. Joanne, lives in Los Angeles, CA. Welcome aboard Joanne.
(Please look the list over and check for any errors. If you find any, please let me know. Bob)

Congratulations to Norm Street and his dedicated crew for all they have done to make our Association a bigger and better one. Thank you.

The USS Caliente Association Reunion in San Antonio, Texas Oct 9 – 12, 2008

Last month I went to San Antonio and made arrangements for our reunion in October. There are still a lot of details that need to be worked out as far as tours, banquet, photographers and disc jockeys are concerned.

We will be staying at the Holiday Inn San Antonio Downtown-Market Square, 318 West Durango Blvd. It is about 5 blocks from the Riverwalk, but transportation to the Riverwalk is just across the street from the hotel. It is a really nice hotel with a very large swimming pool, excellent banquet facilities and a very professional staff. They just completed a big remodeling project.

The room rate for us is \$115.00 per night, plus 16.75% tax. I have reserved a block of 30 rooms for the reunion, with 5 rooms for 2 days before and 5 rooms for 2 days after. With all the new members, we may need more rooms. **Get your reservation in early if you think you might be able to attend.** You can always cancel if you need to. The reservation deadline is September 7th. Call 800-972-3480 or 210-225-9005 to book your reservation. Our rate code is UCA. They are providing a web page for information, but it will take me a while to get it set up.

A tentative schedule for now. Thursday, Oct. 9 Registration and reception, Friday, Oct. 10 Bus tour of San Antonio, then to Fredricksburg to the Nimitz Museum, the Bush Museum and the Museum of the Pacific. The Banquet will be on Friday evening instead of Saturday. Saturday, Oct 11, Business meeting in the morning, and possibly an optional Riverwalk tour in the afternoon or evening. I am still working on the details.

I plan to have all the details arranged and published in the June Pipeline. Once I get the web page set up, I will email the link to the site to those of you that have web access. I will ask **Norm Street** to add the link to the Caliente site.

Association Dues

Here is the punch line. We have quite a few members that have not paid their dues for 2008. They were due by January 15, 2008. After several years of dues at \$20.00, we finally got the dues reduced to \$10.00. Not too much to ask. If you haven't paid your dues for 2008, please send the \$10.00 to **Pat Hurton**, 14075 Kelsey Drive, Chico, CA. 95973-9262.

If you have any comments or suggestions, please let me know. **Bob Howard**, 2674 Buena Vista Ave., Walnut Creek, CA 94597-2547, 925-939-3662 or email at rhoward328@aol.com The next Pipeline will be published in June. Thank you for allowing me to be of service.

Humor and a story of interest on the next page

This was sent to me by **Captain Bob Jackson**

Back in September of 2005, on the first day of school, Martha Cothren, a social studies school teacher at Robinson High School in Little Rock, did something not to be forgotten.

On the first day of school, with the permission of the school superintendent, the principal and the building supervisor, she removed all of the desks out of her classroom.

When the first period kids entered the room they discovered that there were no desks. Looking around, confused, they asked, "Ms. Cothren, where're our desks?"

She replied, "You can't have a desk until you tell me what you have done to earn the right to sit at a desk." They thought, "Well, maybe it's our grades."

"No," she said.

Maybe it's our behavior." She told them, "No, it's not even your behavior.

And so, they came and went, the first period, second period, third period. Still, no desks in the classroom.

By early afternoon television news crews had started gathering in Ms. Cothren's classroom to report about this crazy teacher who had taken all the desks out of her room.

The final period of the day came and as the puzzled students found seats on the floor of the deskless classroom.

Martha Cothren said, "Throughout the day no one has been able to tell me just what he/she has done to earn the right to sit at the desks that are ordinarily found in this classroom. Now I am going to tell you."

At this point, Martha Cothren went over to the door of her classroom and opened it.

Twenty-seven (27) U.S. Veterans, all in uniforms, walked into that classroom, each one carrying a school desk. The Vets began placing the school desks in rows, and then they would walk over and stand alongside the wall. By the time the last soldier had set the final desk in place those kids started to understand, perhaps for the first time in their lives, just how the right to sit at those desks had been earned.

Martha said, "You didn't earn the right to sit at these desks. These heroes did it for you. They placed the desks here for you. Now, it's up to you to sit in them. It is your responsibility to learn, to be good students, to be good citizens. They paid the price so that you could have the freedom to get an education. Don't ever forget it."

By the way, this is a true story.... If you can read this, thank a teacher. If you read it in English, thank a soldier.

Yes, it really is a true story...

Two California Highway Patrol Officers were conducting speeding enforcement on I-15, North of MCAS Miramar. One of the officers was using a hand held radar device to check speeding vehicles approaching near the crest of a hill.

The officers were suddenly surprised when the radar gun began reading 300 miles per hour. The officer attempted to reset the radar gun, but it would not reset and turned off.

Just then a deafening roar over the treetops revealed that the radar had in fact locked onto a USMC F/A-18 Hornet which was engaged in a low flying exercise near the location.

Back at the CHP Headquarters the Patrol Captain fired off a complaint to the USMC Base Commander.

Back came a reply in true USMC style:

Thank you for the message, which allows us to complete the file on this incident. You may be interested to know that the tactical computer in the Hornet had detected the presence of, and subsequently locked onto your hostile radar equipment and automatically sent a jamming signal back to it. Furthermore, an air to ground missile aboard the fully armed aircraft had also automatically locked onto your equipment. Fortunately the Marine Pilot flying the Hornet recognized the situation for what it was, quickly responded to the missile system alert status and was able

to override the automated defense system before the missile was launched and your hostile radar was destroyed.