



THE DASHPOT



Issue 82 Newsletter of the Association of Minemen Winter 2013



FROM THE PRESIDENT Gary Cleland

Greetings again from San Diego. I hope everyone had a very happy 2013 holiday season and I send my best wishes for a prosperous 2014.

Once again, in support of our Navy's Mineforce "Mineman of the Year" selection process Warren Savage and I had the honor and pleasure of presenting our Association's Mineman of the Year recognition plaques and framed citations to two well deserving Minemen. The presentations were made to the sea duty selectee MN1 (SW) David J. Rojas and shore duty selectee MN1 (AW/SW) Rebecca Deannah Cross.

The presentation package for the reserve component selectee, MN1 Corie Brice, was mailed



in time for presentation at his December weekend drill.

My personal thank you to his Commanding Officer for his quick return a photo of that presentation.

A hearty thank you goes to COMOMAG's Master Chief Allen Alt for his efforts in coordinating

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The Association of Minemen



DEDICATED TO
SERVING THE
U.S. NAVY MINE FORCE

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America's first lines
of defense.

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AOM HOMEPAGE
[HTTP://MINEMEN.ORG](http://minemen.org)



Reserve Mineman of the Year
MN1 Corie Brice NR MOMAU 3

the presentations here in San Diego and his efforts in providing the attached presentation photos.

As we start a new year many of us will attempt to make and follow resolutions for self improvements. My personal resolution will once again to shed some excess weight. Looking forward I would ask our membership as we start the new year and plans to attend our next reunion in Charleston, consider volunteering for the up coming Association leadership vacancies: President, Vice President and two seats on

the Board of Directors.

In closing, may God bless our Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Marines and God bless the USA.

Gary Cleland



The Editors Corner

Well here the Winter Dashpot... finally!

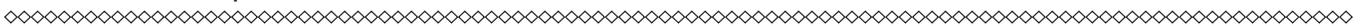


I am relaying a message I recieved from our Web Master Derick: "Mike Gonzales suggested that we approach the SecNav and propose that a Naval Unit Commendation be awarded to Minemen who served in South East Asia between 2 March 1965 and 28 Jan 1973. There has never been an award specifically for Minemen and Mike feels that it would be appropriate.

You might ask readers to reply to President Gary Cleland to see if there is anything we can do to as an organization to make a formal proposal to the appropriate authorities." If you feel there is a room for further discussion on this item, drop a line or two to Gary Cleland.

A note concerning DASHPOT articles. When submitting articles that contain images or graphics, please send any images separate as an attachment to the article. I still use MS-Office 2003 so it would also be nice if you could save your article as Office 2003 file. I then import your article into an Adobe InDesign CS6 file.

The next Dashpot article is due 30 March 2014.



Against the assault of laughter, nothing can stand ~ Mark Twain

2014 Reunion Update

CONTRIBUTED BY DICK SCHOMER

Just a few items of interest.

First off the weather here in the Charleston is just wonderful. 70's today Dec 12) last week three days of 80's plus, wish I could guarantee that type of weather for 2014 reunion. Enough Bragging.

Location:

Town & Country Inn and Suites

2008 Savannah Highway, Charleston, SC 29407

Phone # 843- 571- 1000

When:

Reunion dates are 6, 7, and 8, October 2014

They are not set up for our reservations at this time.

Prices:

I received the price lists for the dinner, and the picnic, but I think he is on the high side, therefore the bartering starts after the Christmas Holidays. The dinner will be buffet style. Picnic basic picnic food.

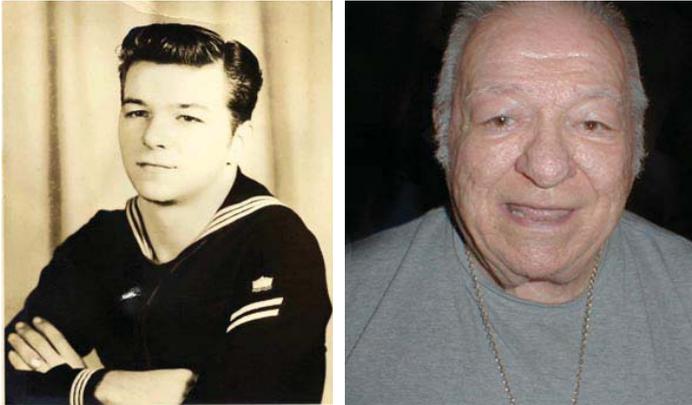
Schedule:

The schedule for the reunion will be basically the same. EarlyBird Monday starting around 5 pm until I get tired. (I will take a nap, might make it to around 10), Board meetings on Tuesday AM and PM., Dinner starting with Social Gathering, Picture's for Reunion Book, and Seating around 7 PM. Times are not cast in Stone.

