

# GI Learns Z-Tradition of Today's Modern Navy

## Warner Lauds Navy On 197th Anniversary

Tradition is a four-letter word spelled NAVY!

From John Paul Jones to 31-knot Burke and the current Chief of Naval Operations, Adm. Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr., that tradition has been the driving force and common bond that has molded the strongest tri-tribious striking force on earth.

On the occasion of the U.S. Navy's 197th anniversary, the Pacific Stars and Stripes thought it appropriate to render a report to its readers on the current trends in Navy life engendered by the Z-Grams. It sent an Army man to do the sleuthing for reasons that are explained in the following story.

By Army M.Sgt.

Steve Greene

S&S Staff Writer

In Hornblower's Navy, about the only assurance a sailor had against the capricious whims of his captain or the Crown was the ship's articles he signed before boarding for a voyage.

Today, the hottest item at U.S. naval bases around the world and on ships at sea is a leather bound volume of the complete works of Chief of Naval Operations, Adm. Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr., which are affectionately referred to as Z-Grams.

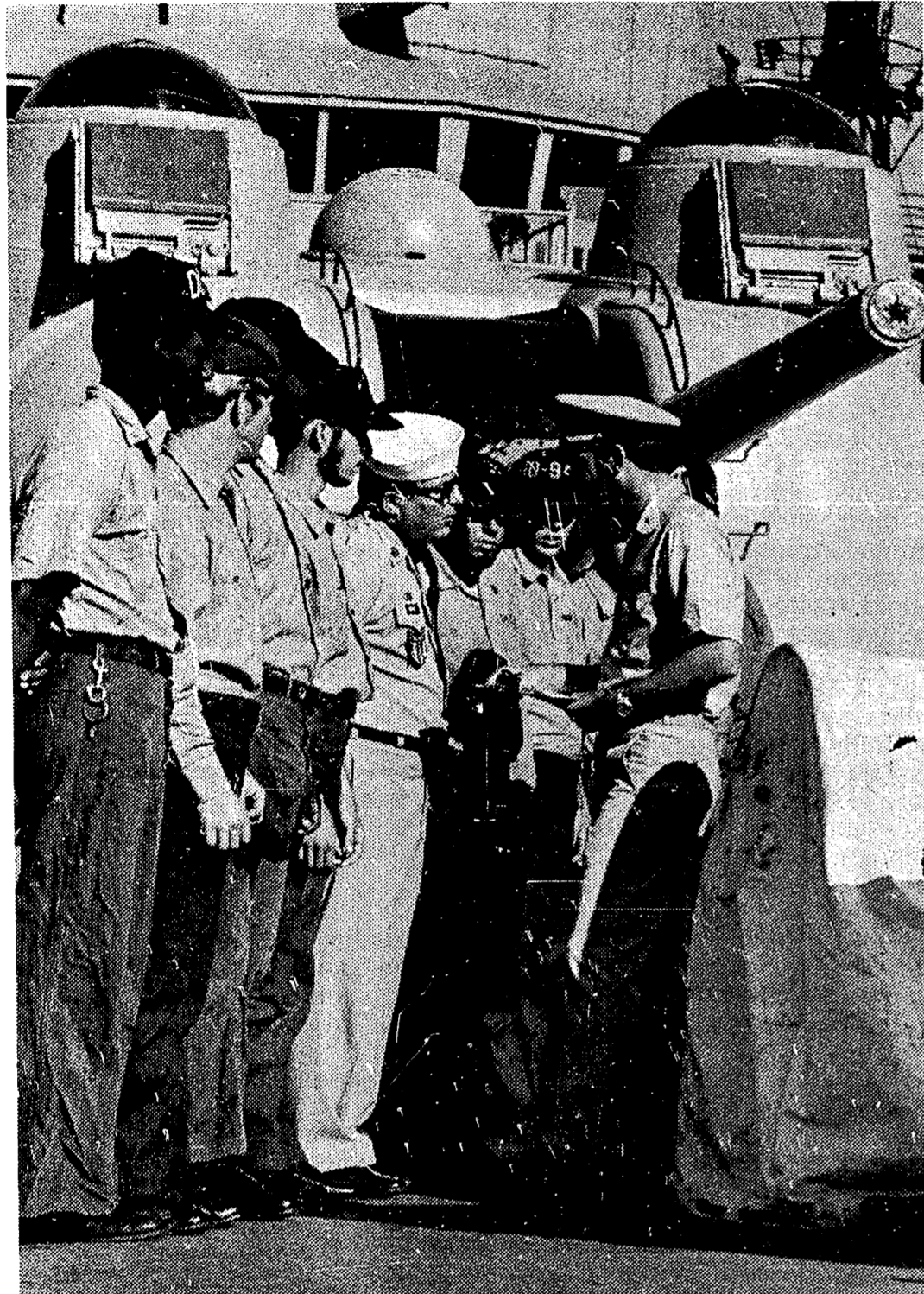
After more than two years in office, and 116 Z-Grams later, a legend was in the making and sailors began referring to him as the Abraham Lincoln of the Navy. The uncanny accurateness of the Z-Grams in striking at the heart of things that bugged the average sailor the most, speaks volumes for his gunnery skill while raising the question of where he obtained such insight.

