



ON GLIDEPATH

Vol. 17 no 4

An Association of Dues Paying Members
The U.S. Navy GCA/ATC Association

Jan 2012



THE PREZ SEZ

Time for another letter, with some of the details for the reunion, and how to reserve a hotel room at Branson. We decided to use the Branson Tourism Center as the reservation contact.

The Grand Plaza Hotel was chosen because of it's availability to sights and sounds of Branson, and reasonable rates. The date will be September 12, 2012 through September 16, 2012. Arrive Wednesday, and Depart

Sunday. The rate for double occupancy is \$94.30/day, and includes a full hot breakfast. The rate is available 3 days prior to, and 3 days after the above specified dates. To reserve call: 1- 800- 268-4014.

Please note: Reservation deadline is July 28th, 2012. There is no charge for parking.

If you need to cancel or change your reservation, you will be charged 10%. Any changes or cancellations within 30 days is not refundable. All changes or cancellations must go through the Branson Tourism Center.

There is an optional cancellation plan that can be purchased for \$25.00. The \$25 is not refundable. With this plan you can cancel/change prior to 48 hours, with a 10% penalty.

The next letter will contain forms to fill out for registration and more details of the event.

Ed Brown sent a thought provoking letter in July about the future of the association. It is factual that dues are dwindling, and no new members are joining. We have a substantial amount of money in the trea-

sury, but it will not be sustainable with the current rate of member renewal, and the demise of us as we age. Thank you Ed, for the topic, and it will be on the agenda for a new business discussion at the reunion.

I hope you all had a pleasant summer, and my thoughts and prayers are with you and your family because of any afflictions, or tragedies that befell you. Personally, we lost a great Grandson who was stillborn September 3rd 2011. He was full term, and days from birth. The family so looked forward to him, and are heartbroken at the turn of events.

The plans are made, so you all can work your schedule to attend the gala event next fall. Oh, one more thing. Anse has made it known that he is looking for a replacement to be editor and publisher of the newsletter and take over the website. He has done a bang up job since the inception of the organization, but it will be 30 years (really!!) next year. So, anyone up for the job? Kent

SEND DUES TO:

Ed Brown
3911 Bonita View Dr.
Bonita, CA 91902

2010 FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF INCOME & EXPENSE From 1/1/2011 thru 12/31/2011

Previous Checking Account Balance		1,502.68
Total Income	372.05	1,874.73
Total Expenses	821.30	1,053.43

Make checks payable to:
USN GCA/ATC Assn

1 year \$15
3 uears \$40
5 years \$60
Life \$130

ASSETS & NET WORTH

Checking Account Ba	1,053.43
OGP Petty Cash	1,000.00
Reserve Savings Fund	9,928.53
Net Worth	11,982.96

This financial statement compiled from transactions contained in the association day journal; plus the GCA/ATC checking account and the GCA/ATC savings account held by Navy Federal Credit Union.

**DEPARTED THE PATTERN
To Re-enter Elsewhere**

Frank L. Coe who was born in Hoquiam, Washington on October 25, 1936 and passed away on November 29, 2011. You will live forever in our memories and hearts.

Frank was laid to rest on Friday, December 2, 2011 at the Valley of the Sun Mortuary & Cemetary 10940 E. Chandler Heights Chandler, AZ 85248

He was a wonderful husband, father and friend. He will be deeply missed...

Now is the Hour. I must say goodbye for soon I'll be sailing far across the sea.
To all my family and friends, my love to you. So please remember me.

Fair Winds and Following Seas... _____

Norbert Tex Glomb, 81, of Ozark, Arkansas, died November 9, 2011 in Fort Smith, Arkansas. He attended The Ozark First United Methodist Church. He was a member of Farm Bureau. He was born April 6, 1930 in West, Texas to Louis and Clara Damhus Glomb. He was preceded in death by his parents and his first wife, Thelma A Bradley Glomb.

Funeral service will be held at 10:00 AM, Tuesday, November 15, 2011 at Shaffer Funeral Home Chapel in Ozark with Reverend Keith Dodson officiating, with burial at 12:00 PM at National Cemetery in Fort Smith, under the direction of Shaffer Funeral Home.

He is survived by his wife, Margaret Carolyn Berna Glomb of Ozark; three step children Colleen Spurgeon and husband Jim, Don Scott and wife Leta and Jim Housey and wife Bobbi; many grandchildren and many nieces and nephews.

2012 GCA/ATC Business Meeting

Background Information on Discussion

It is time to consider a time frame in which to dis-establish the Association. Not that we will be leaving. There have been mini-reunions in the Northwest, at Lemoore, PaxRiver and other places my mind wouldn't wrap around. A time for old GCA guys to get together.

