

Navy WIFELINE

SUMMER 1972



A PUBLICATION FOR AND BY NAVY WIVES

WRITE ON!

9 March 1972

Dear Mrs. Clark,

What has happened to the interviewers and reporters on the Newsletter Staff?

We can all read articles by Navy men in official publications such as those mentioned by ADM Gravely in his article. We are much more interested in something written by a Navy wife about Navy people, Navy problems, Navy projects and Navy life—and even about Navy life in the civilian community (ADM Zumwalt pointed the way in his article.) I hope WIFELINE will follow through with articles about serious endeavors, articles about amusing events and even interesting side-lines.

WIFELINE Newsletter is beginning to look as though CHINFO wrote it all ...and that's the male view!!

Lois Martin
Dayton, Ohio

April 3, 1972

Dear Wives,

May I offer my sincere thanks for your very helpful booklet "Tag-Along to Europe." I have just returned from five months in the MED following the USS INDEPENDENCE, and there was always room for this booklet in my small suitcase.

I would like to answer those questions including at the end of "Tag-Along" and follow with my own comments.

DATES TRAVELED — 9/27/71 until 2/25/72
MODE OF TRAVEL TO EUROPE — TWA 747
WITH CHILDREN? — No

MODE OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE — car, ferries
CAR SOURCE? — VW purchased for pickup in Germany

WHAT WAS THE WORST THING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU? — The hotel bartender in a German hotel (of good reputation) came to my single room at 4 a.m. saying that there was a regulator in my room which controlled heat for the entire hotel. And we had to argue about it in German! I finally identified him by sending him outside to stand outside my window. When I saw who he was, I let him in and went to a friend's room to wait until the "regulator" was fixed. Very scary. Important lesson: The room had no phone and the service button was not connected. I never stayed in a room alone without a phone again!

IF YOU LIVED IN ONE PLACE FOR SOME TIME — DESCRIBE — We spent the greatest length of time in Athens. The port of Piraeus is outside the city and so we decided to stay nearer the fleet landing in Faliron

Delta. We did stay in an area near the Congo Palace, the Air Force Officers' Club, which is called Glyfada. It was convenient by Air Force shuttle bus to the fleet landing and downtown Athens and close to the NCO and officers' clubs which welcomed us heartily. Athens became for us more than the heart of Greece — it meant washing machines, an American movie, bowling and a hamburger, when we needed a brief respite.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO DIFFERENTLY? — I would pack more clothes on the ship — three outfits after five months is deadening to your ego. It is wise to also take something dressy on the ship for in-port parties, holidays, or just for an occasional fling. I would send all my unread books on the ship. Lots of reading time is available in hotels at night. I would practice changing tires! I would buy laundry detergent for hand washing rather than taking cold water washes along. And I would buy detergent in Europe, as I needed it. I would take tights in place of several pairs of stockings.

MY OWN COMMENTS — It would be a great help if you could include some information on locating the fleet landing, the local military base or Navy Information Office in major port cities. Why no slacks? We wore nice looking pants outfits almost daily and were very comfortable and usually appropriately dressed. Keep up the good work. "Tag-Along" was invaluable to us along with our other guides to Europe.

Mrs. Larry T. Guzy
Norfolk, Virginia

OUR COVER: "Kuwait Dhow" Bahrain, 1963. This is a watercolor by Kit Ainsworth Semmes (Mrs. B. J. Semmes).

BOARD OF ADVISORS: Mrs. Philip A. Beshany - Chairman, Mrs. Arleigh S. Burke, Mrs. Jack E. Candland, Mrs. Howard Collins, Mrs. George M. Davis, Jr., Mrs. Arthur G. Eash, Mrs. Francis L. Garrett, Mrs. Noel A. M. Gayler, Mrs. Thomas R. McClellan, Mrs. Ray Needham, Mrs. Richard B. Nygaard, RADM, Charles F. Rauch, Jr., Mrs. Edwin K. Snyder, Mrs. Maurice F. Wolsner, Mrs. Ralph Weymouth, Mrs. Kenneth R. Wheeler, Mrs. John D. Whitte, Mrs. Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr.