"I will not countenance the rights of privileges of any officers or enlisted men being abrogated in any way because they choose to grow sideburns or neatly trimmed beards or mustaches or because preference in neat clothing styles are at variance with the taste of their superiors." (Z-Gram #57)

No wonder they call him the Navy's Abraham Lincoln. That message reads like the Preamble to the Constitution.

Blasting at barnacled traditions that have long outlived their necessity in the nuclear-space age, Zumwalt preceded the passage of the 26th Amendment by hitting hard at what he calls an attitude of "presupposed irresponsibility" toward sailors.

Other Z-Grams established hard-rock clubs for junior officers where they could grouse



It took some pretty fast talking on the part of Army M. Sgt. Steve Greene to convince Ensign Alan Nibbs during divisional muster aboard the destroyer Mullinnix, that he wasn't trying to escape the paint detail. (S&S Photos By CPO Chip Maury)

about the Navy and superiors without fear of raising official eyebrows. Beer in the enlisted barracks, equal check cashing privileges with officers, (\$50 for everyone) and the privilege of wearing dungarees to and from work instead of dress blues or

whites, left the Shellbacks gapping on the ropes but the Pollywogs were wiggling to a tune they could really dig.

"This guy Zumwalt might look like the White Cliffs of Dover—with eyebrows—but he's a pretty cool Dude," is the way one mustachiod sailor summed up his feelings for his chief.

And the ladies weren't forgotten either!

With every stride she took up the gangway of the Hospital Ship Sanctuary, PO 3.C. Peggy Griffith was one step closer to shattering hundreds of years of Naval tradition and superstition by being the first seagoing woman sailor. (At this writing, the Sanctuary is still afloat and shipshape.) The Seabees came in for a chunk of notoriety when Seaman (Seawoman?) Camilla J. Jones was piped aboard as a constructionman with the duties of a heavy equipment operator!

And if that isn't enough to shiver your timbers, the Navy got its first lady admiral, Alene Duerk, to head up the Navy Nurse Corps. Proof enough that the CNO is no male chauvinist.

Word gets around pretty fast in the services and someone suggested that it might not be a bad idea for an Army man to do a little scouting around the closest Naval facility to see if all this scuttlebutt they'd been hearing was true. After all, the Army supplied the first crew for the first warship ever commissioned for the defense of America so we had a vested interest, so to speak.

That's right! Gen. George

Washington himself (an Army general) authorized and commissioned our Navy's first warship, a converted merchant vessel, with an all-Army crew early in the American Revolution. So you might consider our little nautical excursion as a long overdue fitness report and it might also help to explain why this writer was prowling Yokosuka Naval Base in an Army uniform and a sailor's white hat.

That white hat like to get me in a heap of trouble right from the start, when we requested permission to come aboard the destroyer Mullinnix (DD 944). Ens. Alan Nibbs, deck officer of the day and an ex-enlisted man himself, didn't know whether to return my salute, call for the shrink or sound general quarters. After a hurried explanation of our mission by my escort, CPO Marvin G. Emmons, we were welcomed aboard with the same amount of reservation a preacher might get at a nudist colony clam bake.