I was a tower operator and then an Air Transport Squadron Flight planning/Weight&Balance Operator before going to GCA school and joining my first Unit at NAS Atlantic City, NJ. What made us ATC radar operators special was our comraderie of an outfit consisting of 3 Officers, 3 Techincians, 1 Engineman and 15 Operators - operating out of a yellow box out on the airfield. (Sure glad he had enuff altitude to get over us).

Remember the monthly reports? People assigned and their qualifications, those ordered out and those ordered in. And a wish list for those when their time had come to transfer. A Christmas Card to each and all every year along with the monthly report.

GCA was a CNO Special Project; we were special people assigned by CNO with orders written by Bu-Pers. And then, as modernization arrived, the units became remote and the search/PAR functions were done in an "IFR room" located in the Ops Building under the control tower. We became an Air Traffic Controller - the acey duecy board/dart board in the GCA ready room was gone and flight clearance, flight planning, tower positions and IFR operations were all merged. CNO no longer detailed GCA people.

When the GCA Assn started, there was strong support. There still is but as the older GCA guys passed away, the income to the organization correspondingly dwindled and we started to live on reserve funds. Dues received each year has been less than the year before. At the time of this presentation we will have about \$11,000.

Based on past history, expenses for the reunion will run around \$3500 with Assn Liability of \$425. Our annual dues paid has been \$1035 in 2009, \$890 in 2010 plus 300 from the Sea Chest, and \$700 for 2011.

At such time as the group is disestablished, our remaining funds will be forwarded to the Navy Memorial per membership vote. Should we run over, wonder if they will pick up the tab?

It is time to plan for the inevitable. Should we do 2014 and 2016, ending where we started? This is our outfit - let us go out in stlye, with publicity, etc and a grand time.

Ed Brown
Treasurer

Car in ditch
Man in tree
Moon was full
So was he!
Burma Shave

God and the Soldier, we adore,
In time of danger, not before.
The danger passed and all things righted,
God is forgotten and the Soldier slighted.

-Rudyard Kipling

GOOD SAILOR BARS...

This is the best description of a good sailor bar that I have ever read. Whoever wrote this certainly knew what he was talking about. Talk about walking (or crawling) down memory lane?

Our favorite liberty bars were unlike no other watering holes or dens of iniquity inhabited by seagoing men. They had to meet strict standards to be in compliance with the acceptable requirement for a sailor beer-swilling dump. The first and foremost requirement was a crusty old gal serving suds. She had to be able to wrestle King Kong to parade rest. Be able to balance a tray with one hand, knock sailors out of the way with the other hand and skillfully navigate through a roomful of milling around drunks. On slow nights, she had to be the kind of gal who would give you a back scratch or put her foot on the table so you could admire her new ankle bracelet some "mook" brought her back from a Hong Kong liberty. A good barmaid had to be able to whisper sweet nothings in your young sailor ear like, "I love you no shit, you buy me Honda??"

"Buy a pack of Clorets and chew up the whole thing before you get within heaving range of any gal you ever want to see again." And, from the crusty old gal behind the bar, "Hey animals, I know we have a crowd tonight, but if any of you guys find the head facilities fully occupied and start pissing down the floor drain, you're gonna find yourself scrubbing the deck with your white hats!"

The barmaids had to be able to admire great tattoos, look at pictures of ugly bucktooth kids and smile. Be able to help haul drunks to cabs and comfort 19 year-olds who had lost someone he thought loved him in a dark corner booth. They could look at your ship's identification shoulder tab and tell you the names of the Skippers back to the time you were a Cub Scout.

If you came in after a late night maintenance problem and fell asleep with a half eaten Slim-Jim in your hand, they tucked your peacoat around you, put out the cigarette you left burning in the ashtray and replaced the warm draft you left sitting on the table with a cold one when you woke up. Why? Simply because they were one of the few people on the face of the earth that knew what you did, and appreciated what you were doing.

And if you treated them like a decent human being and didn't drive 'em nuts by playing songs they hated on the juke box, they would lean over the back of the booth and park their soft, warm tits on your neck when they sat two San Miguel beers in front of you. And the Imported table wipe down guy and glass washer, trash dumper, deck swabber and paper towel replacer. The guy had to have baggy tweed pants and a gold tooth and a grin like a 1950 Buick. And a name like "Ramon", "Juan", "Pedro" or "Tico". He had to smoke unfiltered Luckies, Camels or Raleighs. He wiped the tables down with a sour wash rag that smelled like a billy goats crotch and always said, "How are choo navee mans tonight? He was the indispensable man. The guy with credentials that allowed him to borrow Slim-Jims, Beer Nuts and pickled hard boiled eggs from other beer joints when they ran out where he worked.