DIRECTORS: Mrs. John M. Rutter and Mrs. Hugh C. Nott

NAVY WIFELINE, the quarterly newsletter of The Navy Wifeline Association, is published by the Office of Information in accordance with Navy Publications and Printing Regulations (NAVEKOS P-35) with the cooperation of The Navy Wifeline Association. Distributed free to all Navy wives. Wifeline welcomes articles and/or comments from readers. For information on bulk or individual subscriptions write The Navy Wifeline Association, Bldg. 210, Navy Yard, Washington, D.C. 20390.

CO-EDITORS: Mrs. Robert R. Clark and Mrs. Gordon E. Fisher
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Mrs. Lawrence B. Vorse

NAVY INTERNAL RELATIONS ACTIVITY
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20350
PRODUCTION MANAGER: LTJG William F. Gottia, USN





Stump Jumpin'

by Vi Faddis

This year, numerous families, lead on by a male with the true American Spirit of Adventure, urge to explore, and aversion to wearing a suit, will decide to become campers. If it's your turn, don't fight it, just settle back and pay heed while the Last of the Pioneer Women gives with the sage advice.

First, there's the question of locations. A good camping guide will be a great help, but it won't tell you lots of little things. For example, did you know that the temperature in the Anza-Borrego Desert, out in summy California on a clear January night, will turn a rather large pot of hot water into a solid block of ice in a relatively short period of time? It's right hard on people, too. Trying to fry bacon while wearing woolen gloves is somewhat messy, and no matter how hungry your family is, they are bound to balk at eating fuzzy bacon. . . .

When passing through the last outpost of civilization, you would be wise to jot down the location of the local hospital. Better yet, make a drawing, marking with a large "X" the entrance to the emergency room. No need to be obvious about it. Above all, don't sigh loudly while writing, since this tends to throw a pall on the holiday spirit that prevails. . . .

Try to time your arrival at your campsite so that you do not get in early Monday morning before the clean-up crew has been there. This is particularly important in camps situated in hot climates and frequented by fishermen. . . .

This, before all else, remember. No matter how dismal or dangerous the approach to your campsite may appear, show faith in your husband's site selection. Fake it if necessary, but show it. Jumping from the car, clutching your baby to your breast, and insisting upon

walking across the bridge he is about to drive over can be very damaging to the male ego.

Now, on to equipment. A ground cover is very helpful, particularly in areas having many large, black ants.....I'm not too keen on air mattresses. The only night I tried one I discovered that every time I turned over, it did, too....A tent is almost a must. There may be times when it is such a beautiful night you will not want to set it up. This is fine. However, I strongly recommend that if you are camping, say in New England in early June, and you have convinced your husband that it would be very romantic to sleep where you can see the stars, you quit while you're ahead. Do not go a step further and rave on about how it would be even more romantic to sleep under yon beautiful tree where the stars will look like diamonds, sparkling among the leafy branches. For, if during a moment of madness and extreme fatigue, he agrees with you, you will discover during the night that the fog has rolled in from the sea and settled upon the leafy branches where it is condensing and dripping upon you, and your blanket, and your husband. And no matter how hard you pray that he will not wake up, he will. And he will say some rather harsh things like "You and your ideas, you've got us sleeping under a \$%-\$\$ funnel." Cooking equipment is very important. You will probably buy one of those lovely sets of bright and shiny tinware. Try to remember not to let the little handles hang down while the pots are over a flame. It is also well to keep in mind that despite the pictures in the camping magazines where Happy Helpmate is pouring hot steaming coffee into Handsome Husband's cup as he holds it out in smiling adoration, it is best not to do this with tin cups. Heat travels quite rapidly through tin and into the hand holding it. . . . A good stove, lots of food, insect repellants, all of those are certainly necessary equipment. There is one item I feel no lady camper should be without. That's a can of pine-scented, disinfectant-type spray. Then, when the day comes (as it surely will) that you discover that the sanitary facilities are what is quaintly referred to as pit type, you just march bravely up to the door, open it slightly and spray enthusiastically. One word of caution. While it is certainly true that campers are really the world's friendliest people, check first to make sure that the little house is unoccupied. Some people, even campers, have absolutely no sense of humor. o

