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SCOTLAND THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE YANKS AT RAF EDZELL

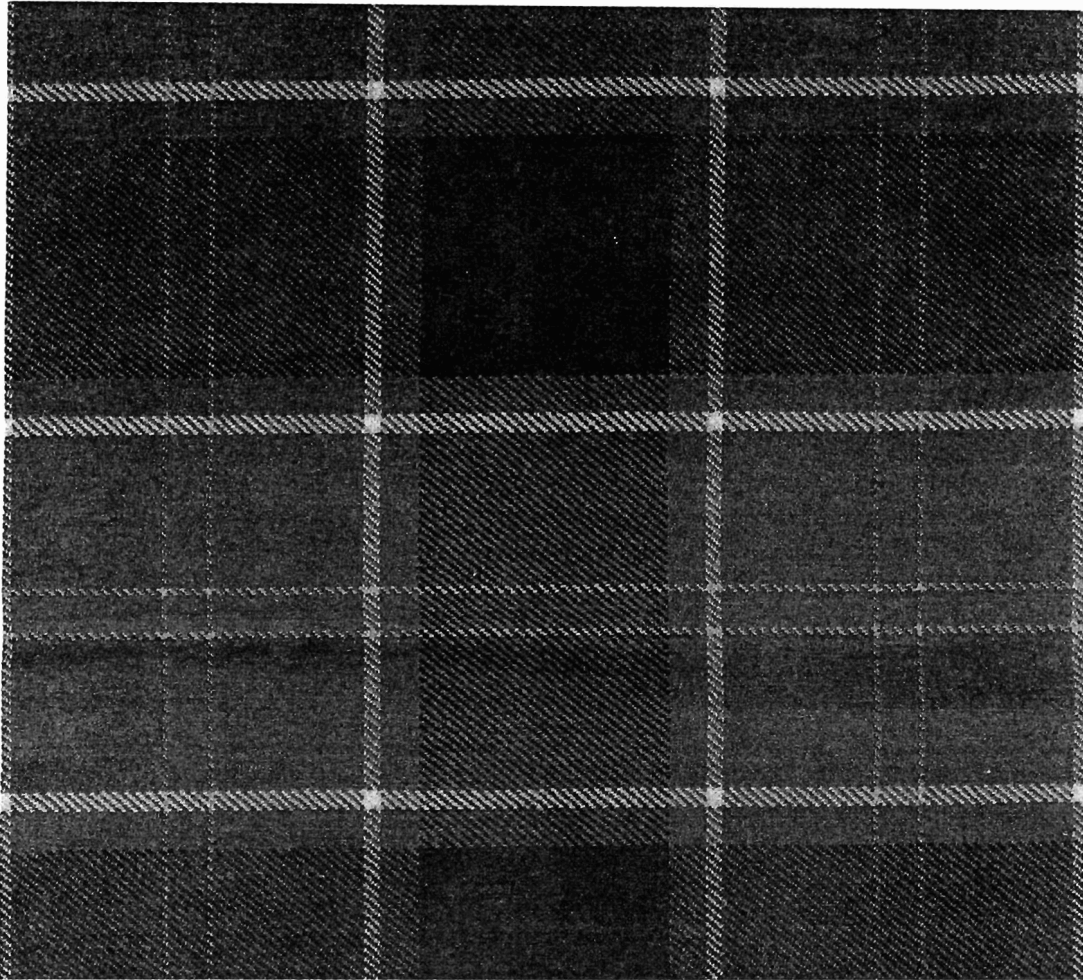


Photo courtesy Jay Browne

EDZELL TARTAN

How did a group of United States military people at the foot of the Scottish Highlands end up with their own bit of clan history in the form of a registered tartan?

Well, it all started in February 1985, when Mrs. Janet Demech, wife of the Commanding Officer, went to the Strathmore Woolen Company, Ltd., in Forfar to get a kilt made. While there, Mr. Arthur Mackie, manager of the Strathmore shop, brought up the idea of Royal Air Force (RAF) Edzell having its own special tartan. Pleased with the idea, Mrs. Demech asked Mr. Mackie if his shop could come up with a design for approval.

Several designs later, along with the artistic invention of Mrs. Demech and Mrs. Pam Schaffer, wife of then Commander Schaffer, the new, exclusive U.S. Navy Edzell tartan was unveiled at the 25th Anniversary Celebration of Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell's establishment on 6 July 1985. (Captain Schaffer was then the operations officer.)

The 100% wool cloth is made up of squares (called setts), five-and-a-half inches by five-and-a-quarter inches in size, with each sett repeating the pattern and colors of the plaid. The dark blue color was chosen to represent the U.S. Navy, light blue for the Air Force, red stripes for the Marine Corps and the Army, while white is for the waves of the ocean.

The tartan's pattern, colors and sett are one of 1,600 registered tartans in Edinburgh. The fee for registration was paid by the Strathmore Company, and since they hold the registration, which is similar to a patent, they are the only company who can now produce the cloth. The registered title of the tartan is "U.S. NAVY (Edzell)."

(Special Editor's note: The above was printed by the base in its publication "Welcome to RAF Edzell - 1996 RAF Edzell Fact Booklet." Additional thanks to Captain and Mrs. Demech.)

50 YEARS OF HISTORY...

On many maps of Scotland there is no trace of Edzell. But nestled in the foothills of the Grampian Mountains, 35 miles south of Aberdeen and 90 miles north of Edinburgh, is the Royal Air Force (RAF) Station, Edzell, home of the United States Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA).

The history of RAF Edzell, however dates back to days prior to WWI. Her Majesty's Government purchased the land on which the station is presently located in 1913, and in 1938 the airfield was established to become a Maintenance Command Station of the Royal Air Force (RAF).

The base was officially commissioned in July 1960 when one naval officer and eight enlisted personnel reported for duty.

The command has grown rapidly and now accommodates approximately 800 military personnel and 800 dependents.

RAF Edzell, covering some 490 acres, takes its name from the village of Edzell, which is approximately three road miles from the base in the Tayside Region.

The command's mission is High Frequency Direction Finding and providing communications support to the Navy and other Department of Defense elements.

This special publication is printed as a salute to the 50-year history of the base, the people who served here, and the legacy they left behind.

In the Beginning

By: Lieutenant Bruce Ashcroft

On 1 August 1940 Squadron Leader S.W. Thomas assumed command of the brand new RAF installation as operations commenced for its first occupants, the Number 44 Maintenance Unit (M.U.) of the Royal Air Force.

Their mission was to fit aircraft fresh off the production line with armament and, in general, make the planes combat-ready.

One of the more important jobs for members of the 44 M.U. was the proper synchronization of the machine guns with the plane's propellers. The Edzell mechanics also repaired damaged planes and it was common to see Queen Marries' (RAF trailer trucks) bringing aircraft to the base.

Aircrews often flew in from front line squadrons to replace airplanes lost in action and virtually all of the different types of aircraft in the British arsenal came through Edzell: Hurricanes, Whitleys, Hampdens, Mosquitos, Halifaxes, Sterlinges, Defiantes, Beaufortes and Wellingtons.

Edzell was a large base, and while no exact manning figures exist today, there may easily have been 400 people working on the base. The administrative and support side of the base has changed very little physically since the 1940s.

The guardhouse of 1940 is today's Fire Station. The area now occupied by the Chapel, Legal, the ESO Classrooms and University of Maryland was where the women (WAAFs) of the base lived. Coincidentally, or maybe not so coincidentally, the women were quartered across from the guardhouse.

The main administrative offices of RAF Edzell are those now used by NSGA Edzell. The RAF Commander and his adjutant utilized the same offices that the present Commanding Officer and Executive Officer now use.

In the event of a gas attack, the base had a decontamination center. That center is now the home of the Photo Lab, the Public Affairs Office, the Bank of Scotland annex and the Print Shop. Beneath the present layers of paint in the Print Shop are labels for gas masks, and a wooden board in the front of the room that detailed decontamination procedures.

The main RAF storeroom has become today's Supply and PSD. The middle wing of the building also served as a Fire Station for a period of time.

The RAF workshops were located in what is now Public Works. The Motor Pool is in the exact same location as it was fifty years ago.

The NAAFI canteen could be found at approximately the same location as today's Enlisted Mess (Open), and served the same purpose. Also a mobile food cart accommodated the various hangars around the base perimeter.

When the RAF advance party arrived in 1940, quarters were not yet available, and the men had to sleep on improvised beds of straw. Within a year after their arrival, the quarters, consisting of 22 wings, were completed with outdoor head and shower facilities. These buildings served as transient barracks and home to U.S. Marine personnel prior to demolition in August and September 1987.

Marine Company B Headquarters moved in May 1986 to a newly renovated building that was formerly the CPO quarters, and USMC personnel now occupy a wing of Campbell Hall. The upper floor of Campbell Hall is designated as Navy CPO quarters.

The galley, which served the RAF in 1940, served NSGA Edzell until 1985 when a new galley was constructed adjacent to the new enlisted quarters near Loch Wee. The former galley building now serves as the command's Community and Activity Center.

Medical was in the same building as it is located today. Dental was in what is now the Ham Shack and today's car wash stands on the site of the former NCO mess.

One of the more unusual features of the base is that it has its own lake - Loch Wee. The lake, however did not exist in 1940. It was formed by natural seepage as local crews removed gravel from the area to build the second main runway in 1944. Even during the RAF days the lake was stocked with fish, as it is today. Airmen caught fish in the nearby North Esk River and carried them by bucket to Loch Wee. The lake also became the home of

mortar rounds, ammunition, airplane parts, old cars and just about everything imaginable.

The original Officers' Club, located between Loch Wee and Halsey School, was demolished. USA Quarters now stand in approximately the same area as the old Officers' Club.

Outside the main area of the base, two hangars were located at about the same place as Halsey School and the Navy Lodge. Approaching the two hangars, the soccer pitch could be found on the right. Also near the school stand pillboxes where sentries stood duty to control access to the base.

Two additional hangars were located near the base dump. The remaining concrete floor slabs still exist.

In the brush of Shepherd's Wood and Cleary's Wood, near the recycling plant, are the foundations and walls of what was called South Camp. The bunkers are now pocketed with rabbit holes and the single plane hangars have long since disappeared, but in the 1940s it was an important part of RAF Edzell.

During the war two bombs were dropped just off the end of the north-south runway, landing harmlessly in an open field. Apparently a lone German bomber, separated from the formation that was bombing Montrose, was looking for Edzell base. Having found it, he tried to put the runway out of commission (there was just the one at the time), but failed.

Also among the more notable happenings, several planes crashed in the hills west of Edzell during the war. The most celebrated of these was a Liberator. Flying out of Leuchars in October 1944, the Liberator went down on the Hill of Wirren. There were seven deaths among the eleven-man crew. The account of one of the four survivors appeared in the Dundee Courier newspaper a few years ago. Also, the nearly complete skeleton of a Wellington can be seen above Loch Lee, in the Grampian foothills.

** (Special Editors note: See attached story at the end of this article.)*

One of the most celebrated visitors at Edzell was then-Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Churchill landed at Edzell on the way to a meeting with King George VI at Balmoral Castle. While here, the Prime Minister flashed his famous victory sign and threw away a cigar butt. The butt was grabbed as a memento and is still in the possession of a local family.

After WWII, the base was used primarily to scrap airplanes and literally hundreds stood in the fields across from the base. No. 44 M.U. continued operations until April 1949 when the unit was disestablished.

The base was reactivated shortly thereafter, however, in June 1950 and the No. 63 Maintenance Unit was installed. No. 63 repaired and recovered damaged aircraft.

During this second phase of operations, several major improvements were made to the base.

The 54 units of RAF housing were erected in the early 1950s. (Our Commanding Officer uses the same house the RAF Commander did.)

A new post exchange was built in 1956 convenient to the base housing. Today it is the Child Care Center. The Navy Exchange Laundromat of today housed the manager of the post exchange in the 1950s.

A special undertaking was the construction of a new Sergeants' Mess with the grand opening planned for Christmas 1957. Unfortunately Edzell caught up in the military cutbacks associated with times of peace, was deactivated in November 1957, and the building was never used.

RAF Edzell languished in a caretaker status under the cognizance of RAF Leuchars. But the inactive RAF Edzell was not completely abandoned after deactivation. While no Commanding (or any other) Officer could be found in the Administration Building during the years 1958/1959, a small contingent of British Air Ministry Works Directorate personnel maintained the grounds of the base. Motor races were held on the runways and a gliding club used the hangars where Halsey School is now located.

In an era of aggressive United States foreign policy, close Anglo-American diplomatic relations, and technological advances that allowed for rapid and continuing communications systems design, a greater U.S. presence in Great Britain was viewed favorably.

Examination of several locations conducted in 1958 by the United States revealed Edzell to be an ideal home for the U.S. Navy. RAF Edzell was chosen to house a new Naval Security Group unit.

In May 1959 a large party from U.S. Navy Headquarters in London surveyed RAF Edzell. A Memorandum of Understanding between the Royal Air Force and the United States Navy was defined in late 1959 with responsibility transferring effective 1 December 1959. (Title to the land is still retained by the British Ministry of Defense.)

On 11 February 1960 the U.S. Navy officially took over RAF Edzell in a brief ceremony held in blizzard conditions. The RAF ensign was first lowered, then raised simultaneously with the Stars and Stripes.

Presiding officials were Commander A. J. Pelletier, representing the Commander-in-Chief United States Naval Force for the Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean Area (forerunner of Commander-in-Chief U.S. Naval Forces Europe), and Squadron Leader P.I. Redford, representing the Commander of RAF Leuchars.

According to Lieutenant J. Gordon Hill, head of the advance party, there would be no "missiles, planes or radar" at Edzell. He also estimated the base would eventually billet 400 military personnel and their dependents.

The entire American contingent, including dependents, lived in the Glenesk Hotel in Edzell.

Rehabilitation of existing structures and the construction of new operational buildings began almost immediately.

By August of 1960 over 1.5 million pounds sterling worth of contracts had been approved.

Initially, personnel lived off base. Unused prior to the fall of 1960, the RAF Sergeants' Mess was opened for use as the enlisted quarters and dining facility. Approximately 30 men lived in what is now the pool room, stacked in racks three-high, and several more lived in what is now the lounge area of the bar. The Petty Officers of the command lived upstairs.

The first bar operated in the back storage area of the present bar. Beer sold for only ten cents a can.

By the end of 1960 nearly 100 personnel were stationed at Edzell.

On 15 August 1960 the construction of an interim operations building began. Now known as the "little red schoolhouse" and used as an antenna riggers' storage shed, the building became operational in February 1961.

The original communications center for the base was located in today's Child Care Center.

Realizing the limitations of these two operational facilities, the 81st Congress approved \$3,235,000 for construction of the current operations building. The groundbreaking ceremonies were held on 10 January 1961 but final completion of this major construction project was still two years into the future.

The first administration building for the Americans was at the site of today's Navy Exchange Laundromat. Here one could find the Commanding Officer, and his administrative staff, as well as Medical and Dental.

After the refitting of the existing RAF facilities, "Admin" was moved to its present location sharing the building with the Legal Office, Public Affairs Office, Educational Services Office, and the Personnel Division.

In June of 1961 major rehabilitation work began on the services side of the base. 20-year-old buildings were refurbished and updated for American use.

The first facility actually turned over was the barracks (now the home of the Co. B offices). Each of the watch sections occupied a separate wing. In 1961 each of the wings was an open bay, and a First Class Petty Officer was assigned to each wing to help keep order.

Throughout the initial start-up period, equipment arrived by the truckload, often offloading at 1900 or 2000. The first Commanding Officer, Captain Lehman, was frequently found working alongside the men, unloading vans in the warehouse.

In the early days, if a truck arrived during mealtime, the galley would simply close and all present were drafted for a working party.

In those days rail service was available to Edzell village and base vehicles regularly made the three mile trip to pick up materials arriving by train.

Delivery of goods to the base was a relatively simple maneuver, however, the 100-foot-long antenna poles proved to be a special problem. At that time the Brechin bypass did not exist, so the poles had to be maneuvered through the town of Brechin. Especially vulnerable to the poles was Duncan Jewelers and several times the poles narrowly missed breaking out the shop windows.

In 1963 attention was directed from the essential to the recreational aspect of RAF Edzell. A blueprint was prepared detailing most of the services currently found in Hangar 25.

The first to open was the bowling alley in December 1963. Funds for the construction of the bowling alley were partially met by raising the price of beer in the club to 15 cents, the extra nickel going toward construction costs.

The Navy Exchange and Commissary were moved from their original location in the Child Care Center to Hangar 25 in the mid-'60s. At this time only the basics and some small appliances could be found in the

Exchange and Commissary, and once a month, the wives of the base would travel to the now-closed RAF Kirknewtown near Edinburgh for a shopping spree.

Over the last 20-some years, improvements have been made throughout the base and many offices have been moved from their original locations.

In January of 1984, the command was operationally integrated with the Royal Navy.

In 1985 the command received the coveted Travis Trophy in recognition as the best cryptologic command in the Department of Defense, and the Navy Unit Commendation for exceptional meritorious service in the performance of cryptologic tasks. The command is well-known for its excellent community relations program. It has won the Ambassador of the United States of America Award for Community Relations in 1966, 1969, 1972, 1974, 1978, 1982, 1983, and 1995. NSGA Edzell has also won the U.S. Navy League London Award for Community Relations on six different occasions - 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1984 and 1993.

In addition, the command received the 1985, 1990, 1991 and 1992 Rear Admiral Thompson Award for best community relations in the U.S. Navy.

Since its early days in the 1940s, RAF Edzell has always maintained the highest standards. RAF Edzell's close relationship with the local community will always be remembered as second to none,

"OS-CEANN NA H-UILE."

Special Editor's note: The above is a reprint of a 1990 special publication: "RAF EDZELL TURNS GOLD" published by NSGA Edzell. Our thanks to Captain Walter H. Jester, USN (Ret.) for providing a copy of the publication along with additional historical information. The following appeared in the Readers' Letters column of the Dundee Courier & Advertiser newspaper. Unfortunately, the date was not recorded.)

A Camel in the hills?

Sir, On the Hill of Wirren, near Brechin, are two wrecked aeroplanes so without a map reference it is difficult to tell which was seen by your Broughty Ferry reader.

The most likely wreckage to be spotted is that near the

summit, being spread as it is over 100 yards or so.

The other wreck is in a hole about three-quarters of a mile away and is not easily visible.

Assuming the wreck in question is near the summit, the particulars are thus:

On 17 October 1944, Consolidated Liberator GRV1, number KG8S7, of 547 Squadron, Coastal Command, based at R.A.F. Leuchars, was flying home after an antisubmarine patrol over the North Sea.

Piloted by Flight Lieutenant Harold Ellis, the crew of 11 included a new navigator on his first operational flight.

Landfall was made too far north, the aeroplane striking the Hill of Wirren, disintegrating as it did so, seven members of the crew being killed.

The pilot, severely injured, was helped out of the wreck by the surviving crew, being subsequently taken to Stracathro Hospital, where he made a good recovery.

After being discharged Flight Lieutenant Ellis visited the crash site and has paid a number of visits since.

The most notorious hill wreck is that of the legendary Sopwith Camel. First made public in the "Aeroplane Spotter" for 28 August 1941, the story is quite straightforward in that a party searching for a newly crashed Hurricane of 111 Squadron based at Montrose in the winter of 1940-41 stumbled across the wreck of a Sopwith Camel, the remains of the pilot still being in the cockpit.

Although of intense interest, the search party could not delay, pressing farther into the hills to eventually find the Hurricane with its dead pilot.

The story of the Camel quickly spread amongst R.A.F. personnel and is still alive today in the lore of aircraft enthusiasts. But the wreck has never been rediscovered.

One version of the story is that the plane was in the Royal Naval Air Service, probably an observation on the uniform worn by the skeletal pilot.

No matter. The questions remain open. Does this Camel really exist? Or is it a myth? If it does exist, where in the hills to the east of Montrose is it?

Ian G. McIntosh.
23 Glenesk Avenue,
Montrose



U.S. Navy Photo

Sign marking the original entrance to Royal Air Force Edzell, Scotland.

SQUADRON LEADER A.S. HARMON, RAF
Apr 50 - Jun 51
SQUADRON LEADER H.W. MOODY, RAF
Jun 51 - Apr 56
SQUADRON LEADER J.B. YATES, RAF
Apr 56 - 1960

FORMER RAF COMMANDERS RAF EDZELL, SCOTLAND

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT A.S. MIRYLEES, RAF
1960 - 1962
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT T.H. LEONARD, RAF
1962 - 1963
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT C.E. BUCKLAND, RAF
1963 - 1964
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT J.J.S. CRUTCHLEY, RAF
1964 - 1967
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT J. YEOMAN, BEM, RAF
1967 - 1969
SQUADRON LEADER J. EYNON, RAF
1969 - 1971
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT C. FISHER, RAF
1971 - 1974
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT J. LEMOINE, RAF
1974 - 1977
SQUADRON LEADER G.E. BLANDFORD, RAF
1977 - 1979
SQUADRON LEADER D.C. OWEN, RAF
1979 - 1982
SQUADRON LEADER A. ROSS, RAF
1982
SQUADRON LEADER B.F. MOLE, RAF
1982 - 1986
SQUADRON LEADER J.N. SCHOLEFIELD, RAF
1986 - 1988
SQUADRON LEADER M.E. HUDSON, RAF
1988 - 1991
SQUADRON LEADER J.A. LANG, RAF
1991 - 1994
WING COMMANDER B.J. WALKER, RAF
1994 - 1995
SQUADRON LEADER S. BOWEN, RAF
1995 - 1997

HISTORY OF KINNABER TRANSMITTER SITE

By: J.M. Aragona

The idea of Royal Air Force (RAF) Kinnaber was conceived as far back as 1962. Since then sheep have roamed within our weathered walls up until November 1967 when work on the main building first commenced. Work initially started with the rigging of makeshift lights so that quick progress could be made in the task of fitting out the entire building with its complex system of power panels, cables, lighting and heating systems, and transmission lines to our towering antennas. Major work by civilian contractors was completed in April 1963.

From a humble start, RAF Kinnaber has developed into a maze of sophisticated electronic communications equipment and activity. At an even quicker pace, Kinnaber's first on-the-air transmission tests commenced on 27 May 1968 and round-the-clock watches began on 11 June 1968. Kinnaber transmitter site went fully operational on 25 June 1968 with a crew of ten men. RM1 Thomas, RM1 Caldarelli, ET1 Gagliardi, RM2 Francis, ETR2 Thomsen, CT2 Duke, CT3 Hartnett, CT3 Peters, CT3 Sugg, CT3 Harlow now pilots the ship through the airwaves.

Kinnaber also has a community relations responsibility to the local farmers around the site. The farms and our personnel in the Kinnaber area are in what is known as a Rabbit Clearance Area in Scotland. This encompasses a never-ending battle to rid the farms of rabbits and hares which cause extensive damage to crops planted within the clearance area. Most farmers belong to what is known as the Rabbit Clearance Society, whom they pay on a yearly basis to have a trapper from the society come to their farms to set snares or hunt these animals which are considered pests to the farmer and his crops.

(Special Editor's note: This story first appeared in the Edzell *Tartan Log* newspaper on 27 March 1969.)

FORMER COMMANDING OFFICERS RAF EDZELL, SCOTLAND

SQUADRON LEADER S.W. THOMAS, RAF
Aug 40 - Jan 43
WING COMMANDER H.M. RUSSELL, RAF
Jan 43 - Feb 44
WING COMMANDER W.G. CAMPBELL, RAF
Feb 44 - Jan 45
WING COMMANDER J. DUNCAN, RAF
Jan 45 - Aug 45
SQUADRON LEADER J.S.P. PHILLIPS (DFC), RAF
Aug 45 - Sep 45
WING COMMANDER J.E.S. HILL (DSO), RAF
Sep 45 - Jul 47
WING COMMANDER S.G. WALKER (OBE), RAF
Jul 47 - Dec 47
WING COMMANDER G.E. TWEDDLE, RAF
Dec 47 - Nov 48
SQUADRON LEADER J.C.T. PRICE, RAF
Nov 48 - Mar 49
FLIGHT LIEUTENANT C.H.A. MITCHELL, RAF
Mar 49 - Apr 50

COMMANDING OFFICERS, NAVAL SECURITY GROUP ACITIVIY EDZELL, SCOTLAND

Captain John S. LEHMAN, USN
1 Jul 1960 - 6 Jul 1961
Commander Fred H. THOMSON, USN
6 Jul 1961 - 27 Mar 1963
Captain Walter H. JESTER, USN
27 Mar 1963 - 9 Apr 1965
Captain John K. EVERSON, USN
9 Apr 1965 - 5 Jul 1966
Captain Harold E. JOSLIN, USN
5 Jul 1966 - 29 Jul 1968
Captain Edward W. THOMAS, USN
29 Jul 1968 - 13 Jul 1971
Commander Dwayne F. YODER, USN
13 Jul 1971 - 3 Sep 1971
Captain William K. MARTIN, USN
3 Sep 1971 - 8 Aug 1975
Captain Norman HOROWITZ, USN
8 Aug 1975 - 4 Aug 1978

Captain John C. MCKENZIE, USN

4 Aug 1978 - 21 Aug 1981

Captain Isaiah C. COLE, USN

21 Aug 1981 - 10 Aug 1984

Captain Fred R. DEMECH, Jr., USN

10 Aug 1984 - 18 Jul 1986

Captain Charles E. PETERSON, USN

18 Jul 1986 - 14 Aug 1989

Captain Terrence P. LAPIERRE, USN

14 Aug 1989 - 31 Jul 1992

Captain Lawrence C. SCHAFFER, USN

31 Jul 1992 - 17 Aug 1995

Captain Philip D. RAY, USN

17 Aug 1995 - 6 Dec 1996

Commander Bruce L. DRAKE, USN

6 Dec 1996 - 19 May 1997

Lieutenant Commander Sharon N. CHAMNESS, USN

19 May 1997 - closure

EDZELL, THE BEGINNING

By: Al Pelletier

The SS AMERICA arrived in Southampton 16 August 1957 at 1700, and we (my wife Dot, daughters Ruth and Sally and son Spike) commenced debarking. We located our hold baggage and were standing around when the officer I was to relieve approached us and said he was there to escort us to London. The following morning I reported in at our North Audley Street headquarters. I was escorted to the Communication Security Division where I met my new boss, Captain John Lehman, USN. His Executive Officer was Commander Karl Kohler. They both made me welcome. Then the Captain told me to take time off to locate a place to live. After some searching we found a lovely house in the Mill Hill area of London. The owners were Ned and Dolly Williams. Ned immediately took a liking to the kids and it wasn't long before we had a new home. He said we could move in, but that he had a little bit of fixing up to do and he hoped we wouldn't mind. Of course we had no objection, we were just happy to have a place to live.

