



Columbia's currents challenge *Somervell* (See pages 10-13)



November 1989, Washington Army and Air National Guard

Photo by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

Military mindset aids aisle survival:

Commissary shopping is what you make of it

By Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

It's Sunday afternoon, October 8th, 1989, and I have just returned from another hazardous demo derby at the Fort Lewis commissary.

Hazardous, you say?

Well, yeh, if you go there without knowing what to expect.

That's the thrust of a letter we got a while back at the *Evergreen*. The writer was responding to a story we'd printed about the new commissary, and what an improvement it was over the old facility.

Apparently, the letter writer took our words at face value. She dialed in her personal civilian notion of what to expect — perhaps she thought it'd be like shopping at a Safeway with discount prices — and made a beeline for the edibles emporium.

As we interpreted her letter, the pleasures derived from this experience ranked somewhere between having a root canal and gargling ground glass.

During her thrill-packed visit, she discovered that not every size of every item in the universe is stocked by the commissary. And what is stocked may be represented by a bare shelf because demand was wrongly forecast by some number-cruncher on the other side of America.

Danger lurks in the aisles

To compound her frustration, she was run down several times by urchins blindly racing down aisles with two-ton carts of groceries.

This caused her to wonder why on earth anyone would simply load up two, or even three, carts of groceries so high that the rubber wheels flattened.

The writer moaned that commissary prices were no lower than at grocery stores near her — and they weren't a 30-mile drive from home, either.

Obviously new to the "hurry up and wait" game with which all GIs are terribly familiar, our intrepid shopper discovered the hard way that military paydays aren't the best time to visit Fort Lewis.

"I've never waited that long in my life to check out," she wrote. Anger and frustration dripped from her letter.

ID procedures

The last complaint dunned us for not warning her of ID procedures used by DA

civilians who check in commissary visitors.

"I had to show my dependent ID card, then my husband's pay voucher, then get it stamped. I felt like I was being booked into jail. It was awful!"

If you've never visited the commissary, that letter would steer you shy by a wide mile, wouldn't it? Happily, that precaution is not really valid unless you're silly enough to visit a military post with a civilian mindset.

Apples and oranges

This same out-of-whack mindset applies to the guy who buys a Porsche turbo, then complains because he can't go very fast in Seattle rush-hour traffic. Whose problem is that? The other drivers? The freeway designers? Or is it the Porsche owner's fault because he's trying to race an apple on a freeway clogged with oranges?

Today's receipt adds up to a lot of cash saved. Three tins of sugar-free coffee beverage for my wife were each 90 cents less than in the real world. Flea spray for our three bowzers was \$3.46 per 16-ounce bottle; it costs \$5.99 at a discount store. Fresh coffee beans were \$1.44 per pound less than Olympia stores sell them for. A pair of 250-tablet bottles of aspirin, at \$1.09 each, allowed a couple of bucks to stay where I like 'em — in my pocket.

And since the Army discourages smoking, I won't even mention that weeds were a paltry \$2.95 per carton after coupon discounts.

Yes, Virginia, there *were* hassles today. The ID check-in took a staggering 32 seconds, during which time I could probably have written a best-selling novel.

That'll teach the little twerp . . .

Then someone's cute little crumb-catcher drew a bead on me with a loaded cart. Since this is a standard commissary hazard, I deftly stepped aside and let him whack a stack of canned goods. That'll teach the little twerp. . .

Although I wanted a certain kind of flea spray, its shelf space was bare. Huge

problem? Naw, another kind will do. The pups won't know the difference.


Some goods were priced as high, even higher, than at local stores. Since no one was holding a gun to my head, I chose not to buy these items at the commissary.

The lines weren't very long because payday is a week away. Like most Guard soldiers who use the commissary, my military mindset makes me bright enough to steer clear when GIs are flush.

Today's commissary trip would've cost a bit more than \$100 in local stores, but I dented my wallet to the tune of \$47.78. The minor inconvenience was worth it in terms of cold, hard cash.

Square pegs, round holes

All it required to survive the hassles was adopting a military mindset. Loosely translated, I made a mental decision to avoid trying to stuff a square peg into a round hole, which allowed my civilian side to mesh nicely with a military system.

Most Guard folks should be able to live with that. 



Editor's note: Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone has survived three decades of commissary shopping with only a slight rise in blood pressure.



COVER PHOTO: A flotilla gathered in Puget Sound to help deliver 29 APCs picked up a month earlier in Eastern Washington by the *Gen. Brehon B. Somervell*.

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GUARD TUG CHUGS ITS way from races in Olympia to a hard-earned retirement.

Johannes aims for top enlisted rank

Story and photo

by Sgt. 1st Class Doris Nelson

CAMP MURRAY – Millie Johannes became the first female first sergeant in the Washington Army National Guard recently.

"I was surprised, nervous, but really feel good about it. Putting in for first sergeant was not on my mind. However, this opportunity came up. I think I'll try this," said Johannes, a member of the 541st Personnel Service Company.

Taking advantage of opportunities has enabled Johannes to be "top" today. She said she started out with a "love – hate" relationship with the Guard.

"It took a long time, but working full time for the Guard has enabled me to really see everything, not just one small unit. It has given me the big picture of the Guard," said Johannes.

Johannes' career began in 1973 as company clerk with the 506th Transportation Company. She left the 506th in 1978 to join the new NCOES detachment and worked as unit clerk under Sgt. Ronald Graves. She came to STARC in 1981 and has been here ever since. Today, she is a full-time technician with the Guard, working as a health systems specialist.

Johannes advises people to sit down


and think about where they want to go in the Guard. "From three to five years you pretty well can determine whether you want a career in the Guard," said Johannes. "Learn as much as you can, keep up with schools and set your goals."

In 1985, Johannes received her master sergeant's stripes, becoming the fourth woman in the Army National Guard to receive that rank. Now as first sergeant, has she reached her goals?

"Before I retire, I would like to go to the top, all the way to E-9," said Johannes. She is working toward that goal now by taking a sergeant major's correspondence course.

The correspondence course has been a lot of work and takes up most of her spare time. She has a close family relationship with her sons and daughters and enjoys her six grandchildren. When she can find some spare time, she enjoys gardening.

Johannes' advice to young women coming into the Guard is to set goals and "Go as high as you want to go. Keep learning, keep trying." Johannes cautions that it does take a lot of hard work and dedication.

The Army theme for 1989 is the NCO, and 1st Sgt. Johannes is one of the finest examples. 



1st Sgt. Millie Johannes



NGB chief visits 144th

It's no accident that the Washington Army Guard's "mini-Navy" was assigned the *Gen. Brehon B. Somervell*. Out of four Logistical Support Vessels (LSV) built for the Army, only one was given to reserve forces (our 144th Transportation Battalion).

Lt. Gen. Herb Temple, head of the National Guard Bureau, made acquiring the vessel one of his pet projects. In August, before retiring as the Guard's top soldier, Temple visited the 604th Transportation Detachment at Tacoma's Pier 23 to take a short cruise on his "baby."

In the *Somervell's* wheelhouse, Temple looked on as CWO 2 John McCoy, the skipper, rang for more engine speed. Sgt. 1st Class Rich Pfouts, center, kept a watch on the dial gauges, while Staff Sgt. Dennis Auderer took the helm.

Many of Camp Murray's top brass accompanied Temple on the two-hour tour of Commencement Bay. The LSV-3, just back from a three-day mission in Puget Sound, won a lot of admirers as she went through her paces. (Photo by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone.)



Maj. Sue Lindquist trains Boy Scouts in a CPR class as part of their merit badge program at Fort Lewis.

'Major Mom' isn't over the hill yet

Story and photo

by Sgt. Cindy Loughran

FORTLEWIS—A 41-year-old National Guard nurse recently went “over the hill.” And she has the badge to prove it.

Maj. Sue Lindquist became the only Guard member in the State of Washington this year to receive the Expert Field Medic Badge.

“Last year I decided to take the course when I turned 40, to prove to myself I wasn’t ‘over the hill,’” Lindquist said. “But the test was cancelled because of the forest fire. When it came up again this year, I thought I would try to go for it before it was too late!”

Before the course began, Lindquist trained with A Company, 709th Medical, here. Two young men helped her with everything from MOPP training to the

fireman’s carry. The young men are her teen-age sons.

The EFMB events included survival testing, evacuation of the sick and wounded, night and day land navigation, CPR, a litter obstacle course, physical training test and weapons qualifications.

“In the M-16 test, I surprised myself by taking the weapon apart in under three minutes! But with the wonderful support of Guard people from Camp Murray and the medics at Fort Lewis and my family, I couldn’t lose!” said Lindquist.


Support came from everywhere.

“As we progressed through the course, some of the people had to drop out because of failure. But instead of just sitting on the sidelines, they became great supporters for those of us still in the competition. Their encouragement was a great help,”

said Lindquist.

The EFMB recognizes the soldier medic who attains a “high degree of professional skill and proficiency as a field medic.” Military men and women from all branches of the service, active, Reserve and Guard, took part in the event.

“This has been the most meaningful military class I’ve done in my career,” said Lindquist, who is a member of the Occupational Health Office at Camp Murray, and an operating room nurse at St. Francis Hospital in Federal Way.

A successful “Major Mom” was greeted on her return home with cheers and banners. Apparently there were two young men who agreed that the champ was “not so over the hill.” 

Battle-ing her way to top performance

Story and photo

by Sgt. 1st Class Doris E. Nelson

CAMP MURRAY – One of the top ten Outstanding Young Women of America is the executive officer of the 541st Personnel Services Company here.

First Lt. Oneida Battle is also the Guard's full-time state equal employment manager.

The purpose of the award is to recognize young women whose time, talents and dedication have enriched the quality of American life.

"It was quite exciting just to be nominated for this award," said Battle.

Some of the accomplishments that put Battle in the top ten include a summa cum laude bachelor's degree, parliamentarian of Beta Sigma Phi and membership in the Arete Society for excellence in liberal arts.

For her personal and professional


achievements, Battle received an award certificate and inclusion in the 1988 "Outstanding Young Women of America" yearbook.