The establishment itself. The place had to have walls covered with ship and squadron plaques. The walls were adorned with enlarged unit patches and the dates of previous deployments. A dozen or more old, yellowed photographs of fellows named "Buster", "Chicago", "P-Boat Barney", "Flaming Hooker Harry", "Malone", "Honshu Harry", "Jackson", "Douche Bag Doug", and "Capt Slade Cutter" decorated any unused space. It had to have the obligatory Michelob, Pabst Blue Ribbon and "Beer Nuts sold here" neon signs. An eight-ball mystery beer tap handle and signs reading.

"Your mother does not work here, so clean away your frickin trash."

"Keep your hands off the barmaid."

"Don't throw butts in urinal."

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"Barmaid's word is final in settling bets."
"Take your fights out in the alley behind the bar!"
"Owner reserves the right to waltz your worthless sorry ass outside."
"Shipmates are responsible for riding herd on their ship/squadron drunks."

This was typical signage found in any good liberty bar.

You had to have a juke box built along the lines of a Sherman tank loaded with Hank Williams, Mother Maybelle Carter, Johnny Horton, Johnny Cash and twenty other crooning goobers nobody ever heard of. The damn thing has to have "La Bamba", Herb Alpert's "Lonely Bull" and Johnny Cash's "Don't take your guns to town". The furniture in a real good liberty bar had to be made from coal mine shoring lumber and was not fully acceptable until it had 600 cigarette burns and your ship's numbers or "F**k the Navy" carved into it. The bar had to have a brass foot rail and at least six Slim-Jim containers, an oversized glass cookie jar full of Beer-Nuts, a jar of pickled hard boiled eggs that could produce rectal gas emissions that could shut down a sorority party, and big glass containers full of something called Pickled Pigs Feet and Polish Sausage.

Only drunk Chiefs and starving Ethiopians ate pickled pig's feet and unless the last three feet of your colon had been manufactured by Midas, you didn't want to get anywhere near the Polish Napalm Dogs.

No liberty bar was complete without a couple of hundred faded ship or airplane pictures and a "Shut the hell up!" sign taped on the mirror behind the bar along with several rather tasteless naked lady pictures. The pool table felt had to have at least three strategic rips as a result of drunken competitors and balls that looked as if a gorilla baby had teethed on the sonuvabitches.

Liberty bars were home and it didn't matter what country, state, or city you were in. When you walked into a good liberty bar, you felt at home. These were also establishments where 19 year-old kids received an education available nowhere else on earth. You learned how to "tell" and "listen" to sea stories.

You learned about sex at \$10.00 a pop -- from professional ladies who taught you things your high school biology teacher didn't know were anatomically possible. You learned how to make a two cushion bank shot and how to toss down a beer and shot of Sun Tory known as a "depth charge."

We were young, and a helluva long way from home. We were pulling down crappy wages for twenty-four hours a day, seven days a-week availability and loving the life we lived. We didn't know it at the time, but our association with the men we served with forged us into the men we became. And a lot of that association took place in bars where we shared the stories accumulated in our, up to then, short lives. We learned about women and that life could be tough on a gal.

While many of our buddies were attending college, we were getting an education slicing through the green rolling seas in WestPac, experiencing the orgasmic rush of a night cat shot, the heart pounding drama of the return to the ship with the gut wrenching arrestment to a pitching deck. The hours of tedium, boring holes in the sky late at night, experiencing the periodic discomfort of turbulence, marveling at the creation of St. Elmo's Fire, and sometimes having our reverie interrupted with stark terror.

But when we came ashore on liberty, we could rub shoulders with some of the finest men we would ever know, in bars our mothers would never have approved of, in saloons and cabarets that would live in our memories forever. Long live those liberties in WestPac and in the Med - They were the greatest! "Any man who may be asked in this century what he did to make his life worthwhile can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction, I SERVED IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY."

OLD SEABAGS

There was a time when everything you owned had to fit in your seabag.

Remember those nasty rascals? Fully packed, one of the suckers weighed more than the poor devil hauling it. The damn things weighed a ton and some idiot with an off-center sense of humor sewed a carry handle on it to help you haul it. Hell, you could bolt a handle on a Greyhound bus but it wouldn't make the damn thing portable. The Army, Marines, and Air Force got footlockers and WE got a big ole' canvas bag.

After you warped your spine jackassing the goofy thing through a bus or train station, sat on it waiting for connecting transportation and made folks mad because it was too damn big to fit in any overhead rack on any bus, train, and airplane ever made, the contents looked like hell. All your gear appeared to have come from bums who slept on park benches.