Ned showed up with a paint brush to do a little patching. It wasn't long before he had enjoined the kids into a conversation and as he stood in the window area he nonchalantly reached up and pulled a lighted cigarette out of the curtain. The kids gasped, he threw it away, and then reached up and pulled out another. It didn't take me long to decide that Ned was no ordinary guy, but was some sort of a magician. I later found that he was just not any magician, but one of the top ones in the world. His stage name was Robert Harbin, who was reputed to be the best illusionist in the world. Ned was also working on a book of "Origami," Japanese paper-folding. His illustrator was an Australian named Rolf Harris. Rolf also had a TV program for children, and needless to say, our kids were his fans. Before one of our last parties, Ned asked if he could bring Rolf and his wife. We said: "Sure." Our other guests recognized Rolf at once and had to tell him how much their children liked his program. Our kids were right there to tell him themselves. The party was a rollicking success. Rolf later returned to Australia and some time later we heard his hit song, "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport."

My job in London was Communication Security. I had a small office which had a half-dozen teletype machines tuned into navy circuits. I had four Communication Technicians plus one Chief. Their job was to check the output of the teletypes and look for poor, or forbidden, communication practices. Whenever a discrepancy was found, it was brought to my attention and I would inform the culprit of his error. As a result I didn't have too much to do, but I did have the responsibility of checking all the communication spaces of the Naval Security Stations in the area. I could see that I would be doing a lot of traveling.

The weather (in London) was getting colder and the days much shorter. In fact we went to work in the dark and returned home in the dark. The house was heated with fireplaces. There was one in each room and there was also a ventilation hole in the wall just under the ceiling. Since heating was by one lump of coal in the fireplace, it was necessary to be sure the fumes were ventilated, hence the holes. Of course cold air came in the holes too, and needless to say we were uncomfortable all winter. The only room that was any way comfortable was the kitchen.

More trips followed in 1958. March saw me in Paris again, then in May it was off to Port Lyrautey. Next 'outing' was to Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

My travels for the year 1959 commenced and this time around I took Dot on a few of them. In April I made the trip to Port Lyrautey again. Then on 18 April I left for Turkey. This would be a full-fledged inspection.

For some time now the citizens of Morocco had been demonstrating against the presence of the United States in their country. As a result, the command was looking for a new location. At the same time our station at Bremerhaven was being bothered by increased electromagnetic interference, making radio reception more and more problematical. We also were looking for a replacement for that station in the British Isles. My boss, Captain Lehman, was very much occupied with this problem.

I no sooner got back from the latest trip than Captain Lehman called me into his office and said that he had heard from the Admiralty that the Royal Air Force (RAF) base at Edzell, Scotland was to be put on the block for bids in a couple days and if he was interested he better make up his mind right fast. He then told me to go to

Edzell and accept that base for the U.S. Navy. Accordingly, on 10 February I caught the train for Edzell and checked into the local hotel. The next day I met with Squadron Leader P.I. Redford, who represented the Commander of RAF Leuchars. I signed for the base and then in near-blizzard conditions the two of us plus a half-dozen others met at the Headquarters Building and the RAF Ensign was lowered, then raised simultaneously with the Stars and Stripes. That was 11 February 1960. The next day I caught the morning train back to London. I reported-in and gave the signed papers to Captain Lehman. He said "Good," then sat down and composed a dispatch to the Chief of Naval Communications which said: "ONE OF MY OFFICERS THIS DAY ACCEPTED TITLE TO RAF BASE EDZELL, SCOTLAND. PLEASE CONFIRM THIS ACTION SOONEST." Oh! My goodness! "You mean I signed for a base without Washington's approval?" I said. He said not to worry, that was the only way he could think of to get those bureaucrats to make up their mind. He also said that he had recommended this base many months ago but Washington kept putting off the decision. He was right; the "powers that be" came through with the authorization. I learned another lesson here - if you want something done, do it; don't wait for bureaucrats!

EDZELL GOLFERS RETAIN THOMSON TROPHY

By: Lieutenant. MacNichol

On the heels of a somewhat disappointing 1965 Inter-service League golf schedule, the Naval Security Group Activity Edzell (NSGAE) linksmen acquitted themselves handsomely by retaining the THOMSON TROPHY (pictured above) for another year. Donated by a former Edzell Commanding Officer, Commander Fred R. THOMSON, USN (Ret.), competition for the trophy is conducted annually in a "home and home" series with the Montrose Rotary Club.

Montrose won initial possession in 1963 following donation, however the Nayymen (and Marines) fought back successfully in 1964. In April of this year, Edzell golfers swept all matches in the first leg of the competition at the Edzell Golf Club. Following that match, NSGAE hosted high tea at the Glenesk Hotel, honoring the visitors. Edzell golfers for that match included Lieutenant Commander Barber, Lieutenant Custer, Lieutenant Mac-Nichol, Lieutenant Poplin, Captain Andrews, Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Wilson, Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Hill, CTCM Lee, MGYSGT O'Neill, CTC Horan, CT1 Wells, CT1 Payne, CT1 Ferguson and CT2 Lynch.

However, with distinct feelings of overconfidence, 10 Edzell golfers arrived at the Montrose links on 18 August to bring home the "sure thing." Needing only one win or tie among the five "best ball" foursome matches to be played, the issue was not decided until John Wells and George Ferguson, our final pairing, emerged victorious at the 18th. The other pairings, O'Neill and Lynch, Mac-Nichol and Lee, Westcott and Horan, and lastly, Payne and Ferreira, had all been vanquished by the canny and proficient Rotarians on their windblown home links.

The courtesies of the Royal Albert Golf Club were most graciously extended to the Edzell "swift swingers," and the Montrose Rotary again enhanced their reputation as superb hosts at a genial social hour and high tea at the conclusion of the match.

(Special Editor's note: The above story originally appeared in the *Tartan Log*, Vol. 2, No. 18, of 30 August 1965. Photo and story courtesy of John Wells.)



John Leng & Co. photo courtesy Guy Keenum
 First U.S. flag raising at Edzell, 11 February 1960. (L-r) CTACS Guy Keenum, USN and Warrant Officer Souter, RAF. Others in the flag-raising party included Commander A.J. Pelletier, USN; Lieutenant James Gordon, USN; Squadron Leader Brown, RAF; Squadron Leader P.I. Redford, RAF.



Photo by Jack Jordan
 "Edzell Arch," correctly known as the Dalhousie Arch, at Edzell, Scotland. Note the turret tower of the Inglis Memorial Hall in the background.

REMINISCENCES, 1978-81

By: Jack Jordan

July 4, 1978: On the plane, landing at Prestwick, Scotland... a long way from patriotic celebrations back home. "Mind the steps, it's slippery out." Requisite stewardess (that's what they called 'em then) warning based on routine frequency of wet stuff outside, we assume. Welcome to Scotland.



Golf tournament banquet, August 1965

U.S. Navy photo courtesy of John Wells

Three tired hours later we arrived at Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell to begin what turned out to be one of our best tours of duty - of course, being only 90 minutes away from my wife's family and relatives in Peterhead (to the north) somewhat biased her opinion!

One of my first purchases was a Raleigh bicycle at the venerable Oswald's Shop in Brechin. The bike was a perfect solution to the too-far-to-walk, too-close-to-drive-from-home-to-work dilemma. It helped me to keep in shape, too, but I quickly grew to wish that umbrellas were issued with bikes! Actually, due to the "reliable" winds, I do think we went through about two dozen umbrellas during our time there.

But, once arrived at the Operations Building and dried-out, I labored diligently at my three-year assignment as the Special Security Officer (SSO) Admin Chief. Along with fellow CTAs Pat Fiala, Dan Rivas, Jim Wright, Gene Oehmen, Al Nagle, Chris Godwin, Jim Clanton, Cindy Simpson and Holly Williams, we spent a lot of hours supporting the various operations and projects to help keep the proverbial ship of state secure. Personnel security; visitor control; SSO reports; running the emergency destruction and security education programs; program security; logistic flight coordination; Armed Forces Courier Service (ARFCOS) and Registered Mail administration (1900 and 600 pieces processed annually, respectively); physical security; station directive drafting; security violations and Non-Judicial Punishment investigations - all that fun stuff. Yep, we were busy, and I remember quite a few Sunday hours spent "on site" to make Monday mornings tolerable. Some Mondays greeted us with 40 or 50 "action item" messages waiting to spit through the printer, all at least "Priority," naturally! Hey, at least we didn't have to worry about Computer Security back then!

Continued on page 5

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Also naturally, it wasn't long before the "collateral duties" found their way to me, and, along with my own somewhat questionable propensity to "volunteer" for stuff back in those days, a whole new definition and dimension of "busy" became a part of my life. It was fun teaching at the command's Petty Officer Academy, and doing all that neat Airlift Coordinator "coordination" (Fred Sanford was proud of me!). And getting involved with the Brechin Civic Week and helping with Stracathro Hospital fundraisers.

One of my most rewarding experiences was producing and hosting a weekly rock-music show on Radio North Angus at Stracathro. Aside from meeting some great people with similar musical tastes, I got to impose seldom-heard sounds on a captive audience and, hopefully, elicit a few laughs here and there. I also managed somehow to cajole good ol' CTR2 "Texas" Don Godwin to sign-up to do some shows, which really gave our sickbed clientele some "local color"! Don is, very sadly, no longer with us...he passed away many years before his time in the late '80s; I believe it was a heart attack. In any event, during the year or so I did the programs, I'm sure my show hastened many "early releases" from the confines there, but hospital management nevertheless seemed very happy with me.

Another truly unique experience was my biggest "Collateral Duty" assignment of all time...as 1979's Navy Day Ball Coordinator. More like a second full-time job for six months! Can't even remember how I managed to recruit 18 committee members or the several ways we managed to raise funds for this bigtime shindig. But my wife, Janet, was critically vital in the effort and we were a great team, and all turned out very well. We had an outstanding party and celebration. The theme was "Our Navy World Wide," and a sellout crowd enthusiastically celebrated the Navy's 204th Birthday in grand style at the Commodore Hotel in Stonehaven. The backdrop was a large screen showing a rotation of naval-oriented slides I had taken at various locales in my career from 1964 to 1979. All in all, a remarkable event!

It was also fun serving as Vice President/Secretary of the 7-8-9 Association. I also remember getting to know a particularly energetic and memorable character named Jay Browne, who inexplicably was a "good guy" despite being a Mat-man! Just kiddin', Jay!

And I remember having a great time helping out on Bingo Nights at the Consolidated Mess (though I never won nuttin'!). And I somehow managed even to "get into theater" - doing props for the station theatrical group.

As I look back I marvel at how I was able to fit all this into a three-year tour. But Janet and I both remember it fondly as our best tour anywhere. It seemed like the whole station really was "extended family."

But nothing's perfect - so what was bad? Just the weather, of course, and, on balance, that really doesn't matter when you're having that much fun.

I join all NSGA Edzell alumni in a sad farewell to what was one of the Navy's finest duty stations. And I'm still tooling around on that 1978 Raleigh, as durable as my memories.

NSGA EDZELL - ANATOMY OF A WINNING TEAM

This year the coveted Travis Trophy was awarded to the men and women of Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell, Scotland for recognition as the best cryptologic command in the Department of Defense (DoD). The crew of NSGA Edzell - operations, support, military, civilian, American and British - has proven itself to be the standard bearer of excellence among its peers.

From every critical perspective, NSGA Edzell is the most progressive and innovative cryptologic site in the world. Thanks to effective leadership, significant capital investment, and the commitment and dedication of command members, Edzell's personnel have reached unparalleled levels of performance. This last year has seen the culmination of a three-year transition during which every operational mission in the command underwent major technological upgrades requiring construction, equipment installation and operator retraining in each case. The way the command accomplished these changes, completing this massive facelift while sustaining exceptional operational momentum, is a model of excellence. Highlighting a year of unprecedented operational achievements, Edzell's contributions were central to national decision-making in a number of international crises and events.

Significantly, NSGA Edzell has won successive awards for the best retention program within the Naval Security Group and the best Community Relations Program in the United Kingdom. The base newspaper, *Tartan Log*, received an Honorable Mention in competition for the Chief of Naval Information's Merit Awards for Journalism Excellence.

The command has received a constant stream of high level visitors which has included the Secretary of the Navy, Director of the National Security Agency, U.S. Ambassador to NATO, Deputy Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, United Kingdom Minister of Armed Forces, and several congressmen. These visitors were unanimous in their acclaim for the command's professional performance and high quality work, serving as a critical link in the U.S. defense system.



Photo courtesy Fred Demech

Lieutenant General Odom, director National Security Agency, presenting the Travis Trophy to Captain Fred Demech, commanding officer Naval Security Group Activity Edzell during a ceremony on 1 May 1985. Looking on are Rear Admiral Donald McDowell, commander, Naval Security Group and Mr. Bob Rich, deputy director NSA.

The support departments of the command contributed in full measure to the award-winning mission performance. During 1984, the Supply Department managed an annual budget exceeding \$8 million. Over 10,000 line items were kept in stock. More than 11,500 requisitions were processed and 62,000 containers of material were moved in and out. The galley served 60,000 meals. In the Public Works Department, four major military construction projects, five major operational facility upgrades and eight habitability renovations were completed, representing an additional \$9 million in special one-time endeavors.

Retention ran high at NSGA Edzell in 1984 when four out of five first-term personnel and 85 percent of all eligible personnel reenlisted for the second year in a row. Significantly, 100 percent of the 356 personnel eligible for advancement achieved the qualification standards and participated in the examinations, attesting to the high quality of the command's professional and military training programs.

Together, the men and women of NSGA Edzell have worked as a magnificent team. You have done it all and you have done it well. You have every reason to be proud.

Origin of the Travis Trophy

The Travis Trophy was presented by Sir Edward W. Travis, K.C.M.G., to the U.S. Army Security Agency and the U.S. Naval Communications Supplementary Activity in 1948 as an award for competitive games. In 1964, with the consent of Sir Clive Lochnis, K.C.M.G., it was redesignated by Lieutenant General Gordon A. Blake, USAF, Director of the National Security Agency, as an annual award to be presented to the U.S. cryptologic field station making the most significant contribution in the areas of operations, management, administration or suggestions.

(Special Editor's note: The above was part of a special *Tartan Log Supplement* printed in 1985 on the occasion of Edzell's winning the Travis Trophy Award.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE CENTRAL

By: Bob Fritsch

Soon after my April 1977 arrival in Scotland, I took up residence at 39 High Street, right in the middle of Edzell village. The house used to belong to the butcher, and I rented it from his daughters. It was located directly across the High Street from the Shell Station and the Post Office.

There were three pubs in Edzell at the time - the Glenesk Hotel ("Glennie") on the south end of town, the Panmure Arms Hotel ("Pannie") at the north end, and the Central Hotel ("Central") sort of in the middle. While I patronized all three, the Central soon became my pub of choice, mainly because of the people who frequented the place. Bear in mind that the pub was not only a purveyor of beverages, but an essential part of the social life of the community.

Gordon Wedderburn was the proprietor of the Central at the time, and we became friends as it is so easy to do in Scotland. Gordon was a tea planter in India before he bought the hotel. I had him over to my house to have dinner many a time, and he reciprocated with an open invitation to Saturday Night After Hours.

Back then, Closing Time was at 2300 and everybody had to be out of the pub about ten minutes later. Saturday nights were a bit different. The owner could invite guests to the Lounge Bar of the hotel after hours, until about 0230. The community took full advantage of this offer, making these little get-togethers "an Event."

After a while, I settled into a routine for these special evenings. After a good hot bath at home I would get dressed in my finery, in keeping with The Event. I would arrive at the Central Hotel's Dining Room about 2145 for a leisurely meal. It took me almost a full year to make the Central's cook realize that it was "OK" to serve a steak that had some red in the middle. He thought that a steak was underdone unless it was cooked kind of crispy, with absolutely no juice left in the meat! Although not haute cuisine, the meals were tasty and well presented.

After dinner, I would retire to the Lounge Bar at just about the time the crowd was coming over from the pub. An evening of socializing would then commence, with good conversations and a song or two the whole crowd would join.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

By: Norman Horowitz

Soon after our arrival at Edzell in the summer of 1975 we were introduced to a member of the Scottish-American Community Relations Committee, Willie Johnson. Whenever he saw me he would emphasize the distinction between "Scotch" and "Scottish," jokingly chiding Americans for not knowing the difference between the two terms (the former correctly used only when referring to the liquid refreshment). One evening, Willie approached me and asked, "Have you learned how to speak 'Scotch' yet?" "No, Willie," I replied. "But I certainly have learned how to drink a wee dram of the stuff."

EDZELL: KING OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

Royal Air Force (RAF) Edzell has always been renowned for its excellent Community Relations Program.

It won the Ambassador of the United States of America Award for Community Relations in 1966, 1969, 1972, 1974, 1978, 1982, 1983 and 1995.

U.S. Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) has also won the U.S. Navy League Award for Community Relations on six different occasions: 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1984 and 1993.

In addition, the command received the 1985, 1990, 1991 and 1992 Rear Admiral Thompson Award for the best community relations in the U.S. Navy.

The Chief of Information Merit Award for excellence in Journalism has been captured by Edzell in 1983, 1987, 1991 and 1992.

The Department of Defense Thomas Jefferson Award for Excellence in Journalism was won in 1983.

RAF Edzell's close relationship with the local community will always be remembered as second to none!

FOURTH OF JULY AT EDZELL

By: James F. Green

During the Summer of 1976, I was there for six weeks for a site survey to install the BOWSPRIT system. I brought my wife with me and we rented a flat in Montrose. On the evening of 4 July we went to the base to watch the fireworks display.

The fog was so thick that night it took me almost an hour to get to the base. My wife wanted to turn around because she didn't believe they would have the display in such a bad fog. I decided to continue because I knew I would be stationed there in a little over a year. When the time came for the fireworks, we were all assembled to watch but all we could glimpse was a little light on the ground and hear a distinctive "v-vump." After about six of these disappointments, John Moffat, the OPs Officer, got on a bullhorn and said, "We're going to delay the fireworks for ten minutes. The fog will lift and we will have a beautiful display."

I looked at my watch like many others and said, "RIGHT." At the time, I didn't know that John was a deacon with the Chapel but I certainly found out he had a friend in high places. Ten minutes later, the fog lifted and we saw a beautiful display!

Thanks to a rich family tradition of music, I knew the words to most of the songs, which caused a bit of wonderment and helped me to assimilate into the community. I remember one evening I responded to a question with "Och, aye" that got the attention of just about everyone there. Hamish McKay, the owner of the Shell petrol station in Edzell, thought that was the greatest thing he had ever heard coming out of the mouth of a Yank.

Many good things came out of those Saturday nights. I was invited to play on the Central's "C" League Dart Team, which I did for a season. I was welcomed to many community events and participated with enthusiasm. I even tried my hand at a Haggis Toss at one of the galas on the muir. Best of all, it made Edzell my home, and I was sad to leave when I transferred in October 1979.



US Navy Photo courtesy Norman Horowitz
 Wardroom photo taken in the Edzell Gymnasium - 1978. (l-r top row): Lieutenant Dudonis; Chief Warrant Officer Clift; Chief Warrant Officer Hitchcock; First Lieutenant Tessman; Ensign Johnson; Ensign Wojdyla; Ensign Parker. (l-r middle row): Lieutenant Lentz; Lieutenant Hickey; Lieutenant Perkins; Lieutenant Clemons; Lieutenant Boyd; Lieutenant Kalebra; Lieutenant Steenbarger; Lieutenant Green. (l-r front row): Lieutenant Commander Fallon; Lieutenant Commander Moffat; Commander White; Captain Horowitz; Squadron Leader Blanford; Major Robinson; Lieutenant Commander Campbell; Lieutenant Commander Parker.



Photo courtesy Harry Proctor
 A spring day at Edzell in 1963. Back row standing, from left Dave Johnson, Rich Ganser, John Stine, John Guain, Tom Walker. Second row sitting from left: Dick Thompson, John Cato, Lyman J. McKahiran. First row squatting from left: John Griffin and Harry Proctor.

MEMORIES OF SCOTLAND

By: Harry Proctor

When I read that the Naval Cryptologic Veterans Association (NCVA) was going to publish a special issue of the CRYPTOLOG, I had to offer a contribution. Not because I have any special knowledge, and certainly not because of my writing skills, but because of the fond memories I have of Scotland. I love the people, I love the country and I grew up there. When I say I grew up there I don't mean in the traditional sense of the meaning of "grew up," but rather made a transition in my life. Matured might be a more appropriate term but someone who knew me in later years might take exception with that definition as well.

I arrived at Edzell in August 1962. My first, and a lasting, impression of Scotland was the train station in Prestwick. As I waited for the train I couldn't help but notice how clean and neat the station was. They even had flower beds on the platform right beside the train tracks. I had to get a picture to send back home as I doubted my parents had ever seen anything similar. As for my trip to Edzell, Tom Shirley wrote a very interesting article for CRYPTOLOG last year narrating a young Yank's first experience of traveling by rail in Scotland. Tom did such an excellent job that I don't think I can add anything to it and besides, his memory was a lot better than mine. (Tom joined our section in the summer of 1963.)

Life in Scotland was quite a contrast to what I had experienced in Iceland (my previous duty station). Speaking the same native language, or nearly the same, made life easier. At first I wasn't quite sure it was the same language but after saying "huh" a few dozen times I learned to listen more closely and discovered there is more than one way to pronounce some words (like "going"). I also learned some words have a different meaning (and sometimes spelling) in Scotland than they do in the U.S. But the slight variations in language weren't really an obstacle. In fact, they offered some moments of amusement and gave me a small sense of pride when I was able to carry on a meaningful dialog without use of the word "huh."

When I arrived at Edzell the base facilities were mostly buildings left by the Royal Air Force (RAF) and converted for use by the U.S. Navy. The "I" Branch and "T" Branch operations area was in a room at the side of a hangar. The hangar itself provided a parking area for we single guys who lived in the barracks. It was convenient as it allowed us to keep our cars out of the weather and gave us a community parking area.

The AN/GRD-6 site was a small hut built out on the runway. We had an old VW minibus for a duty vehicle. It had seen better days but was adequate for getting us from the barracks to the DF Shack and back. One of the things we had to remember, however, was to leave the bus parked with the transmission in gear so you could take off without having to shift. Being on the runway we didn't have any wind breaks and the cold wind off the North Sea would cause the transmission to freeze up overnight. Once in a while someone would pull right up to the DF shack and forget to put the transmission in reverse. The next morning someone would go out to pick up the day shift and have to come back for some volunteers to help push the bus away from the building so we could get relieved. Fortunately, we had quite a few people experienced in pushing cars.

The barracks complex was unique to my experiences and difficult to describe but I'll try. There were several buildings. I'm guessing each building was about 100' by 20', single-story, arranged in two rows with seven or eight buildings per row. These were used for various purposes like hospital, day room or lounge, office space, EM Club or bar and barracks. Between these two rows of buildings were three or four other buildings of similar size but with their length running down the space between the two rows. The center buildings were the showers and rest rooms and had concrete sidewalks interconnecting them to the barracks. Someone, RAF I think, had built frames and covered the sidewalks with some corrugated building material to make hallways of sorts. It kept you dry in the spring and kept most of the snow out in winter but it didn't do much to keep the goose bumps down when you went to take a shower.

The Americans at RAF Edzell were notorious for two things while I was stationed there: marrying the Scottish girls and having automobile accidents. From what I've heard over the years, there may have been a reduction in the latter but the marriage rate never did decline. Of the original 14 people in my barracks, I was the only one that left Scotland single. The first month I was there I was invited to a wedding. The groom and I felt a little awkward since we didn't know each other that well but the other guys convinced him I should be invited since I was part of the section. In total, I believe I attended more weddings while I was stationed in Scotland than I have the rest of my life. The Scottish weddings were grand. Maybe I should say the wedding receptions, as I don't really recall the ceremony that much. The Scots were very gracious and must have enjoyed seeing we Yanks trying to learn to do some of the native folk dances like the Highland Fling.