It was reassuring to note that haze grey, deck grey and pea-green are still in fashion and the first thing that caught my attention was a paint detail lavishly applying this color scheme to the starboard hull. You can't dig foxholes at sea, so when the only thing that separates you from the fish is two inches of steel plate, you have to treat it with Tender, Loving Care. Nothing's changed in that respect.

We went below decks to the engine rooms where a 20-year-old machinist's mate-fireman, Burle E. Ledsoe was in charge of the entire operation. In the 120 degree heat of the main feed pumps, he offered me the traditional cup of coffee, (Navy plasma) while he explained the operation.

He cut the chatter short in mid-sentence and everyone was racing around turning handles, twisting valves and pushing buttons with a speed that defies description. Not a word was spoken, no orders given, no questions asked. It was downright eerie.

It was over in less than 30 seconds. Seems they lost fuel pressure to the boilers and had to restart it before the fire went out and the combustion chamber filled with fuel possibly exploding by spontaneous combustion. Talk about responsibility, these guys live with it all the time.

We picked up the thread of our conversation but I cut it short and hustled the ladderway with my hat in my hand and a newfound respect for these guys who, "go down to the sea in ships." There was just a little too much heat of both kinds, if 'ya get what I mean.

By this time word had gotten around that there was a ground pounder aboard asking a lot of questions about Z-Grams and stuff and, "to humor him if it doesn't interfere with ship's operations."

Talk loosened up a bit when they saw I didn't bite and each man I spoke with had his own favorite Z-Gram and a detailed description of his job and equipment, most of which went over my head like a flock of ducks.

Radarman Third Class Edward A. Listman introduced me to the mysteries of the communications center and tried valiantly to put in layman's terms the intricacies of the network that put the ship in instant contact with the Navy's tri-tribious forces. Here were computers, various radars, scopes, illuminated wall charts—a-miasma of intercoms, dials and toggle switches—enough to boggle the mind when you consider that there are 300 more ships in the 7th Fleet alone with

even more sophisticated equipment aboard.

Quartermaster Seaman Dennis P. Schmidt was quick to point out that quartermaster didn't mean the same thing in the Navy as it does in the Army—it's not a supply function. "Here we work with charts, graphs and navigation, not beans, beer and bedding." I got to shoot the sun with a sextant, don a Navy battle helmet that makes the Army "pot" look like a thimble and check the relative bearing of the ship by the use of an alidade.

I got suckered in on the bit about looking for the relative bearing grease too, just like any other boot sailor.

I took my turn at swabbing the decks and a little bit of marlin spike seamanship. I was happy to learn that you don't have to swab the areas painted with non-skid. That's a big improvement all by itself. And I had to stand a mail buoy watch cause I couldn't come up with a fathom of water line or length of chow line.

I was even invited to play a few hands of a somewhat familiar card game where you keep score with chips. The player with the most chips at the end of the game is declared the winner. Sounds familiar to you, too, 'eh? There's been a lot of change in the Navy lately but four-of-a-kind still beats a full house.

My shipboard experiences were a real eye-opener but they didn't shed much light on the man responsible for the many changes I had witnessed first hand. It took Commissaryman I. C. Raymond P. Avery to fill in the gaps.

"I sailed with Adm. Zumwalt back in '55, '56 when he was a full commander and skipper of the USS Arnold J. Isbell, a tin can we used to call the Dizzy Izzy. I can best describe him as a sailor's sailor."

"These Z-Grams they're making such a fuss about started back when he was my CO. He hasn't changed a bit. It's just that now he's in a position to make them work for everybody."

"I can remember a ship's party we had down at Driftwood Beach in Subic Bay. We had only one man at that time

aboard ship with a government driver's license and we used him to haul the men, chow and other goodies out to the site.

"The driver had a little too much beer to drink and couldn't navigate the five miles back to the ship to relieve the other watch so the skipper jumped in the cab with only his bathing suit on to make the return trip. He was stopped at the gate by the Marine on duty and asked for his I.D. and driver's license. Naturally he couldn't produce either one. After a heated discussion with the guard, he bolted the truck through the gate and was stopped by the SPs halfway to the ship and given a tick-out a yard long.