"I feel very fortunate to be considered worthy of such an award," said Battle.

As R. Diane Lee, program coordinator for the award program, stated, "A woman of your character is truly an asset to her family, as well as to her community, state and nation."

Battle has been in the Guard for 8 1/2 years, serving full time for three years.

However, this active woman is not resting on her laurels. She says her two main goals are to get a family support group started and to establish an equal opportunity program for the 541st.

Battle is currently working on a master's degree in social science from Pacific Lutheran University. 



1st Lt. Oneida Battle

WAARNG shooters dominate Alaska matches

FORT RICHARDSON, ALASKA – Washington Army National Guard Staff Sgt. Don Manning shot his way to the top again, winning the 1989 Cook Inlet National Rifle Association Highpower Regional Championship for the third year in a row.

Manning took the top trophy with a score of 977 out of a possible thousand points.

The rest of Washington's shooters also proved a force to be reckoned with.

Top High Master of the event was Robert Rains (956) of the Washington team. He also accompanied Rich McLach-

lin, Manning and John Hubbard as they squeaked through to win the 20-shot, 600-yard team match. They were one point ahead of the other Washington Guard team of Ron Fornier, Mary Rains, Det Jausaud and Steve Holland.

In the sharpshooter class, Washington's David Hickok, normally a pistol shooter, placed second with a 920 in the first full rifle course he'd ever fired. (Story courtesy of Northwest Shooting News)



Staff Sgt. Don Manning. (File photo)

Hague gets an 'offer he can't refuse'



Col. Dennis B. Hague

By Lt. Col. Dave Harris and Maj. Joe Jimenez


CAMP MURRAY – Now a grade lower, Col. Dennis B. Hague has received the Meritorious Service Medal and a citation that lauds "...the singularly distinctive accomplishments of General Hague."

Hague served as a brigadier general during his tour as assistant adjutant general for air from Nov. 7, 1987, to April 24, 1989. The job carried the board-approved star with it as long as the incumbent served as assistant adjutant.

But the general/colonel then received an offer he couldn't refuse – commander of the 141st Air Refueling Wing at Fairchild

Air Force Base in Spokane. To accept the job, he had to revert to his permanent grade. Nevertheless, he's been recommended to the national board for promotion to brigadier general – again.

Hague previously served as vice commander, 141st Air Refueling Wing. He has flown more than 5,000 hours in a variety of Air Force jet fighters, trainers and refuelers, including 184 fighter combat missions in Vietnam.

Gov. Booth Gardner has appointed Tacoma attorney and former Washington assistant attorney general Col. Timothy J. Lowenberg as the new assistant adjutant general, air. 

Romance – from Wiesbaden to Washington

Story and photo

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

Chris Parrott fell in love with Steve Venema when they met in Wiesbaden, Germany, in 1987. They're both Washington Army National Guard soldiers now, but at their first encounter they wore active Army uniforms.

"I fell for him on the spot," explained Chris, 29. "On New Year's Eve I made my move and offered him my phone number. He said 'no thanks.' I was really crushed.

"It hurt because I hated the dating game, and had turned down a lot of guys. When I finally met a guy I liked, it killed me to get rejected."

"Big mistake on my part," chuckled Steve, also 29. "I got to thinking about Chris later, then spent two months looking all over Germany for her. Through friends, I knew when she went to Berlin, when she crashed her car, everything – but couldn't catch up to her because our schedules never seemed to match."

At the time, Chris supervised the graphics shop at 3rd Support Command's headquarters, in Wiesbaden. Steve was an air traffic control tower chief with the 58th Air Traffic Control Battalion in Mainz.

When they finally met again things

clicked, and they've been together ever since.

"Steve came back to Fort Lewis," said Chris, "and left the Army in May, 1988, after more than six years service. I followed him to Washington state and got out a few months before he did, with four years active duty."

Chris joined the WAARNG in April, 1988, and came home to tell Steve about her first drill weekend. "I really enjoyed it, and told him he should join, too." He did, in June, 1988.

This would be a ho-hum story if it was simply "girl meets boy and they live happily ever after."

In the saga of Chris and Steve, however, there's more. A story of dedication and goals, a story of hardship in the face of great odds.

Soon after becoming Guard soldiers, they both signed up for Officer Candidate School's Class 32.

"We went to the senior tactical officer and told him about our relationship," Steve explained. "They're death on fraternization. They strongly discourage two people in a class being as close to each other as we were."

The senior tactical officer's ruling was set in concrete: to be part of OCS Class 32,

Chris and Steve had to act like they knew each other only through OCS.

"In other words," said Chris, "we had to prove our professionalism. We couldn't cut each other any slack when it came time for discipline or assigning work details."

"As a matter of fact," added Steve, "we were a lot harder on each other than we were on our fellow candidates. We had a point to prove."

"I have to give them credit," said Capt. Barry Kirk, the senior TAC officer. "When they reported in for a training session, Steve and Chris acted like they were strangers, even though they live together."

After a year of being strangers while in uniform, the rules were relaxed so that Chris and Steve could marry. They took their vows between drills, on July 1, 1989.

After graduation in July, Steve Venema donned his shiny new gold bars and reported for duty with the 1st Battalion, 803rd Armor. Chris Venema is holding off on accepting her commission while deciding which officer branch she'll join.

This pair of professionals, whose chance meeting in Germany blossomed into a romance halfway around the world, now live in Everett and work full time for the Boeing Company. 🏠



Chris Parrott, left, and Steve Venema led dual lives throughout their year-long grind in Officer Candidate School.

Capt. Kirk treks to bold new worlds

Story and photos

by Sgt. 1st Class Doris E. Nelson

Capt. Kirk is leaving his candidates. No, it is not a new episode of Star Trek, but another episode in the life of Capt. Barry Kirk, senior TAC officer of the Washington Military Academy.

After two years with the academy, Kirk will be going back to the 144th Transportation Battalion as assistant S-3. Then he hopes to take over command of a company.

"It has been personally rewarding. The assignment is an awesome responsibility — to be given a task of shaping the lives of future officers," said Kirk. "I have put a lot in it. They (the candidates) reflect back on my efforts."

This summer found Kirk running back and forth from the junior candidates at Camp Rilea, Ore., to the senior candidates at Fort Lewis, Wash. Washington and Oregon candidates train together at these sites for their annual training.

"We treat the juniors like new candidates," said Kirk. "One step beyond basic." However, the candidates are encouraged to think for themselves, to acknowledge their shortcomings and learn from them.

Kirk said that during this time emphasis is on placing controlled stress on the candidates. "The TAC (Teach, Advise, Counsel) officers are testing their character," said Kirk.

The TACs are interested in whether the candidates are able to take stress and how well they perform under stress. However, Kirk emphasized, "Everything we do has a closely defined teaching point behind it."

Emphasis is for the candidates to know what they did wrong and how to correct it. How much stress can they handle? "If they can't cope here, we need to know now before they get out in the real world," said Kirk.

The junior candidates spend about 50 percent of their annual training in the classroom and 50 percent in the field. The candidates are evaluated on a series of leadership positions and are carefully critiqued on a daily basis by the TACs. At summer camp, leadership positions are rotated every 24 hours.

Candidates are evaluated on oral and written communication, management style, organization, refined military training, and instilled or reinforced self-confidence.



The first evening of field training: candidates look for a place to pitch a tent and crash for a few hours of rest.


Kirk explained that the basic philosophy is to test their obedience, to see if they can be disciplined. "If they can't be disciplined, they can never become self-disciplined. If they can't be self-disciplined, they can never be effective managers," said Kirk.

The Washington Military Academy staff consisted of a senior TAC officer, two senior lieutenants, and guest TACs. They were assisted by two drill sergeants from the 104th Training Division, U.S. Army Reserve.



On his last outing as senior TAC, Capt. Barry Kirk takes one last shot at testing a candidate's lung power.

"The ultimate goal," said Kirk, "is to provide the officer corp with competent, effective leaders who are mentally and emotionally prepared to go into a leadership position."

As Kirk leaves the academy, he leaves behind the discipline and the imposed stress to others. The candidates also move toward their goal of becoming future officers. 



2nd Lt. Rob Gibbs puts on his "nasty face" to inspire junior candidates at Camp Rilea.

Class 32 in the dirt: going for the gold

Story and photo

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

Chopper-size mosquitoes infest Area 11 at Fort Lewis. They're so big they need to file flight plans, and their ability to home in on heat signatures puts a Redeye missile to shame.

The heat comes from sweating bodies, a couple of dozen of 'em belonging to Officer Candidates (OCs) from Washington Military Academy's Class 32. This is their final summer camp before pinning on lieutenant's bars, and so far it's been an all-out effort.

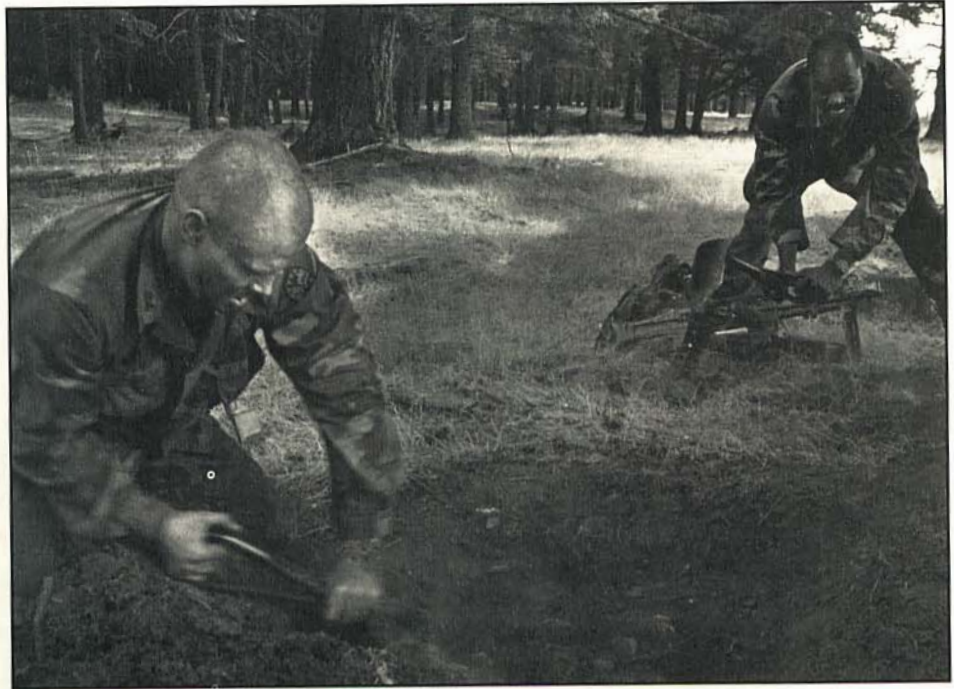
On this sizzling August day, a dozen human smorgasbords are humping through the woods in the middle of a platoon attack. They're tired, hot and dirty and they've been up most of the night. They ricochet off trees, trying to find cover from bursts of machine-gun fire. When they plop down to fire a few rounds at the opposing forces (OPFOR), you know they'd give just about anything to roll over and doze off.