The country itself was beautiful with rolling green hills, lakes (or lochs) and lots of flowers, trees and grass. It seemed like most of the country enjoyed a rural lifestyle. One of our favorite pastimes was to load up a couple of cars and head up into the hills. We'd go for hikes, follow streams and watch the salmon when they came up to spawn, explore old ruins of castles and such. We worked a "2/2/2 and 80" (that is: 2 eve-watches, 2 day-watches, 2 mid-watches, and then 80 hours off before the next set of watches). Our section got into a routine for a while where we would come off the first eve watch, throw some beer in the boot (one of the words with new meaning), and drive up into the hills until we found a "lay-by" - another new word. We'd pull over, have a few beers, visit and

enjoy the beauty of the country.

Professionally, I enjoyed the opportunities I had in Edzell. Atmospheric conditions were generally pretty good, especially compared to what we had to contend with in Keflavik. Pete Gray was the section supervisor when I arrived. A few months later George Goode arrived, became our assistant supervisor and relieved Pete when he transferred. Pete and George were both great to work for. I remember Pete guiding me in my studies for the Second Class exam, and George helped tutor me in a United States Armed Forces Institute (USAFI) course. George also covered for me one time when I got a little over exuberant in celebrating New Year's.

The New Year's celebration in Scotland was unlike anything I had experienced before, or since. It didn't seem like the mad-house you see on TV at Times Square. It started off with neighbors visiting each other and bringing a lump of coal or a loaf of bread and a drink to wish each other a prosperous new year. Then just before midnight the town square in Montrose filled up with people watching the town clock. At midnight everyone cheered. The guys exchanged bottles, kissed each other's wife (or girlfriend), shook hands and moved on to the next couple. Then the parties would start. I've heard the parties continue for a week, but after three nights of partying and showing up for a day watch without any sleep for three days, I had to call it quits and get some rest. I'd pushed my luck far enough. (Thanks George!)

I could probably ramble on for another column or two about Scotland, dart teams, Edzell, Montrose, Aberdeen, Jack Kindness, the Tally-Ho, etc., but I fear I'm becoming too verbose.

Is it any wonder that the people who served in Scotland speak so highly of the country and the people? I will be looking forward to the reunion in 2002 and hope to renew some old acquaintances.

MY EDZELL STORY

By: Robert Hoglund

I'm sure many of you will remember this incident, some very fondly and some not so. It was 1978 and I was a new First Class working for CTMCS George Theis (now CTMCM (Retired)) as the Leading Petty Officer (LPO) in the "TEBO" maintenance shop.

A little background is needed here for those of you not there in the late '70s: At this point in time the "Aces & Tens Association" had a small building off in the trees (don't remember the building number) just to the left as you were going toward the walk-through gate into housing. The junior ranks had the EM Club, the Wardroom had the "O" Club in housing (however, being a small base, there were only a handful of "O"s in the Wardroom), and the Chief Petty Officers had just completed a major self-help project and had a beautiful new CPO Club in the same building as the EM club.

I was President of the Aces & Tens Association and we were coming off a very successful Casino Night II. As I remember it, Senior Chief Theis called me over and said that the Skipper (Captain Horowitz) wanted to see me. As I made my way to the Administration building all kinds of thoughts were dancing through my head. Some good but most bad. After I got in to see the Captain and all the cordiality's were dispensed with he asked me, as President of the Aces & Tens, would I chair an ad-hoc committee to determine the feasibility of the Aces & Tens taking over the new CPO Club as a Petty Officer Club (E-4, 5 & 6), and having the CPOs move-over into the "O" Club with the officers. Well, even as a newbie POI, I knew right away that (1) he was not really asking me if I wanted this assignment; (2) the CPOs would not go along with this plan willingly; and (3) he really wanted this to happen so the "O" Club would remain solvent with the

dition of the Chiefs community. I heartily accepted and it.

I organized my "committee" of all white-hats and we had a few meetings over a few weeks. The findings of my committee were, surprise to all, that yes indeed the Petty Officers could take over the new CPO Club and yes, the POs could very well join the officers in the Wardroom. I put this all in a memo to the commanding officer and delivered it to him. As expected, he was pleased I had done such a thorough job and would accept my committee's findings. It would happen. And happen it did.

Reflecting back, that would have been the perfect time to develop the "combined mess" concept that is the norm of today's small bases. But as it was only 1978, the idea of social intermingling of the ranks was a foreign thought to most military minds.

I did enjoy going to our nice new club for my last few months onboard and, being a white hat, am not exactly sure how the Chiefs enjoyed the Wardroom. Maybe I should ask Master Chief Brown (Retired); he was a new Chief there at the time.

TECH-REP VISIT TO EDZELL

By: Jerrold R. Hanebuth

I was never stationed at Edzell while I was in the Navy but I did have a chance to visit the station as a civilian technical representative. In 1980 I was working for a company which supported one of the systems at Edzell. One of my jobs was accompanying the installation team whenever a new version of software was deployed to a site. A few weeks or months later I would go with another team to another site to evaluate the new version's performance. In November 1980 it was time to go to Edzell for an installation. I don't remember the exact date we arrived in Edzell but we left on November 17 and Veterans' Day fell during our stay.

Our team consisted of team leader Dave Crandall, a navy department civilian; Warren Laube and I from our company; and a CT2, whose first name was Kevin, I think (I can't remember his last name). Warren and I flew over together and were joined in London by Dave. Kevin had gone directly to Edzell where he had many friends, having been stationed there in the very recent past. My recollection is that Kevin had left the Navy for awhile and had just reenlisted for orders to Edzell, with a short stopover in Washington, DC.



Jerrold R. Hanebuth photo

Edzell Castle. November 1980

Dave, Warren and I arrived in Aberdeen on a typical grayish afternoon, picked up rental cars and left for Montrose. Dave led the convoy since he had been in Scotland before, while Warren and I were rookies. Warren and I stayed at the Park Hotel in Montrose and Dave went on to Brechin where he had a reservation. Kevin was staying with friends while in Edzell.

The next morning we all gathered at the base and after getting car passes, badges, and temporary ration cards, we went to the building where we would be working. I think it was Building 340, out and away from everything else. We met with the key personnel there. Unfortunately I don't remember their names ... one of the Senior Chiefs, an E8 or E9, was a heavy-set man with a full beard.

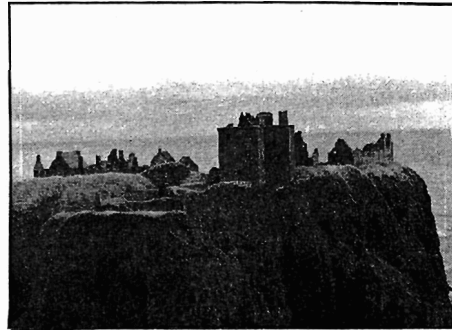
Dave proudly announced that not only did we bring the latest version of the software, but we also had up-to-date documentation, including user manuals. What a letdown when we were told that the documentation had not arrived. Resourceful team leader that he was, Dave and the station personnel quickly tracked the documentation to a different Royal Air Force (RAF) base several miles away. Administrative wheels were set in motion, and a day or two later the documentation arrived.

When training and data checking were complete, the new system was loaded and brought on-line. No problems were encountered. The installation team stayed for a few days to monitor the first few operations. With everything going well, we said our goodbyes and left for home. It had been a successful installation largely due to the fine cooperation and talents of the Edzell sailors.

We were usually free in the evenings and took the opportunity to visit some of the fine restaurants in the area. I remember especially the House of Dunn and Morrell's. The dining room at the Park was another frequent choice. Lunch was usually at the station snack bar or a pub in Edzell. On at least one occasion we went to the EM club for lunch.

Although I was in Scotland for only a week to ten days, I had grown very fond of the area. We didn't have much time for sightseeing while there, but on Veterans' Day we had a short day of training and went to St. Andrews to visit the woolen mills. One other day, probably a week-end day, Warren and I drove up the coast toward Aber-

deen and toured the ruins of Dunnottar Castle. A trip into Edzell to exchange money at lunchtime one day afforded me the opportunity to walk around the ruins of Edzell castle. These were all interesting side-trips. I regret there was no time to visit the many other castles in Scotland or to tour Edinburgh. I also regret never having the opportunity to be stationed there while in the Navy even though it was on my "dream sheet."



Jerrold R. Hanebuth photo

Dunnottar Castle on the Scottish coast just south of Stonehaven. November 1980

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCOTS

By: James F. Green

My wife and I arrived in Scotland on a Thursday in mid-1977 and were staying at the Panmure Arms Hotel in Edzell village. When I went into the base Friday morning, I found that the hail-and-farewell party was scheduled for that evening!

With a one-year-old child, my wife didn't pack many of her own clothes for the flight and reminded me that she didn't have a dress. I told her to go to the little dress shop next to the hotel. I got to the hotel about 1645 and she told me she couldn't decide between two dresses and to hurry down to the dress shop and pick the one I liked before they closed at 1700.

When I got there the proprietor showed the dresses to me but I spotted a third one that I wanted her to try on. I asked the proprietor if he could wait while I went back to get Sonia so she could try it on. He said, "Ach, take all three and bring two back tomorrow and then pay for the third." It is people like that who make Edzell the best tour I had in a 23-year career.

About three months later, after settling into our house in Hillside, just north of Montrose, I decided I needed a second vehicle so Sonia wouldn't have to drive me to the base at all hours. I picked out a nice Mini Cooper 1000 and settled on 4,500 pounds with the owner. He then handed me the keys and said he would see me later. I explained to him that I didn't have that kind of money on me and that it would take a couple of weeks to get it from the States. He said, "Ach, take it anyway. I know where you live."

I really enjoyed my tour there because of the people, both locals and Americans.

MEMORIES OF EDZELL, 1968-1970,

By: Mike Gollo, Jr.

For me, three productive and happy years at Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA), Bremerhaven, Germany finally came to an end on 30 July 1968. I was leaving Bremerhaven with a catch in my throat, but also with the anticipation of a new page in my life just ahead. It would begin with my first-ever steps upon British soil, for I was the happy recipient of a set of orders to NSGA Edzell, Scotland.

After Stateside leave at home, I was back in Bremerhaven on 31 August to board a Swedish car-passenger ferry to Harwich, England. From there, I would drive to Scotland. The overnight cruise was very pleasant, with a nice lounge, good food, plenty of nice company, and a good German dance band.

Almost before I knew it, I was once more driving on the left side of the road (memories of Japan!) and following the highway signs which said, simply: "The North".

Once having reported in at NSGA Edzell, I immediately developed a lasting affection for the Royal Air Force (RAF) hangar and runway which were left over from WWII. I am very nostalgic about things like that, and so the hangar and the runway yet remain two of my favorite memories of the station.

Surely, my album of Edzell memories would be incomplete without a mention of my first-ever close look at a Wullenweber antenna array! Unless I had been to Edzell, or at least to some other place with a Wullenweber, how then would I ever be able to say that I once spent all of my working hours inside an antenna? Let's face it: That's real dedication!

I was in 31 Division, which did Processing & Reporting and Direct Support. The division officer was Lieutenant Moody, followed later in the job by Lieutenant Ryman; I don't recall their first names. The division chief was CTC Pat Tabor, and later CTC Verne Schrock and then CTCM Jay Dahlgren. Some other 31 Division people whom I remember well were Warrant Officer-1 John Skipper; CTC Donald Risinger; CTC Donald Griffin; CTC Robert Jesseau; AGC Donald Graves; AGC Walter "Bud" Hawkesworth; CTC Donald Peterson; CT1 John "Jack" Moore, and CT2 Ray Dupont.



Photo by Michael Gollo, Jr.

Robert Burns statue, Montrose, Scotland. June 1969

As Operations Watch Officers I remember CTC Bernard "Bernie" Hamilton, GYSGT Sam Frye, and CTCs Bill Holder. I also remember Bill Holder as a very fine golfer and sportsman.

My tour of duty at Edzell was from September 1968 to April 1970, during which time our Commanding Officer was Captain Edward W. Thomas. The Executive Officer was Commander John Jennings, later relieved by Commander Dwane Yoder.

Other Edzell friends and acquaintances of mine in those days were Lieutenant Commander Paul Cooper; CT2 Richard Best; CTC Tim Ganow; CTC David Dembowski; CTC Al Fetter; CTCM Ken Cadran; CT1 Jesse Robinson, RMC Tony Rizzo; DKC Harley Henderson, and ENC Robert McGowan. Also, DTC Russell and CSC Sanborn, whose first names I can't recall.

I rented a flat on Murray Street in Montrose, at the point where the street widened and became High Street. Nearby were the Tally-Ho Lounge and the Corner House Hotel Lounge, two popular places with our station folks.

I loved fish & chips, British style, and there was a fine fish & chips place just across Murray Street from my flat. Their food was great, but with me it was never just the food; I loved the fish & chips place because they were every bit as British as the pubs.

In the spring of 1969, NSGA Edzell officially opened its new movie theater. It was in the old RAF hangar, which also housed our Navy Exchange, barber shop, and gymnasium. The new cinema was named for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., renowned screen star and Navy veteran of



Photo by Michael Gollo, Jr.

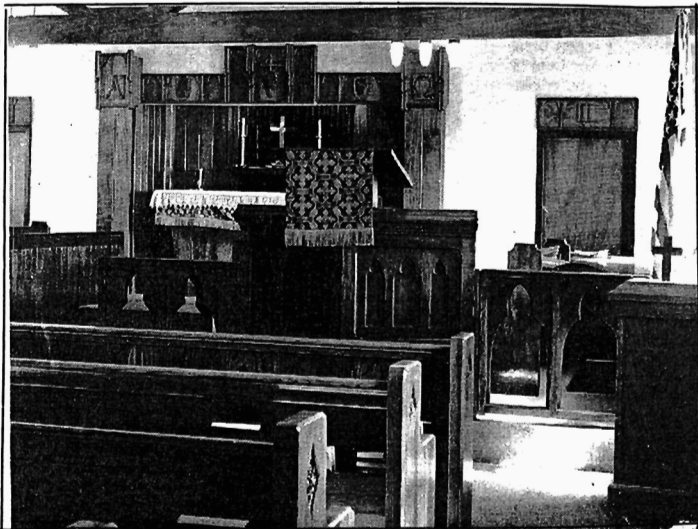
High Street, Montrose, Scotland. June 1969

WWII. Captain Fairbanks was on-hand for the occasion, and he joined the audience as we initiated the new cinema in grand fashion with a showing of Rudyard Kipling's "Gunga Din." It starred Cary Grant, Sam Jaffe (as Gunga Din), and our Guest of Honor.

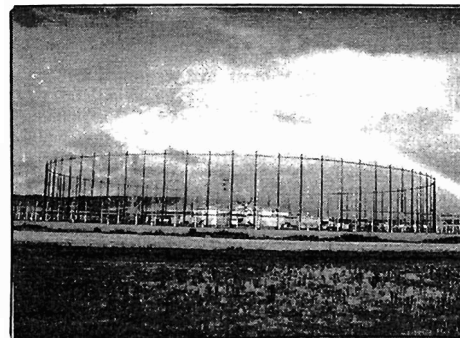
In April 1969, I drove through the Scottish Highlands for two weeks. Along the way, I passed through or near Glen Coe; Loch Ness; Inverness; Dornie; Sheilidga; Gairloch; Durness; Cape Wrath; Thurso; and through the Grampian Mountains by way of return to Montrose.

Scenic wonders in the Highlands were plentiful and matchless, and photo-opportunities abounded. I drove long distances on roads which were barely wide enough for one car and in no way wide enough for two. Spaced at a few hundred feet apart were so-called "lay-bys." These were short widenings of the road, into which drivers nearest to them were expected to drive and to pause for the oncoming vehicle to get by.

I was a member of Highland Branch 274, Fleet Reserve Association (FRA) which occupied a small building just inside the main gate and about a block to the left and among some trees. In its close social rapport and friendship with local groups, such as the British Legion in Montrose, Branch 274 typified NSGA Edzell itself, which promoted and enjoyed the best relations and friendship with the local population in my memory.



John Leng & Co. photo courtesy
Walter Jester
Interior of the Chapel of
Faith



U.S. Navy photo
Under a Scottish rainbow the Circularly Disposed
Antenna Array (CDAA) - Wullenweber Antenna is seen
at Edzell, Scotland

EDZELL DAYS

By: Richard Crisp

My tour at Edzell was from April 1967 through the end of June 1968. It can be classified as uneventful, except for one interesting event that I haven't found an answer for in over thirty years. But first a little history.

I enlisted in the Naval Reserve in May of 1965 at the age of seventeen as a Radioman (RM) striker. Soon after my enlistment a family friend who was about to be discharged from the Naval Security Group (NSG) told me to try for the CT rating. He couldn't tell me much about it except that it was an interesting job with good duty. I inquired about it and in August 1967 found myself in CTR "A" School at Naval Training Center (NTC) Bainbridge, Maryland. Graduation was in February 1967 and 16 of us were sent to Edzell. To my surprise I wasn't assigned to intercept work but to "TA". I was trained in that position by a Marine E-4 who I remember only as "Monk."

I did the usual things at Edzell all the guys did, spent a lot of time in Montrose, found a steady girlfriend and took in the sights. Also, I didn't sleep much, as I often went to Montrose between the day/mid watch.

Our duty schedule was great. Watchstanders worked one eve watch from 1600 to 2300, one day watch from 0700 to 1600 and back in that night for the mid-watch from 2300 to 0700. Then we had 56 hours off. The time in between watches was your own.

Late in '67 or early '68, about one-quarter of our antenna array was blown down by the heavy winds common to that area. This hampered our collection abilities somewhat. I believe the antennas were repaired shortly before I left. I was also on watch when the LIBERTY and PUEBLO were attacked. Emotions ran very high during those events.

But the incident I want to relate occurred during the warmer months (I can't remember the date). A buddy of mine, his name was Steve, and I went to the chow hall for something to eat before going on the mid-watch. We intended to grab a bite to eat and then catch the shuttle bus to the building. Well, we missed the bus so we had to walk the distance to work. It was very dark; you literally could not see your hand in front of your face and our eyes were trained on the light above the building's entrance. As we were walking along and talking, from the sound of Steve's voice he was slightly behind me, I suddenly heard what sounded like a jew's harp twanging way off in the distance and to our right. I asked Steve if he heard it and we both wondered out loud what it could be. The sound was getting louder and appeared to be rapidly approaching us. We could see nothing. All of a sudden Steve shouted "Hit the dirt!" (a bit dramatic, but that's the way I remember it), which I did. Now the sound, which was extremely loud, seemed to pass directly in front of us and fade out to our left. There was then silence.

We made sure we were both O.K., asked what the hell was that, got up and ran to the building.

Arriving a bit late and in disheveled condition, our supervisor, CTC Griffin, asked why we were late and when we told him our story he shook his head and ordered us to get to work.

The next day I asked my shipmates as well as a few of the locals what it could have been and was given answers (guesses really) from "some kind of bird" to stares that questioned my sanity. I never heard the sound again and never found out what it was. Any answers out there?

Anyhow, my tour in Scotland came to an end in late June '68 when I reported to Charleston, South Carolina for separation. I remained in the Reserves for a total of 14 years, having to leave for personal reasons.

Today I'm an electrical engineer working for a company that manufactures high-security electronic locking devices and systems. I've been married to a local girl since 1969 and have one daughter and a granddaughter.

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., VISITS EDZELL. On 22 February 1969 Captain Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., USNR, visited Edzell to open the new station theater. Completion marks a great improvement in base facilities. During the opening ceremonies, Captain Fairbanks related several of his experiences in WWII when he served as Lieutenant, Junior Grade, on the Murmansk run and in Italy behind enemy lines. The Captain then introduced the feature film "Gunga Din" (in which he starred) with anecdotes of its filming. After the movie, a reception was held in the gym for all hands. The station theater is named for Captain Fairbanks. From the Tartan Log Vol. 6, No. 3, 27 March 1969.

CHAPEL OF FAITH United States Naval Security Group Activity EDZELL, SCOTLAND THIS IS THE HOUSE LENT TO US... THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT FAITH BUILT

The Chapel of Faith had its beginnings in a rehabilitated barracks at the U.S. Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) at Edzell in the Fall of 1962. The Reverend Thomas J. Barron, Parish Priest in Montrose, celebrated Mass at Edzell on 21 October 1962. The first Navy Chaplain arrived at Edzell on 6 December 1962 and led the first Protestant Service on 9 December 1962 in the same barracks.

The "Chapel" at that point consisted of cast-off chairs, a harmonium donated by Father Barron, one Protestant hymnal donated by Mrs. Clay French, and an altar made of an old vegetable counter.

The Commanding Officer at that time, Commander Fred Thomson, USN, urged flank speed in getting together more equipment. However, the generosity of our Scottish neighbors so exceeded our hopes that very little effort was required by any one person in assembling a lovely temporary Chapel.

The Parish Church of Edzell, whose Pastor, the Reverend Dr. Archibald Watt, has done so much for our congregation, donated a pulpit which had stood in its chancel for over one hundred years. This was completely disassembled and restored by volunteer labor. It now is seen in our Chapel in two pieces, pulpit and lectern. The draperies were donated by Duke & Lowson, Limited, Brechin.

The Town Council of Laurencekirk offered the pews from the Old Free Church for our use. Most of these pews are now in place in the divided choir loft.

The Reverend James Doig, of St. Cyrus, donated a magnificent grand piano which was used in the old barracks and is now in place in the new Chapel.

The Earl of Southesk made it known that he would gift us the beautiful bell which had been in use at Kinnaird Castle for over one hundred years. It is now installed in our tower.

Miss Betty M. Marr, Aberlady, East Lothian, read of our progress in an Edinburgh paper and sent for our use the prayerbook on display at the rear of the sanctuary. This book was used in the "Blessing of Ships" at the Island of Iona many years ago.

The Reverend William Burns and the Session of Strathcathro Church insisted that we accept 24 beautiful Bibles for our Sunday School.

The remarkable fact is that every one of these gifts was unsolicited. They came from the spontaneous generosity of our Scottish neighbors. Let no one ever again intimate that Scots are chary with their charity!

Soon the Navy supply channels began to move and care for its own. The Chief of Chaplains, Rear Admiral J. Floyd Dreith, saw to it that we were given an electronic organ. Navy Chapel gear began to arrive, but Edzell was a new activity and some offices hadn't even heard of the bonnie Mearns in Angus. So some Chapel equipment ordered for Edzell ended up in Rio de Janeiro and some landed in Keflavik, Iceland. Throughout our growth the Supply Corps men have been patient with us. Some articles are, even now, awaiting our acceptance in Hawaii and some have simply vanished. However, the Chapel of Faith is here, still growing.

Our own people were equally generous with their time and money. Captain and Mrs. William McNitt, DC, USN, donated the splendid wood carvings you see in the valance over the altar. Gifted Communications Technician and Mrs. David Snyder gifted junior choir robes.

Throughout our growing pains the principal burden was carried by Lieutenant (j.g.) David B. Miller and his men of the Public Works Department. They took the shell left by the contractors and turned the building into a usable and pleasant set of spaces. One might say they turned a house into a home. They are responsible for the three valances, the bell tower trim, the altar rail, choir lofts, new altar, chancel platform, the assembling and installation of the additional Navy-supplied pews, and countless appointments which are necessary for the use

as well as beauty of a Chapel. They often worked late into the night on their own time. BUCM William Varner, CEC Steven Keenan, DCCA John Griffin, DC1 Edward Liller, DC3 Myron Langford, SA Charles Kitelinger, SA Richard Poole, DC1 William Messinger, UT1 Jack Coleman, DM1 Marshall Gross, CMH2 Edward Patterson, CTMSN Dennis Crutchley, SA Ronnie DiLong, SA Hoyt Wehnt, SA John Geiger, and our able civilian joiners, Mr. William Murray and Mr. Bert Watt, deserve special praise for their continuing devotion and skillful handiwork. Lieutenant William C. Pioske, CTC Don Kowell and their men installed the electronic items.

The cry often had to be raised for volunteer labor. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic congregations were quick to respond. Men and women turned out to clean, sandpaper, paint and clean again. Commander Walter H. Jester, our present commanding officer, has taken a keen interest in the Chapel of Faith from its inception. Daily checking its progress and helping to overcome hurdles, he, too, helped with work bees and waxed decks on hands and knees. This is the kind of Christian leader he is.

Perhaps all of this is why the entire building could be completed in such a short time and at so little cost to the taxpayer. The Chapel, five offices, community room, library, kitchen, and four classrooms make a total of 6,000 square feet. Thanks to the generous and careful labors of Pert Contractors, Inc., the hull of this building was rehabilitated at a cost of \$2.55 (18 shillings/6 pence) per square foot. There is evidence there were three separate fires in the building and in the deactivation period 1954-1960 many sheep left their evidence of occupancy. The task of overseeing contractors and implementing Navy policies fell on Mr. M.A. Macaulay of the air ministry, works department, and Mr. Earl Winston, field civil engineering representative of the 3rd Air Force. This involved the complete overhaul of the building, decks to roof, completely new wiring, plumbing and heating.