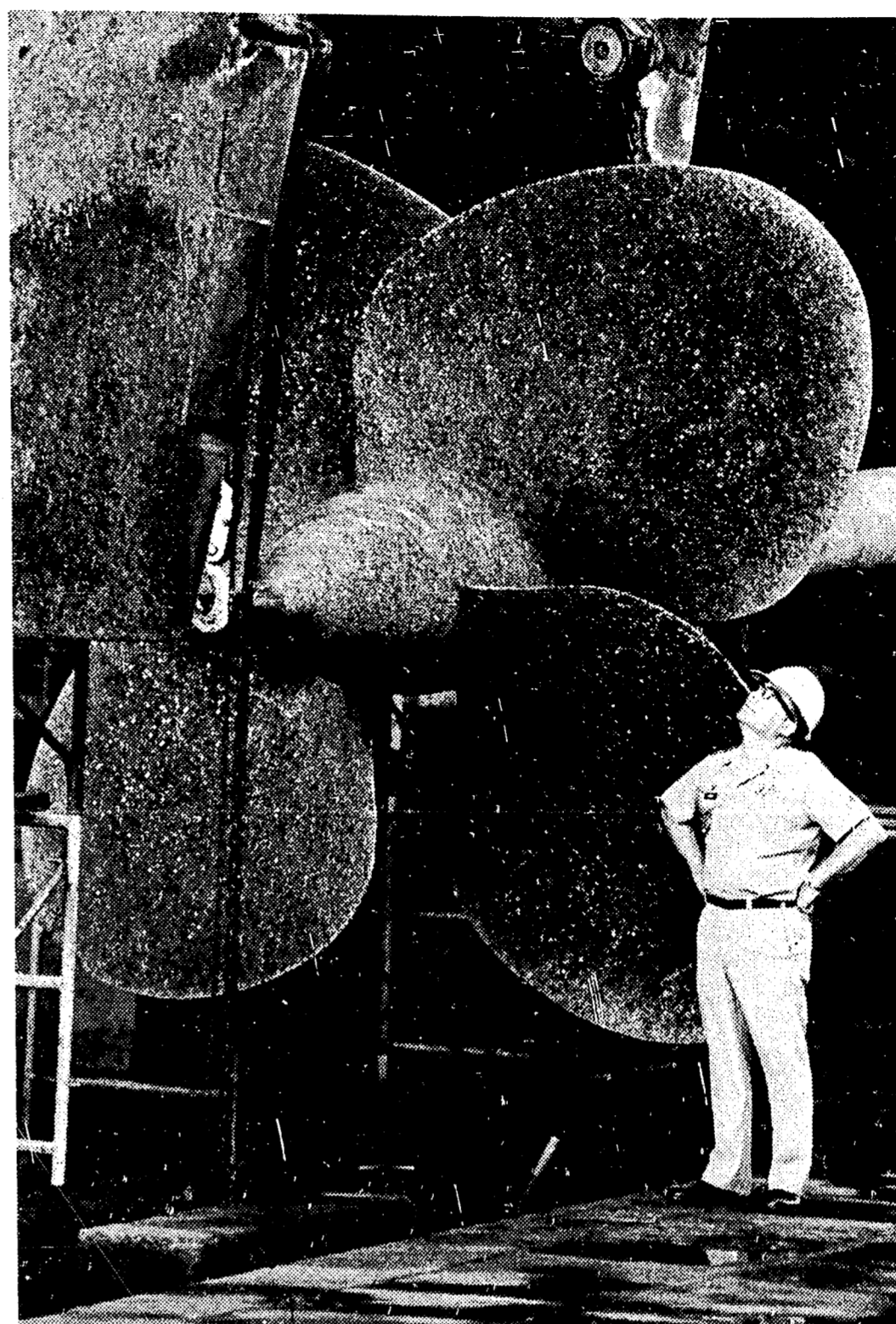
"He had to report to the base commander the next morning, but I guess it turned out all right cause he came out grinning."

"We had a game of tag football going down at the beach earlier in the day that got a little rough and we knocked over a trashcan full of beer that belonged to a carrier crew that was having a division party. There was a tense moment with a young ensign until the skipper stood up and identified himself. I remember him as having the build of a professional athlete... used to keep a set of bell bars up on the signal bridge and worked out every day."