HANDICAPPED PROGRAM

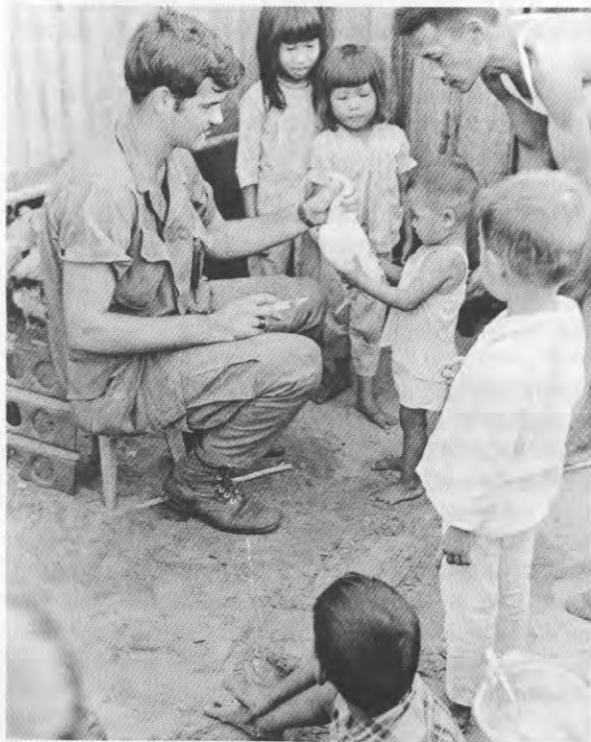
"Where Do They Turn" was the title of an article in the Winter Issue 1971/72 of *Wifeline*. Several people sent in information regarding help for the handicapped child, but more information is sorely needed, particularly from Florida and the New England areas. If you have knowledge of assistance for any type of handicap, please share it with us! We do have some information that we can send you if you are the parent of a handicapped child and need news regarding what facilities are available at a new duty station. o

SHIRLEY HINKLEY

OPERATION H



The next time you go to the commissary and groan over the cost of a neatly warped, pre-cut package of pork chops, consider the cost of a pig - or even some live baby chicks. Maybe you'll be even more economy minded and



buy some ocean perch! If you were the wife of a Vietnam Navy man, you might not have to make the choice because chances are there would be very little money and very little in the commissary.

In the Winter Issue of WIFELINE (71/72) there was an item in the "Did You Know" column on OPERATION HELPING HAND. The idea for OPERATION HELPING HAND came about in August 1969 under the guidance of (then) VADM Zumwalt, Commander Naval Forces, Viet-Nam. The admiral felt it was time to take a close look at Vietnamization. Vietnamization is the stated official policy of the President of the United States for the orderly turnover of Free World assets to the constitutional government of the Republic of Viet-Nam. Admiral Zumwalt questioned what was being done to ensure that the assets turned over would be properly maintained and used in the years after the U.S. Naval Forces had withdrawn.

The answer became obvious: Not enough! Therefore a group of concerned business and professional men have established the OPERATION HELPING HAND FOUNDATION to provide moral and material support to Vietnamese Navy men and their dependents.

OPERATION HELPING HAND'S programs are directed toward the implementation of the construction of a 500 unit housing complex for disabled Vietnamese veterans and their dependents, and construction of dependent shelters and community facilities at various Navy and Marine Corps bases throughout the Republic of Viet-Nam. All food supplement and disabled veterans programs are totally financed with private contributions granted by the HELPING HAND FOUNDATION. The Viet-Nam Navy and Marine Corps dependent shelters (hereinafter called homes) program has been jointly financed by the United States Navy and the government of Viet-Nam appropriated funds. Since the need for homes far exceed the number which can be financed by appropriated monies, HELPING HAND FOUNDATION grants will be necessary in order to complete the overall program. Presently there is a need for 26,531 homes. Already 7,286 units have been completed.