In the same period of time that the Chapel of Faith was growing physically, its internal program was expanding. A Protestant Sunday School began with 24 children in three classes, under the direction of Mrs. Vernon Nelson, now numbers 95 children in 11 classes. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Cubs and Brownies now use these spaces. The Protestant Women of the Chapel began with seven women and now number 38 regulars. Two discussion groups for single men use our library. A Child Care Center offers help for young mothers attending Divine Services, Sunday School, meetings, etc.

Two Protestant Choirs and a fine Catholic Choir enhance our services thanks to the direction of Mrs. Charles Buckland and CT3 Glenn Kassen.

The Reverend Phillip J. Donnelly was officially designated as Auxiliary Catholic Chaplain in January 1964. Thanks to his cheerful zeal and pastoral calling, the Catholic program is steadily growing.

Our Teen Club continues despite fluctuating populations. It has been led and inspired by CT11 and Mrs. David Young.

During and after working hours this building is rarely quiet. Special Services issues its sporting gear here. The Navy Wives Club and Youth Club use our kitchen and Community Room. Interfaith Chapel Parties, square dancing, luncheons, and suppers have livened the atmosphere. Already over 200 Scottish friends have been entertained here.

Three memorial services have saddened us. Three weddings have inspired us and 22 baptisms have thrilled us. Yet this is why the Chapel of Faith is here...to be a place for faithful men and women to meet their God in both the sorrows and joys of life.

This is the house that Faith built. Everyone who has been involved with it has left a part of himself or herself with it. And everyone has also left it feeling richer.

Now only God in his wisdom will see to it that the Chapel of Faith is used for His worship by all hands and all faiths.

If you pray, pray for this Chapel.

If you are able, use this Chapel.

If you are willing, work for this Chapel.

That it may be used to God's glory.

(Special Editor's note: The above is reprinted from the dedication program held 10 June 1964. The program was provided through the courtesy of Captain Walter H. Jester, USN (Ret.)

FINDING A BRIDE

By: Jay R. Browne

Living off base and fixing up a very old stone cottage took up a lot of time the first year I was at Edzell. But not all my time was spent at home.

Montrose and Brechin were two nearby towns that I frequented. Early on (when I was still living on-base), several guys from my watch section invited me and another new guy to go along on a Friday evening "pub crawl." We called a cab and the cabbie let us out at one end of the High Street in Brechin. Someone mentioned there were 20-plus pubs in the town and the idea was to have a drink at each one - hence the "crawl" part of the pub crawl. I've always enjoyed beer so I thought I would stay with that for the evening. After four or five pubs, I realized that I couldn't keep drinking pints (20 oz.) and survive the evening. So I switched to half-pints - only 10 oz. I did notice that the group I was with was starting to thin out a bit. I have no idea how many places we hit that night but I do remember that we ended up at a fish & chips shop for a snack before hailing a cab back to the base. A fun evening - and I even remember it!

Sightseeing was another fun pastime. One piece of Scottish advice I took to heart was "never plan outdoor events around the weather." If you want to go and do something, just go and do it! Don't wait for "good" weather. So it was off to Aberdeen, Edinburgh or a local castle regardless of the weather. Needless to say, I got rained on quite a bit, but not being made of sugar, I didn't melt.

The base was a different world. Edzell was a showplace and there were lots of people to show-off to. There were lots of projects going on in those days. A big renovation had just been completed in the basement of the Operations Building (Building 300) and the new equipment coming in the door never seemed to stop. I was assigned to 21 Division - Special Projects Maintenance. All the one-of-a-kind systems were "dumped" on 21 Division. No parts, no manuals, no training, no support - I loved it. The projects we maintained covered the RF spectrum. I liked to say "from DC to daylight." We had some very interesting supply channels too - and none of them relied upon National Stock Numbers. With some creative management, hard work, and a lot of luck we were able to keep the majority of the systems up most of the time. Eventually I was selected for Chief and the fun really started. Sometimes I surprised myself and accomplished more than I thought possible.

It was Thanksgiving when I met my future bride. The base had some housing units in the North Sea town of Inverbervie, some 20 miles from the base - up and over a ridge of hills to the coast. Doreen was a local girl - born and raised in the town, and so I began the 20-mile (one-way) commute to her place on a fairly frequent basis. I got to know that winding, twisty road like the back of my hand. The late summer and early fall is the prettiest time of the year. I was struck by the patchwork quilt of greens, tans and dark brown that are the farming fields in various stages of harvest. There were tractors and combines everywhere.

Through fog, sleet, snow, rain and even the occasional sunny days - back and forth I went. I found out that my future father-in-law had helped to build the Edzell base back during the War and that my future brother-in-law was working on the base in the Communications Center on the modernization project (to include Streamliner). Besides my wife, Inverbervie is famous for being the home of Hercules Linton. He was a naval architect best known for his clipper ship the *CUTTY SARK*. Nowadays, Inverbervie is famous for its fish and chips. The Bridge End Restaurant (now renamed The Bervie Chipper) is known far and wide as THE best chipper in the area. It's even won the coveted title "Best in Britain" award! I got to be a regular there and even today when we're back on holiday they remember me.

We were married in the local Parish Church (by a lady minister) according to the terms of the Church of Scotland. The Inverbervie Kirk (Church), as it stands today, is a relatively "new" building, having been constructed in 1836. Our wedding ceremony was conducted in late November 1980 with the reception being held across the street at the Star Hotel. We left Scotland in February 1981 bound for Cory Station, Pensacola, Florida - but that's another story.

REMEMBERING EDZELL

Jay R. Browne

Tom Shirley's article in the Winter 1996 issue of the CRYPTOLOG, "Finding Directions to Edzell - June 1963" was fun reading and brought back a lot of memories. When I arrived in Scotland in February of 1978, I, too, flew into Prestwick. I was part of a crowd (probably six or seven) and there was a van waiting for us at the air terminal. My sponsor was there also, so it was a bit of a tight squeeze with the driver, my sponsor, and the six or seven of us and our seabags. The van drove on for hours and hours and hours. We talked for awhile and then the long flight caught up with us and it was nap time. When we woke up we were still on the road and had hours and hours and hours yet to go. We finally got to the base and it was very dark. We checked into the barracks while Jim Epling, my sponsor, took all the records up to the Quarterdeck. Jim came back and a couple of us went over to his house (leased quarters in Brechin) for dinner. I think it must have been about 2300 when we finally got something to eat. The barracks that Tom mentioned in his article were still there but the Navy lived in the 'new' building called Campbell Hall. The Marines of Co. "B" Marine Support Battalion (MarSptBn) lived in the old barracks. Those old barracks had been around since before the Second World War and had been built by the British. Remember, Edzell was a

Royal Air Force (RAF) base - even at the end there was an RAF officer station there as representative of Her Majesty's Government. The old buildings were two-rooms wide with a corridor down the middle. Wings connected to a central corridor that connected to more wings and corridors. I was in the old barracks once or twice and always got lost.

Doreen (my wife) and I visited Edzell on one of our Scottish trips and noticed the old barracks were gone. I read somewhere that the base got some self-help money and tore them all down. I think that was in the late '80s. I met Doreen later in my tour and we were married in her hometown of Inverbervie, a seacoast village north of Montrose and south of Stonehaven. Later I learned that my father-in-law helped build the base before and during the War and, later still, my brother-in-law, who was a joiner (carpenter), worked on construction in the Communication Center as part of the Streamliner installation.

Three years later, when Doreen and I left Scotland, we drove up to Dyce Airport in Aberdeen and caught a plane to London then to the States. Everyone was coming and going from Aberdeen then. It saved a lot of driving way over to Prestwick. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

I remember well my first spring which became summer in Scotland. I lived on-base in the barracks for only a couple of months and resolved early-on to move off-base as soon as possible.

I found an ideal cottage that was, by the road, about 10 minutes from the base. In terms of stress, my place was a zillion miles from the beehive of activity that was Security Group's "European Showcase."

I had just moved into the stone cottage and the months of May and June were absolutely beautiful. I got a lot of yard work and exterior painting done during those two months and my landlord, the Laird of the Burn Estate, was quite impressed with my efforts - never hurts to make a favorable impression on the landlord. The Estate paralleled the Esk River for several miles and was wedged between the river on one side and the main road on the other. The two boundaries converged and at the narrowest point sat my cottage, like an outpost on the estate. As I became more and more interested in the local history I began to uncover bits and pieces of the history of the house. Colonel Lamb, the Laird, mentioned in passing that the cottage I was living in (called the

"Doulie" - or dark place, and it really was very secluded and shaded) predated 1790 and was one of the two oldest buildings on the estate. Originally it had been just a two-room cottage, a "but-and-a-ben" as the locals would say, and originally had a thatched roof. He reckoned that it had originally been the gamekeeper's cottage. In the 1950s or '60s it had been renovated and two additional bedrooms, a bathroom, a kitchen and a utility room were added at the rear of the place. At some point, the thatched roof had been removed and re-roofed with slate shingles. Real slate shingles were new to me. I had heard of them but never seen them. Sometime during my tour I received a letter from the local council (government) informing me that the house had been added to the register of important buildings and to make no repairs, additions, or changes without their approval. By then I was finished with my outside improvements. I found a book on the local history of the area and it included a map of the area dated 1820, and sure enough, my house was listed! Strangely, the map showed the main road on the opposite side of the house than where the road really was. Later, and with a bit of exploring, I found evidence of an old roadbed just where the map showed the road to have been. Great fun.

Some houses in the area had a special tank behind the fireplace to heat water; those were called "backboilers." Depending on who you talked to, folks liked them and others hated them. My cottage had an electric hot water tank (locals call them "immersion heaters"). My electric bill was higher, but I didn't need to build a fire in the fireplace in the morning in order to have hot water.

Paralleling the Esk River there was a footpath running the entire distance of the Estate. There was a small car park (maybe room for five cars) at the bottom of the estate where the walk started, next to the Gannochy Bridge over the North Esk River (behind what is locally known as the 'Blue Door' - guess what color the wooden door is painted?), and another car park at the end of the walk which was just a hundred yards or so above my cottage. I spent many hours exploring the riverbanks and watching the salmon swimming in the clear cold waters of the Esk. Fishing is altogether different over there than it is in America. In Scotland you have to buy (or rent) the rights to fish along a particular stretch of river. Sometimes a lease on a house will come with fishing rights (at some additional cost). The lease on my cottage was specific: "No fishing rights were conferred upon the tenant." OK, I didn't plan on doing any fishing while I was there anyway.

Sometime later a couple of Tech Reps from one of the big defense contractors came over for an equipment installation. This was to be a several-week affair and I was assigned to be the station representative and help with the installation. We became good friends and socialized in the evening and did some sightseeing on the weekends. They left and then came back several months later for an upgrade. This time the senior contractor brought his fishing pole and hoped he could do a spot of salmon fishing. I had my doubts. Then again, this was salmon season. The team stayed at the Glen Esk Hotel in Edzell the first time and had booked-in there again. It was like "old home week" when they returned - lots of hugs and smiles. There were a lot of English gentry in the hotel this time around. They were up for the fishing and, of course, golf. The "Glenny," as the hotel is known locally, is adjacent to a fine golf course. That evening in the bar, I overheard one gentleman mention that he

thought he got a good deal on fishing rights: 300 pounds for the week (that was about \$100.00 a day to fish). Later in the week my friend again mentioned the fishing and I said I would check on it. Off to the Estate House I went and explained the situation to the Laird. He thought about it for a moment and then said "sure." Great! On Saturday my friend was up early and over to the cottage for breakfast before we hiked over the hill and down to the river.

The weather was cold and it started to rain, but no matter, the fish were calling. In due course he caught not one but two beautiful salmon - good-sized, too. I took pictures and we drove down to the "big house" and thanked the Laird with one of the fish - a traditional thank you in those parts. My friend had already mentioned our expedition to the owner of the "Glenny" and was told "you catch 'em and we'll cook 'em." So we dropped off his catch at the kitchen. I was invited to dine with him that night and we truly enjoyed that salmon. More than just a couple of heads were turned when our dinners were presented in the dining room that evening. Funny, I don't remember there being many other salmon dinners presented that night.

Fall came with its attendant colors (or colours, as they spell it over there), and there was a definite nip in the clear crisp air. Looking to the hills that surround Edzell there was that white stuff on the peaks. I made sure my woodpile was topped-up. Next it was time to see about coal. I had never in my life bought coal and had no idea how it was measured. The folks at the coal place in Montrose (Smith Hood & Company, as I recall) took pity on the American and soon I had ordered five hundredweight of coal to be delivered to the cottage. Sure enough, a day or so later, the coal man arrived and lugged five bags of coal up my driveway and dumped them in my coal bin.

I tried to pay him, but he said "No, the next time you're in Montrose, just stop in the shop and settle up the account" - very informal. Now it was getting cold, but my coal bin was full as was the woodshed. Before winter came to visit I had another visitor - the four-footed kind. Several field mice thought my cottage would make an ideal winter home and an undetermined number of the little creatures took up residence in my attic. Being fairly generous, I was not disposed to get rid of them as long as they stayed "upstairs" and didn't bother me. That last part became the sticking point - they bothered me! More to the point, they woke me up one night as they were having a housewarming party and really got to carrying on! The next day I set about finding their entrance, sealing it up and putting some traps around the attic. I wasn't bothered anymore. Eventually "old man winter" visited the area and left a white calling card. It was then I learned about 'black ice.' Nasty stuff, you just can't see it until it's too late and your car develops a mind of its own. I developed a healthy respect for that part of mother nature very quickly.

HIGHLAND GAMES

By: Jay R. Browne

The "Highland Games" are sporting events held locally in various towns and villages throughout Scotland. There are a number of athletic events at each game as well as highland dancing and bagpipe competitions. In addition to foot races there are uniquely Scottish events such as tossing the hammer, tossing the caber and, of course, the tug-of-war.

Tug-of-war, that game you played as a kid - usually at group picnics, socials or at school, is "played" very seriously in Scotland. Tug-of-war is one of the team competitions at all the local highland games.

The pinnacle of the highland games is the annual Braemar Highland Gathering. This is where the best of the best compete in what is traditionally the finale of the games' season. The Braemar Gathering features competitors from the armed forces and an invitation is extended to the Americans at Edzell to field teams in various events. We put in a good showing and everyone has a good time. Without a doubt, the highlight of the day is the arrival of the Royal Party. The special Royal Box is decked out with flags and banners in anticipation of their arrival. The games are timed to coincide with the annual visit of Her Majesty's stay at Balmoral Castle, not far from Braemar. So most years the Royal Party is led by Her Majesty, The Queen, accompanied by various other Royals. The procession is led into the playing fields by the Massed Pipes and Drums followed by the lead limousine carrying the Queen. The Royal Family generally views the finals of the competition and presents the awards. For we commoners, it's a chance to see the Royal Family up close, in a much less formal setting than is possible in England.



U.S. Navy photo
RAF Edzell's tug-of-war team competing at the Braemar Highland Games in September 1989



U.S. Navy photo
The massed pipes and drums of the Braemar Highland Games in September 1990.

MIXING WITH THE SCOTS

By: Jay R. Browne

With TV reception being rather spotty, people generally relied upon themselves for entertainment. This led to a much more social attitude - friends visiting friends.

I quickly learned that there were two kinds of Americans living in the Edzell area. One group was the American military. We were in the area for three or four years, brought our families with us, tried to fit into the local communities and were living on what could be described as "fixed incomes." The other group of Americans were hired by the oil companies to "go over to that little Scotland place and show the locals how to drill for oil." This group of Americans also brought their families (sometimes), complained a lot and lived on an unlimited income. This led to a lot of friction between the "locals" and the "oil Americans." I don't remember ever seeing (or experiencing) any friction between the military Americans and the local populace. Part of the problem with the oil folks was their ability to buy whatever they wanted regardless of the cost. This ability manifested itself dramatically at local auctions. There were several public auction houses in the area and it was always interesting to visit an auction and watch the proceedings.

I must admit there were several pieces of furniture and a couple of clocks I bid on, but never acquired. Bidding was usually spirited and lively among the local folks to begin with. Once an oil voice - characterized as a Texas accent - was heard, the locals generally stopped bidding as the oil folks drove the bidding up and up and up. At some point I stopped going to the auctions as the fun somehow vanished - like the winds in West Texas. I heard later that a couple of the auction houses no longer held regular public auctions - just infrequent, non-publicized ones. Announcements were passed strictly by word of mouth - words without a Texas accent!

Mail was delivered to the house daily by the postman who drove a small red Royal Mail van. Since I didn't have a lot of dealings in the community which required an exchange of mail, the sight of the postman at my door was always a surprise. One day the "postie" as postmen are known locally, delivered an official-looking envelope. Inside was a letter which began: "NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the building known as Doulie Cottage situated in the Edzell Parish has been included in the list of buildings of special architectural or historic interest in that area compiled by the Secretary of State under section 52 of the Towns and County Planning (Scotland) Act, 1972 on 15 January 1980." The letter was sent from the Scottish Development Department, Historic Buildings Branch. Interesting, to say the least.

Among other people who have resided at Doulie Cottage are: CTCR Royce Parsons, USN; GySgt Edgett, USMC; CTCR Douglas Kennedy, USN, as well as myself.

Over the years, stories have inevitably grown up about the "real" reason we had the base at Edzell. I can remember sitting in a local pub, minding my own business and a local gentleman pulled up a bar stool next to me, ordered another pint (he had consumed several already), and opened a conversation with me with the line "I know why you Americans are at the base at Edzell." Relying on my standard blank look and noncommittal response, I said something to the effect of "Oh, what's that then?" His reply was that he "knew" we kept missile submarines there and that there was a tunnel out to the North Sea from the base. I tried to keep a straight face as I choked on my beer! I think my sole comment to him was "Hummm."

Those in the "know" will remember that the gonio deck - located in the basement of the operations building - was the noisiest room in the entire building. Hundreds of bay fans (both on top of and at the foot of the multicoupler bays) together with the noise of the goniometers combined to produce an area where you had to shout to be heard. A normal telephone ring could not be heard at a distance of eight feet. In the dim past, some clever person came up with a bright idea. Why not attach a louder device to the phone line so the ringing phone could be heard over the din of the surrounding noise? The device chosen and connected was to prove "interesting."

While I was there a request was made and approved for a family tour of the Operations Building - a chance to see where "dad" (or in some cases mom) worked. Areas for the tour were duly cleaned up and briefings created for the Saturday, as I recall, tour. Groups of family members were escorted from area to area and various demonstrations were on display for everyone's enjoyment. Several office spaces in the basement were on display - but not the gonio deck, its doors were closed and locked. Naturally, business went on as (almost) usual in the parts



U.S. Navy photo
Captain Jon C. McKenzie, USN and Royal Navy counterpart participate in Remembrance Day ceremonies.

of the building that were not on display and the gonio deck received several phone calls during the course of the family tours.

Each time the gonio deck received a call, the clever device would announce an incoming phone call with its distinctive sound. A sound heard in all old wartime movies about the submarine service - the diving klaxon. I'm sure that klaxon did a great deal to foster the idea that Edzell serviced submarines in the basement of the operations building. From the other side of the wall it sure sounded like another sub was leaving the base to resume its patrol in the North Sea!

AROUND EDZELL

By: Jay R. Browne

As you enter Edzell village from the south on the B-966 Road, the first thing that catches your eye is the huge arch that straddles the road. The Edzell arch, correctly called the Dalhousie Arch, was constructed in 1887 in memory of John, 13th Earl of Dalhousie, and his Countess. They were a beloved couple and the people of the area thought the arch a fitting tribute for them. It is picturesque and a favorite stop for both amateur and



Photo courtesy Fred Demech
A busy day for visitors in 1986. The three-star flag is flying at Edzell for a visit by the Flag Officer for Northern Scotland and the one-star flag is flying for a visit by Commander, Naval Security Group.

professional photographers alike. Most photos are shot from outside the village looking into the village with Inglis Memorial Hall framed in the arch. The hall is the building with the turret and was a gift from a former Chairman of the London Stock Exchange who was the son of a local minister. The hall contains a dance floor, stage, several function rooms as well as a large library.

Continuing through the arch and into the village there is the golf course and next to it the Glen Esk Hotel. Not surprisingly, the hotel caters to the golf crowd and is probably the most popular hotel in the area. In the center of the village and off the main street is the Central Hotel - aptly named. At the far (north) end of town is the much newer Panmure Arms Hotel. On our most recent trip "home" to Scotland I noticed that the "Pannie" was closed and a For Sale sign was stuck in a ground floor window.

Outside the village proper is the famous Edzell Castle. Only a small portion of this once magnificent castle remains intact today. The castle was the home of the Lindsays after they got it from the family of Stirling of Glen Esk in 1357! It was occupied only for some seventy years. After being vacated, local farmers began using the castle as a source for ready-made building stones with which to construct sturdy cottages - my own Doulie Cottage included.

About a mile outside the village and just at the entrance to Glen Esk, the road crosses a narrow bridge that spans the North Esk River. This is the Gannochy Bridge, started by one James Black. It was completed in 1795 at the joint expense of Lord Adam Gordon and Lord Panmure. For many years the Gannochy Shooting Lodge was rented by the American financier J.P. Morgan, who hosted a variety of prominent guests including their Majesties the late King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Later, Mr. Neville Chamberlain fished in the quiet waters of the Esk - while contemplating events that were unfolding in Germany.

The Burn Estate is known far and wide for its peaceful beauty. Paralleling the Esk River, the estate is some 500 acres in size and has been owned by a series of influential people over the years. One of the most famous owners was Lord Adam Gordon, who was the Commander in Chief of the Army in Scotland. It was he who directed that thousands of trees be planted on the estate.

One of the reasons that I joined the Navy was the travel. I wanted to get out and see the world, meet different people and experience life. The Navy was kind enough to send me to a fair number of places and I enjoyed living in "far away places with strange-sounding names." Living in Scotland was the least "foreign" place I was stationed. Americans could speak the language (generally), read a local newspaper, listen to the radio, watch TV (reception permitting), and generally converse with the local population. So it always struck me as strange that there were folks at Edzell who stayed "holed-up" on the base: socialized, worked, shopped, ate and slept on-base and never (or rarely) ventured off-base. I can vividly remember sitting in the bar at the Glen Esk Hotel one evening when an American came in and sat at the bar next to me. I had seen the fellow around the base but had never really met him. It was a slow night and I had been talking with the bartender. Over the next few minutes the three of us chatted and it came out that he was transferring back to the States the next day. I made a remark something like, "Oh, just came in for a last pint before you go!" His reply was to the effect that, actually, this was his first time in the village and he thought he should at least see the town before he went home! I was floored! He left shortly thereafter and over my next pint the bartender and I discussed the "Little America Syndrome" as I like to call it.

Is there a point to this story, probably not. It's just reminiscing, remembering "the good old days" at a favorite place. Doreen and I returned to Scotland like we do every couple of years to visit family and friends. The last time there was a certain sadness in the air. The base at Edzell was closing and like old friends, good-byes were being said. The economic impact on the area is obvious - just like when a base closes in America, the local towns suffer. At Edzell there are already noticeable changes. The second largest hotel, the Panmure Arms, was closed and for sale. I noticed several more "For Sale" signs on the High Street as I drove by. Over in Montrose the situation is much the same, a few more than usual vacant storefronts on the High Street. Will the area survive? Of course it will. It will take a few years to recover, but in the long run (remember their view of history), our presence at the base will merit only a couple of paragraphs in the history book.

The impact on the people is harder to judge. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and President Ronald Reagan used to refer to the "special relationship" that existed between Great Britain and the United States. I'm convinced that this relationship had less to do with the Prime Minister and the President and much more to do with the emotional bonds of all those people who have been stationed in the U.K., many of whom married and now have families who can look to both sides of the Atlantic - toward home.

CTTCM LANDAUER RECEIVES LEADERSHIP AWARD

By: Tracy L. Osband

The Commander in Chief U.S. Naval Forces Europe Leadership Award was established in 1981 to ensure individual recognition of the U.S. Navy's outstanding leaders and their invaluable contributions to pride and professionalism. This year's award was presented to

CTTCM Richard J. Landauer by Commodore Richard F. Pittinger, Chief of Staff, U.S. Naval Forces Europe and Deputy U.S. Commander Eastern Atlantic, during recent ceremonies.

Master Chief Landauer is originally from Forest Grove, Oregon, and began his naval career in September 1960. Master Chief Landauer is the Operations Chief here at Edzell and in charge of five divisions, three staff elements, and over 400 personnel. Master Chief Landauer and his wife Lorraine (from Ferryden, Scotland) have two children, Shawn Maric, age 18, and Christopher, age 9.

(Special Editor's note: The above article originally appeared in the January 1985 issue of the Tartan Log.)



U.S. Navy photo courtesy Walter Jester

Opening of the new Edzell commissary. September 1964

HIGHLIGHTS OF A TOUR

By: Walter H. Jester

Being only the third Commanding Officer, there was much to be accomplished in the way of construction and alteration of existing structures.

Some of our accomplishments included:

Applying for and getting a commissary established on the base. Prior to its establishment the nearest U.S. military base was 85 miles away outside Edinburgh. This posed quite a hazardous trip during the winter months. By having a commissary on our base quite a few accidents were avoided.