"He had the nickname 'Zoomy' back then because everywhere he went with the ship was at 28 knots. Hell, we'd do 28 knots even if we were only changing berths. He drove it like it was his own. He was an exceptionally fair man and I can never recall hearing him cussing. He had better than 90 percent reenlistment aboard his ship which is almost unheard of."

"He had a fabulous memory and never forgot a face. I left him in 1957 and didn't see him again until 1965 in Miyako's Restaurant in San Diego. He recognized me immediately and remembered my name. It takes a big man to remember little things like that."

"He always had the men's welfare in mind. We were moored off Kaohsiung, Taiwan, when the fleet commander passed the word that the use of bum boats was forbidden be-



Greene gets a fish-eye's view of a destroyer's propeller during his tour of the Yokosuka Naval Base's drydocking facilities.

cause they didn't have the proper running lights and a couple of sailors had gotten hurt aboard them. The skipper gave us the use of his own gig as a liberty boat. There's a little more to that story Sarge, but you're Army and might not understand and I don't want to embarrass the skipper.

"There's one more incident that stands out in my memory that took place in Wellington, New Zealand. We were paying a courtesy call and had been invited to a reception party at the yacht club. About 8 p.m. the skipper came in and was surprised to discover that only enlisted men were in attendance—no officers."

"He asked me what refreshments were being served and I told him hot chocolate, tea, coffee and Coke. 'Don't tell me my men are actually drinking that stuff,' he said."

"No sir," I replied, "You asked what they were serving—not what we're drinking."

"What are you drinking?" he asked.

"Scotch and Coke," I replied.

"A quizzical look crossed his face when I told him that we bought the scotch from the cabbies because the local bars closed at 6 p.m. He broke out laughing and joined the party for the remainder of the evening."

"So like I told you Sarge, he hasn't changed a bit. What changes he has made in the Navy are changes that he sincerely believes are necessary for the morale and welfare of his men. The Z-Grams are no put-on... he's not trying to make a name for himself or impress anyone with his liberalism. It's simply that the world is changing and he wants to make sure that the U.S. Navy isn't caught dragging anchor."

"He is now—and always has been—a sailor's sailor."

On the long trip back to the office, I kept mulling over the

things I had seen and heard and couldn't help drawing comparisons between the navies of yesteryear and today.

Take an aircraft carrier like the Enterprise for example, with its catapults and arresting gear it can handle fast, massive aircraft in a way equivalent to a 10,000-foot shore-side landing strip. It displaces 85,000 tons and is driven by four screws powered by eight atomic plants.

In general, U.S. aircraft carriers range from 27,100 to 85,000 tons and from 889 to 968 feet in length. They reach speeds from 33 to 36 knots and carry up to 100 aircraft and crews of up to 3,000 men and officers.

They are veritable floating islands of our national defense network that can move 800 miles in a 24-hour period. Plying international waters unencumbered by diplomatic or political maneuverings, they can make the American presence felt—and believed—anyplace on earth.

When you consider that one ship or submarine of today's Navy packs more firepower than the entire Spanish Armada, indeed, of all the wind-jammers ever produced for all the navies of the world combined, you can see the absolute necessity for changes being made.

Now don't get me wrong, a bos'un is still the meanest thing afloat, chiefs still walk three inches above the deck, and captains walk on water—nothing and nobody can change that—but tradition is something to grow upon, not to lean on?

Zumwalt's Navy might be a little furry around the edges but no one can deny he has put the fun and a good deal of the glamour back into Navy life.

That spirit of camaraderie and esprit-de-corps was never better expressed than in the three words printed on a plastic button, given to me by a bearded chief before leaving the base: Z—HE LIVES.

With the 1972 celebration of the Navy's birthday, we mark the 197th year since the enactment of legislation to establish a fleet to protect and preserve the freedoms upon which this nation was founded. Throughout the history of the United States our Navy has remained ever vigilant.

In recent years, our navymen and women have served for prolonged periods away from home in situations which have tested their endurance and devotion to

duty. Through strength, determination and courage, with the support of their families, they have surmounted every challenge in protecting those freedoms passed on to us by former generations of navymen.

I am deeply proud of the United States Navy, which continues to serve honorably in the defense of peace and justice for all Americans.