Traveling with a seabag was something left over from the "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" sailing ship days. Sailors used to sleep in hammocks, so you stowed your issue in a big canvas bag and lashed your hammock to it, hoisted it on your shoulder and, in effect, moved your entire home from ship to ship. I wouldn't say you traveled light because with ONE strap it was a one shoulder load that could torque your skeletal frame and bust your ankles.

It was like hauling a dead Greenbay linebacker.

They wasted a lot of time in boot camp telling you how to pack one of the suckers. There was an officially sanctioned method of organization that you forgot after ten minutes on the other side of the gate at Great Lakes' or San Diego's boot camp.

You got rid of a lot of the 'issue' gear when you went to a SHIP. Did you EVER know a tin-can sailor who had a raincoat? A flat hat? One of those nut-hugger knit swimsuits? How bout those 'roll-your-own' neckerchiefs... The ones girls in a good Naval tailor shop would cut down & sew into a 'greasy snake' for two bucks?

Within six months, EVERY fleet sailor was down to ONE set of dress blues, port & starboard, undress blues, and whites, a couple of white hats, boots, shoes, a watch cap, assorted skivvies, a pea coat, and three sets of bleached-out dungarees.

The rest of your original issue was either in the pea coat locker, lucky bag, or had been reduced to wipe-down rags in the paint locker.

Underway ships were NOT ships that allowed vast accumulation of private gear.

Hobos who lived in discarded refrigerator crates could amass greater loads of pack-rat crap than fleet sailors. The confines of a canvas-back rack, side locker, and a couple of bunk bags did NOT allow one to live a Donald Trump existence.

Space and the going pay scale combined to make us envy the lifestyle of a mud-hut Ethiopian. We were global equivalents of nomadic Mongols without ponies to haul our stuff.

And after the rigid routine of boot camp, we learned the skill of random compression, known by mothers world-wide as 'cramming'. It is amazing what you can jam into a space no bigger than a bread-box if you pull a watch cap over a boot and push it with your foot.

Of course, it looks kinda weird when you pull it out, but they NEVER hold fashion shows at sea and wrinkles added character to a 'salty' appearance.

There was a four-hundred mile gap between the images on recruiting posters and the ACTUAL appearance of sailors at sea. It was NOT without justifiable reason that we were called the tin-can Navy.

We operated on the premise that if 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness' we must be next to the other end of that spectrum...

We looked like our clothing had been pressed with a waffle iron and packed by a bulldozer. But what in hell did they expect from a bunch of swabs that lived in a crew's hole of a 2100 Fletcher Class tin-can?

After awhile you got used to it... You got used to everything you owned picking up and retaining that distinctive aroma... You got used to old ladies on busses taking a couple of wrinkled nose sniffs of your pea coat, then getting and finding another seat.

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Do they stil l issue seabags? Can you still make five bucks sitting up half the night drawing a ship's picture on the side of one of the damn things with black and white marking pens that drive the old master-at-arms into a 'rig for heart attack' frenzy? Make their faces red... The veins on their neck bulge out.... And yell, 'What in God's name is that all over your seabag???' 'Artwork, Chief... It's like the work of Michelangelo... MY ship... GREAT, huh?"

"Looks like some damn comic book..."

Here was a man with cobras tattooed on his arms... A skull with a dagger through one eye and a ribbon reading 'DEATH BEFORE SHORE DUTY' on his shoulder... Crossed anchors with 'Subic Bay-1945' on the other shoulder... An eagle on his chest and a full blown Chinese dragon peeking out between the cheeks of his butt... If ANYONE was an authority on stuff that looked like a comic book, it HAD to be the MAA...

Sometimes, I look at all the crap stacked in my garage and home, close my eyes and smile, remembering a time when EVERYTHING I owned could be crammed into a canvas bag.

The Final Recovery

**Rotating Beacon is off, no flight quarters to sound,
But another AC is retirement bound.
Tonight we'll crack a keg or two,
Gather 'round, drink a roast to you.
We'll toast close intervals, airborne refueling,
Accurate ramp time, days that were grueling.
We'll lift our mugs to no-gyros, no TACAN, no radio,
Unsafe gear, sometimes laughter, sometimes fear.
We'll toast eve-day-mids, lost aircraft found,
Radar hand-offs, the quick turnarounds.
We'll toast liberty calls, the fun we had,
Past Shipmates, times both good and bad.
So with the toast we bid a fond farewell.
Your "time on position" has passed.
And regardless of what the future holds,
these memories with you shall truly last.**

Authored by Bruce J. Herman, CDR, USN (Ret)