We refurbished an old personnel building and converted it into a lovely chapel. Lord South Esk donated an old bell from his rather ancestral castle (c. 1400); we installed the bell in an old water tower adjacent to our new chapel.

The base bowling alley became a reality with the four-lane alley we installed. A golf driving range was also installed during that time frame. Another major milestone was the installation of central heating in all base housing units.

I was extremely fond of the way our men and officers performed their assigned tasks at Edzell. We had a great group of people both military and civilians, and although we had our problems, as I'm sure all activities have had, we were able to work through ours and keep things on an even course. I can say, as with many who served at Edzell, that it was one of the best assignments we could have. It's hard to believe that it's been 33 years since we left Edzell!

EDZELL WINS NAVY LEAGUE AWARD

By: Sharon A. Mox

The U.S. Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell is well-known throughout the United Kingdom as a premier activity in community relations and 1984 has already begun to be a banner year for the command.

NSGA Edzell was selected as recipient for the 1984 U.S. Navy League London Anglo-American Community Relations Award. The award is presented annually to the Navy/Marine Corps installation which has displayed the best community relations program during the past year. Edzell has won the Navy League award for the past three consecutive years and five times since the inception of the award in 1977.

The base and base's personnel varied and effective participation in a great number of local programs has made Edzell an important contributor to the goodwill shared by the Navy and Scotland, our host nation.

NSGA Edzell has also won the U.S. Ambassador's Award its outstanding contributions to Scottish-American relations in 1966, 1969, 1972, 1974, 1979 and 1982 and was just narrowly edged-out of the award this year.

The award was presented by Colonel G. Bruder, USMC (Retired.), Vice President of the United Kingdom Council of the Navy League, at a luncheon held at the Consolidated Mess (Open) recently.

Mr. G.N.J. Smart, Co-Chairman of the Scottish-American Community Relations Committee (SACRC), members of the SACRC, and representatives of the many British and American clubs and activities with Scottish-American participation attended the luncheon and presentation.

(Special Editor's note: The above article originally appeared in a 1984 issue of the Tartan Log.)



John Leng & Co. photo courtesy Walter Jester

At the Edzell flagpole, from left: Captain J.K. Everson, Captain W.H. Jester, Mrs. Jester and Mrs. Everson

MURDER MOST FOUL IN THE HOWE OF THE MEARNS!

By: William B.B. Moody

I was astonished when I, a 30-year-old Navy Lieutenant, was called into the office of Naval Security Group Activity Edzell's Judge Advocate General (JAG) Officer to be interviewed by an agent of Scotland Yard. It was the summer of 1968. I had been assigned to the Activity for a year and was really challenged by my duties as 31 (P&R) Division Officer. Sue and I loved Scotland. We had developed strong friendships on base and in the local community. We were learning country dancing; we traveled to the Braemar games; we often attended church in a local "Kirk"; and we grew to know and love such local luminaries as Sir William and Lady Ogg, neighbors across the Langstracht. Then came the great mystery ... the disappearance of a local farmer named Max Garvie. By the end of the year Sue and I became tangentially involved in the "most memorable murder trial of the century" (per Edinburgh's The Scotsman issue of 3 December 1968).

This is what I knew as relayed to the man from Scotland Yard: Sue and I had become friendly with a minister of the Church of Scotland and his wife. We occasionally attended services at his rural kirk. They would occasionally come to our quarters on base for lunch or dinner and we would go to their "manse" (near Laurencekirk) for the same. Ken, our minister friend, asked if he could bring a troubled parishioner couple to our home for socializing before going out to dinner (at the Brig o' Dun Hotel Restaurant). We, of course, agreed. The evening was strained, as I recall, but not to the extent that we would have said anything to anybody.

Then came the interview with the inspector. As we found out later, less than a month after we entertained Sheila and Max Garvie in our home and at the restaurant, Sheila Garvie and her lover, a 22-year-old, and with the cooperation of a 19-year-old friend, murdered Max and hid his body in a culvert not far from Montrose. I will spare you the details reported in the press, but they were juicy (sex orgies, mysterious American couples, etc., etc.) Suffice it to say that Sheila and her lover were sentenced to life imprisonment (30 years, actually reduced even more). The third person involved was found neither "guilty" nor "not guilty." The charge was found "not proven."

As a retired U.S. Naval Officer and current secondary school teacher, I draw on lessons learned at Edzell: The Scots have that marvelous third verdict: "Not proven" (case may be reopened if further information becomes available). They also have another wonderful provision: A convicted person may appeal, but if the appeal is found to be based on light or frivolous grounds, then the whole sentence is then thrown into question - and the original sentence may be increased, if warranted. Few convicted persons appeal, unless there is a real wrong. We ought to become more Scottish!

LOOKING BACK AT EDZELL

By: Nancy Lloyd

I was stationed at Edzell from September 1979 to May 1982. It was my first (and last) overseas tour and I was thrilled to be there. I had joined the Navy to travel. In the first two years of my enlistment, I had seen... Florida. I got my duty assignment following factory training school and got, you guessed it -

Homestead, Florida! Fortunately, I was able to swap with another graduate of the same school and was off to Scotland. That was definitely the best trade I ever made. It's not that I dislike beaches and sunshine, I just wanted to see the world, not Sea World. So, instead, my memories are of a countryside that can be harsh but spectacular and of a people that are warm and friendly.

My first taste of Scottish humor came upon arrival at the base. I had injured an eye during the trip and, after checking in, I needed a ride to the station clinic. The MODP (Ministry of Defense Police: Edzell was a Royal Air Force facility) officer offered to take me, so I automatically trotted over to what would have been the passenger side of the vehicle, had the car been American. He very sweetly asked me if I really should be driving when my eye was bothering me so much.

The weather and, in particular, the winds are formidable there. I learned very quickly that riding a bike to and from the operations building was not for the faint-of-heart. I did fine until I cleared the Navy Exchange hangar, but then I caught the full force of the wind whipping across the open field. Walking turned out to be the faster way to go.

Life inside the building had its challenges as well. Down in the Bowsprit shop, it could get pretty chilly, especially on mid-watches. We had a heater but the fuse in the plug kept blowing. There didn't appear to be anything wrong with the heater, the fuse was just too low a rating for the current the heater required. Since we didn't have any fuses for a higher amperage, the problem was cured by someone inserting an infinite amperage noblow (a screw that had been cut and filed to size). [Special Editor's note: this is also known as a "1/4-20 no blow."] This was effective, but only until the next fire marshal inspection. The best bet was to thaw out in the computer room (disk drives can be quite cozy).

Spirits were usually high. Every watch section generally had at least one good storyteller who could be counted on to entertain the others when the watch started to drag. There were other forms of entertainment as well. There was the phone ringing in the gonio room (a-ROO-gal) and the inevitable wit yelling, "Dive, dive!" There were the pranks: greased telephone receiver, toolbox chadded, toolbox greased and chadded, toolbox greased, chadded and bolted upside-down to the ceiling. All right, sometimes things got a little out of hand.

I recall standing the Fire and Security Watch in the barracks. Most memorable was patrolling in the dark armed only with a flashlight and an overactive imagination. One night I nearly jumped out of my skin when one of the parked cars I passed moaned. After I woke up the napping partier under the car, I saw him off in the direction of the barracks and then worked on getting my heart rate back to normal.

I met my husband at Edzell. We were in the same watch section, though different maintenance shops. The first place we lived was in a huge (read that as impossible to heat) manse with two other couples. The landlady adopted us and we've remained friends to this day. The kitchen was WWII vintage, that is to say, it looked like it took a direct hit during the blitzkrieg! We ate out a lot. I went to make sandwiches one night and was deterred by the tunnel through the loaf of bread - mouse, in origin!! We moved to our own place. One of our first investments was a cat. At 12 weeks old this cat trashed my kitchen one night. Things were tipped over, paper napkins scattered everywhere. He got a stay of execution when he presented me with a mouse that I hadn't realized was in residence. The cat is now 18 years old and retired but I hear he's still a legend among Scottish vermin.

We lived off-base in a quaint, if drafty, stone duplex. After moving in, I took the plastic sheeting off the inside

of the windows. It was spring, after all. Soon thereafter, I put the plastic back up following a gale that deposited half of a potato field in my bathroom. Coal fireplaces were a new experience for me (Central heating? What an interesting concept). Ah, how I miss the anticipation of getting the coal to catch fire, the two-foot radius of heat around the fireplace, the mad dash to snatch up the coal that had just rolled out before the carpet caught fire, the roar of a chimney blaze. And, of course, there were the narrow farm roads with lay-bys so that one or the other oncoming car could pull off and let the other by (I can't see that happening in Chicago - not without weapons, at least). The excitement of black ice. The Kamikaze rabbits. Our neighbors were a lovely couple who had worked the farm we lived on but were now retired. They were always pleasant, helpful, and, I think, somewhat bemused by their odd American neighbors. They adored our cat, who kept the rabbits and birds out of their vegetable garden.

I never had to go far to see wildlife or lovely scenery. On base, you could always see rabbits and lapwings in the fields, the hills looming in the background. By the roadside, you would often see hedgehogs, jackdaws, robins and rabbits. When the farmers plowed in the spring, you'd see gulls in their wake, pouncing on the tasty treats that surfaced. Off in the hills, which were emerald green in the summer and deep purple in the fall when the heather bloomed, you could see kestrels, rooks, grouse and, rarely, a fox or a weasel. Oh, and rabbits. The bulb fields in the spring were particularly pretty. From a hilltop you could see splashes of red tulips and yellow daffodils scattered here and there. We went back to Edzell a year ago for a brief visit. I was pleased to see a pair of large hawks skimming over an open field. The gamekeepers must be getting the message that natural predators could be the key to controlling those pesky rabbits.

Looking back, I wouldn't trade those years for anything. I met people, both Scottish and American, that I still keep in touch with. I lived in a country that could be wet and miserable, seemingly without end. Then the sun would come out and the beauty of the land would take my breath away.

THE EDZELL MOTTO

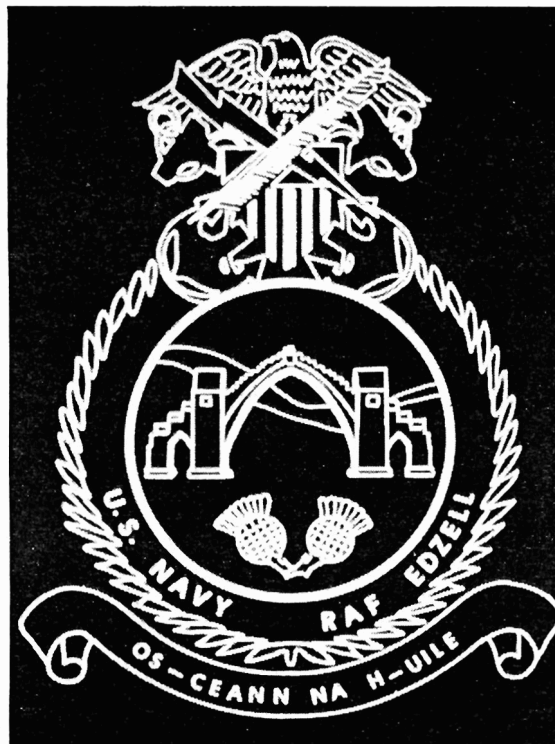
By: William B.B. Moody

In 1967-8, as a newly minted Lieutenant (Junior Grade) with bride, we had the great pleasure of serving at Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell, Scotland. One of my numerous collateral duties was to redesign the station seal. The resulting effort was adopted (and appeared on the Summer 1996 front page of *CRYPTOLOG*). The motto "OSCEANN NA H-UILE" was somewhat of a problem. The Commanding Officer, Captain Hal Joslin, wanted a rendition of his favorite saying "second to none." Unfortunately, there was no exact equivalent in Gaelic, the language we wanted for the motto. The closest equivalent was a Gaelic rendering of the immortal line from Robbie Burns' *Address to the Haggis*, "Aboon them a'..." ("Above them all...") An elderly gentleman from Montrose was kind enough to give me the translation. He was known as somewhat of a leftwinger, so to ensure that we were not being diddled, I "broke back" the translation. Another gentleman (from Brechin), who "had the Gaelic" (but also had no connection with my Montrose translator), translated back into English - and it matched.

The scene now shifts to Munich, Germany in 1982, more than twenty years after our Edzell days. I got an urgent call at my desk from the executive officer at Edzell. He asked if I had designed the Edzell station seal. I replied that indeed I had. He asked if the motto really meant "second to none," "above them all," or a reasonable facsimile thereof. I assured him that it most assuredly did and that I would bet my next paycheck on it (which I do not usually do). I asked why he should ask. He replied that, at a formal station brief two hours beforehand, a British Brigadier had roared with laughter when the station seal was thrown up on the screen as the introductory slide. When the Commanding Officer, Rear Admiral (then Captain) Ike Cole, [I believe] asked the cause of the merriment, the Brigadier asked if people knew what the station motto meant. When the Commanding Officer replied with the conventional translation, the Brigadier again roared with laughter and said: "I speak Gaelic and it means 'party-throwers from across the seas.'" Hence the panicked call.

I found out later that the Brigadier was a noted practical joker. He had found a button and pushed it. Fortunately, old super-encryption training had paid off and the Brigadier was later told that his humor was not appreciated. I don't think he ever made 0-8.

(Special Editor's note: This story originally appeared in Vol. 17, No. 6, (Fall 1996) issue of the *CRYPTOLOG*!



Logo of U.S. Navy RAF Edzell, Scotland

U.S. Navy photo

SCOTLAND: TWO YEARS IN THE BONNY LAND

By: Neta Phaneuf

I have had my heaven on earth. Having lived in Scotland for two years while my husband, then a Naval Officer, was assigned to the base at Royal Air Force (RAF) Edzell, we were fortunate to be able to take off on jaunts in and around Scotland, England, Wales and Ireland. It was the best and most rewarding two years of our military career, maybe even of our lifetime.

Traveling from New York to England on the SS UNITED STATES, we considered this start of our tour as the stairway to heaven. This theme carried through the entire stay.

Our ride on the boat-train from Southampton to London could almost be written up in a novel by itself. Our children were thrilled with the idea of having a compartment all to ourselves, just like in a movie of the Old West.

We learned very quickly that it takes a special talent to drink steaming hot coffee on a high-speed train that is swaying horizontally as one is drinking vertically. Sorry to say we did not master this art.

One of the unwritten traditions of being "true Navy", is drinking coffee without doctoring it with cream or sugar, so when we were given the choice of "black or white," we naturally took "black". It was served from gleaming chrome pots. One contained the black coffee, the other hot milk, which was poured simultaneously into tall, slender mugs. After our initial taste of the straight "black" - and finding it much stronger than we ever thought possible, and also thick and mud-like - we decided to renege on our staunch beliefs and go for the "white." The taste was somewhat changed, but it still didn't give us the knack to consume it. No more than a few swallows were taken and we realized we were bathing our outer selves more than our insides.

We spent our first night in London, guests of the U.S. Government, at a typical British hotel. Our room was larger than most, for which we were thankful, as the five of us had been assigned for that room. There was a lavatory in one corner, but bath and toilet facilities were down the hall, down a half flight of stairs, huddled in an alcove between the two floors. This was our first experience of not having a private bath, but it didn't dampen our spirits at all.

Being travel tired, we did not venture out to find our evening meal, but went to the dining room in the hotel basement. That has to be the most unappetizing mistake we ever made.

We sat in ravenous anticipation thinking of a meal such as Grandma's, as we placed our orders for a roast chicken dinner.

Did you ever take a bite of chicken and swear upon all that is Holy that it came from the Dead Sea instead of a barnyard? Did you ever try to swallow mashed potatoes that seemed to come straight from a glue pot? No more need be said. We went back to our room and munched on cheese and crackers.

In all fairness, I must say, during the course of our travels throughout Great Britain, it was only this first meal that left a bad taste in our mouths. We learned from friends, American and English, that choosing chicken that first night was a wrong move, as their poultry is fed on fishmeal and does have a tendency to taste like it had fins instead of feathers.

Our tour in Scotland gave us great opportunities to take part in local functions and visit many places that aren't on the usual itinerary of the everyday tourist.

The base is an American command, but also maintains an RAF Officer and employs a Liaison Officer who work diligently to give we Americans every chance to become a part of the Scottish way of life.

The Scottish version of Jaycees or Chambers of Commerce are known as "Round tables." They offered us many invitations to their various activities. Relationships with these members turned into lasting friendships that are still going strong after nearly thirty years. I firmly believe that once a Scot takes you into his or her heart, it's forever.

We attended fetes from dart tournaments in the local pub to tartan balls in castles. We learned the game of English darts and took lessons in Highland and country dancing, keeping in tune with the best of them.

One of our biggest highlights was Game Day at Braemar. This arena of sporting activity is just down the glen and around the bend from the Queen's castle at Balmoral. The year we were there, we had good luck and we had bad luck. The good luck being the entire Royal Family, except Lord Snowden, was there. They mingled among the spectators while cameras worked overtime. The bad luck being when our film returned from the developers, not one picture turned out! This I was unaware of the day following the week when the Queen came through the town of Edzell. That day I was preparing for a dinner party and did not go out with the others lining the street to get pictures, thinking I already had a roll of film of her.

Our friends, the Scots, have a way of doing things, whether it's a simple afternoon tea or a formal dinner dance. Our first dinner party in a Scottish home ended with eight desserts. We were invited to a baby's Christening by engraved invitation. We toured a friend's cattle barn and dairy followed by a six-course supper. They certainly gave the impression that anything worth doing is worth doing well.

One event held on base really gave me charge to ponder. A huge celebration was staged to commemorate the 4th of July, with invitations issued to our Scottish neighbors. I wondered if, maybe, just one of them might have thought we had a bit of nerve asking them to help celebrate our independence from the British Empire?

The first year we were there, our Halloween was tied in with their Guy Fawkes Day. After all the kiddies had finished with the American way of trick-or-treating, the adults had a mammoth bonfire, hired a piper, and we piped our way around the base and into the village for a "trick-or-drink." This all went over very well and quite soberly, save for the poor piper. He couldn't quite handle the fumes from all the toddlers coming up through the pipes and stumbled into the heather!

At this time the only school on-base was from fourth to eighth grades. Our daughter was in fourth grade, so attended classes there. Our two sons were assigned to a local school in Fettercairn, one in first grade, the other in second. It didn't take long for them to realize that a Headmaster means business. They received the strap on

the hand along with the other lads and lassies. It was a good experience for them, behavior-wise, as well as the book-learning. The high-school students were sent to boarding school at an Air Force base in Lakenheath, England.

The schools were in session from the third week in August to the third week in July. They had two weeks off in September for tattie picking, which is the same as our potato harvesting in northern Maine. They were able to observe our American holidays as well as the British ones.

One big difference was the fact that during the winter months, they went to school in the dark and came home in the dark. In the summertime the evening light didn't go beyond dusk. This presented a problem for some, getting their children in from play and into bed. It was not an uncommon sight to see bedroom windows covered with aluminum foil.

Shopping in Scotland was a dream to all womankind. We all used the old adage "going broke saving money" to the fullest. The access to antiques, china, crystal, linens and woolens, to name a few, was cause for many a wife to go into a fever from which she might never recover.

The money exchange wasn't a problem that couldn't be coped with. Even when I first arrived and didn't quite comprehend, there was no fear that I might be cheated. I learned from day one the honesty of the Scots and would just hold out my pocketbook and they took whatever the item cost. To prove this point of good faith, as I'm sure a few of you are blinking in disbelief, I will relate a tale of Mr. Taylor, the linen weaver.

He had a small, primitive shop in the town of Luthermuir, the last of its kind in the entire British Empire. When entering his place of business, one forgot the present day completely. The looms and spinning wheels were settled on a packed dirt floor, the same as centuries ago. Finished bolts of beautiful cloths were humbly piled on a table along one wall. His work could be seen in different stages of progress, as one chose their desired pattern to grace a dining table.

We had placed an order for a tablecloth with matching napkins in the Edzell Castle pattern. It wasn't completed by the time of our rotation back to the States, so he told us to give him our stateside address, and he would mail it in separate parcels, so as to defray customs charges. He sent our goods, along with the bill and his trust that we would acknowledge payment. I'm sure he never lost a night's sleep worrying about not being paid. Those people just don't think that way!

One thing we appreciated when we took to the road was our AA guide book. This wasn't issued by Alcoholics Anonymous, but was a certified directory of all worthwhile places to visit, plus the routes to get there. That book governed us all over Scotland, into England and Wales, and we used it like a Bible. (Special Editor's note: The AA is the British "Automobile Association," much like our AAA.)

We found in touring the British Isles that nothing is advertised for miles around, like it is in this country. That's the beauty of it all, leaving the countryside as nature intended. We passed Nottingham Castle three times before we realized we were even in the area. The same thing happened when we visited Loch Ness. The only commercial thing we saw there was a lone camera perched on a tripod ready to collect a sighting of Nessie, if he (or she) should happen to come up for a breath of air, or to check over the ruins of Urquhart Castle. Our kids had been so commercialized from visiting places of interest in the States that they thought for sure when we reached Loch Ness the monster would be there to greet us.

One sore point we had traveling in the summertime was the lack of ice cubes. We stopped for dinner one night in Durham, England, and our main thought was a long, cool drink. We asked our waiter for ice water, and after what seemed like an eternity, he came back to tell us they had used all the ice at tea-time.

No one will ever get me to agree it doesn't get hot in the summer in Great Britain. After being there awhile, a body goes through a change of seasons like it does anywhere in the world.

Our favorite city overall is Edinburgh. It's friendly, breathlessly clean and the Princess Street Gardens offer a welcome that's hard to beat.

Edinburgh Castle sits high upon Castle Rock, keeping a watchful eye on the city below. The places of interest to visit are too numerous to mention and it took several return trips to cover it all. One place that captivated our family was the Museum of Childhood. It houses a collection of toys, doll houses and miniatures, some being 600 and 700 years old. This unique place gave us car conversation for days.

As any journey must come to an end, so shall a military tour. It was with heavy hearts that we left the Bonny Land, but we were all very grateful that we had been favored with such a golden opportunity.

EDZELL MARINES

By: Tom Shirley

Like all Naval Security Group Activities, we had a superb contingent of U.S. Marines at Edzell. There was Sergeant 'Silent' Joe Cecil, so-called because he rarely spoke. Joe and I worked side by side, in the Direction Finding (DF) division, for a year or so, and exchanged a total of about two words. But we were friends. Joe married a Scottish girl named Sandie. Years later I - with my own Scottish wife Rhoda - came across Joe and Sandie again, on Okinawa. Joe eventually retired from the Marine Corps, and he and Sandie now live in Pensacola, Florida.

Sergeant Gary Bear won all the kewpie dolls at the shooting gallery when the carnival (or "switchies," as they say) came to Montrose. Those carnival air rifles were notoriously inaccurate, but Gary figured out how to aim them and was such a crack shot, I heard the shooting gallery gully banned him for life.

Lance Corporal Jocko Conlan was nephew and namesake of the famous big league baseball umpire. Jocko was a little guy but a devastating amateur boxer. He tried, with mixed success, to put together a boxing team from Edzell. No one else had Jocko's enthusiasm for boxing, but from time to time he'd recruit enough guys to go to Lakenheath or wherever for boxing matches.

Air Raid!

There's a great story about our Edzell Marines defending against an "air raid" on the base. I did not personally witness this event but I saw the aftermath and I promise you it's a true story. It goes somewhat like this:

One day a glider pilot, an Englishman, was enjoying a day soaring in the skies over northeast Scotland. The glider had been launched from HMS Condor, a nearby airfield.

After a pleasant day of gliding, the pilot decided to bring in his aircraft. Unfortunately, he'd strayed a little too far from HMS Condor. In the moment before touching down, and too late to regain altitude, the English pilot realized he was coming in on the wrong airstrip. In fact, he was landing on the old WWII era runway at Edzell.

It so happens that, at the moment, Company 'B' Marines were just finishing up their personal fitness test (PFT). Back then our Marines turned out for PFTs in helmets, fatigues, packs, combat boots, M1's, camouflage face-paint, the whole rig. The Marines, witnessing the rare sight of a glider coming in, were naturally curious.

"Cool!" someone noted, and with rifles at port arms they hustled over to check out the nifty little airplane and say hello to the pilot.

Some confusion ensued, primarily on the part of the glider pilot. This is understandable when you consider what it must be like to land your glider on the wrong airstrip, only to look up and see a company of U.S. Marines double-timing toward you, in full battle dress, war paint, and weapons at the ready. A real pants-wetting moment.

But soon the Marines and the glider pilot worked out exactly what had happened. "I say," said the Englishman, "Sticky wicket, what?"

"Okay, I only imagine him saying that. Hey, he was an Englishman, he probably said something like that. Sort of."

Anyway, the Marines told the pilot not to worry, helped him stake down his craft, escorted him to a telephone for calling his glider society, and invited him to the EM club for post-PFT refreshments. The pilot, still shaken by the experience, described how profoundly impressed he was by Edzell's security and the Marines' stunningly swift reaction to his inadvertent "air raid." Describing the uncommon variety of emotions one experiences seeing U.S. Marines in full battle dress and M1's at the ready, charging one, the pilot noted, "Well, I really must say, that is, one becomes so extremely disoriented, one rather forgets to refer to oneself as 'one,' doesn't one?" Or something like that.