The food supplement program is designed to supply dietary and salary assistance to Viet-Nam Navy personnel and their dependents by means of animal husbandry, agriculture, and fishing projects. The goal of the program is to establish viable, self-sustaining projects at all Viet-Nam Navy and Marine Corps Bases. At the present time, 150 animal husbandry projects have been established at 49 bases. Additionally, there are two animal distribution centers in operation at Cam Ranh Bay and

HELPING HAND

Saigon, and third is under construction at Da Nang. Over twenty fishing projects have been initiated during the past eighteen months to supply fish to various commissaries at one-fifteenth the open market price. Agriculture projects include fifteen victory (neighborhood) gardens and two base operated truck farms. The truck farms are providing vegetables to both Viet-Nam Navy dependents and base messes. Approximately \$85,000 is required to complete all projects and achieve a level of self-sufficiency.

When the food supplement requirements have been met, HELPING HAND aid will be used to finance the construction of disabled veterans' shelters. Current plans call for the construction of 500 homes adjacent to the Cat Lai Rehabilitation Center. The first twenty units were completed in October and are now being used by veterans undergoing rehabilitation. Approximately \$285,000 will be required to construct the remaining 480 units.

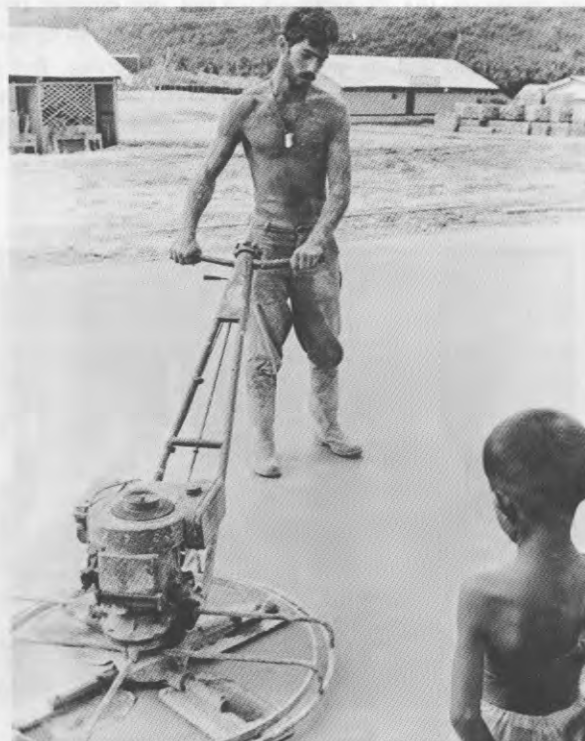
After learning about this operation, a group of civilian and U.S. Navy wives have joined together this year to present educational and fund raising affairs which will tell the story of OPERATION HELPING HAND. They hope to raise much needed money for the foundation. The group calls itself FRIENDS OF OPERATION HELPING HAND FOUNDATION and is co-chaired by Mrs. Perry Woofter and Mrs. Elmo R. Zumwalt, Jr. In the Washington area the FRIENDS have planned coffees and teas at which films and guest speakers will describe HELPING HAND projects. There are also plans for an evening at Wolf Trap Farm Park (by invitation only) to see Opera Star Roberta Peters featured with the Wolf Trap Company; a fashion show at the Vietnamese Embassy; and a benefit at the Kennedy Center.

Please help to make OPERATION HELPING HAND a world wide endeavor with civilians and Navy people working hand-in-hand. Why not buy a pig, a chicken or a house for these most needy people - \$200.00 buys a nine month old boar; \$90.00 a seven month old female pig; \$.19 buys a broiler chicken; \$.41 a laying chicken; you can even buy a house for \$600.00 - \$700.00.