Tat-a-tat-tat! An OPFOR machine gun sets off MILES buzzers worn by several OCs. Lucky for them these aren't real bullets; MILES (Multiple Integrated Laser Engagement System) allows dead soldiers to show up in the chow line later that day.

The platoon leader takes a dive, shot to shreds by an OPFOR soldier lurking in a foxhole. The attack quickly takes on the appearance of a headless crab – lots of moving parts, but nothing left to make them work together.

Other OCs advance, only to take hits from artillery rounds – actually controllers wielding zapper guns which can trigger a MILES device to show hits. The casualties tumble onto the soft moss covering the forest floor, upset over their demise but thankful for the brief respite. Smoke wafts through the pine trees, artillery simulators throw clods of dirt and leaves, pandemonium rules until another candidate leaps in to lead the attack.

This is just one of many field problems the OCs will endure in their week of field duty. They'll also get to defend the same positions they've attacked. Whatever is done during the day is repeated at night, again and again. The candidates are broken into two platoons, so one group can watch while the other is annihilated – the inevitable end to an attack or defense made against superior forces on their home turf.



An Oregon senior candidate reaches bedrock in his foxhole, while Washington OC Clyde Dyson hacks away at another chunk of gnarly Fort Lewis turf.

Field exercises come under the scrutiny of training officers, a group dedicated to teaching tactics. These aren't hellfire and damnation types like the TAC (Teach, Advise, Counsel) officers back at home base. The TAC's sole job, it often seems, is to lavish so much mental and physical turmoil on their charges that they all quit – thus saving the officer corps from invasion by a bunch of clowns.

It's all a game, really, and the world-class harassment by TACs is carefully (and coldly) calculated to weed out candidates who will probably suffer mental vapor-lock in combat.

The field officers are a lot gentler than TACs, but none are noted for compassion. If an OC is too pooped to lead an attack, that's tough. This is the real world, chum, and if you can't hack it here, perhaps you oughta consider a different line of work.

Class 32 started July, 1988, at Camp Rilea, Ore. That's when 48 eager enlisted soldiers were suddenly immersed in a world which surpassed their worst dreams. Not everyone made it through that two-week phase.

More dropped out over the past year, because an officer candidate's lifestyle begs for wholehearted commitment. OCs put in at least one unpaid weekend per month, plus many hours studying. Regu-

lar civilian jobs must be worked into the schedule, and family life still goes on. There are many reasons for leaving the program, and each personal reason is valid to an OC who throws in the towel.

Some candidates just don't measure up, of course, and TACs quickly target them. It sounds cruel, sure, but the end result is that a platoon of Guard soldiers may live through a battle rather than being sacrificed through their leader's incompetence.

After field duty, Class 32 spent their last week of duty at Camp Murray. They took tests, got counseling from TACs, evaluated each other, practiced for the Big Day, and started winding down after 13 months of a truly frenetic pace.

The lengthy, stringent culling process resulted in only 26 candidates graduating in August. Not all took their commissions, because two years of college is now required to be an officer. Those who need more schooling are working on it, but in the meantime they're much better Guard soldiers for their experience.

There are now a dozen or so new lieutenants on the job in various units. Judging by what they've come up against – and conquered – during their candidate career, they should make pretty darned good leaders. 🏠

Treacherous currents, nasty winds abound as *Somervell* challenges the mighty Columbia River

Story and photos

by Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

In the *Gen. Brehon B. Somervell's* darkened wheelhouse, the gloom is pierced by red instrument lights and neon-yellow radar traces.

"Rudder right five," barks the skipper, Chief Warrant Officer 2 John McCoy.

Tension builds. We're nearing the Wishram railroad bridge, a ghostly skeleton of steel spanning our Columbia River channel on this inky-black June night.

"Rudder right fifteen . . . Rudder right twenty . . ."

Although our radar "sees" the bridge, eye contact is vital. Threading the 272-foot LSV-3 (Logistical Support Vessel) through spindly bridge supports leaves only a few feet clearance on either side. An error could be fatal; a thousand tons of steel girders falling on the ship would endanger 30 lives, plus wipe out rail freight service between Washington and Oregon.

"Rudder right ten. Starboard searchlight on! Where the dickens is that bridge?"

Girders loom out of the murky night, backlit by what seem to be dozens of huge tracer bullets sizzling past us on the left.

It was scary

The "tracers" are actually car and truck lights on Interstate 84. We're only a hundred yards from the onrushing traffic, but we may as well be on the moon. It's darker than the hubs of hell, and more than a little bit scary.

"There it is! Rudder left ten. Steady as you go . . ."

We squeak through the opened swing bridge, then head downriver to anchor for the few hours remaining before daybreak. It's been a very long day, this Sunday, June 25, 1989.

This is a training mission for the 604th Transportation Detachment. On paper it looked simple: pick up 29 tracked vehicles at the Port of Kennewick and haul 'em back to the Port of Tacoma. In practice, it wasn't that easy.

Changeable Columbia

The biggest problem is the mighty Columbia River. Although easily navigable for tugs and barges hauling grain down from the wheat country, no ship of *Somervell's* size has yet visited the Port of Kennewick, some 300 miles upriver from the Pacific Ocean.

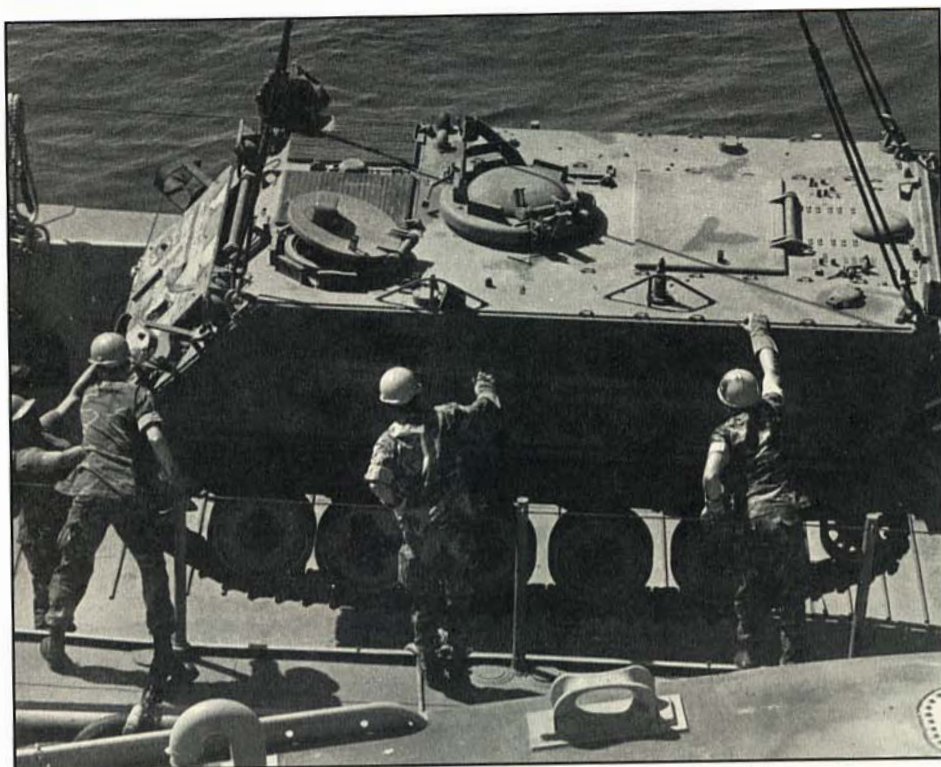


The Columbia's following current forced *Somervell* to drift sideways at the McNary Dam lock; bow thrusters straightened her out in time.

The Columbia's many shallow areas are as changeable as a teen-ager's mind, and are mostly uncharted. Going hard aground, in a river divorced from the sea by dams, is big-time trouble because tidal rises can't help. *Somervell's* 13-foot draft can be reduced by dumping up to 1,500

tons of ballast water, but this takes hours.

Some of North America's cruelest winds also whistle up the Columbia River Gorge. They ricochet from one towering lava wall to another, usually opposing the fast-moving current. Although winds have little effect on low-slung barges, the LSV's



Gently guided into Mike boats by Marine Reserve stevedores, APCs are on the last leg of their long journey from Yakima to Solo Point.

60-foot-high bulk becomes a sail. This is very critical at slow speeds – as when approaching locks.

Except for rolling in heavy swells off the coast, the trip from Tacoma's Pier 23 to Kennewick was serene. A few new "reefs" were discovered on the upriver run. They were humorously named for the *Somervell* hand at the helm when the craft hit a shallow spot. Four locks were negotiated with ease, although side-to-side fit was tight in a couple of them.

All aboard

We reached Kennewick the morning of June 24th. A Marine Reserve stevedore crew from Seattle began loading 28 M113A2 armored personnel carriers and one M577 command post track. Each was secured with four cables to prevent shifting in heavy ocean swells. The tracks had been trucked to Kennewick from Yakima Firing Center, where they'd been used by the 81st Infantry Brigade (Mech) for AT '89.