The glider stayed in place for a day or two while the pilot arranged to have it removed. Just about everyone, myself included, stopped by for a look at the glider. The Marines had assured the pilot they'd look after his plane, and declared their policy was that we could look at but not touch the aircraft of their new buddy, the glider pilot. Needless to say, with Company "B" Marines providing security, the glider was perfectly safe during its short stay at Edzell.



John Leng & Co. photo courtesy Walter Jester
Marines at Edzell

SPEEDY THE BUS CONDUCTOR

By: Tom Shirley

British double-decker busses were what we counted on to take us into town. Those busses were fun to ride. Besides the driver, the busses were manned by a uniformed "bus conductor" who took your money and issued tickets. The conductor on our route was a guy known as "Speedy," a nickname bestowed on him by the mischievous young Scottish guys who regularly took the bus. "Speedy" was in fact pretty fast, as his nickname suggests. But all his haste amounted to little more than waste motion. He was all fidgeting and twitching and excitable running up and down between the lower and upper decks of the bus. "Speedy" was permanently in crisis mode, always just a little behind in his duties and hurrying to catch up. His voice was a quavering, high-pitched squeak, sounding like he was just a twitch away from foaming-at-the-mouth, wall-eyed panic. Yet, oddly, he seemed happy.

The Edzell stop was a turnaround point for the bus. The road was very narrow, so the turnaround maneuver was accomplished by a great deal of backing and turning. The bus was so massive the driver's vision was restricted, so "Speedy's" function was to stand on the road and provide guidance by means of hand signals and numbered blasts on a police whistle. Three blasts meant the road was clear and the bus could back out safely. One day we watched in horror as "Speedy," overcome by panic, let go three whistle blasts when, in fact, a car was hurtling dangerously toward the scene. The car driver hit his horn - and his brakes - and came sliding and fish-tailing toward the huge bus lurching into his path. Amid all the dust and noise of screeching brakes and a yelping horn, we Yanks scattered for safety. Miraculously, no collision occurred, but it was a very close call. When the dust settled and we were filing onto the bus, we heard the furious driver chewing "Speedy" out for his inept signaling. "Speedy" endured the chewing out admirably. He also endured the young Scottish guys on the bus, who tormented him mercilessly. They were constantly trying to trip him as he hurried along the bus aisle, they argued with him about the fare, about the amount of change he'd given them, and they imitated his squeaky voice and peculiar mannerisms. For the most part we Yanks treated 'Speedy' okay and I'm sure he appreciated us.

Love, Marriage, A Baby Carriage

There's no denying the Scots are a handsome people. Who knows, maybe from ancient times only the best of them survived all those foreign invaders and harsh winters. The women are beautiful - for the most part. Edzell sailors and Scottish girls got along well - for the most part. In that milieu, considerable dating took place, and more than a few marriages.

Personally, I considered myself a confirmed, permanent bachelor. Yes, that's right, I was a hard man, a cold man, a self-contained man, a man who was an island unto himself, a loner not unlike Clint Eastwood in those Man-With-No-Name western movies.

Then one night I was tagging along as usual with all the other guys, pretty much going along with what

everybody else wanted to do. "Where we goin'?" I asked.

"The Armpit," somebody said.

"Okay," I said. "What happens?"

"Dance."

I imagined bagpipes and the Highland Fling. After all, this was Scotland. But when we got to the Locarno Ballroom, they were playing rock'n'roll.

I saw a pretty girl dancing.

Wait a minute. Make that, "I saw an angel moving so effortlessly to the music, she seemed to float above the dance floor." That's more like it.

Of course, lots of people were dancing. But this girl had such a knockout figure, and such moves, I saw only her, and her alone, and couldn't take my eyes off her.

She did "The Bop." She did "The Frug." She did "The Walk" and "The Slide."

Then she did "The Twist." Okay, that did it, I was in love. I had to get a closer look.

Actually, I couldn't help it; some strange force just pulled me toward her. As I approached, she looked at me with big, wintry eyes of hazel or green, or both, or whatever indescribable color they were.

At some time or another in my burgeoning puberty, I'd fantasized about meeting a girl like this. Actually, I didn't have a sufficiently vivid imagination to conjure up this particular vision of beauty; however, in my pubescent musings I'd probably imagined saying something suave like, oh, I don't know, "Hey, baby, me and you could make beautiful music together." Oh yeah, real smooth, stupid. How 'bout saying something original?

And I did. I opened my mouth - or maybe it was already open - and I said, "Gargh?"

Oh yeah, nice going, Romeo, she'll really be impressed by an idiot who's suddenly lost his ability to speak. Why not drool a little, while you're at it?

"Excuse me?" she said.

"Ta-gargh-gah!" I explained.

"Rrrright," she said, her tongue buzzing wonderfully on the 'R'. She looked at me with a little worried expression, as though I might be dangerous or deranged or both.

Somehow, communicating by means of clumsy gestures and the baboon-like grunts I'd been reduced to, I managed to indicate that I wanted to dance. With her.

Right. Figure the odds this Hollywood starlet would dance with the likes of me.

"Rrrright, then!" she said brightly, and took my hand. My heart gave a great big thump, then raced. All the air was suddenly sucked out of my lungs. She led me out onto the dance floor, and we danced. Rather, she did. I pretty much just stood there pivoting ape-like as she twirled around me, looking at me with those remarkable eyes, making me feel I was falling into their depths.

We talked as we danced. Rather, she did, asking me where I was from.

"Gakh," I replied.

She said, "Oh right," and something about the weather. I was stunned by the amazing play of her lips, her teeth and her tongue as she spoke. I was struck by how fascinating a simple comment about the weather could be, when she commented upon it, with her eyes, her figure and her voice, which was pure music.

And the more time I spent with this beautiful, magical creation, the more inarticulate, clumsy and oafish I became.

When the dance ended I retreated in panic, clinging desperately to a wild hope she might think, I don't know, maybe that I was from some far-away, obscure, strange foreign land whose language consisted of garbling noises.

Bad as I'd screwed-up my first encounter with this angel, I found myself wanting another chance. So, on liberty, I haunted the Locarno, hoping she'd reappear. And she did. This time I managed to utter a few words in actual English. I learned her name was Rhoda Thomson, she lived in the community of Hillside, near Montrose, and yes, she'd consider seeing me again.

We started dating regularly and fell seriously in love. I met her family. A year and a half after we'd met, we were married on 6 February 1965. I was 20, Rhoda was 19.

We lived in Montrose, in a rented second-floor apartment - or "flat" as they called it - on Bents Road. An elderly couple lived downstairs. Upstairs, just two or three steps across the landing from us, lived our neighbors, a middle-aged couple named Mr. and Mrs. Thomson (no relation to Rhoda). We'd been warned that our neighbor Mrs. Thomson was "a bit stiff and set in her ways." And at first she was, but she quickly warmed to us and we became good friends. Mr. Thomson was open and friendly from the start, really a great guy.

Outside the flats was a small lawn with a clothesline, called a "drying green." The wives in our building had their designated days for drying clothes, a common practice among Scottish wives. And inside, Rhoda and Mrs. Thomson quickly agreed on sharing the duty of washing the steps leading up to our flats, another common practice. Neither Rhoda nor I knew much about cooking, but Mrs. Thomson was a skilled cook and she taught us a few basics. She was amused and pleased that I, a "laddie," wanted to learn to cook. She taught me how to make Scottish shortbread, a wonderful treat I still make every New Year.

Rhoda and I lived like Scots - easy for her, and, in fact, I soon adapted. All our things, our refrigerator and washing machine and whatnot, were typically European, which is to say they were very small. I used to joke that you could freeze only one cube at a time in our tiny refrigerator. Partly because of this, and simply because it was common practice, Rhoda walked up to the High Street every day and bought just enough food for that day's meals. Shopping, which Rhoda called "goin' for messages," was, for Scottish wives, as much a social activity as a necessity. The shopping itself would have taken a few minutes, but the ladies, meeting on the street, turned it into two or three hours of visiting and exchanging news and gossip.

Like many people, Rhoda and I rented a television set rather than buying one. British law required that you get a license if you had a TV. A license? For a receiver? "Taxation without representation!" I declared angrily. "I won't pay it!" I think a TV license was five pounds a year back then, about 14 dollars. Rhoda was worried we'd get caught and have to pay a fine, said to be 50 pounds. My thought was, if you never got a license in the first place, they wouldn't know you existed. Sort of like never filling with the IRS.

The British government routinely warned you (via your unlicensed TV) of the licensing requirement. And sometimes we'd see a car driving through town, topped by a big chicken-wire cage that was supposedly an antenna. The car had huge signs all over it, practically screaming "TV LICENSE INSPECTOR." Real subtle. This car would cruise the neighborhoods, and people without TV licenses would get scared and rush off and buy one. One day I got a close look at the car while it was parked on the street. Up close the "antenna" looked completely bogus, and I saw no special equipment inside the car.

I had no doubt that technology existed enabling a properly equipped vehicle to drive by and determine whether a TV was inside a house. But I was convinced this car was all bluff. So we never bought a TV license, and we never got caught.

And Baby Makes Three

We soon learned there would be a tiny addition to our family, and Rhoda started putting together baby things. I was amazed at how she seemed to know everything that needed to be done. I knew nothing. So we came to an understanding that: (a) Rhoda would say what to do, and (b) we would do it. (Come to think of it, that understanding endures to this day.) My job, mostly, was to keep out of the way. Like many Scottish girls, Rhoda was handy at knitting and she made most of the baby clothes herself. And we bought one of those British baby carriages known as a "pram". The thing was enormous, and beautiful, reminding me of a small, motorless Rolls-Royce.

On 3 September our daughter Linda was born at Charlton Maternity Home just outside Montrose. Now I had two wonderful, beautiful girls, my baby and my bride. I could hardly contain my joy. Rhoda continued to amaze me. She got her girlish figure back so soon, she actually wore her pre-pregnancy clothes home from Charlton. She was still a knockout, but now in a different way, strutting her considerable stuff as she pushed her pram up the High Street each day. I was - and am - proud of her as can be. And just when I started thinking I knew everything there was to know about Rhoda, she would surprise me with something entirely new. Sometimes, something entirely frightening.

For example, in December, when Linda was about three months old, we were experiencing a typical Scottish winter day. Which is to say a gale-force blizzard was

screaming along full-blast, blowing ice and snow horizontally. I was just getting off the day watch, and with the snowdrifts quickly piling up and choking the roads, I was lucky to make it home. I parked the car and fought my way against the blinding sting of sleet and snow, barely arriving alive at our front door. And there, standing by the door, was the pram. Its canopy was closed to a mere slit. Snow had gathered on the pram, so I could tell it had been standing there for some time. Proud as Rhoda was of that pram, I was surprised, and suddenly a little uneasy, that she'd left it out in the fierce elements. As I stood there contemplating the pram, the storm abated for a moment. In the sudden quiet I heard cooing and gurgling, the unmistakable sounds of a happy baby. I pushed the pram's canopy back, and there lay Linda, well-wrapped in woolen baby blankets. She aimed a big toothless grin up at me.

Now I was really worried. With the pram and the baby outside in such weather, something had to be seriously wrong. I lifted the pram, baby and all, and set them inside the lower landing. Then, in near panic, I galloped up the stairs and burst into our flat, half expecting to find Rhoda fainted away or injured or something. But there she stood, serenely cooking dinner.

"What the hell's goin' on?" I practically shrieked.

"I'm makin' the tea," she replied calmly.

"Are you CRAZY? The baby's outside in a brass monkey blizzard!"

"Aye," she says. "I'm weatherin' the baby."

"You're - weathering? - the baby."

"Aye, that's rrrright."

I'd heard of burping the baby, changing the baby and bathing the baby, but - weathering?

Rhoda explained, in the calm voice of an actual sane woman, that leaving babies out in blizzards was good for them, it built up their resistance against colds and other maladies, and strengthened their character.

"Well," I says, "I put the baby and the pram inside the landing."

"Well, my lad," she says, "just you awa' back doon and put them back out. She's no finished weatherin' yet."

Every day that winter, Rhoda put Linda outside for a half-hour or so, for "weatherin'." It never seemed to cause her any harm. (In fact, when we went to Iceland the following year, all the little American kids went around constantly sneezing and sucking snot while Linda toddled along without so much as a sniffle, playing and rough-housing with tough little Icelandic kids who were genetically immune to the cold.)

The Slide Show

One night our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, invited us over to their flat for dinner, saying they'd introduce us to their son Ronald. He was dropping by later, they said, to show slides of his recent vacation on the Continent. So, Rhoda and I dressed ourselves up, including a coat and tie for me. Rhoda dressed Linda like a doll, and we walked the two or three steps across the upper landing to Mr. and Mrs. Thomson's. We had some dandelion wine Mr. Thomson had made himself, then we had dinner. We were watching TV - probably an exciting BBC repeat about cheese manufacturing in Europe - when we heard footsteps out on the landing, along with various noises of rattling, clattering and banging.

"Aye, that'll be Rronald, then," said Mrs. Thomson, and she went to the door to let him in.

Who should stumble in carrying a slide projector, rolled up screen and several boxes of slides, but "Speedy" the bus conductor!

I nearly fell through the floor. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson's son, Ronald, was "Speedy"!

"Speedy" was in crisis mode as usual, fumbling clumsily with his slide paraphernalia and chattering nonstop in his quavering voice. He knocked himself under the chin and over the head with the retractable screen. He pinched his fingers - and once or twice his nose - with the articulated easel. Mrs. Thomson gave me a little smile, then shrugged, silently acknowledging her son Ronald's eccentricity.

At last "Speedy" got everything set up. He began projecting gnarled, unrecognizable images onto the screen, explaining in great detail everything we were seeing. His explanations were necessary, since every picture was out of focus, off-kilter or double-exposed. Some were all three. We took "Speedy's" word for it we were seeing the Eiffel Tower, the Parthenon, the Leaning Tower of Pisa and whatnot. "Speedy" himself was both delighted with the snapshots and possessed of a childlike awe for the amazing technology of slide projection. When he'd finished the slide show he began awkwardly disassembling his equipment, re-injuring himself in the process. With a big self-satisfied, half-crazy grin he inquired whether we could believe he'd actually taken the photos all by himself.

"Aye," sighed Mrs. Thomson with a little note of irony, "I can believe it, son."

But it was clear Mr. and Mrs. Thomson were very devoted to Ronald, and he to them. In spite of the torment he endured on the bus, and the fact that he screwed-up everything he touched, "Speedy" always came away with a bright outlook. A lesser man, knowing he was so completely inept, would have plunged into depression and self-loathing. But Ronald - "Speedy" - was a man of considerable character. He had to have been, tripping and stumbling happily through life as he did, with never a care.

Some time back, Rhoda and I learned that "Speedy" had died. Although we hadn't given him a thought in years, we were saddened by the news.

"... tae bide awa'"

Reflecting on it now, I realize there were two eras to my tour at NSGA Edzell. In the first era I lived as a "barracks rat" on-base. In the other, after Rhoda and I were married, I lived very much as a native of Scotland. I

arrived in Scotland single and barely 19 years old. Transferring 3-1/2 years later, I was married and had a child. In great measure, I grew up there, and for many years after leaving, I was homesick for Scotland. I suspect that, for many who served there, especially those whose first tour of duty was at Edzell, the experience is much the same.

EDZELL, SCOTLAND 1968-1970

By: David R. Phaneuf

As a newly promoted Cryptology Limited Duty Officer Lieutenant stationed at the National Security Agency at Fort Meade, Maryland in the spring of 1968, I was looking forward to visiting my Detailer at the Bureau of Naval Personnel (BUPERS) and finding out what would be my next duty station during the upcoming summer. Visiting one's Detailer is like playing a slot machine. Sometimes you hit the jackpot, sometimes you get a payout of a few coins and sometimes you are a loser. I ended up hitting the jackpot. My Detailer informed me I would be transferred to Edzell, Scotland in July 1968.

I had been hearing a great deal about Edzell since the fall of 1963. Dick Beetz, Ron Rickerts and Bob Hough, who were stationed with me on Guam, had exclaimed about this marvelous country named Scotland, the RAF base at Edzell and its beautiful countryside and friendly people. Subsequently I was transferred to NSA and Clyde Wilson, whose previous duty station was RAF Edzell, was assigned to the same work area as me. He continually related stories about his great tour of duty at Edzell. Then in the fall of 1966, Wayne Maude, who had served with me at Winter Harbor, Maine and Kami Seya, Japan arrived in the Washington D.C. area for duty at the Naval Research Lab. He had just completed a tour at RAF Edzell and as far as he was concerned the station and duty was "Second To None."

My wife Neta, three children Pam, Tony Mike and I departed Fort Meade in early July and went to Gouldsboro, Maine where I presently live, for a couple of weeks' leave, then to New York City for a few days of sightseeing before our five-day crossing of the Atlantic Ocean on the SS UNITED STATES. On landing at Southampton, England we rode a boat train to London, and our children, who had never experienced a train ride, were thrilled to have a compartment just to ourselves as we passed through villages, towns and countryside. After an overnight stay at a hotel in London, we were off to Scotland the next day.

We departed King's Cross Station early in the morning and were informed we would have to change trains at Edinburgh for continuance to Montrose. Also while enroute to Edinburgh, the conductor informed me our tickets went only as far as Edinburgh, not Montrose. I'm still not sure why I didn't purchase the correct train tickets. Most likely the Brit couldn't understand my New England (Boston) accent or I couldn't understand his Brit (Cockney) accent in acquiring the tickets. Anyway, we were headed in the right direction - north.

After getting off the train at Edinburgh, I inquired of a station attendant when the next train would depart for Montrose and the track number. He responded by telling us to follow him because the train was getting ready to depart for Montrose and we had only a few minutes to board the train. When I asked about purchasing tickets, he informed me to pay the stationmaster when I arrived in Montrose. We quickly boarded the train while the attendant loaded our luggage into the baggage car and away we went, north.

Paul Deehan, our sponsor at RAF Edzell, and whom I had spoken to on the phone from our hotel in London, asked me to call him enroute to Montrose and give him our expected arrival time. Needless to say our short stay at the station in Edinburgh prevented me from doing that. I thought, oh well, I'll call him from the station at Montrose.

The Montrose train station was very small in size compared with the King's Cross and Edinburgh stations. It had a small waiting room and at the rear of the room was the Stationmaster and Ticket Office. The stationmaster, upon seeing five Americans with a load of luggage inquired, if we were the Americans who boarded the train at Edinburgh and needed to pay for the train fare. After paying the train fare (the British Pound was worth \$2.40 American), I asked about the location of a pay phone in order to call Edzell. The stationmaster told me there was no public phone at the rail station, but there was one up on High Street, near City Hall. He also told me I could hire a taxi at the front of the station or I could walk to High Street because it wasn't very far away. Leaving my family and luggage in the safety of the train station, I went in search of a pay phone.

At the front of the train station there were three or four cars parked and standing at the rear of one of the cars was a gentleman in a black suit who had just placed a piece of luggage into the car trunk (boot). I asked him what direction and how far was the pay phone on High Street. He pointed the direction and said it was a little ways but he was going that way and would give me a ride to High Street. As I sat down in the front passenger seat, I noticed a woman sitting in the back seat and said "Hello" to her. She responded with the same, and off we went to High Street.

When we arrived on High Street, the driver was able to park near the red telephone box and as I was getting out of the car, I asked the driver "what was the amount for the taxi fare?" He told me the car was not a taxi, but belonged to the lady in the rear seat. I must have looked like a clown, because my eyes enlarged and my mouth opened as big as a grapefruit in bewilderment of my stupidity. However, my mind must have been in focus,

because I managed to thank them for the ride. This did not end my conversation with the driver and lady, because I then asked them "how much did it cost to use the pay phone?" They replied "it was four pennies." Not knowing which British coin was the penny, I placed all the coins from my pockets into my open palm for display and asked which was the penny. They replied, you have none. Then between the two of them, they gave me four pennies. I thanked them and walked to the telephone box while they drove away.

After calling Paul Deehan and informing him that we had arrived in Montrose, I walked back to the train station (it was only about a quarter-mile away) and thought to myself what amazing people these Scotsmen are. A train attendant tells us to pay for a train ride when we get off, a driver and lady gave me a ride to a telephone box on High Street, and then they gave me four pennies to use the telephone. What a marvelous way to start a tour of duty in a foreign country.

As we were riding down Denstrath and approaching the main gate to the base, one of my children saw the Wullenweber antenna and expressed, "there's a 'Dinosaur Cage' just like they have on Guam and at Winter Harbor." Amazing, isn't it, how children perceive an object which they really don't know what it is and give it a name that is quite appropriate. They did know that I worked in the building in the center of the Dinosaur Cage, but never asked if we really raised dinosaurs in there.

My family and I moved into Quarters "V," which was a "USA Home," on the day we arrived at RAF Edzell and lived there our entire tour of duty until the day we departed for Prestwick in July 1970. The quarters were very adequate for our family; nothing extraordinary, but as my wife always told our children during the many times we had moved, we always had a home, we just needed a house to put it in. The neighbors, however, were great. Socialization in the neighborhood, formal or informal, spontaneous or arranged, adult or children, was always friendly, pleasant and caring. One could not have asked for anything better.

Captain Edward W. Thomas was the commanding officer at Edzell during my tour of duty. He was a marvelous leader who was involved with every aspect of the base, be it operational, social or community. His friendly smile, cordial personality and ability to make everyone feel relaxed in his company made for a very pleasant atmosphere on the base for all military people, civilians and dependents. Everyone welcomed his presence in their work space, recreational activity or base function, not just because he was the commanding officer, but because he was "Ted Thomas."

Edzell, being only a two-year tour at the time, had many changes of personnel. In my first year there, Commander John Jennings was executive officer, John Yeoman, RAF commander, Vince Morales, admin officer, Brad Smith, public works officer, Bob Papera, supply officer, Dave Garr, dentist, Jim Perry, doctor, Thomas Weir, chaplain and Ed Rote, legal officer. In the Operations Building, Paul Cooper was the Opsboss, Bob Rice, the electronics maintenance officer, and Ralph Webster, the communications officer.

My initial assignment was as Wideband Division Officer in the Ops Department and other officers in this department were Bill Moody, John Skipper, Paul Deehan, Pete Ruff, George Carnako and Joe Capewell. Subsequently, after a few months I also became the DF Division Officer because of the temporary additional duty (TAD) assignment of Joe Capewell to a ship in the Mediterranean Sea. During this assignment, the Sanders Corporation of Nashua, New Hampshire installed a prototype and state-of-the-art-acquisition/DF equipment. The Sanders Technical Representative was Charlie Callahan, while the Headquarters Naval Security Group (NSG) Program Managers were Hugh Shoemaker and Frank Cleary. In addition, the Mediterranean/North Atlantic DF net was established in support of Operational Commanders in those areas.

These two endeavors attracted many visitors (American, British, civilian and military) to Edzell and required a great amount of time in greeting and briefing them. Meanwhile, at the same time, managing two divisions of about eighty CTR/CTT personnel, who were testing, evaluating and operating new equipment as well as performing their regular operational duties, was very time consuming and demanding. It would not have been accomplished without the outstanding professional ability of the sailors who stood watches and operated the equipment, and the great leadership of Master Chief Bob Kohler and Senior Chief Bill Wichlenski. Moreover, the maintenance support provided by Bob Rice and Senior Chief Rick Allen and their CTMs as well as the communications support provided by Ralph Webster and Master Chief Dean Caldwell and their CTOs was outstanding and contributed immensely to the overall success of these two new operational assignments.

In my second year at Edzell, Commander Dwayne Yoder was executive officer, John Eynon, RAF commander, Jim Oakes, admin officer, Bruce Runberg, public affairs officer, Jim Hawthorn, supply officer, Dave Drake, dentist, Mike Lynch, doctor, Clark McPhail, chaplain and Ray Wexler, legal officer. In the Ops Building, Selby Jacobs was the Ops Boss, John Fellows, the electronics maintenance officer and I became the communications officer. Other officers in the Operations Department were Gary Ryman, Evan Thomas, Hugh Shoemaker, George Gornik, Joe Capewell and Richard Moore.

As Communications Officer, a new experience for me, Stan Ellinwood was the department registered publications service (RPS) custodian, and I had two divisions of Navy and Marine communicators. One division of about sixty CTOs and Marines operated NAVSECGRU and General Service communications

circuits and Fleet Broadcast for the North Atlantic and Mediterranean Sea operational commanders, and the other of about 30 Radiomen and Electronics Technicians provided Special Communications (SPECCOMMS) service for afloat units in the North Atlantic and Mediterranean Sea.

These two divisions were very ably led by Master Chiefs Jim Gragy and Al Nino of the NAVSECGRU and SPECCOMMS divisions respectively. The young men who stood the watches and manned the ever-changing communications and cryptographic equipment were outstanding and always endeavored to maintain continuous communications support to the commanders at sea. There were times when communications circuits were down because of atmospheric conditions, electronic failures or power outages, but circuit restoration was always quick and orderly.