If you or your group would like to plan some function, no matter how large or small, the FRIENDS would be delighted to hear from you. Please write or telephone the activities chairman and register your affair: Mrs. Pat Tapp, 4142 Minton Drive, Fairfax, Virginia 22030, (703) 273-8556. Personal contributions or group function checks should be made payable to Mrs. Carl Lair, Jr., Agent, Operation Helping Hand Foundation, and mailed to her at 6207 Foxcroft Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22307, (703) 768 0308. Contributions are tax deductible.



(The Washington area FRIENDS have accumulated \$1,783.00 since March 29, 1972. The Awa Lau Wahine Wives Club in Honolulu has already contributed \$1,000 and has pledged another \$1,000 to OPERATION HELPING HAND.) Won't you help too?o



Katharine Ainsworth Semmes is the wife of VADM B. J. Semmes who has had a long and distinguished Naval career. Here are her...

REFLECTIONS ON THE NAVY LIFE

Since China is the "IN" place, it seems fitting to go back to my earliest recollections of the Navy; the old China Station, a place I hope you, the future Navy, will have the opportunity to know as we did.

At age five, in 1924 we sailed aboard the PRESIDENT LINCOLN and it took thirty days to get to Shanghai.. (imagine having thirty days!) My greatest fear was "Could Santa Claus get down the smokestack?" He did. And my two beautiful twin babydolls were later left on the beach at Chefoo for some Chinese child to whom they must have seemed very exotic and strange and elegant.

My sixth birthday party was aboard the JOHN PAUL JONES, DD230, in Chefoo, China. In those days social life centered around the YMCA. The Fleet Wives put on a Navy Relief Musical at the "Y". Mother and her friends wore orange checked rompers and danced the Can-Can and sang "Oh, the Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga," and "It Doesn't Smell Like Roses in Chefoo," and Chevalier's "Louise". My brother and I went by rickshaw..two in one rickshaw..we were learning to swear in Chinese.

A month later the ships (all three), formed a protective circle around the Bay View Hotel where all Europeans had rallied, and Chiang's troops marched right down the street. The sailor guarding our gate was shot, for no apparent reason...Chinese heads were stuck on sticks in the "native" city...and our number one boy sold me his pet sparrow. He had trained him to live in a tin can and to come home every evening. But I could never make him come to ME, and in desperation Mother bought me two love birds. I carried them on my lap to Peking.



The Forbidden City, Peking, 1925, Kit and Garner Ainsworth

Peking: where we raised rabbits on the roof of the Grand Hotel, begged quarters for slot machines, saw every palace in the Forbidden City, and stood enthralled before the lapis-lazuli blue...oh, so very blue...of the three-tiered Temple of Heaven. We climbed on the Dowager Empress' Marble Boat and marveled that coolies had pushed it through the man-made lake: we counted pagodas of the summer palace, and it wasn't until years later, in Katmandu, that I realized the architect who invented the pagoda was a Nepalese.

My brother went to a mission school in Baguio (the Phillipines), where he convinced me that head hunters still lurked in the forests...while I, slightly resentful, consoled myself by watching the vivid sunsets of Manila...and learned nothing. Oh yes, I learned to swim at the Polo Club along with my best friend, Jean (Clarey), and I learned a little French—and to hemstitch—at the Convent in Chefoo. But I was expelled for getting off the seesaw when a Chinese girl was on top.

Back home: Annapolis grammar school, just off Main Street, 1930. My father taught navigation at the Naval Academy. Jean and I rode bikes, climbed trees and watched the parades at Warden Field, little guessing that we would marry classmates who were plebes that year...

Five years of boarding school were supposed to make up for the China Station, and at eighteen the J.O. (Junior Officers') Mess on the MISSISSIPPI, homeported at Long Beach, was more fun than a debut. Besides, B.J. was there...Two years later, in Paris, as Hitler marched into Danzig, and French troops mobilized, we became engaged. That was the year that radios played, and perhaps prophetically, "J'Attendrai" and "La Mer."