EATING:

For your Oyster eating pleasure Bowens Island Seafood Restaurant off Folly Beach Road will be open for business. This is a place that all of the Old Timers tell Sea Stories about. Family style seating. Dress is casual. Approximately 6 miles from the Inn.

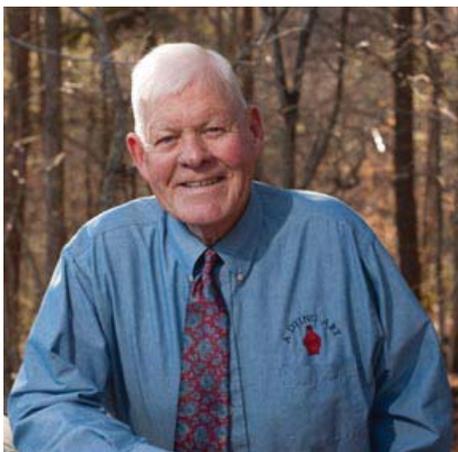
TAPS



MNCM John Keen, Jr., 81, of Goose Creek, passed away November 28, 2013. Born in Reading, PA, he was the son of the late John H. Keen Sr. and Ethel Marie Paine Keen and husband to the late Rosita Panisa Keen. Upon graduating from high school Mr. Keen joined the United States Navy where he enjoyed a thirty year career retiring as a Master Chief and serving as an instructor in the mine warfare school at

the Charleston Navy Base. After his military retirement he worked in industrial maintenance as well as residential maintenance in military housing. He also taught Industrial Maintenance at Trident Technical College. Mr. Keen was an avid shooter and loved various shooting sports. Mr. Keen was a member of the American Legion Post 166, Goose Creek and Life Member of the NRA. He attended Northwood Baptist Church.

He is survived by two sons, Michael Keen and wife Monica of Goose Creek and Christopher Keen of Goose Creek; five granddaughters, Madison Keen, Maryn Keen, Mahaley Keen, Reilly Keen and Karisa Keen; sister, Carmen Devlin of Reading, PA; niece, Cheryl Vaccaro of Reading, PA; brother and sister-in-law, Esco and Lita Catallo of Goose Creek. Mr. Keen was preceded in death by his wife, daughter, Carmen Keen and son, John H. Keen, III.



Jack Allen Powell, Renowned Author, Lawman, Veteran, Husband, Father, Grandfather and Friend, of Roanoke, Va., passed away suddenly from a heart condition on Saturday, October 19, 2013, while mowing on his beautiful mountain property and instantly joined his Lord and Savior.

Jack enlisted in the United States Navy for a four year tour of duty during the Korean Conflict, rising to the rank of Mineman 3rd Class. He returned from serving his country to further serve his community as a law enforcement officer beginning as a Roanoke City policeman and then later as a Virginia State Alcoholic Beverage Control Enforcement Division Assistant Special Agent-in-Charge (ASAC). After 35 years of dedicated service he retired in 1995 from the ABC, but continued to pursue his passion in law enforcement as a private investigator and Federal Courtroom Security Office (CSO) in the U.S. Marshall Service until 2004.

After a lifetime of service as lawman and “Revenuer,” Jack began writing down the accounts of his exciting and illustrious career. He is widely recognized as an accomplished author, public speaker and storyteller, having published five books on the history of Moonshining and police work. His book, “A Dying Art,” was republished over the years in versions I, II and III, along with other works including a postcard history of moonshining and “Roadblocks to Success,” a public relations guide for police work. He was also often seen on the Discovery Channel, History Channel and CMT as a consultant to documentaries and “reality” shows related to the history and eradication of moonshining.

Jack was a member and President of the Piedmont Fraternal Order of Police (FOP), a Free Mason, lifetime member of Belmont Baptist Church, and member of the U.S. Navy Mineman Association. His education included an AAS, BS, and LLB from Virginia Western Community College and LaSalle Extension Law Institute. He was also a 1981 graduate of the National FBI Police Academy, Session 126, Quantico, Va. Jack was also an expert marksman and loved the outdoors through his experiences in the mountains of Virginia as a revenuer.

Jack, a true renaissance man, held great pride in his marriage to his beautiful wife, Mary Wright Powell, and had just celebrated 55 years with her on the day before he passed away. He leaves behind a legacy of pride and joy in two beautiful daughters, their husbands, six wonderful grandchildren and countless friends and colleagues he touched throughout his life. He set a steadfast example of faith, family, and fun for everyone to follow. He lived life abundantly and was an inspiration to all as a true servant to others and great storyteller of his life’s learnings. His family adored, admired, and loved him deeply.