John W. Warner  
Secretary of the Navy

## Well Done From Clarey

"As the saying goes, there's been a lot of water under the bridge and, yes, . . . under the hull of every ship in the fleet since the birth of the U.S. Navy, 197 years ago today."

"Throughout those nearly two centuries we've implemented changes and improvements inconceivable to the sailors of old. We've come from wooden frigates to nuclear propulsion. From an age when seamen scrambled for the rigging to stand watch with a long glass in the crow's nest . . . to an age when radar air controllers can pinpoint an enemy and "talk" our pilots back, without ever getting up from their chairs and scopes. In short, we've come from the blunderbuss to the television-guided missile!

"Changes, dramatic and innumerable, in 197 years of service to America. And yet, as if to once more prove the philosopher right . . . the more we've changed, the more we've remained the same."

"For while it's true the ships and planes and submarines . . . the electronics and weaponry and systems now include the very newest, and are getting newer . . . what has remained constant throughout our naval history (the core about which all else revolves) is still the men."

"Men who are professionals, and know it. Men who take pride in their skills, and for good reason. Men who know what the job is, and do it. Men at sea who put into practice the theories of men ashore. Men who perform, no matter what the test or challenge. Men who complete each

task, no matter what the hardship. Men . . . like you!

"Thus the Navy story, from 1775 to today, is one of stability amid innovation . . . constancy amid experimentation, sameness amid change."

"And among today's changes . . . there is a new curiosity by a new breed of men who want to know "why" and "why not" in order to understand. And I say this is good. Good, because to wonder is to show interest. And interest leads to intelligent questions which, in turn, demand meaningful answers. And thus we all learn."

"So do question and do respond. Communicate with each other. Talk. But listen, too! Open your minds at least as often as you open your mouths. And to paraphrase the vernacular, once you try it . . . we may all come to like it."

"Like it because mutual trust and confidence is the way to understanding. And through understanding we can not only uphold the traditions of the past but zealously accept the challenges of the future . . . confident in the knowledge that we are professionals and we can be as proud of the fact as any man who ever sailed a ship in our 197-year history."

"I salute you . . . you, the professionals, who know your job and do it! And on this our anniversary, I say to each of you, with genuine pride . . . "well done" and thank you."

Adm. B. A. Clarey  
Commander in Chief,  
U.S. Pacific Fleet

## Adm. Holloway Sends Greetings

This year, for the first time, we are observing NAVY DAY on October 13 in recognition of the date congress first authorized funds for a Navy in 1775. The theme for this 197th birthday observance is . . . the Navy: Pride and Professionalism. It gives me deep personal pride to serve as commander of the U.S. 7th Fleet and I know this year's theme has a special meaning for you who serve in the Western Pacific, and to you navymen and women ashore who provide such vital support to the Seventh Fleet.

For 30 years the officers and men of the Navy-Marine Corps team have made personal sacrifices and lasting contributions to keep the Seventh Fleet the world's most powerful operational fleet. Our presence in the Western Pacific has always been characterized by professionalism and dedication . . . to our nation's principles and to the mission of the Fleet. I have visited numerous Fleet units in recent months and I can personally attest to the obvious presence of team work and the sense of purpose and accomplishment within the Fleet. These most important factors contribute to the Fleet's high state of readiness and its continued professional performance under combat conditions.