Loading and securing the tracks took most of Saturday. With temperatures hovering at 120 breezeless degrees on the LSV's deck, workers needed frequent water and rest breaks. Had this been a simple tactical move from one point on the river to another, perhaps picking up a tank outfit and dropping it behind enemy lines, the

job would've gone faster; the tracks would've been transported without tie-downs.

Saturday evening some crew members took shore leave, while others enjoyed a chicken barbecue on the mess deck. Such fare isn't unusual on the *Somervell*, because Staff Sgt. Al Collins, head cook, believes good chow is the best way to maintain crew efficiency.

Collins and his two cooks, Sgt. Dewey Stedman and Sgt. Ed Carter, outdid themselves during the two-week voyage. The crew enjoyed "theme" meals, ranging from Mexican food (tacos, burritos, enchiladas) to Chinese fare (egg rolls, stir-fry, egg drop soup). A breakfast hit was the "Atomic Omelette," a fiery Collins creation. When crews came off watch in the middle of the night, there was always coffee, punch, cake or brownies waiting.

Descent downriver

The LSV-3 headed downstream early Sunday, June 25th, and found a shallow spot near the Port of Kennewick. The chart called for 30-foot depths, but spring run-off had built up a sandbar to within eight feet of the surface. A little extra power from the twin 1,950-horsepower EMD diesels got us off the bar.

These 16-cylinder General Motors diesels are widely used in ships and loco-

motives. In the LSV-3, their power goes through a reduction drive into twin screws set in "tunnels" to make better use of thrust. Three rudders on each side of the vessel, behind the screws, help direct the thrust for steering. A bow-thruster with separate engine, venting a yard-wide column of high-pressure water out a port on either side near the bow, offers control at low speeds.

Sunday's first heart-stopper was the McNary Dam lock. Our approach was like running downhill. Throwing the engines into all-stop didn't bleed off speed fast enough. And the slower the *Somervell* went in relation to the current, the less responsive the helm was because the rudders couldn't "grab" enough water. The skipper made dozens of small course corrections, and the passage went smoothly.

Sunday evening the John Day Dam and lock hove into view around a bend in the basalt cliffs. By now the evening wind had kicked into high gear. A five-knot current swept us downstream, while a 30-knot wind tried to push us backward. It was dicey, but with help from the bow thruster we completed a perfect passage by 8 p.m.

Owing to barge and civilian pleasure craft traffic, plus many shallow areas, Chief McCoy had decided against night travel on the Columbia. Since it was now

(Continued on Page 12)



Low-down view of Dalles Dam lock awed off-duty crew members.

More Waterborne Training

Somervell

(Continued from Page 11)

past 10 p.m., we sought an anchorage after the thrilling Wishram bridge passage. Instead, we sank our teeth into new problems.

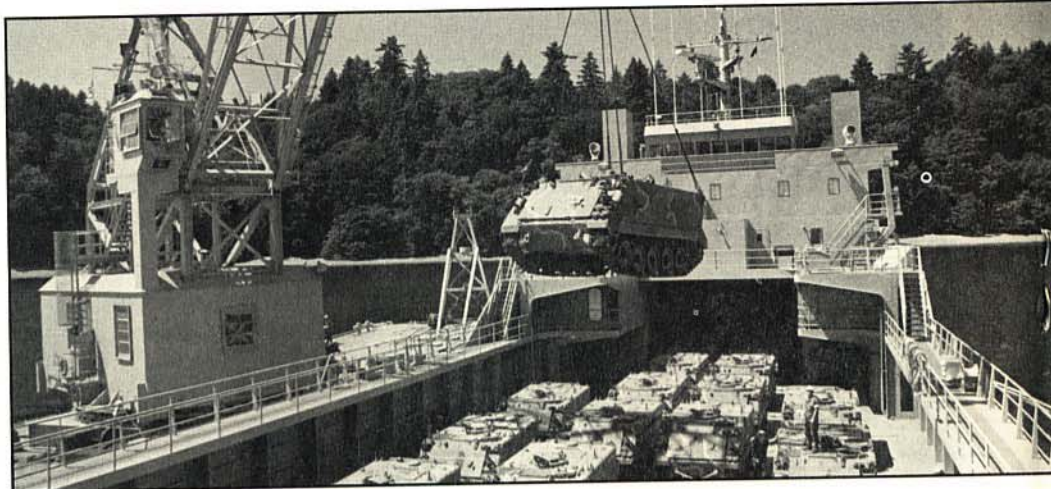
Trouble ahead

At a mere 150 yards off the Oregon river bank, our night vision was ruined by vehicle lights rounding a curve on I-84. No reference points were visible except on radar, and they were almost impossible to pick out because the screen was cluttered with "scatter" from waves breaking under the 35-knot winds.

McCoy ordered the stern hook dropped near a small, low island. Much to our surprise, soon after the engines went to all-stop the wind pushed us upstream and over the stern anchor cable.

The anchor dragged, then caught in rocks. Just as it looked like we'd have to sacrifice the \$21,000 hook to save the ship from being holed by rocks, the winch broke it free. There were some exciting moments that night in the wheelhouse. It's easy to empathize with seamen of yesteryear, many of whom went to Davy Jones' Locker because night sailing did 'em dirty.

It was calm at first light Monday, but by 9 a.m. the river looked like a long, thin stretch of the North Atlantic. Gusts of 40-plus knots whipped the froth off six-foot breakers and hurled it over the bow. We



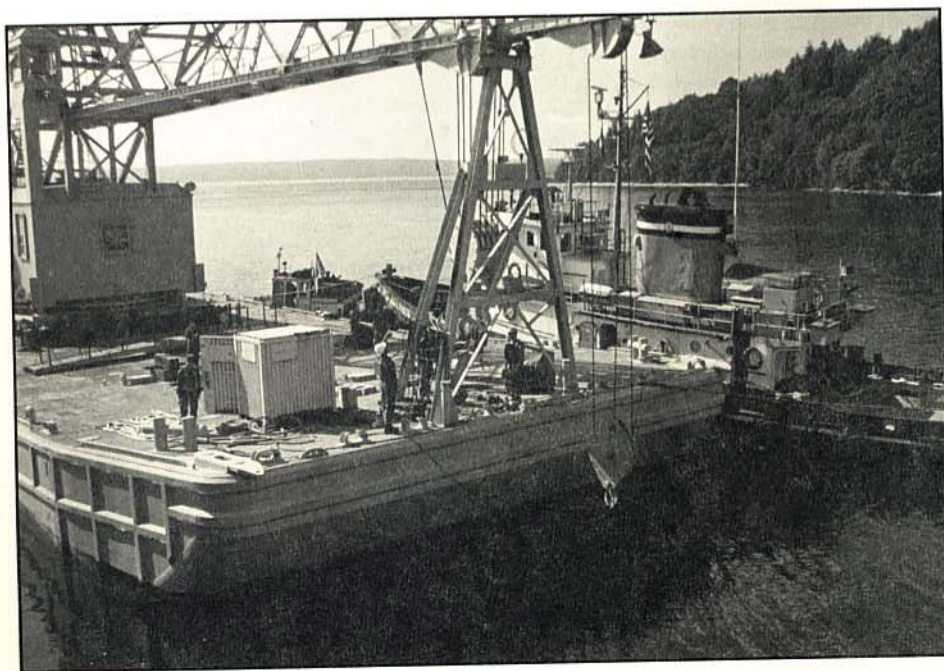
A virtuoso on the 50-ton barge crane, Sgt. Bob Barrett plucked APCs from the LSV-3 and dropped them softly into waiting Mike boats.

threaded our way through the lock at The Dalles Dam, then aimed for the last lock at Bonneville Dam.

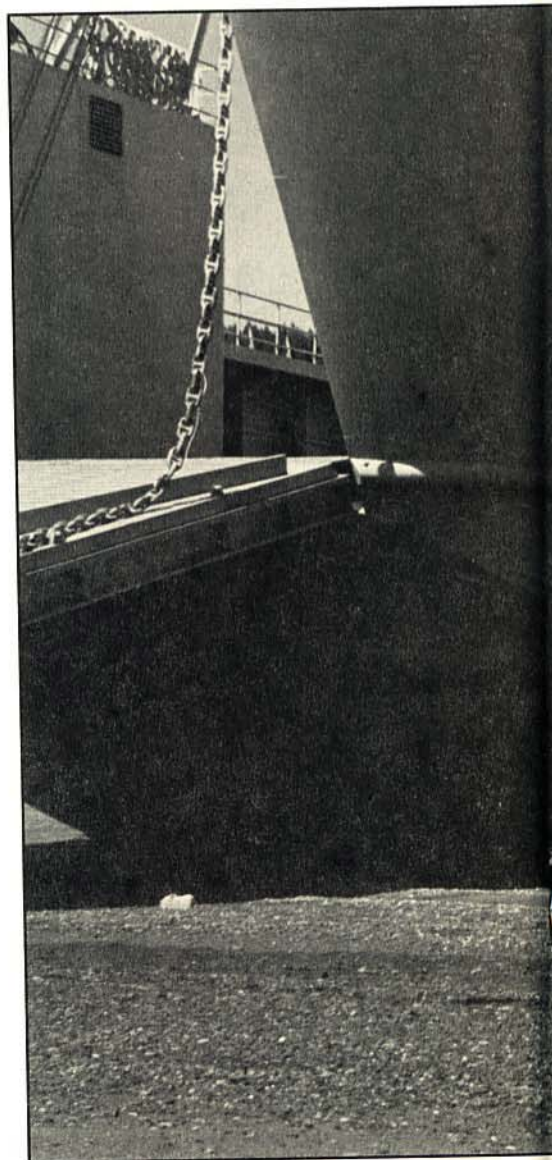
The vicious blend of wind gusts and following current finally got us during the Bonneville approach. The stern went sideways, there wasn't enough headway to correct with the rudders, and the LSV's starboard side glanced off the concrete bulkhead. The lovely battle scar proves *Somervell* has been around.