World War II was full of separations and sacrifices which we took for granted in a way that contrasts sharply with Vietnam today. Work: (drawing airplane parts at North Island), raising children alone, serving coffee to "the boys" at USOs, again with Jean, as she counted the days till the end of a submarine patrol. (If you didn't hear in sixty days...well, you didn't hear). B.J., returning from the torpedoed WASP, described her as "cherry-red" as he swam toward a destroyer. Okinawa. Kamikazis. Perhaps, in retrospect, it made us tough. It certainly made us independent.

VJ Day...at last...SHORE DUTY. New Orleans...Germany...Our world began to widen, and we were lucky, too: a three-pound son, born at a German Warrant Officers' Hospital, delivered by an Army pathologist, miraculously survived. Bremerhaven: 1950. Grey, bombed-out ruins. Bedraggled officers, the remnants of the German Navy, walking across the soot-covered parade ground of the Naval Base occupied by us, to write their version of World War II; lines of people outside butcher shops waiting to buy horsemeat: the acrid smell of dirt,

five years of dirt, of scrubbing public buildings without soap. . . In the kitchen of our requisitioned house, Herr Wissels, the furnace man, eating bacon fat by the spoonful, so starved was his body for fat. And Anna, hunchbacked Anna, the nurse who had never known anything but hardship, and the marvelous Navy dentist who fixed her teeth on his own time. . . Anna is now an American citizen.

Hardship post: four children in school from the second grade to college. . . and a sick mother. B. J. came home from BuPers with: "How'd you like to go to the Middle East?" to be Commander Middle East Force in Bahrain in the Persian Gulf? No school over the fifth grade and 120 degrees of heat.



Bahrain

After the shock it became our favorite tour. We learned more in a year and a half than at any other time, and somehow, in spite of boarding schools, the shared experiences brought the family closer together. We learned about Islam, and Hinduism. We walked thru the old walled city of Jerusalem in the hush of midnight, our guide the Mayor who showed us where Christ carried His cross. Persepolis and Darius; Shah Abbas and Isphahan, the city of turquoise mosques and pools and later, the Taj Mahal. We learned to spot beggars who had rented a baby for the day (Bombay). . . and when to give alms, for there is no organized charity in Islam. Arab feasts. . . to be presented to His Highness, the Ruler of Bahrain was a treat usually reserved for men; I had to walk across a very long room lined by Arab men sitting cross-legged in their thobes. Later, proudly showing my dexterity and knowledge of local customs by eating rice with the fingers of one hand, imagine my amazement to glance at His Highness and discover him eating with a fork!

I practiced my Arabic from Army records, everyday at siesta time, (the children had to listen. . .) in preparation of Her Highness' visit. Dress rehearsal before the interpreter: "But Mrs. Semmes, you are speaking in the masculine singular and we need the feminine plural." Alas. They arrived, shrouded in black veils, bearing pearls for gifts. . . I grabbed up my grandmother's gold

souvenir coffee spoons just in time to present Her with a gift.

Port Sudan: On the deck of the Flagship, decorated with flags and the traditional red carpet. . . we showed movies of John Glenn's first flight into space. The Sudanese had been trained in Yugoslavia. . .

Jiddah (Saudi Arabia). . . where the Flagship went to show support for U.S. oil interests and for the pro-west Saud regime just as the Yemeni war began. . .

We watched the ship come into Aden—where the Queen of Sheba assembled her caravans before going to meet King Solomon. Abu Dhabi. . . The latest Sheikdom to discover oil, where Amy, at seven, was the first American child to roam those miles of white sand, and ride a donkey Arab style, without a bridle.