He is survived by his beloved wife, Mary Wright Powell, of Roanoke; daughters, Trenda Powell Jacocks, of Fairfax Station, Va., and Andra Powell McKown, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; sons, Army Colonel John M. Jacocks, M.D. and Navy Captain Martin H. McKown Jr.; six precious grandchildren, Brittany Virginia Jacocks, of New York, N.Y., Martin Hayes McKown III, of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mary Carter Jacocks, of Fairfax Station, Va., Air Force 2LT Connor Braxton McKown, of Del Rio, Texas, Army Cadet 1st Class Carson Lee McKown, of West Point, N.Y., and Air Force Cadet 4th Class Bailey Wright McKown, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; and his nephew, Allen Powell, of Roanoke.



NMC COMOMAG

CONTRIBUTED BY MN2 (SW) YVES DESSOURCES



The holiday season is finally upon us and sunny San Diego will not be left out! NMC COMOMAG Division, complete with our full complement of mine warfare subject matter experts, wishes to extend our holiday greetings and Happy New Year wishes to you all, and second to let you know what's happening in the world of your friendly neighborhood Mobile Mine Assembly Group. We've had exercises, training evolutions, a sprinkle of world travel, and a dash of changes to the roster, but all-in-all, things have come together in an ever-forward-moving fashion.

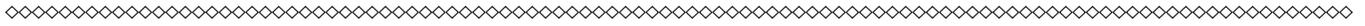
NMC COMOMAG Division N32 Exercise and Training department and N31 Service Mines department have been busy supporting the Fleet and the Far East this past quarter. Our VEMS techs were on the move earlier this quarter on an overseas mission to NMC Unit Okinawa for conducting a training assist visit. Mr. Ed Simmons, MN1 (SW) Henry Guerrero, and MN1(SW) Sean Hindley traveled to the unit located on Kadena AFB to provide training for newly reported technicians and to other shop Sailors interested in the system. The trip was a great success for the NMC COMOMAG team and the NMC Unit Okinawa personnel alike!

In addition to the training going on at our Units, NMC COMOMAG Division personnel have also been on the move to South Korea, Bahrain, Virginia, the California Coast, and everywhere in between to support joint-service exercises. MNC(SW) Tetrault, MNC(SW) Sandoval, MN1(SW) Guerrero, Mr. Ed Simmons, and myself have the distinct privilege of traveling the globe to do what Mineman do best – build, deploy, recover, and interrogate mine shapes and Versatile Exercise Mines in theater!

As is customary with the passing of any period of time, we here at NMC COMOMAG Division have our fair share of PCS transfers. We have had to bid farewell to MNCS(SW) Greer....oh correction....ENS (Sel) Greer and MNC(SW) Angle. Chief Angle, you will be missed amongst the ranks here at NMC COMOMAG Division, and ENS (Sel) Greer, congratulations on this fantastic career accomplishment! We hope to see you back in the Mine Warfare community before long. We would like to also say farewell to MNC (SW) Flores and MNC (SW) Sandoval for all the hard work and dedication that they have done over the years at COMOMAG. Well done by these hard-charging sailors! Chief Flores is headed out to Japan to continue his career and aid in leading the forces in Japan. Chief Sandoval is going to a ship down in San Diego to continue providing deck plate leadership to our young sailors coming up through the ranks.

We would also like to welcome aboard MNC(SW) Gibbens coming to us from MCM Crew Conflict.

Chief Gibbens will be working with N31 Service Mines department. We would also like to welcome aboard MN2 (SW) Dessources coming to us from MCM CREW EXULTANT. MN2 Dessources will be working with N32 Exercise and Training Mines. LS2 (AW) Trevizo is also a new addition who will be leading our supply department. And last but not least, I would also like to welcome aboard our new Executive Officer LT Yoder (Surface Ordnance LDO) and Administrative Officer, Ensign Tolentino (Admin LDO).