Public tourtime

On Monday afternoon we took an overnight berth by a park at the Port of Portland. The *Somervell* held public tours



Watercraft of the 144th Transportation Battalion made up a regular floating city off McNeil Island's northern end.



After Mother Nature pulled the plug on Puget, the ship was seen by anyone but drydock workers.

Tuesday, to help the Oregon Army National Guard's recruiters. Several hundred civilians toured the ship, most of whom had no idea the Army has seagoing vessels.

From sunrise Wednesday to sunset Thursday, we beelined from Portland to Tacoma. Passage over the deadly Columbia River bar, graveyard for hundreds of ships, was like a Sunday drive. The trip up Washington's coast to the Straits of Juan de Fuca was made with six-foot swells behind us for added push. No rocking and rolling, just a steady 11 to 12 knots around the clock.

The mission was half done; off-loading the APCs was slated for July 21-23, a 2-1/2-day drill weekend.

On Friday evening, July 21, the *Som-*

ervell left Pier 23 for McNeil Island. At midnight, we tied up to a floating buoy off McNeil's northern tip, waiting for other 144th Transportation Battalion watercraft to arrive.

By 11 a.m. Saturday the 783rd Transportation Company's 50-ton floating barge crane was lashed alongside the *Somervell*. Three of the 783rd's tugs hovered in attendance: the 100-foot LT (Long Tug); the 65-foot T-Boat; and a 45-foot ST (Short Tug). A covey of LCM (Landing Craft, Medium), or "Mike" boats, from the 1118th Transportation Company was nearby, ready to haul the APCs to Solo Point, several miles away.

Offload exercises

While it would've been quicker to sail

the LSV right up to Solo Point and off-load its cargo, the goal was to make use of as many different watercraft assets as possible — a good chance to practice for similar operations in wartime.

With the same Marine Reserve stevedores unlash the APCs and securing them to the crane's hook, off-loading went smoothly. Mike boats pulled up and were cinched to the barge crane, so they couldn't budge when 12-ton tracks were dropped on their decks. Calm waters and a skilled crane operator, Sgt. Bob Barrett, combined to make it appear the crew had been doing this for years.

Most APCs hit the beach Saturday, with the last few delivered early Sunday. The skipper saved one APC for delivery by the LSV, to satisfy VIP curiosity. This was the only mistake of the day.

High and dry

The approach to shore was book-perfect, but 30 yards out we bumped over a submarine ridge. Momentum slowed, but we still hit the beach and dropped the front ramp. While we sat there, however, Ma Nature yanked Puget Sound's plug.

We made several full-throttle tries at backing off the beach, using the stern anchor and winch to help pull us backward. The ship shuddered and shook with each try, sort of like Pee-wee Herman trying to lift a Buick. The net result was a burst fitting in the winch's hydraulic compartment. It took three hours to mop up 180 gallons of smoking-hot hydraulic fluid and repair the winch.

Meanwhile, ballast was dumped at the rate of 1,000 gallons per minute. At that rate — four tons every 60 seconds — it takes over six hours to reach the minimum draft mark on the LSV's hull. It was impossible to dump water as fast as the tide went out. Seven sun-dazzled hours ticked by before the incoming tide floated us off. Happily, this was enough time for ace cook Stedman to put together an impromptu pizza party.

Obviously, it isn't very cost-effective to lug 29 APCs by truck from Yakima to Kennewick, then by boat from Kennewick to Tacoma. The distance is only some 225 miles by road, yet several times that far by truck and boat.

But what better way is there to test a vessel's capabilities and train its crew in non-typical operations? After all, wars never seem to go by the book, nor are they ever fought the easy way. 🍕



bound, *Somervell's* crew members enjoyed a close-up look at sections of the hull rarely



Turnabout is fair play: former drug-smuggler *MV Encounter Bay* will help track international drug shipments aimed at America.

DEA pulls the rug: Druggies get jug, Guard gets their tug

Compiled by Maj. Joseph Jimenez

CAMP MURRAY – When the former owners of the tugboat **MV – Encounter Bay** were attempting to smuggle several tons of pot into Washington, they probably didn't even give the Army National Guard a second thought. Maybe they should have . . .

The Guard helped incinerate its leafy booty and now owns the vessel.

On July 13, 1988, Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and U.S. Customs Agents seized the tug **MV Encounter Bay**, which was illegally transporting 72 tons of marijuana. As a result, Army Guardsmen helped DEA agents by torching the weed at the Yakima Firing Center in a burn which lasted 50 hours.

The Washington State Military Department paid about \$71,000 for the sea-going tug, one cent on the dollar of its \$7 million value. Funds from leasing landing craft to aid the Exxon oil spill cleanup in

Prince William Sound, Alaska, paid for the **MV Encounter Bay**.

"We intend to start using this boat right away," said Maj. Gen. Gregory P. Barlow, state adjutant general.

"This boat has the power and the size that really improves our ability to do our federal missions and help the people of Washington when the governor calls."

Based in the Port of Tacoma, the **MV Encounter Bay** has been added to the Army Guard's other vessels in the 144th Transportation Battalion. Soldiers of the battalion will man the tug with a crew size yet to be determined. The ship has on-board accommodations for 21 people.


The 144th, commanded by Lt. Col. Alan Dahl, is the only watercraft battalion in the National Guard.

As a National Guard ship, the **MV Encounter Bay** will also be available for state missions in emergencies and national disasters. Its use would also in-

clude supporting law enforcement agencies through the National Guard Drug Interdiction and Eradication Program.

The tug has an impressive list of features. At 188 feet, it's 60 feet longer than the Army's newest 'Direktor' class tugboat. With a cruising range more than double that of the 'Direktor,' it can voyage half way around the world without stopping for fuel. That's 13,000 miles.

Additionally, the Guard's newest nautical acquisition has a mobile crane and 2,460 square feet of deck cargo space.

Confiscating the **MV Encounter Bay** was a way for the Guard to get a newer vessel for its fleet. This is faster and cheaper than waiting for the Army to build new ships. The Army needs 28 new tugs, yet only five are funded for construction. Budget reductions make it unlikely the Guard will receive a new vessel in the near future. 

Guard enlists for anti-drug duty

By Sgt. Cindy Loughran and Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

Life is a bummer. Snort.

With a little help things'll get better.
Puff, puff.

Gawd, lemme outa this hellish life.
Jab, inject, sniff.

America is awash in a sea of illegal drugs, yet police agencies are barely able to stem the rising tide of ruined lives.

The future looks grim, some say hopeless – but maybe National Guard soldiers can help make a splash in the nation's number one social problem.

The Department of Defense has joined the fray, funding manpower to help in drug interdiction and eradication. It's the "war on drugs" according to President Bush, but the soldiers aren't in front-line trenches. Instead, they're doing the support work, freeing seasoned drug agents for what they do best: close-up dealing with the drug peddlers.

Some 50 Washington Army National Guard soldiers have so far helped state and local drug agencies in the battle. All volunteers from throughout the state, these men and women work at many important jobs.

Guardsmen are teaching civilian drug fighters to use high-tech vision gear, for example. Thermal imaging devices are



Maj. (P) Vernon Lindgren (Photo by Spec. Richard J. Rabe)

used to spot heat waves from "florist shops" growing indoor patches of marijuana. Night vision goggles slice through the cloak of darkness often used to mask drug deals.

Guard troops also help by supplying chopper transportation, plus aerial surveillance to spot marijuana plots hidden deep in the woods. Some 900 plants – about \$1 million worth – growing east of

the Cascades have been found so far. Airborne radar support helps track private planes dropping multimillion-dollar cargoes in remote places.

"The National Guard's role is to assist law enforcement agencies with interdiction and eradication of drugs," explained Maj. (P) Vernon C. Lindgren. "Our soldiers are not involved with direct enforcement of the law."

Lindgren, plans, operations and military support officer for the Military Department, State of Washington, maintains liaison between the Guard and civilian drug authorities.

"Law enforcement agencies ask us for help," continued Lindgren, "and we ask for volunteers to fill the jobs. They work five-day increments, depending on the task. They may be running an office computer or be out in the field ripping up marijuana patches."

Some two dozen Guard volunteers recently spent time on the Seattle waterfront, checking for drugs hidden in shipments from other countries. They were helping the U. S. Customs Service cut down the rising tonnage of illegal drugs flooding America.


Each month more than 18,000 cargo containers enter the Port of Seattle, and Customs has only enough manpower to inspect 4 percent of these goods. Using Guard troops allows double the number of inspections.

Soldiers who volunteer for anti-drug duty get a security check before going to work. Most have secret clearances anyway, making this step easy.

"Guard soldiers are drug-tested before they start duty in the program," added Lindgren. "If they are exposed to illegal drugs while on-duty and later test positive, we want to prove the soldiers had a negative test when hired."

Despite their help in the anti-drug campaign, Guardsmen serve without glory. For their safety, no photos of Guard soldiers are allowed, nor are they identified.

So far, Washington state's share of the \$40 million aimed at drug programs by DoD has been \$369,000. The state has asked for more money next year.

"The more soldiers we can lend to this effort," Lindgren said, "means that more drug agents are free to carry on the battle on the street." 



You never know what sort of interesting items will turn up during a Customs inspection. (Photo illustration by Spec. Bill Gregersen-Morash)



Jerry Hagador waits on the stern of his disabled Mike boat as LCM 95 arrives to take him in tow. Ominous clouds over Prince William Sound signal an impending attack by a killer gale.

'The weather stinks . . .' but Mike boats operate on the beach at *Exxon Valdez* tragedy

Story and photos
by Spec. Bill Gregersen-Morash

PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND, ALASKA
— Wave after wave of cold, filthy water wells up and slams onto the rocky beaches of Smith Island. Defying approach, the black-stained shore stands ready to pummel the steel hull of the landing craft trying to maneuver to a safe landing.

The dozen or so beach cleaners huddle near the ramp, enduring the driving rain and foul smell of diesel fuel and crude oil. "We're going in this time, so be ready," Gerry Erikson yells from the wheelhouse. The pounding engines and howling wind drown his voice.