There are a great many positive and negative experiences as well as rewards in being a Division Officer/Department Head for 80 or 90 men. The positive experiences, to name a few, were advancement of personnel, attending weddings to Scottish girls, athletic events, and presenting Letters of Appreciation and Commendation for professional and extracurricular activities. Some of the negative experiences were attending the funeral of a dependent child who died from Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS), revoking the security clearance of a sailor involved with drugs and domestic disputes between married couples. The rewards were the "thank you's" from the men upon their departures and expressing that they felt "pride" in the work they accomplished during their tours of duty. The professional reward for me was that five months after I departed Edzell, while serving at Naval Security Group Headquarters, I was selected a Naval Cryptologist (1610).

Some of our fondest memories of Scotland were the social affairs on the base and in the local communities with the Scots. Rita McCrae was the community relations advisor (CRA) and she did her utmost to keep us involved with many local affairs, such as presenting trophies at a Dart League Awards Banquet that our servicemen participated in. If you didn't know what a "Wee Dram" was before you attended, you sure as heck did before the night was over. Scots don't seem to understand "I'm not ready for another one" when it comes to their being the host.

One of the best ways to have a great time (besides drinking) at Scottish affairs, be it weddings, Farmers' Balls, Christmas Balls, etc., was to be able to participate in Scottish Country Dancing. Miss Finlayson of Edzell was the resident instructor at the O'Club and almost all newly arrived officers and their wives participated in this fall (before the ball season) ritual. She taught dances such as "Strip the Willow" and "Dashing White Sergeant" to name a couple. We became proficient enough to join any group of Scots in dancing at the festive affairs we attended.

The hospitality of local governmental and civic groups gave us the opportunity to become a part of their way of life. The Stonehaven Town Council, on one occasion, invited us to the Stonehaven town green for an afternoon of lawn bowling followed by a social hour. A few of us attempted to master the sport, but we were nowhere near as proficient as our hosts. We, however had a return match, playing ten-pin bowling on the base and we weren't sadistic enough to seek revenge, but managed to have a very good time teaching the sport to our Scottish friends. The Montrose Roundtable, on one occasion, had us participate in a Treasure Hunt. We paired up with a Scottish couple and roamed around the countryside in a car for about an hour and a half seeking answers to clues, gathering objects, and stopping at pubs for an occasional "Dram." At the conclusion, we gathered at the Park Hotel in Montrose to learn the real answers to all the clues, see and hear about all the crazy objects that were gathered, and most importantly to determine the winners and have an evening of socializing.

Not all socializing with the Scots was done off the base. The Christmas Ball of 1969, held a couple of weeks before Christmas, was a really festive occasion with decorations in the O'Club that went beyond the usual garland festoons, wreaths, and Christmas tree. The wives painted "The Twelve Days of Christmas" on 3'X5' poster boards and hung these paintings throughout the club. The guests (all officers and the wives and many Scottish friends) were fed a delightful buffet supper. Other highlights of the evening included a Scottish bagpiper greeting each guest at the door, Scottish Country Dancing, and a group sing-along led by Santa Claus. As the guests departed, they were offered a cup of hot soup before journeying home on that cold winter's night.

Another occasion, not formal at all, was a "Hail and Farewell" in the spring of 1970. The wives organized "Happiness is a Potluck Supper" for the husbands, bachelors and Scottish guests. After everyone had their second plateful of the delicious food, a skit titled "If Men Played Cards as Women Do" was put on by four of the husbands. Thespians Selby Jacobs, Gary Ryman, Evan Thomas and myself portrayed a local ladies' bridge party using authentic names and mannerisms. I swear we must have practiced this skit for a month. The reason for this lengthy practice was that I couldn't get the proper intonation in asking the question "How many eggs" regarding a cake recipe. Also as part of the skit I asked the host of the bridge party for a glass of water and when given the water I would gulp it down very quickly. During practice it was always a glass of water. But on the night of our performance, my thespian friends got revenge on me by giving me a glass of GIN. Needless to say, I gulped down the gin as though it were water, gasped, swallowed and exclaimed "Wow!" before a laughing audience and thespian friends.

Relationships with the local Scots who were members of governmental and civic organizations were very

special. Gordon and Gillian Robertson of Luthernuir, Angus and Liz Whitson of Montrose, and Noel and Christine Smart of Montrose, became long-lasting friends. In our three return trips to Edzell in the past fifteen years, we have been warmly greeted and wine and dined by these marvelous Scots. The Robertsons and Smarts have reciprocated by visiting us in Maine. Moreover, in October 1997, an Edzell reunion organized by Fred Demech was held in Bethesda, Maryland and the aforementioned three couples were among the 20 Scots who attended along with about 230 Americans. Talk about memories. It was like we turned back the clock 30 years. A naval club setting, Scots and Americans enjoying food and drink and most importantly, laughter. Laughter caused by reminiscing about our younger days, laughter occasioned by sociability in reacquainting ourselves with Edzell shipmates and locals, and the laughter of friendship.

In looking back on my naval career, I definitely categorize my tour at RAF Edzell as the best because of the camaraderie of the personnel and our hosts in the local communities. At Edzell everyone was involved in making the base like a small town in America, but we added the Scots and their culture and we were lucky to have the base just below the beautiful Grampian Mountains. One could not have asked for anything better. RAF Edzell was "Second to None."



Photo courtesy Walter Jester
Edzell's bowling lanes officially opened. (Left to right:) Mr. Paul Fay, U.S. Under-Secretary of the Navy, Admiral D.L. Griffin, commander, U.S. Naval Forces Europe, Commander Walter Jester, commanding officer, U.S. Naval Security Group Activity, Edzell. December 1963.

MAKING CHIEF AT EDZELL

By: Jay R. Browne

When I arrived at Edzell in March of 1978 I was a First Class "M" Brancher. After checking in I was assigned to the Maintenance Division that was responsible for all the oddball systems and projects that were under development, a kind of "catch all" division. In July of 1979 I was summoned to the Captain's Office; I wasn't sure why but I had an idea - the Chief's results were due out! Sure enough, myself and several other First Classes from around the base gathered in the conference room and were congratulated by the Skipper - Captain Norman Horowitz. That was the start. This was in the days immediately before frocking became universal. So as each CPO selectee's date came due he was initiated. My date was late in the cycle (and late in the year as it turned out) so I waited and waited. The mysteries of the Chief Petty Officer Initiation shall remain hidden from those of you who have not crawled down its corridors. Suffice to say that my initiation and that of my two colleagues, Al Szczesniak and Mike Moore, was an event that we will remember all our days. In December at Edzell it's cold! Very cold!! Intermixed with all the other memories of the initiation is the memory of being cold. Very cold. Needless to say I (and my fellow Chiefs) survived the initiation and were duly accepted into the brotherhood of Chief Petty Officers.

Following the CPO initiation I started getting involved with the Chief Petty Officer Association (CPOA) - the guys had style and class. Having some funds to draw from helped too! There was a particular musical group coming to Aberdeen and the CPOA chartered a bus for the evening and a bunch of us, together with our wives or girl friends headed toward the "Northern Lights of Old Aberdeen", as the local song says. Chiefs being Chiefs, they had naturally thought of bringing some liquid refreshments for the long trip up and back. As I said, these guys had style - the choice of refreshments was not

the usual - beer. This was an evening outing and we were dressed for the occasion. No, our choices for the evening were wine - red OR white! The thought was fine, the execution a bit lacking. It came down to drinking wine from paper cups - no style. Fortunately, someone mentioned this little detail to me in passing the day before the event. We all boarded the bus and in due course the paper cups were passed around, I declined; Doreen, who was at the time my girlfriend, gave me a funny look. Patience my dear, patience. As one of the Chiefs moved up the aisle offering red or white wine, from under my topcoat I produced two proper wine glasses. Doreen and I enjoyed our wine from glasses - not paper cups. Doreen mentioned later that several of the Chiefs seated in the area had eyeballed the two of us sipping our wine; I said "Good."

According to my "CPO Charge Book" the following Chiefs were at Edzell at the time of my initiation: CTMC Michael F. Alesi; CTMC Gregory A. Carter; CTMC Patrick W. Vandervort; HMC Roger L. Creighton; CTA/C James D. Conner; CTOC Paul R. Blatt; CTMC Harry R. Fuller, III; CTOC Hubert B. Graves; CTAC Phillip Roberts; CTRC Gary L. Richardson; CTRC Donald E. Hightower; CTMC Harry C. Heston, III; CTAC Jack Jordan; RMC Walter K. Knoop; CTOC Timothy D. Hilton; MSC Clair D. McDowell; SKC Dewayne C. Brown; CTIC Roger D. Brandberry; RMC Joseph L. Banks, Jr.; CTTC James M. Arnold; DKC Paul L. Wilson; CTOC Rex E. Walls; MSC Leander C. Fannin; SHC Dennis P. Smith; MSC Russell W. Elford; MSC Hugh L. Cattach; BUC James G. Williams; RMC Trelion McKenzie; CTMC Donald B. Moore; CTTC Ronald D. McMillan; CTTC James E. Horne; CTMC John A. Kuehn; CTTC Harvey L. Howard, III; CTTC Michael L. Key; CTTC Millard C. Bowen; RMC Pearlle "C" Barfield; CTRC Millard J. Russell; CTOC Alexander R. Jezierski; CTMCs George L. Theis; CTMCs Jimmy F. Alexander; CTICS Robert W. Grace; CTTCs Walter Stein; CTACS David R. MacDougall; CTRCS Douglas H. Livingstone; CTRCS Howard R. Fontaine; CTCS Ray C. Bolton; CTOCS Robert L. Hall; CTMCS Kenneth Adamy, Jr.; CTCS James A. Shepard; CTCS Lane K. Snodgrass; AGCS Ronald J. Lee; CTMCS Edward R. Purcell; CTCS Edward Hatcher; CTTMCM James E. Krein; CTOCM Richard E. Walsh; AVCM Kurt Howard; CTMCM George V. Thompson.

ON WATCH AT EDZELL

By: Tom Shirley

CRYPTOLOG readers might recall previous scribbles in which I recounted meeting CTMSN Jim Powers and PCI Davis on the Military Airlift Command (MAC) flight to Scotland. It was June 1963. Our destination was the Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell. (Special Editor's note: Tom's earlier story appeared in the Winter 1996, Vol. 17, No. 1, issue of the CRYPTOLOG.)

Arriving at the base, we looked across a broad empty field at a huge skeletal structure in the shape of a perfect circle. The thing was all gleaming metal and soaring wooden poles, like a gigantic, otherworldly Erector Set. With its feet obscured by ground mists, it appeared to float in mid-air.

It was Edzell's Wullenweber High Frequency Direction Finding (HFDF) antenna array. None of us had ever seen a Wullenweber, but we were certain we knew what it was.

"Sheesh!" said Davis. "Can you believe the size of that fence!"

"Man!" said Powers. "They must have some kind of security here!"

"Yeah," I drawled knowingly. "But you guys gotta think about it logically. We're overseas in a foreign country. The security here is lots tighter than Stateside. That's why they have that big huge fence."

I was assigned to Section 2 HFDF and fell to working and pulling liberty with the guys in my section. We lived in the old Royal Air Force (RAF) Quonset hut barracks. I recall the huts numbering some 16 to 18, arranged in a neat double row and linked by passageways. The Quonsets were all-purpose shelters serving principally as the enlisted men's barracks but for other purposes, too; one Quonset was the Recreation Center, another the Master-at-Arms shack, others were heads and showers. John Cato, Rich Ganzer, John "Gimp" Guinon, T.A. Lennox, Butch McIrahan, Bob Thompson, Rich Bourgeois, and John Stein were some of the guys living in our barracks and working in Section 2 when I arrived. Another, Arnie Schwartz, became a great friend I will never forget.

Of course we were on a rotating schedule of watches, and the mid-watches stand out clearest now in my memory. DF operations inside the big Wullenweber array had not yet begun, so we stood DF watch in the little AN/GRD-6 DF shack at the end of the old RAF runway. Preparing to go on watch, we would gather in the darkness in front of the galley and wait for the duty driver to take us to work. There was always rough joking, bantering and lots of laughter.

I really took to watch-standing, especially enjoying mid-watches. Inside the DF shack there was a constant chatter of Morse Code and a rhythmic clacking of teleprinters. We kept the shack in near darkness, to better read the DF scopes, and the soft orange glow of the scopes enhanced the shadowy atmosphere of secrecy inside the DF shack.

I loved it all, the strong coffee we drank by the gallon and the 'midrats' cold cuts. I liked the fact that we were awake and working while the rest of the world slept. I felt, then and now, that we were doing very important work.



Photo courtesy Lillian H. Press

Retirement ceremony for Lieutenant Commander Charles Press at Edzell, Scotland July 1974.

My watch supervisor, Wayne C. "Pete" Gray, was a real taskmaster who insisted on continuous attention to duty. Still, Pete brought a lot of humor and fun to the job. Pete and assistant supervisor George (Bill) Goode were big believers in training. Together they really put me through the paces, in an intensive on-the-job-training program they'd worked-up themselves. I'd had solid training in CTR "A" School and DF school, but it was Pete and Bill who really brought me up-to-speed. I admired them greatly, as I did the two second Class "R" Branchers rounding out our watch, Bob Allen and Harry Proctor. We all looked up to our Division Chief, CTRC Wayne L. Maude, a terrific guy.

As DF'ers we didn't do a lot of "solid copy" Morse Code work, but we did copy weather reports which kept our Morse skills up to speed - generally!

Pete Gray was pleased I'd learned plotting in DF school. Among the duties he assigned me was the task of keeping track of changes recorded and writing them on little paper tags and sticking the tags onto a big chart. I was a real fussybudget about the chart, constantly checking it and updating it. Lieutenant A.C. Otto was our Division Officer, and I was gratified that he would come in each morning and stop for a long, thoughtful gaze at the notes and marks I'd made overnight on the big chart.

Shortly after I arrived, other guys would report to Edzell, including Bill Crawford, Larry Dameron, Bob Scerbo, Jerry Place and Jim Krause. I thought then - and now - that the guys I worked with were real professionals who were smart, worldly and witty.

It was a good time, made better by my real-time awareness that it was good. Lately, reading in the CRYPTOLOG about the hardships our pioneering cryptologists endured, foraging for food on Corregidor and whatnot - not to mention experiencing actual war - I cringe to think I might have ever bitched about the food or living conditions at NSGA Edzell.

LIBERTY AT EDZELL!

By: Tom Shirley

For most sailors at Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell, the favorite liberty town was Montrose, a 40-minute bus ride from the base.

I'll always remember my first liberty in Montrose. Before heading for town, our watch section gathered in the Quonset hut that served as the Enlisted Men's Club, where we had beers and waited until it was time to catch the bus. Immediately next door to the club was the Quonset hut dance hall. There was no stage in the dance hall, so the occasional bands visiting Edzell would play on the same level as the dancers. A four-man rock'n'roll group called The Beatles was gaining fame in Britain around that time, making hit records and appearing on TV. Our Dental Technician, a guy we appropriately called "DT," told me The Beatles had played at Edzell just a year or so earlier. This, of course, was shortly before they were famous, and DT said they'd then called themselves "The Silver Beatles." I think DT's story was probably true because, years later, I read a book about The Beatles' career, and it said they'd toured Scotland in the early '60s as "The Silver Beatles." And while the book did not specifically mention Edzell, it said "The Silver Beatles" had played at American bases in Scotland. So, why not at Edzell?

But to get back to my first liberty, we left the club and walked across the base and out the main gate. We waited for the big double-decker bus, the kind you see in movies about Britain.

We boarded the bus and it rolled along the beautiful Scottish countryside, trundling at last into Montrose. The town was similar to many others I'd seen on the train ride up through Scotland. That is, there was an atmosphere of profound antiquity. The stone buildings were from an era so long past, you could see a kind of smoothness the years had worn on them.

Yet Montrose was viable, traffic rumbling through the streets, people hurrying purposefully home from work, or to the cafes and pubs for their evening meals and revelry. There were no supermarkets as we Yanks knew them; instead, many small shops each specialized in its single product: the fish shop, the butcher, the greengrocer, the ironmonger and so on. Delicious aromas came from the bakeries and cafes and fish & chip shops. There were two cinemas in town, The Montrose Playhouse and The King's. And I was struck by the great variety of newspapers available. Besides the local Montrose Review, papers from across Britain were sold. News vendors set up a

noise all across town, shouting the names of their papers and the day's headlines. I recall one vendor with an especially powerful voice yelling, "Tele! Tele! Tele!" I could not for the life of me think what he was saying, but I learned he was selling the Evening Telegraph, published I believe in Dundee.

During the day, pubs opened at 1100 but then closed between 1400 and 1700. I was told this was a leftover law from WWII, meant to encourage workers to return to their wartime industrial jobs after lunch.

Going into town on day liberty, we'd usually stop in at a pub, have some beers and study the horse racing schedule in the newspapers. We'd pick our horses and send one of the guys to the bookie (they were legal) to place our bets. At the 1400 pub closing time, we'd stroll over to the bookie to see whether we'd won any money. As I recall, we mostly lost, but our bets were modest so it was no big deal. Occasionally we'd win.

Waiting for the pubs to reopen at 1700 we'd usually head for the Central Cafe, where we whiled-away the afternoon, having tea and sandwiches, playing the juke-box and checking-out the girls. The Central was owned by Tony Fortunato, a well-known figure in Montrose, a man with many business interests. Tony was a busy guy and we saw him only as he came and went, always in a hurry.

At 1700 we'd return to the pubs and socialize until the 2200 closing. We'd then head for the Locarno Ballroom, a dancehall nicknamed "The Armpit." Tony Fortunato also operated the Locarno and was leader of the house band. It was a "big band" along the lines of Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman, often playing credible renditions of those famous bands' songs. A girl named Pam was the vocalist and she could really belt out the tunes. Word was that Tony Fortunato was a classically trained musician. For sure he owned a real Stradivarius violin which he played in public only occasionally, usually around the Christmas holidays. Other bands often played at the Locarno, skilled guitar rockers who played so authentically, I actually thought they were Americans when I first saw and heard them. I was surprised to learn they were in fact British. Some real celebrities occasionally played at the Locarno. The singer Lulu, who had the hit records "Shout" and "To Sir With Love," among others, appeared at the Locarno. So did The Troggs, the rock group with a big record called "Wild Thing."

The Tally-Ho Initiation Drink

Of the many pubs, hotel bars and other gathering places in Montrose, for we Yanks the main meeting place was the Tally-Ho Bar. Scottish publican Jack Kindness, the world's most gracious host, owned and operated the Tally-Ho.

Tradition then, for guys pulling their first Montrose liberty, was to partake of Jack Kindness's dreaded "Initiation Drink." The Initiation Drink was a requirement for new guys, it was mandatory.

Jack Kindness personally served the Initiation Drink, on the house. It was an event which clearly gave him a lot of pleasure, and he made a ceremony of it. When Jack learned that a new Yank had arrived, his eyes would light up with mischief and he would go to work. First he'd pull up a half-pint of Tenant's Lager, the favorite beer of Yanks in Scotland. Then he would begin bustling around behind the bar, making an elaborate production of preparing the Initiation Drink, muttering dark incantations, fiddling under the bar with strange machinery that rattled and clanked and made evil, snake-like hissing noises.

Finally Jack would come up with a double shot of colorless liquor which, by its very clarity, appeared dangerous.

Jack would cautiously slide the glass across to you, then step back quickly, as though he expected the awful thing to explode at any moment. Light sparkled and refracted eerily through the glass, its contents undulating malevolently.

All the guys would begin imparting instructions on how to best ingest the horrible liquid. Their "advice" was contradictory and confusing, the clearest of it being that hesitation at the Moment of "Shooter" Truth would result in humiliation as a minimum and instant death as a real possibility. No one, I was cautioned, had yet failed in successfully downing - without upchucking - the Initiation Drink, and to be the first was to risk cruel ostracization by your shipmates. I don't think the term "peer pressure" had yet been coined, but there it was.

One by one, your shipmates begin a low murmuring which builds to rhythmic chant, slowly increasing in volume, then suddenly explodes into a cacophony of hoots, chants, grunts, Tarzan yells and other jungle noises. The Moment of "Shooter" Truth has arrived!

You grab the half-pint of Tenant's Lager in one hand, the Initiation Drink in the other. You swallow, in quick succession, (1) a mouthful of Tenant's, (2) the evil Initiation Drink, and finally (3) another cool blast of Tenant's.

Somehow you choke the whole thing down. Fire explodes in your belly and prickly heat flames your skin. Your gag reflex triggers dangerously, but you swallow hard and the foul mixture stays down. You aim a lopsided grin at your shipmates and they begin cheering and clapping. Jack Kindness gives you a wink. You're one of the boys.

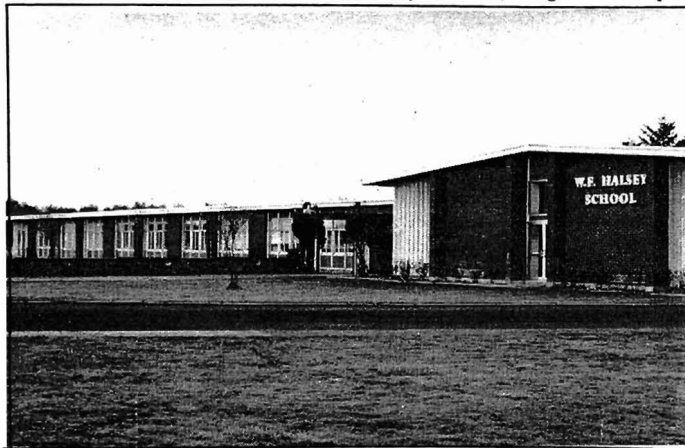
The Initiation Drink was the only drink I had that night. It was the only one I needed, and then some.

I learned something from that experience, about the euphoria alcohol can induce, especially in a novice drinker. Suddenly I was super-intelligent, articulate and witty. Suddenly I was possessed of wisdom for solving all the world's problems. Suddenly I was charming and killer good-looking. Women far and wide yearned for the honor of bearing my children. Back in the States, in Vegas, Frank and Dean and Sammy Jr. were eating their livers because I was not a member of the Rat Pack. But in

Montrose, lucky people got to meet me; it was the defining event of their lives. I regaled them throughout the night with my man-of-the-world humor, wit, and limitless vocabulary.

Next morning I learned about the payoff that inevitably results from the euphoria alcohol can induce, best expressed in an old Kris Kristofferson song that begins, "woke up Sunday mornin' with no way to hold my head that didn't hurt."

A year or so later I would learn, from Jack Kindness himself in a moment of revelation, that the fabled Initiation Drink was nothing more than a double shot of very cheap, very strong gin, nearly 100 per cent alcohol. Jack admitted that he simply poured the stuff from a bottle into a glass. All his mutterings and rattles and clanks and hissing noises were what we now call a "psyche-out." Besides being a gracious host, Jack Kindness was a skilled illusionist who knew a thing or two about playing upon the fears and doubts of the human mind.



U.S. Navy photo

William F. Halsey Department of Defense Dependent School at Edzell, Scotland

THE YANKS AT EDZELL

By: I.C. Starling, Jr.

The sign at the entrance suggests a rather unusual relationship: "U.S. NAVY - RAF EDZELL". The Americans call it "Edzell"; the local Scots refer to it as "the base." Edzell is located on the eastern edge of the Scottish Highlands. The setting is as beautiful as the local people are friendly. It is semi-isolated as bases go, but within reach of Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee and Edinburgh. The Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force came to Edzell in 1939. It was from Edzell that medium bombers, newly arrived from the States, were sent south to England to participate in the war over occupied Europe. After WWII, Edzell was relatively quiet. The U.S. Air Force was a tenant for a brief period; then came the Naval Security Group in the early 1960s. Due to seemingly inspired detailing by the Bureau of Naval Personnel, the Navy's roster at Edzell contains many traditional Scottish names. The ties that bind us to the local community are numerous and strong.

The Scots are unusually well disposed toward the "Yanks." There's scarcely a Scottish family in which some relative, near or distant, hasn't gone to America and done well! The social and cultural occasions are particularly enjoyable. Bagpipes and kilts are still quite common among the Scots as is their unfailing hospitality. They staunchly refuse to live above their means, which baffles the average American. On the other hand, as Americans living in Scotland know, the Scots are generous to a fault with their friends.

The chapel at Royal Air force (RAF) Edzell owes much of its beauty to the generosity of local Scottish neighbors. The first Navy Chaplain arrived at Edzell in December 1962. He was given the task of turning the shell of an old RAF barracks into a chapel. When the local people learned of the project, unsolicited gifts began pouring in. A local pastor gave a piano; the Earl of Southesk provided a bell for the tower; and a local parish supplied Bibles. The parish church at Edzell provided the pulpit and a Free Church gave the choir pews and the beautiful scrollwork over the altar and sanctuary doors. Thanks to the combined efforts of the local Scots, the first Navy Community, Edzell, has a chapel that looks as though it had been built for that purpose from the ground up!

The majority of our personnel are married and have families. Most of them have been in overseas situations before. This is a watch standing activity with people coming on and going off watches at odd hours around the clock. Families have to be flexible, and wives must be very understanding. A child's question sums up the family dilemma: "Mommy, why does daddy sleep all day and eat breakfast at night?" The families live to the tick of one biological clock, while the fathers are in tune with another.

They readily accept the challenge of overseas life and deliberately minimize the lack of minor conveniences, diversions and amusements which stateside life so abundantly provides. Rather than being unhappy about how things are, they roll up their sleeves to create something to be happy about.