MAYAGUEZ INCIDENT; NAVMAG, GUAM PARTICIPATION STYMIED

CONTRIBUTED BY DON JONES

This is an account of how NAVMAG, Guam came close to being involved in the Mayaguez Incident (mid-1975). It's sort of a "for want of a nail" history lesson on how lack of a key component can forestall the use of an effective weapon system. The reason the USS Coral Sea didn't have DST Kits aboard is because all the Kits had been shipped to NAVMAG, Guam for refurbishment & stockpiling.

r/Don Jones

MAYAGUEZ INCIDENT; NAVMAG, GUAM PARTICIPATION STYMIED

BACKGROUND:

In response to the Khmer Rouge's capture of the U.S. merchant ship SS Mayaguez & its 40-man crew, there were several meetings of President Ford's National Security Council (NSC). Declassified minutes of the 12 May, 1975 NSC meeting revealed that SECDEF Schlesinger was authorized to use "sea mines." Mining would be used to block Cambodian ports so the captured container ship could not enter & transfer the prisoners to the mainland. Since the USS Coral Sea didn't have DST Kits aboard, B-52 delivery of DSTs from Andersen, Air Force Base on Guam was considered.

A NSC concern about using B-52's was the number of news media on Guam covering the Vietnamese refugees staying on the island temporarily. Getting the DSTs from NAVMAG to Andersen AFB required transporting them by truck over the main highways. Even if they were covered with tarps "news hawks" might have caught on that something big was about to happen.

The "last battle of the Vietnam War," fought off Cambodia happened less than two weeks after the fall of Saigon. Things might have gone differently if the Naval mine option had been used instead of the disastrous helicopter-launched, Marine assault on a strongly defended Cambodian island.

Internet sources used as required.

mines.

That craft is the Knifefish mine-hunter, and Reliant is an advanced prototype version of it.

How Does It Work?

The 20-foot long Reliant uses a modular design and is on the heavier side, weighing in at 1,350 pounds. When it is in the field, its subsystems can be quickly accessed so it can be rapidly maintained and turned around between missions.

For easy reconfiguration, the vehicle includes “swappable” payload sections and battery modules. To achieve that record-breaking 109-hour journey, Reliant was configured with a 40 kilowatt-hour energy section.

Reliant uses a fiber-optic gyro based inertial navigation system with GPS to navigate; it also has a Doppler velocity log for precise underwater navigation in long endurance missions.

Knifefish is a Bluefin Robotics Bluefin 21 vehicle that can carry multiple sensors and payloads and is souped up with a low frequency broadband sonar system. The Bluefin 21 is used for a range of non-military applications as well from search and salvage and oceanography through to archaeology and exploration.

Its high-energy capacity means it can run extended operations even at very great depths.

In addition to the special Knifefish features, plans for Reliant include equipping it with two-way Iridium satellite communications, specialized sensors, and empty sections for acoustic tech like a towed receiver array.

The Mission

The AUV began its 109-hour, 315-mile mission in Boston Harbor before navigated itself to New York City, entirely by itself. En route, Reliant surfaced every 12.5 miles to report its position through an Iridium satellite.

Human team members onshore and onboard the M/V Matthew J. Hughes received vehicle status information as well through the same satellite system.

In order to get the best endurance and range navigating through strong currents and busy waterways, it traveled at an average speed of 2.5 knots and a depth of 10 meters. Reliant travelled south past Cape Cod and then headed west, between the mainland and Martha’s Vineyard, through Nantucket Sound.

On the last leg, Reliant continued south of Long Island to reach its destination, making Upper
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New York Bay with a 10 percent energy reserve.

Next Steps

This is only the first of a series of upcoming missions for Reliant that will further test its ability to operate on its own over longer and longer missions.

As part of the Office of Naval Research Future Naval Capabilities program, the team will be further developing Knifefish and other AUV technologies to increase mine countermeasure operational range and improve autonomy.

These sorts of advances can also be usefully applied to shallow water Anti-Submarine Warfare.

It can be particularly difficult to identify bottom mines, the sort that rest on the sea floor and involve mines that are moored. Depending on the water depth, both can be dangerous for surface vessels and very difficult to detect in highly cluttered environments in a reliable way without false positives.

Technology advanced by programs like Reliant and Knifefish can help reduce risk by improving detection of threats in these sorts of challenging environments.

View full article: (<http://www.foxnews.com/tech/2013/12/05/meet-reliant-navys-record-breaking-robot-mine-hunter>)



CPO Standards

CONTRIBUTED BY DONALD LOZEN

Never forget this, a Chief can become an Officer, but an Officer can never become a Chief. Chiefs have their standards!

Recollections of a White hat.

“One thing we weren’t aware of at the time, but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given, Chief Petty Officers. They were crusty old bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time tested over more years than a lot of us had time on the planet.

The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged-up insignia, faded shirts, some with a Bull Durham tag dangling out of their right-hand pocket or a pipe and tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets, and a Zippo that had been everywhere. Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a Methodist picnic.

Most of them were as tough as a boarding house steak. A quality required to survive the life they lived. They were, and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took

eighteen year old idiots and hammered the stupid bastards into sailors.