Unexpected swells rush at the stern, threatening to toss the tiny Mike boat

headlong onto the beach. Hunched over the wheel, Erikson darts his head from side to side. Hands wrapped tightly around the controls, he jockies the boat closer to the beach. With all the control of a cork on a raging river, the boat leaps forward.

"Rocks, rocks," yells boatsman Phyllis Conner. Erikson slams the controls into reverse. A thick cloud of blue smoke bursts from exhaust pipes and the boat lurches back.

A sigh of frustration and anger signal that Erikson has had enough. The gray boat pitches and rolls in the worsening September storm. There is no use in another attempt. The danger is too great.

Erikson eases the boat away from Smith Island, knowing Exxon will be on the radio in minutes wanting an explanation. The cleanup deadline is less than two weeks off, and Smith Island is still an oil-soaked mess.

Such was the daily routine for Mike boat crews from Washington state during the stormy days of September. Exxon pushed to meet its deadline. The weather pounded at the cleanup crews, and work became a dangerous, exhausting struggle. The struggle has been watched by the eyes of the world since March, when dis-



Mike boat captain Randy Almont casts a weather eye on potentially lethal clouds swirling in over Prince William Sound.

aster struck.

On the night of March 24th, heavy with its cargo, the giant tanker **Exxon Valdez** lumbered through the ice-cold waters of Prince William Sound. An American ship, guided by a licensed master pilot, the massive craft carried another routine load of 180,000 tons of North Slope oil.

The **Exxon Valdez** veered from its assigned course. Drifting two miles out of the safe, deep travel lanes, the loaded tanker headed straight for Bligh Reef. The massive tanker could not stop or turn in time to avoid the reef.

The tanker suffered long gashes in half its compartments. The largest spill in U.S. history poured into the cold Alaska waters.

As the weeks passed, storms and high seas pushed the masses of oil over the containment booms surrounding the tanker, and by late April, a thousand miles of beach had been blackened. Exxon faced the monumental task of cleaning up.

As Exxon gathered forces to deal with the cleanup, it needed strong, maneuverable boats and capable seamen to deliver crews to the rocky, oil-soaked beaches.

By late May, solid offers of employment to qualified captains and crewmembers of LCMs came through an Exxon

subcontractor. Lossie Pacific needed eight boats and needed them right away.

Within days, 20 members of the 1118th Transportation Company were on their way to Alaska; not as Guardsmen and -women, but as civilians, hired by Lossie Pacific to perform one of the key jobs in the entire effort.

Those first few weeks would prove to be the most trying. The operation was a massive undertaking, involving numerous subcontractors performing an assortment of direct or support work. In the beginning, confusion and friction cluttered the already difficult workload.

"When we first got here, they didn't know who we were, or what to do with us," said boatsman Melinda Ann Darnell, referring to Exxon. Representatives from Lossie Pacific hadn't arrived in Alaska yet, so the LCM crews had to fend for themselves. "We couldn't find a place to tie up our boats, or sleep, or eat for that matter," said Darnell.

The first few weeks at the spill sight were spent hauling supplies to the six task forces set up throughout the sound. The 20-hour workday put intense pressure on the crews. It was a crash course involving treacherous Alaska waters.

"Alaska isn't like Puget Sound," said Randy Almont, an LCM captain. "Tides are quicker and higher. The weather

stinks. You can't time the swells. I've never been in anything close to this." The work that lay ahead would push all of them to their limits.

Once Exxon publicly vowed to scrub the fouled shorelines, all efforts were directed at putting people and equipment on the beaches. The only boats capable of doing that were the LCMs.

The boats would perform two functions. First, they were landing craft, putting cleaning crews on the beach. Second, they were floating cold water pumps for the hoses used to wash the oily rocks. The pumps were operated by another Exxon contracted company, Chemtrac. The LCM crew had one job: put the boat where Exxon wanted it. That would prove to be easier said than done.

Exxon was under the gun to get the beaches clean – it had a strong desire to get the most out of its workers. Conflicts developed when boat captains expressed concern for the safety of the crews.

"They expected the Mike boats to maneuver like a water ski boat," said Darnell. "Most Exxon people hadn't even seen this type of boat before and that spelled danger to us and the beach crews."

Once the LCMs were fitted with the water pumps, it was apparent they were the key to the cleanup effort. If they

(Continued on Page 18)



Smith Island's oil-slicked rocks offer treacherous footing for crews wrestling a containment boom. An approaching storm forced removal of this boom from the water.



Waves surge up a Mike boat's front ramp as Phyllis Conner struggles with a balky tie-down rope.

On the beach


(Continued from Page 17)

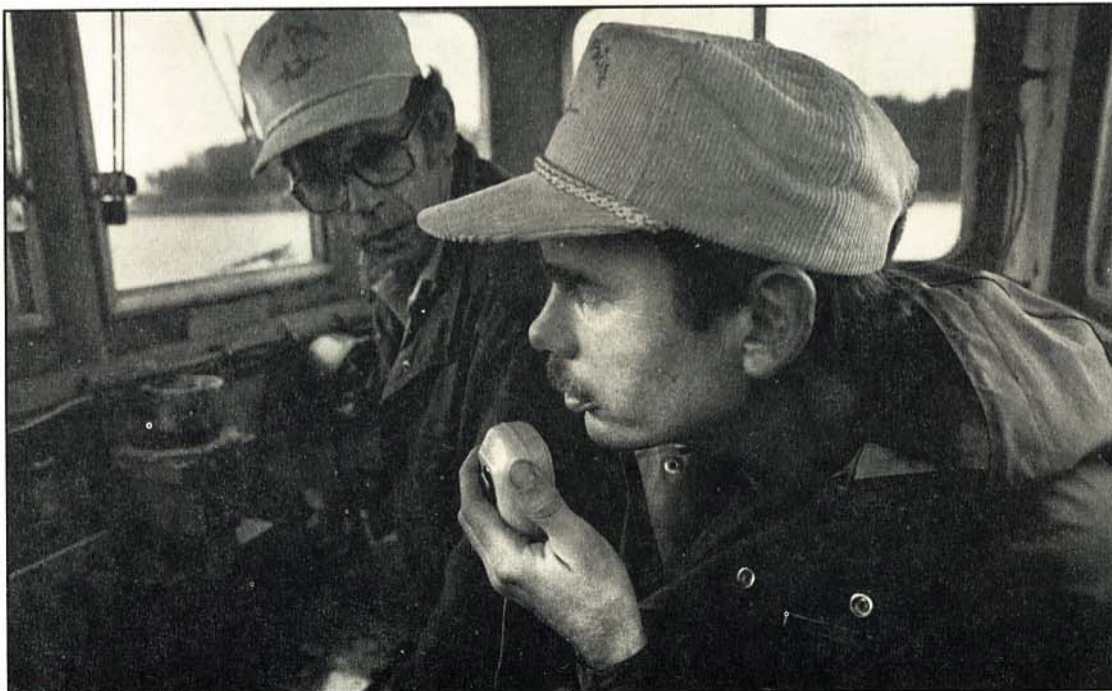
couldn't run, then the whole operation sat dead in the water. "That type of pressure fueled much of the conflict," said Almont.

The conflicts were an inevitable part of the huge operation. But there was no arguing that hundreds of miles of beach were getting a scrubbing, and it was the Mike boat crews that made it possible.

Day in and day out, LCM captains stood at the wheel, nervously guiding their boats to another rocky beach, while two crewmen at the bow shouted directions.

No matter the hardships and conflicts faced, the crews learned how to operate an LCM like they never thought possible. "You tell me what you want done with this boat and I'll go out and do it. You want it parked on the Narrows Bridge, no problem," said Almont. "We've all become experts with these boats."

There was nothing overly dramatic about the **Exxon Valdez** oil spill. Its black stain offered no visual reward. No great explosion signified its importance. There was no sense of wonder at its magnitude. The spill was and remains a quiet, heaving, black poison, spreading like a plague onto beaches and wildlife, bringing a certain, slow death. Smothered by polluted seas, formerly unspoiled land and wildlife disappear with the rising and falling of the black tide. 



Engineer Jerry Hagador checks in with Exxon officials to learn if an approaching storm will shut down operations. Boat operator Gerry Erikson strains to hear the important answer.

Vintage tug races into retirement

Story and photos

by Sgt. Cindy Loughran

OLYMPIA — "To-oooot!"

Billowing a huge puff of gray smoke, Washington Army National Guard tug ST 2104 pushed her way into the Annual Vintage Tug Races held Labor Day week-end here.

A multitude of 400-plus-horsepower engines roared, and the largest race of its kind in the world got underway.

Slowly, one by one, the other tugs fell behind the 34-year-old ST 2104, skippered by 27-year-old Chief Warrant Officer 2 Dean "Yogi" Cargill.

The crew from the 783rd Transportation Company in Tacoma intended for the old tug to sing her swan song with panache!

As they approached the final buoy marking the finish line, the ST 2104 gained quickly on the lead tug "Noreen," out of Seattle.

But as she pulled past, the "Noreen" was caught in the wake of the ST 2104, drawing close to her port side, forcing the Guard tug to veer right to avoid a collision.