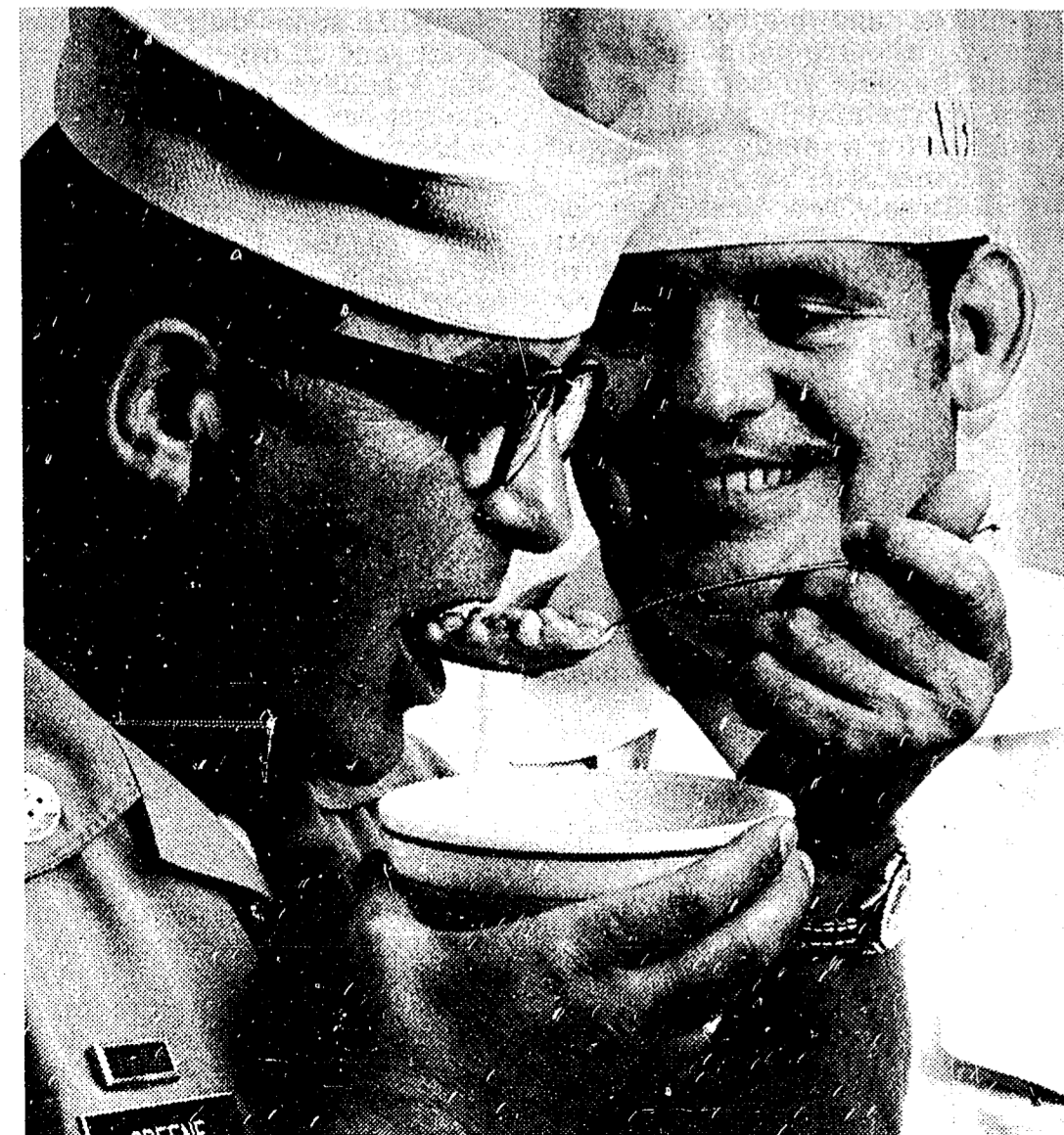
This year, our Navy anni-

versary also coincides with the Navy Sabbath, 13-15 October. The annual call to worship and prayer by the Naval Reserve Association has become a great tradition strengthening the religious and moral fiber of our Navy, and our nation. The Navy Sabbath visibly underscores our nation's need to draw strength from its spiritual heritage.

May we take this occasion for remembrance of the families and loved ones of those serving with the Seventh Fleet. They are making sacrifices and setting examples of charity, fortitude and resourcefulness. May we also give special remembrance for our prisoners of war and those missing in action . . . men who have paid a high price on behalf of freedom for others.

It is difficult to predict the tempo and scope of future 7th Fleet operations, yet one thing is certain. Meeting our numerous commitments and projecting our nation's policies abroad require courage and plain hard work. I am confident that our nation and our friends and allies in this part of the world can count on the men of the Seventh Fleet to meet their challenges successfully through continued pride and professionalism.

Vice Adm. J. L. Holloway III  
Commander, 7th Fleet



No matter how you spell seafood in the Navy, it still comes out beans but Greene doesn't seem to mind the cooking of CS2 Jack A. Abbott at all.



Greene gets a basic course in marlin spike seamanship aboard the destroyer Mullinnix from Seaman Douglas Clements.