You knew instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid. God should have given all sons born to Chiefs a return option.

A Chief didn't have to command respect. He got it because there was nothing else you could give them. They were God's designated hitters on earth.

We had Chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins, and combat air crew wings in my day...hard-core bastards who remembered lost mates, and still cursed the cause of their loss...and they were expert at choosing descriptive adjectives and nouns, none of which their mothers would have endorsed.

At the rare times you saw a Chief topside in dress canvas, you saw rows of hard-earned, worn and faded ribbons over his pocket.

"Hey Chief, what's that one and that one?"

"Oh hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave them to us to keep track of the campaigns."

We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went. They're all depth charge survival gee dunk." "Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a Sailor." We knew who the heroes were, and in the final analysis that's all that matters.

Many nights, we sat in the after mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were light-hearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply depots where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps. Standing in line at a Honolulu cathouse or spending three hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars, and getting loaded. It was our history. And we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life. At least it was clearly that for me. They were not men given to the prerogatives of their position.

You would find them with their sleeves rolled up, shoulder-to-shoulder with you in a stores loading party. "Hey Chief, no need for you to be out here tossin' crates in the rain, we can get all this crap aboard."

"Son, the term 'All hands' means all hands."

"Yeah Chief, but you're no damn kid anymore, you old coot."

“Horsefly, when I’m eighty-five parked in the stove up old bastards’ home, I’ll still be able to kick your worthless butt from here to fifty feet past the screw guards along with six of your closest friends.” And he probably wasn’t bullshitting.

They trained us. Not only us, but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn’t for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn’t be any U.S. Navy. There wasn’t any fairy godmother who lived in a hollow tree in the enchanted forest who could wave her magic wand and create a Chief Petty Officer.

They were born as hot-sacking seamen, and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year-old jay-bird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come and go for so many years; they could read you like a book. “Son, I know what you are thinking. Just one word of advice. DON’T. It won’t be worth it.”

“Aye, Chief.”

Chiefs aren’t the kind of guys you thank. Monkeys at the zoo don’t spend a lot of time thanking the guy who makes them do tricks for peanuts.

Appreciation of what they did, and who they were, comes with long distance retrospect. No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership or let’s say, when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others.

They had no Academy rings to get scratched up. They butchered the King’s English. They had become educated at the other end of an anchor chain from Copenhagen to Singapore . They had given their entire lives to the U.S. Navy. In the progression of the nobility of employment, Chief Petty Officer heads the list.

So, when we ultimately get our final duty station assignments and we get to wherever the big Chief of Naval Operations in the sky assigns us, if we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets, and there will be an old Chief in an oil-stained hat and a cigar stub clenched in his teeth standing at the brow to assign us our bunks and tell us where to stow our gear... and we will all be young again, and the damn coffee will float a rock.

Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old Chiefs. If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding in this thick skull, you would be amazed.

So, thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable son-of-a-bitches. Save me a rack in the berthing compartment.” Life isn’t about waiting for the storm to pass. It’s about learning to dance...

Monkey Business

CONTRIBUTED BY MICHAEL GONZALES

One morning, around 6 am, after working a 12 hour night shift, I stepped out into the compound area of P-5; the building designated for the assembly of the classified underwater/land mine called the "Destructor". The compound was quite isolated, situated about a mile into the highest and deepest point of the thick class C jungle, located in Naval Magazine, Subic Bay.

Surrounding the compound was a chain link fence; and as I looked across the large field that separated the compound from the thick jungle, there were hundreds and hundreds of monkeys sitting along the chain link fence. They had been chattering up a storm when I first came out, but then all of a sudden sat up and just stared at me as quiet as church mice. It was quite surreal.

As I was wondering what they would do next, a large bull monkey, which was about 50 yards from me, jumped off the fence and charged at me, screaming and flailing his arms. He had huge yellow fangs that could have shredded me to bits, but he stopped about half way from the fence, screaming and snarling. Now, all the monkeys started screaming, as if to egg-him-on.

You cannot imagine the thunderous magnitude of their screams which echoed through the jungle.

It was obvious that the bull monkey was not happy with my presence and seemed intent on doing me bodily harm. So I gingerly retraced my steps back into the building and thanked God for sparing my life.



It was a few years later that I was watching a National Geographic special and learned that a bull monkey will challenge another bull monkey for control of the monkey tribe...a fight to the death...winner takes all. And the tribe will religiously follow the victorious bull monkey.

Looking back and contemplating the encounter with that bull monkey, I concluded that; had I known then, what I know now... I could have kicked that monkeys' ass and been set for life. Ha! Ha!

Enjoy



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