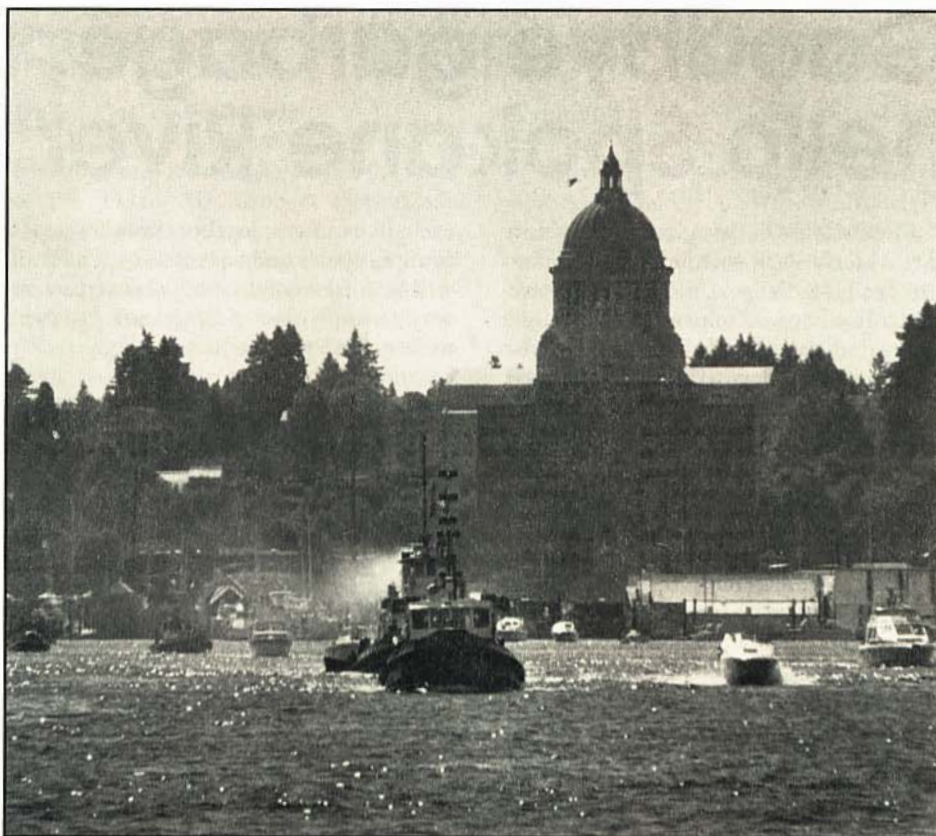
"We thought she was going to hit us, she came so close," said Skipper Cargill. "As a professional, the skipper of the 'Noreen' should have known if he came too close, his boat would be sucked in by my wake."

The tug race officials listed the race as won by the 'Noreen' in a photo finish against the ST 2104, 9/10ths of a second behind!

"Each year this has been an excellent tug exercise for us and our crews," said Cargill. "And it's also a good community project for all of us to get involved in."

After 34 years as a workhorse of the seas, the ST 2104 is headed for the auction block, and will be replaced by a new tug next year.

It would have been nice to go out in a blaze of glory, officially. But to those on board for the race, she will always be the winner, with a wave or two to spare. 🌊



State Capitol offers an imposing backdrop to tug races on Budd Inlet.



Skipper CWO 2 "Yogi" Cargill keeps an eye out for other tugs during Olympia's Vintage Tug Races.

Goodbye garbage, hello Spokane River

SPOKANE—At first glance, the beauty of the Lion's Park section of the Centennial Trail is both breathtaking and peaceful. Only when you take a closer look, the true condition of this stretch of the Spokane River shows the scars of abuse.

Junked cars, tires, household garbage and bedroom furniture lie among the trees and bushes.

The Washington Air National Guard accepted the challenge to clean out this portion of the Centennial Trail.

Thirty Guardsmen from the 141st Resource Maintenance Squadron, the 141st Civil Engineering Squadron and the 141st Security Police Flight dug in on a Saturday morning. Using two heavy-duty tow trucks, three dump trucks and lots of elbow grease, the Guardsmen tugged, pulled, drug and carried away the variety of trash.

Julia McHugh, Centennial Trail coordinator said, "we couldn't have cleaned this section up without help. Neither we nor the County Parks Department have the equipment to move these rusting hulks that were once cars."

"It's help from people like you, from our community, that will make the dream of the Centennial Trail a reality," she added.

The Centennial Trail will be used by

cyclists, runners, joggers, walkers, cross country skiers and equestrians. The trail will be a convenient, safe and attractive way to enjoy one of Spokane's greatest assets, the Spokane River.



Before the Air Guard's effort, Lion's Park was a dump.



The Spokane River is once again a scenic wonder, after tons of trash were removed by hard-working Air Guard troops.

Goodwill Games will tap Guard resources

By Spec. Frederick White

The Aussies, the Chinese and the Russians are coming; not with awesome military power, but with powerful sports competitors for the goodwill of mankind.

The 1990 Goodwill Games are coming to our state, and the Washington Army and Air National Guard will provide support.

"We anticipate the need for helicopter pilots and crews, medical and transportation personnel," said Maj. (P) Vernon C. Lindgren, plans, operation and military support officer for the Military Department, state of Washington.

According to Lindgren, the Guard will be called upon to supplement civilian law enforcement and support agencies. "We will provide resources beyond the capabilities of civilian resources," he said.

Funding for the Guard's support of the

games will come from the Department of Defense. "I understand that the budget for fiscal 1990 is \$14.6 million for the Goodwill Games," said Lindgren.

"Guard volunteers will be placed on federal active duty," said Lindgren, adding that they will be under the jurisdiction of the governor and the adjutant general.

"The Guard will go virtually unseen," he explained. "We anticipate our people will man the operation center and monitor communications. It will be our job to relieve law enforcement officers from those tasks so that they can support the games," he said.

Because Guardsmen will be paid with federal funding, Lindgren said, the intent is to use soldiers in a duty status that doesn't interfere with normal training activities.

"We don't want to disrupt their annual training period or IDT (inactive duty training)," he said.

"We're in a good position to support the Games," added Lindgren, "because of the information we've received from the California and Indiana National Guard, who worked with the Olympiad and the Pan Am Games, respectively.

"Their biggest problem was the planning stage and that is why we are adding a project manager - to eliminate crisis management."

Guardsmen in a support field such as transportation or medical may qualify to be a part of this historic event by being on the Guard's volunteer team. For more information, contact Lindgren's office at (206) 581-8244.

New Air Guard squadron will support I Corps



Maj. Gen. Jacob J. Braig helped dedicate the Air Guard's new support Squadron. (Photo by Master Sgt. Harvey S. Tatel)

By Lt. Col. Dave Harris

CAMP MURRAY – An October flyover of Cobras and Warthogs marked the birth of the 111th Air Support Operations Center Squadron here.

The outdoor activation ceremony was accompanied by the unique glide-zoom-glide of visiting Wisconsin Guard A-10s (Warthogs) and the heavy chopping of the 66th Aviation Brigade's Cobra attack helicopters through the crisp fall air.


Designed to support I Corps, the 111th joins the 66th and the 81st Infantry Brigade to form a "total force combat team that only the state of Washington will have," said Lt. Col. Jack S. Arnold, squadron commander.

"A hoped-for A-10 unit will complete the team," said Maj. Gen. Jacob J. Braig,

Washington Air National Guard commander. "We're close – we're that close!"

More than a year ago, the squadron was reassigned from Willow Grove, Pa. Eventually, "we had 75 people working out of a trailer," Arnold said. Recently, they moved into skylighted, carpeted, refurbished quarters here.

Braig charged the charter members of the fledgling squadron to nurture a sense of humor and keep a perspective.

"You have no 'old heads' to tell war stories. Five years from now, these will be the good old days. This squadron belongs to you. From you will come its spirit, its heart and its soul," he said. 



Top jobs change hands

At Camp Murray ceremonies on Sept. 9, 1989, Maj. Gen. Keith E. Eggen, adjutant general, retired after 38 years service to the Washington National Guard. He passed the state's colors to Maj. Gen. Gregory P. Barlow, shown addressing guests and unit representatives. Barlow in turn handed over his former command, the 81st Infantry Brigade (Mech), to incoming commander Col. Gary R. Stone. (Photo by Staff Sgt. Don Green)

Student loan requires Selective Service sign-up

WASHINGTON, D. C. — The first man to be prosecuted for fraudulently stating on a federal student loan form that he had registered with Selective Service has pleaded guilty.

Carl N. Veilleux stated on forms for a federal student college financial aid grant that he had registered with the Selective Service System when, in fact, he had not.

The Solomon Amendment to the Military Selective Service Act states that men who are required to register and fail to do so are ineligible for student financial aid. The categories of aid covered by the Solomon Amendment include Pell Grants, Supplemental Education Opportunity Grants, College Work-Study, National Direct Student Loans and State Student


Incentive Grant Programs.

Applicants for student aid who are of registration age must sign a statement of compliance certifying that they are registered or are not required to be registered. Under an agreement between Selective Service and the Department of Education, DOE provides Selective Service with lists of grant and loan applicants and recipients. These names are checked against registration files.

Veilleux entered a plea of guilty to one count of student loan fraud. As part of the agreement, Veilleux, not yet 26 years of age, agreed to register. Once a young man turns 26, Selective Service can no longer accept his registration. He further agreed to pay back to the United States govern-

ment the amount of student loan money he fraudulently obtained. Veilleux was given a suspended sentence and placed on an 18-month probation.

Rep. Gerald Solomon, amendment sponsor, said, "If a young man is going to accept the benefits that his country has to offer, then he must be willing to accept the responsibilities that come with them."

Men must register with Selective Service within 30 days of their eighteenth birthday at any U.S. post office. Failure to register is a felony punishable by a fine of up to \$250,000 and/or up to 5 years in prison, and possible loss of some federal benefits. 

Change proposed in Guard retirement system

The Administration has forwarded to Congress for its consideration in the 1989-90 session a proposal for reform of the Guard and Reserve retirement system (title III).


The proposal would create a two-tier system that would provide an immediate annuity to a Guard or Reserve member when he retired after 20 years of creditable service. This would be an amount less than the same individual would receive if he waited to collect beginning at age 60, the current system.

Under current law, members of the

Guard and Reserve qualify for retirement benefits upon completing 20 years creditable service. The amount actually received at age 60 is based on the number of "points" accrued over the Guardsman's career, one point for each duty day. As an example, someone on active duty accumulates 365 points a year. A typical Guardsman gets 48 points for drill weekends, 15 points for annual training and an additional 15 "membership" points. However, the drill weekend and membership points may not exceed 60 under current law. AT, FTTD or ADSW points are in addition to the 60-

point limit.

Under the proposal, Guard and Reserve retirement would be changed so that the member could receive a reduced annuity immediately upon separation from active drill status. For 20 years service, this would be 5 percent of base pay. This would be scaled up to 10 percent after 30 years.