BuPers. . . and long hours of worry about people, and how best to serve them. . . WIFELINE was one way. . . Norfolk. Commander Second Fleet and NATO's North Atlantic Strike Fleet. Working with British, Norwegians, Danes, Germans. Retracing our steps of twenty years before. Oslo with its crisp yellow fall. Helsinki with a welcome so warm no American sailor could walk down the street without being invited into a Finnish home. Brest, where ties between Navies proved stronger than the prevailing politics. Portugal with its maritime tradition. Spain. . . Morocco. . .

Back home. Newport. I had seen where those destroyers went. Mother is now eighty-three. My brother and I just went with her to christen the destroyer escort AINSWORTH, named for my father. DE 1090. From 230 to 1090. Small wonder one reflects.



President's House, Naval War College

In the harbor here at Newport, we look at the names of the destroyers tied up to the piers inside the breakwater of which B. J. is so proud. . . the LUCE, first President of the Naval War College, the FORREST SHERMAN, skipper of the WASP in World War II, the TAUSSIG, a great naval officer whose son lost a leg at Pearl Harbor and whose son-in-law, George Philip, went down in the TWIGGS when she was hit by a Kamikaze in a destroyer picket station next to B. J.'s at Okinawa. George never saw his son. We were the lucky ones.

To all lucky Navy wives who "follow the fleet" may I say, "B. J. and I would do it all over again." Fair Winds and Godspeed. ◯ Kit Ainsworth Semmes

Wonalancet, New Hampshire

OBSERVATIONS

by Esther Fisher

Did you know

....That despite federal and local laws aimed at opening housing to all people, there are still certain extralegal obstacles in the paths of minority members looking for homes and apartments? In the Washington area, some extremely helpful and exhaustive work has been and is being undertaken by the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, in co-operation with a number of local agencies. The organizations are producing marvelously informative "Homeseekers' Guides" of the metropolitan area, with tips on what to do about discrimination—and complete, block-by-block rundowns of what housing exists. On large, seven color street maps the guides show locations of apartments, houses, townhouses, shopping centers, schools, libraries, and recreation centers along with price or rent ranges, architectural styles, ages, sizes and distances to key points. If you're coming to the District of Columbia, you will appreciate this information. If your present community doesn't have such information available, perhaps your club or group will see that such assistance becomes available. For copies of available guides for the Washington Metropolitan Area (at \$1.00 a copy, and less in bulk rates) contact the Housing Desk, Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, 1717 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

....That the Navy Relief Society came to the aid of the crew of the USS Enterprise just before last Christmas? Operational commitments disrupted mail services temporarily making it impossible to send checks or money orders home for the holiday season. The Enter-

prise had been ordered into the Indian Ocean in connection with the India-Pakistan War and crew members were to be out of touch with their families for a period of time. To remedy the situation, a list of men wanting to send money to their dependents was prepared and transmitted to Captain M. Vance Dawkins, Commander Fleet Air Alameda, who was asked to help arrange loans for the men. Captain Dawkins contacted Navy Relief Officials and within twenty-four hours, \$25,000 had been transferred to the Navy Relief Society in San Francisco. Checks were immediately prepared in the amounts specified and money for local area residents was hand delivered the same day.

....That Rear Admiral F. Rauch, Jr., has been selected as the Navy's new OMBUDSMAN? As Head of PERS-P (for personal) in the Bureau of Personnel, RADM Rauch provides a point of contact within BUPERS where all Navy people can turn with confidence on matters concerning conditions of Naval Service and personal affairs. The five divisions of PERS-P address themselves to such problems as: working out ways of making Navy life more attractive; providing information and answering questions by telephone and mail from individuals and commands; coordinating career information publications; directing Navy Recreation Programs; and administering family assistance services and benefits for Navy men and their dependents.

....That the word "skylarking" was coined at sea to express the fun enjoyed by young seamen who would scramble to the topsails of warships and descend to the decks by sliding down the backstays? It was a kind of Follow-the-leader game that required guts and stamina, but the "Old-timers" took a dim view of the goings-on. They would grumble that the kids weren't getting their work done so that a man who wanted to get ahead in the Navy didn't go skylarking too often!o