This reduced annuity would be recomputed at age 62 and the amount increased based on total points accrued over the individual's career. 

There's no such thing as a free lunch, nor are there any GI insurance dividends

By Sgt. Maj. Rudi Williams,
American Forces Information Service

As many as 15,000 applications a week for a non-existent GI insurance dividend have been arriving at Department of Veterans Affairs regional offices across the country and its insurance center in Philadelphia.

The hoax is frustrating thousands of veterans and dependents over their wasted efforts to obtain hundreds of dollars in bogus dividends.

Paul Kones, director of the VA insurance center in Philadelphia, said, "We hope that anyone who receives this information will tell whoever gave it to them that there has been a

hoax. VA pays dividends only to people who have active policies — from the Korean War back to World War II and World War I. There is no dividend-paying policy for Vietnam War veterans.

"Those who do have dividends coming will be paid automatically each year on the anniversary of the policy; they don't have to request payment," said Kones. "For active duty personnel, the SGLI (Servicemen's Group Life Insurance) is a policy that doesn't pay dividends. And there is no other VA-administered insurance policy available today that will pay dividends. There are some fraternal organizations that have

policies that pay dividends, but they're not connected with the government."

The hoax, which has appeared in military publications around the world, claims that Congress has passed a law making veterans from World War I, World War II, and the Korea and Vietnam eras eligible to share in millions of dollars in dividends.

Not true, exclaim VA insurance officials. "All veterans who have kept their dividend-paying policies in force receive dividends without applying," said VA spokesman Bonner Day.




New travel regs allow keeping some freebies

Travel regulations pertaining to military and civilian employees traveling on official business now allows them to participate in promotional programs.


According to the regulation, an employee may keep items of nominal intrinsic value (for example: pens, pencils or calendars).

An employee who participates in a promotional program which will accrue personal benefits such as free seat upgrades, membership in clubs, and check-cashing privileges, does not have to turn in such benefits since they have no value to the government.

However, an employee may not exchange mileage credits for accommodation upgrades where such use requires redemption of mileage credits or could result in a loss of credit toward discount of free tickets that could be used by the government.

For more information on the regulation, see Joint Travel Regulation, Volume 1, Part A, para U2010, for military; and JTR Volume 2, Part D, para C1200 for civilians. 


Commissary cards are coming soon

The new commissary entitlement card, DD Form 2529, is scheduled to be issued annually with September LESs. Common information (name, rank, SSN, expiration date, etc.) will be preprinted. Units will be responsible for completing the remaining information. Units may stock blank forms for issue to new soldiers and replacements. Effective Jan. 1, 1990, soldiers and family members may use the commissary any time the soldier is on active duty (AT/ADT/ADSW) by presenting IDs and orders. The commissary entitlement card authorizes an additional twelve visits during the year, each of which will be recorded on the card by commissary personnel. 

Evac hospital begins staffing

The long-awaited evac hospital arrived in October. Preliminary plans called for the majority of unit members to be in the Seattle-Tacoma area, with two or three detachments strategically placed throughout the state.

Recruiting for the medical MOSs has already started. Bonus-eligible individuals need a line and paragraph number to enlist and the unit must be officially on the books to qualify as a bonus unit.

For more information, contact a Washington Army National Guard recruiter. 

ID cards wins entry into a fun-filled world

WANTED: Pilots, skydivers, equestrians, shooters and fishermen.

The Department of Defense has authorized post commanders to extend use of Morale, Welfare, and Recreation facilities to Guardsmen and their families.

Previously, use of the facilities was authorized only while on orders for 72 hours or more. Now, Guardsmen and family members can participate regardless of the sponsor's duty status.


The change could mean Guardsmen will be able to use facilities like the auto craft shop, wood shop, photography shop, skeet and trap ranges, rod and gun clubs, as well as partake in parachute and flying activities.

An appropriate ID card is sufficient for access.


It's up to post commanders to determine whether the facilities can support the additional use. They must also avoid unfair competition with private companies whenever a commercial enterprise exists in their area.

For some activities, fees will be determined according to the Guardsman's pay grade, the same as active duty personnel.

Although more facilities are available to Guardsmen, active duty members and their families, retirees and post personnel have a higher priority. They cannot be denied use because privileges have been extended to us.

If you are interested in using the facilities, call the post first to be sure they are available. 


Flying Space A? Read this!

Flying Space "A"? DD Form 1853, dated April 1984 is the ONLY version that military aviation agencies will accept if soldiers intend to fly "Space Available". Please don't show up at the terminal with an obsolete form; the agencies have no choice but to turn you away! 

Families can get CHAMPUS benefits

Family members of Guardsmen called to active duty for more than 30 days are eligible for CHAMPUS on the first day of the Guardsman's active duty. They remain eligible until the active duty is complete.

Surviving dependents of Guardsmen who die on active duty continue to be eligible for military health benefits, including CHAMPUS, under the same rules that apply to dependent survivors of all active duty soldiers.

After a Guardsman retires and begins to draw retirement benefits at age 60, he/she and his/her qualifying family members are eligible for CHAMPUS and other military health benefits until the retiree reaches age 65. Then the retired Guardsman becomes eligible for Medicare. Qualified family members will also keep their CHAMPUS eligibility until they become individually eligible for Medicare. 

FACTS IN A BOX

Who's the most gas thirsty Guard unit in the state? Try the high-flying 116th Attack Helicopter Troop. From Oct. 88 through May 89, here's a look at the biggest guzzlers of Mogas, diesel and JP4:

Unit	Gallons Consumed
AHT, 116th AC	109,349
144th Trans	60,619
1/803rd Armor	40,431
1/161st Inf	38,943
841st Med	35,976

The least thirsty? How 'bout the 341st Military Intelligence Battalion?
Only 14 gallons used to date.

Some changes could be in the works

By Sgt. 1st Class Joe Zambone

"I'd sure like to be in charge around here," grumbled the young private. "This mission looks like a Chinese fire drill."

We were relaxing on a hillside at Yakima, honing our teeth by munching those chocolate-covered hockey pucks called brownies by the Army.

"If I wuz a colonel for 10 minutes I'd straighten this mess out," he added.

Fantasies filled my head. Why settle for being a colonel, or even a general? Why not think *Really Big*?

I whisked a meadow muffin out of the way and stretched out to daydream. My eyelids fluttered and crashed. Warm, diesel-laden breezes caressed my face, and . . . zonk.

Magically, I was transformed into Super General, a six-star flag officer reporting directly to the president. My dream included the ability to take on disguises and zip across space and time like a demented Tooth Fairy.

I warped back 23 years to basic training at Fort Benning. A supply sergeant who'd gotten his jollies by harassing trainees was soon on his way to Fort Irwin. It'll take decades to inventory every grain of sand at the National Training Center.

A heartbeat later I was cruising the Columbia River on the Guard's Logistical Support Vessel. Disguised as a sailor, I was really Super General. This came in handy when dealing with a trio of cooks.

A radio call to the Army's Chief of Staff saw head cook Al Collins leap from E-6 to one-star general as head of the Army's chow program. His job? Making sure every other unit in America eats as well as the sailors in the 604th Transportation Detachment. His cooks, Dewey Stedman and Ed Carter, rocketed from E-5 to colonel and became Collins' assistants.

Whipping back to the Pentagon, I raised enlisted pay scales by 30 percent,

and ordered that 2nd lieutenants get E-5 pay for their first year of experimentation on the job. Then I won a battle with Congress for funds to pay reserve GIs for the millions of free hours and miles they "donate" every year. They agreed to give reservists free auto license plates, too.

Some schooling for career military folks who love the word "utilization" seemed like a dandy idea. They were peeved about returning to 6th grade, but the burden lifted from normal soldiers was worth their small sacrifice.

My next directive banned spit-shined boots and pressed BDUs, solving the "all show, no go" syndrome.

It seemed logical to set up a humor school next, based upon my real-life tenure as an E-7 in a military world filled with overly-serious people. Eddie Murphy agreed to design the course.

Another school was started to cure the "stiff upper lip" problem which, oddly enough, afflicts many military people past the age of 40. Courses included "Coping with Wounded Pride," "Performance Without Political Motive," and "Deviating from The Book."

Pow! A Pentagon staffer handed me a memo laced with acronyms. It seemed like a good time to cure this insanity. I ordered creative acronym devisers (CADs) to six months duty at an alphabet soup factory. This loan to industry was welcomed by the soup people, but not appreciated by those who found little glory in counting teensy letters into alphabet soup cans.

There are lots of GIs worthy of awards, but too few people to handle the paperwork. To cure this, I directed that company-size units in every service branch have an Awards Officer, whose sole duty is focusing attention on those who deserve it.

The counterpart position of Dud Offi-

cer will bring smoke on the occasional yo-yo who slips through the cracks and reaches retirement without doing much of anything right.

Zing! Disguised as a buck sergeant, I was at an Army base watching the snow job known as "Preparing For an IG Inspection." Soldiers scurried about making bad things look good long enough to pass the inspector's scrutiny.

Sproing! A dozen stars sprouted from my shoulders, creating fear (and loathing) among those masterminding the cover-up. To solve this periodic bluff, I told the Joint Chiefs to adopt a policy of unannounced inspections.


I also directed that Inspectors General grade a unit wisely - not by the polish and paint used to mask inoperable items, but by the spirit a unit's troops displayed. No amount of fancy equipment will ever take the place of soldiers with "heart."

Shazam! I dropped in on a wacky group of BDU-clad writers. They were pounding away on typewriters first used for news releases from Iwo Jima. "How is it," I asked their boss, "that you people can publish the *Evergreen* with equipment like this?"

Thunk! A slab of ceiling the size of Rhode Island landed on my shoulder. "And," I grimaced, "you do it working out of such a lovely historical building."

Tat-a-tat-tat! Some clown opened up with his .50 caliber Ma Deuce about 20 yards away. My eyelids gritted open. Reality beckoned, just as Super General was about to solve another problem.

Shucks. I reckon this means the 122nd Public Affairs Detachment is stuck in this woeful building after all.

Unless I can warp back into that keen dream. . . 

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