The chaplain assigned to work with such a community enjoys many advantages. The American community is closely knit. "Fourth of July" celebrations have a special intensity on foreign shores. There is also a high spirit of cooperation between different faith groups, as Catholics and Protestants share in planning religious programs to serve the needs of the whole community.

The situation also encourages the pooling of professional resources. The chaplain and the two base medical officers have a weekly consult in which they explore ideas and share problems. Both the chaplain and the doctors work closely with the local Alcohol Rehabilitation Drydock, a facility which serves all Navy personnel in Northern Europe. The chaplain also enjoys the fellowship of the local clergy and is often invited to their fraternal meetings and other activities. They provide him with the information and advice that is so necessary in assisting American service personnel overseas.

Command support for the chaplain's ministry takes many forms. Concerned that care and nurture for families is a first level priority at this overseas semi-isolated station, the Commanding Officer, sponsored a visit by the Family Life Apostolate team from Lafayette, Louisiana. This series of participatory learning seminars provided parents with communications skills and insights with which they could approach their responsibilities as parents with more confidence. The seminars succeeded in generating a new enthusiasm for the possibilities of

"family life." As a result of the apostolate's visit, and continuing command concern, the seminars continue to be conducted by hand-picked chapel laymen especially trained for that purpose by the Family Life Apostolate. Our continuing version of the program has been given a new name. We call it "INTERACT." Since the apostolate team's departure, we have successfully conducted two full seminars and have two more underway. There is a waiting list. The demand for this experience exceeds our present ability to provide it.

Edzell is independent duty for a chaplain. But as I make the rounds of hospital and quarters, share in INTERACT, prepare young people for marriage, meet with the younger Sailors and Marines on Sunday night and conduct the services of the Church, I am reminded that "independent" doesn't mean "alone." As for DUTY, that is clear enough! With every other chaplain in the Corps I attest that it doesn't quit. But remembering Him who "volunteered" me for this ministry and how He is able "to do far more abundantly . . ." I offer up the good days, and the bad days, and all the in-between days. There's a certain peace in that, but it passes my understanding.

(Special Editor's note: This story originally appeared in "The Navy Chaplain," Winter 1978 issue, and is reprinted here by kind permission of Chaplain Starling.)

FOND MEMORIES OF EDZELL

By: Edward Thomas

When we arrived at Edzell in 1968, the tour length was two years, even for men with their families. This was a holdover from the early days when the place was regarded as hardship duty, but by our time, service there seemed to involve less hardship than perhaps any other station in the Navy. Shortly after my arrival, our Executive Officer, Jack Jennings put together a very logically worded proposal for upping the tour to three years, emphasizing all the amenities that were by then available and the considerable savings achievable by shipping families around less often. Ironically, when the letter reached Washington, it was shot down mainly on the grounds so many people were willing to ship over for duty in Scotland. They wanted to keep the short tours in order to accommodate as many of these requests as possible.

In February 1969, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., helped us open the new station theater, which we named in his honor. This was one of many good ideas produced by our Executive Officer, Jack Jennings. Jack noticed the actor, who lived in London, was still a Captain in the U.S. Naval Reserve, and he made all the arrangements for his temporary return to active duty for the visit to the station. Captain Fairbanks was a very undemanding guest, sitting up on the train overnight all the way from London, and he gave of himself unsparingly in meeting hundreds of people, both from the base and the surrounding community. It was then only fitting that the new theater be named for him.

Like most of us who had the luck to be assigned to Edzell, we look back on our tour there as a happy, busy time and have many great memories of both the country and our shipmates. As you probably remember, there seemed to be more parties and balls of all kinds than any place we ever served, before or since. Some of these were very formal and elaborate, but the one that stands out most clearly in our minds was a fairly modest affair, the Edzell Janitors Ball held one cold winter's night on the second floor of a pub in Laurencekirk.

The thing was low-budget, with even the guests of honor having to pay their way, ten "bob," as I recall, which covered the cost of the dinner plus one Scotch with which to toast the Queen's health. Dancing, including the Lancers, the Eightsome and The Grand Old Duke of York, was to the accompaniment of an upright piano and accordion, and everybody had a wonderful time.

I suppose the most worthwhile thing I had anything to do with while at Edzell was saving those janitors' jobs. In those days, in the hope of reducing government expenditures, every so often Congress would arbitrarily decree

a big reduction of civilian billets in the armed forces. This may have made sense in the States, where it was at least theoretically possible to arrange for the necessary services by contract more cheaply than by direct hire, but it made no sense at all at Edzell, where the workers at that time were British nationals, whose pay was quite modest by comparison with U.S. civil servants.

I believe it was some time in 1970 when the blow fell upon us in the form of a message from Washington wiping out about half of our civilian jobs, some 60 in number, I think. We were given a tight deadline by which we were to let contracts for the work, and the choice of jobs to eliminate was left up to us. The most suitable people to fire seemed to be the janitors, mess hall workers, firemen and security police, but when we started beating the bushes in Edinburgh, we found that no firm was the least bit interested in providing any of those services in the wilds of Northeast Scotland for any amount of money.

Finally, through the good offices and hard work of our Royal Air force (RAF) Commander, John Eynon; the head of our Community Relations Committee, Lord Stonehaven; our local Member of Parliament, Alex Buchanan-Smith; our new Executive Officer, Dwayne Yoder; our Supply Officer, Dick Hawthorne; and our Public Works Officer, Bruce Runberg, we came up with a scheme for transferring the billets to the Royal Air Force, who would then be paid for the work rather than for the individuals performing it. This fiddle seemed to satisfy Washington, the jobs continued to be done by exactly the same people, and our reputation as the largest and most caring employer in the area was saved from the embarrassment of having to sack even one of the workers, who had always shown such pride in their work.

Another story I recall had to do with the time when I ran into an outstanding guy, who was at the time Provost of the neighboring town of Brechin. One day he button-holed me on the street and told me he thought I should know we had a Chief on the base who was an absolute genius at public relations. He told me he didn't expect me to make anything of it, but he gave me the Chief's name.

I found this so intriguing that the next time I ran into the Chief, I asked him about it. The Chief, Al Nino, a very modest, sensible kind of a guy, thought about it a minute and then said, "Ah, yes, I remember now. Last week over at the golf course, when I saw him climbing behind the wheel after having one drink too many, I took away his car keys." I thought this told a lot about both men - the Chief, who had the presence of mind to save a local dignitary from possible trouble, and the Provost, who instead of getting sore about it, saw the thing as a case of great community relations.

Our departure was a bit more unusual than most. My original orders back to Washington called for detachment in May 1971 but during the very weekend after I had shipped our car back to the States, and just as the movers were due to pack us out on the Monday, we received a message from home, saying they were sorry, but as the Navy had used up all its travel money, we would be unable to leave until after the start of the next fiscal year on 1 July.

In any other place, we might have felt at least some dismay at this sudden change in plan, what-with no car and the house all torn-up ready for the movers, but in the circumstances, once having got over the shock, we realized we didn't mind hanging on for another six weeks or so. In fact, it seemed almost like a last-minute reprieve on death row. For transport, I could use the station sedan for official travel, and lots of kind people offered us the use of their cars while they were off on leave.

It also gave me the chance to fulfill one of my lifelong ambitions. I had always wanted to lay eyes on one of those clown-faced sea birds, the Atlantic puffin. Up till then, we had always seemed too busy to do much travel, except by car and on foot around Scotland, but as by then I had pretty well wound-up the normal tour-end tasks, we decided to take a short leave to fly to the Shetland Islands to look for puffins. Up there, we spent a few days driving around in a rental car and seeing all the puffins one could wish for as well as a lot of other pretty interesting stuff.

The following week, when I dropped into the shop of our old friend, Syd Walker, in Montrose, to tell him about our trip, he informed me we needn't have traveled all that way to see puffins, as there were plenty of them nesting on the sea cliffs just north of the town. On the

way back home to the base, a quick check of the coastline proved him entirely correct. It turns out that my searches of those cliffs in previous years had proved puffin-less, because at the end of their nesting season in early June, they all fly back out to sea, not to be seen ashore again until the next spring.

Anyhow, July soon rolled round, and when we pulled away from our quarters for the airport at Prestwick, a small group of friends were on-hand to wish us farewell. Even Alistair Skene, our old friend from up the glen near Tarfside, showed up in his kilt to pipe us away. When I looked across at my wife, she was weeping and in fact she shed more tears that day than at any time I can remember during our nearly fifty years of marriage.

(Special Editor's note: Captain Edward Thomas was the commanding officer at Edzell from July 1968 to July 1971.)



Photo courtesy Edward Thomas

Edzell's "Janitors' Ball" held in Laurencekirk 1970. At center (with glasses) is Mr. Jack Sutherland, head janitor.



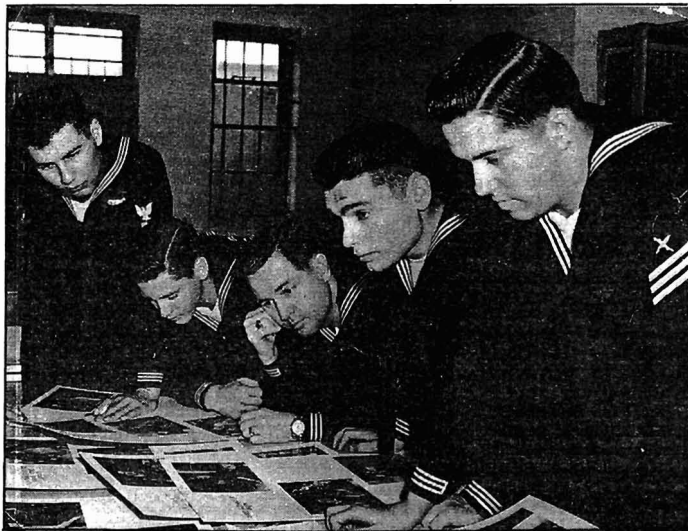
Photo courtesy Edward Thomas

Captain Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., USNR (center) signs an autograph for an unidentified admirer. Captain Edward Thomas (left) observes. Captain Fairbanks was on hand at Edzell in February 1969 for the dedication of the station theater, named in his honor.



Photo courtesy Edward Thomas

Inspection on Edzell runway in 1970 with pipers of the Dundee Police Pipe Band in the foreground. The CDAA is in the background.



John Leng & Co. photo courtesy Robert Volpe

Navy men ponder over contestants.

FORTY-TWO "JOURNAL" BELLES HAVE THEM ALL AT SEA!

What a job we gave the five United States Navy men at Edzell when we landed them with choosing the winner of our factory girls' competition. Photographs of the three entries from 14 factories were spread out before them. "Well, we think she is the prettiest one; she'll be second and this one is third," they said.

But it wasn't as easy as that. The three they had chosen came from different factories and we impressed upon them that what we were after were "the three bonniest lassies from any one factory." So down went the heads again, and it was a while before they came up with the winners.

Sorry, folks, but you'll have to wait until next week before we announce the triumphant trio.

The five lads who acted as judges were Petty Officer First Class Fred F. Lewis (32) from Fredericksburg, Virginia; Petty Officer Third Class Robert Volpe (22) from Toluca, Illinois; Personnelman Lee Shaw (22) from Hartford, Connecticut; Communications Technician Third Class James Briles (20) from Burlington, North Carolina; and Communications Technician Seaman Kenneth Cole (19) from Ramford, Maine.

(Special Editor's note: The above story and photo appeared in *The People's Journal*, Saturday, 1 April 1961. Photo copyright John Leng & Co., Ltd. Photo and story courtesy of Robert Volpe.)

EDZELL MOMENTS

By: Dwane Yoder

Among my Edzell memorable moments as Executive Officer (1969-1972) were those days when the Bloodmobile came for the semi-annual collection drive. It was a day when many made it their personal responsibility to help replenish the local Blood Bank supply. We all knew that the "Yanks" shared in this life sustaining gift just as much as the local in the next hospital bed.

The area Bloodmobile came from Fifeshire. The lady who made contact with us would remark to the effect that "the base treats us so well when we come. We can count on having one of our best responses from the folks at the base at Edzell"...and our folks did too!

Blood Donor Days were special. Each time the Americans, military and dependents, and the Scottish work force were aware of the need for donors, they did their "thing" in a true spirit of cooperation. One newspaper account from 1971 states that out of 246 volunteers, 230 units of blood were collected. Our total base population then was around 1,000 military and dependents.

Some of you will remember Ron Urquhart, a janitor from Public Works, who worked around the Administration Building with "Jock" Lamond. Ron, or "Colonel," as most called him, met me in the passageway during the morning of one of the Blood Drives near the end of my tour. When asked if he had already donated his blood, the excuses why he couldn't give were plentiful! Ron was embarrassed when he was telling his reasons. I told him that near the end of the day I would be going to the gym to contribute and he would please me very much if he would go with me when the time came.

Looking out my window around mid-afternoon I spotted the "Colonel" near the flagpole. NOW was the time to be on my way to the gym. With "gentle" persuasion we marched off together chatting all the way on how easy it was to donate blood and how his effort to help was really appreciated.

As we lay on our cots next to one another, Ron really was not minding the "pain" at all. In fact he was proud to be making his first-ever blood donation. But what he didn't know was just how pleased I was to have him next to me doing what so many other folks find difficult to do.

Incidentally, it was on one of our recent visits to the Edzell area that we were saddened to learn that the "Colonel" no longer was among the living. When one learns to know people such as he, it's not hard to realize how boring life would be if all folks were "cut from the same bolt of cloth." Edzell and the Scottish people will always be a part of us.

THE LARGEST JACK-O-LANTERN IN SCOTLAND

By: William S. Craig

I was stationed at RAF Edzell for four years, from August 1974 through April 1978. While at Royal Air Force (RAF) Edzell, I was working in Building 341. One October, during a long boring midwatch, the section cooked up a plan to turn one of the radomes alongside the building into a giant pumpkin! A matman by the name of CTM2 Patricia Starkey obtained some orange theatrical gel for the interior lights, and with paper and tape made a couple of eyes and a huge smile. Some quick work with a ladder and the face was hung on the inside of the dome. After covering the lights with the orange gel, we had what was surely the largest Jack-o-lantern in Scotland.

(Special Editor's note: Our thanks to Captain Fred Demech for contributing this interesting piece of Edzell lore. Craig's story also appeared in the Edzell Commemorative Book published by the base.)

REMEMBERING EDZELL

By: Doug Stenzel

Upon receiving orders to Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell, Scotland in the Spring of '66, my ex-Edzell shipmates on the USS LIBERTY kidded me that I would be married within six months of my arriving in Scotland. Being a youngish (25) Second Class with no intent of giving up his bachelorhood, I didn't pay much attention to their predictions. Well, they were wrong about the length of time but quite accurate about my forthcoming marital status. I was married (happily, I might add, for over 30 years now) within a year. Many more mature CTs will recall that back in the late '50s and early '60s Winter Harbor, Maine was known as the "ship over, buy a Volkswagen and get hitched" duty station. However, this mantle was soon to be taken over by NSGA (better known as Royal Air Force (RAF)) Edzell. I don't recall exactly how many sailors tied the knot at Edzell during the mid-to-late '60s, but it seems to me that I was attending two to three weddings a month. In the crowd I hung out with were John (Clubbs) Grotmund, Fred Vorhees, Mike Hawley, Danny Shepherd, Jim George, Jim Tibbits, Phil Beckman, Butch Herman, Denny Acheson, Mike Thomas, and Dick Beach.

Unlike today, manual Morse was still a major means of communication in the '60s, but other faster, more secure, methods were slowly but surely taking over. When I first got to Edzell, the manual Morse mission was one of the best in the Security Group; there were numerous challenging targets to test the skills of the most adept Morse operator. Then one fateful day in 1967 everything suddenly changed and there wasn't much for the manual Morse operators to do, especially on the day and eve watches. Eventually other targets were found (all you "R" Branchers - remember QBs?), but the Morse mission at Edzell was never the same after that.

Single sailors lived in the old RAF barracks. They were open-bay accommodations with about twenty sailors sharing the barracks area and a Barracks Petty Officer occupying a tiny room across from the seabag locker at the end of the barracks. Crowded conditions with little or no privacy by today's standards, but these open-bay barracks did have some redeeming qualities: you learned to get along with your shipmates and you always had friends. When we went ashore in those days, everyone went ashore: we worked together, ate and slept together, and hit the beach together, no one was left out. Today's single sailor may have less Spartan, and more private, accommodations, but I think we had the better deal. I wouldn't trade the camaraderie that we shared back then for anything.

There was one aspect of mid-Sixties Edzell that I could have done without: that was our off-the-mid-watch barracks inspections. Fortunately, not everyone had this dubious pleasure - only 33 Division, the Manual Morse Division. Our Division Officer at the time apparently thought we would love nothing better after coming off a long, tiring mid-watch than holding a field day in the barracks followed by a white-glove inspection. Fail the inspection off the first mid-watch and the section had another one off the last mid-watch. Obviously, we all adored this D/O.

"Two-two-two-eighty" (two-ewatches, two-daywatches, two-midwatches and 80 hours off) was the watch schedule in the mid-Sixties, but a more civilized 2-2-2-80, one that started on the eve watch, not the day watch as is most common these days. On our breaks we could travel, have three nights of liberty, and still be fresh for the start of the watch string on the eve watch.

I suppose many of us imbibed a bit too much back in the "old Navy" days, but then the military ethic was "work hard, play hard" and "playing," in the Cold War U.S. Navy, meant drinking. A typical day of break in Edzell in 1966 might read like this: Leave RAF Edzell around 1040 so you arrived in Montrose for 1100 bar opening. Have a few pints (probably in the Tally-Ho) until 1400 when the bars closed. Drive back to the base and have a few more beers in the Gangway Club's stager, play some shuffleboard and darts until 1640, then drive back to Montrose and arrive at the Tally-Ho for 1700 opening. Darts, a few more pints and nips at the various Montrose watering holes (the Corner House, Commercial Hotel, Star Hotel, and Tally-Ho were the most popular) until 2200 when the bars closed, then drive back to the base and continue to "socialize" at the Gang-



U.S. Navy photo

The RAF Edzell, Scotland community. (From left: Royal Navy, U.S. Navy, U.S. Air Force, U.S. Navy, U.S. Army, U.S. Marines)

way Club until 0100 closing. During the summer of '66 it was not uncommon for a few die-hards to buy a case or two of beer, repair to Loch Wee, build a bonfire and continue to "socialize" through the early hours of the morning.

There was a fairly adequate bus service to RAF Edzell in the early days, but even so, most sailors wanted the independence of private transport. Because of cheap (tax-free) petrol (gasoline), operating costs were not a major concern when purchasing second-hand cars. Most Edzell sailors seemed to think that the bigger the car the bigger the gas guzzler - the better. I remember getting lifts into town in many a Daimler, Woolsey, Jaguar and, once or twice, even a Rolls Royce and a Bentley. There were also a few new sports cars on the base (ideally suited for the twisting, winding, Scottish roads), and seeing who could get from the base to the Tally-Ho bar in Montrose the fastest was an ongoing event. I can't say for sure, but I believe that "Clubbs" Grotmund in his Austin Healy 3000 was the record holder in '67 and '68. Another dubious record was held by Steve Twombly. He held, and still holds, I believe, the RAF Edzell record for the shortest time between purchasing a car and wrecking it: two hours, or thereabouts, if memory serves.

Like a few others I was fortunate enough to return to RAF Edzell for a second and third tour. I also opted to remain in Scotland after retirement and was able to find civilian employment on the base in the Morale, Welfare and Recreation (MWR) Department. In my eighteen-year association with RAF Edzell I saw it grow from a few hundred sailors in the mid-'60s to over two thousand military personnel and dependents at its height in the early '90s. I was privileged to know many of the fine sailors who served at RAF Edzell and I'm sure that most of them would say that Edzell was the highlight of their naval career. It was certainly a large part of my life and a part that I will always cherish and fondly remember.

I've been out to the base a few times since it closed last September. The gates are shut and locked, the Wullenweber antenna array is down, and the once beautifully manicured lawns have turned into grassy fields. It's like a ghost town. Although I live in Montrose, I don't plan on going back out there very often; I prefer to remember RAF Edzell the way it was - not the way it is today.



U.S. Navy photo

Community Relations Advisor Betty Morton assists CT2 Williams with a question about traveling in Scotland.

LITTLE AMERICA IN THE MEARNS

(Special Editor's note: The above article appeared in *The Press and Journal* (Aberdeen) newspaper on Wednesday, 18 January 1961. Our thanks to Robert Volpe for providing his yellowing copy of the story.)

By: Douglas Rae

This week there has been an attempt to make political capital out of the presence of the only United States naval base in Britain, on Edzell Aerodrome. Here is a specially-illustrated series we lift the curtain on the "Little America" in the Mearns. In the first of three articles, the purpose and the function of the base is explained -

NO U-2 WILL FLY FROM EDZELL!

I was wrong about the flags. The fact that our one is dwarfed by their one has no significance, political or otherwise, at all. It just happens that our flags come in smaller sizes than theirs.

Canny Scot that I am, I could not swallow that easily, and so early in the morning, the stark fact that there, high up on a whiter-than-white flag-mast inside the main gate at Edzell Aerodrome, Kincardine, was the Stars and Stripes' out-fluttering and overshadowing the ensign of the Royal Air Force.

I was, after all, in the first and only United States Navy base in Britain.

I was there, not with a banner on my back screaming "Yanks Go Home" or, more theatrically, "Damn Yankees," but to see how our transatlantic cousins were settling down on the base they took over a year ago.

It never was a "glamour" station. Edzell's story is not spectacular, like Biggin Hill's, or Hornchurch's, or even Dyce's.

During the last war it was Scotland's only aircraft repair- and-damage unit. Later, the Duke of Edinburgh favored it as a landing-strip to shun publicity on his way to and from Balmoral Castle.

At first sight it looked desolate, and dead. No sentries, no policemen and the guardroom lifeless. My photographer colleague and I semicircled the camp in our car.

BLUE STREAK

"Look," I enthused. "A car." An Oldsmobile was cruising along the perimeter track and making for us. It was a blue streak on the horizon. It was big enough to be mistaken for a small airplane.

A U.S. Navy Lieutenant jumped out and said: "You want the Cap'n? Follow me." In our midget car we shadowed this super-automobile - a fish-tailed amphibious monster to look at - and somehow this reminded us of the big flag and the little flag.

A Royal Air Force (RAF) officer intercepted us in the corridor at the base headquarters and invited us into his office. "I am Flight Lieutenant A.S. Mirylees," he said. "I command RAF Edzell."

RAF Edzell? The explanation is that as the Americans have rented the place from the Air Ministry, the prefix "RAF" is retained. Flight Lieutenant. Mirylees is also senior liaison officer between the RAF and USN.

He said: "The base is called USNSGA - United States Naval Security Group Activity. It officially became a command six months ago, although the Americans took it over six months before that."

ANTENNAE

"Now some people have gotten it into their heads that this place is going to run U-2 jet planes. You can take it right from me there will be no flying of any description from this airfield.

There is a great building smack on the runway. That cancels out jet bombers. And there can be no gliding or motor car rallies any more. We can't have lumps of metal thundering around among those wireless masts."

They sprout everywhere, those antennae. What do they stand for? We have read that Edzell is a naval communications facility, a Midas nerve center (Missile Defense Alarm System), a BMEWS outfit (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System), and even a Polaris side-kick.

It is not - repeat not - a bomber base or missile side-show. Essentially it is a signal set-up, a link in the rocket-age radio network.

And the station's strength? "It's growing," said the Flight Lieutenant. "We hope to build up the U.S. force here to around the 500-600 mark. Not until 1962-63 will this peak be reached."

30 SAILORS

All American personnel and their families live in camp. Married quarters comprise 26 houses, which are occupied by the families of four officers and twenty-two other ranks - or what the Americans call "enlisted men."

Twenty-five children are under school age. Four children get their schooling at Laurencekirk and seven at Luthermuir. Over 30 sailors use the mess. Six civilians operate it. CPO Stack,

U.S.N., advises the British cooks on how to cater for the American palate.

There are no colored chaps so far. Baseball? No, we haven't started up baseball yet. Sports activities are under way, though.

Captain John S. Lehman, commander of the U.S. unit, is a member of Edzell Golf Club. He spent three years in London before coming up here.

"We have two chaps who found themselves serving in Algeria one day and over here the next. Summering in Algeria, wintering at Edzell. That's how it goes."

Three months ago a detachment of demonstrators marched to the main gate of this U.S. Navy base and demanded: "Yanks Go Home."

I received such courtesy and cordiality at the base last week that were those Edzell exiles to take that hint and go, I should most likely slip between the sandwich boards myself and take up the stand: "Yankee Come Back."



U.S. Navy photo

Aerial view of some of the main base facilities at RAF Edzell. The main entrance to the base is off the photo to the left

Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant for Kincardineshire, The Right Honourable, The Viscount of Arbuthnott

John Campbell Arbuthnott was born at Dubton House, by Montrose, on 26 October 1924. Soon after his birth, his mother took John to India where he spent his early childhood. He was educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh. Immediately upon leaving school in 1942, he chose to go into the Royal Navy for his wartime service and entered the Fleet Air Arm as Naval Airman FX96040. He went to the United States of America for his flying training. Upon his return, while still only nineteen, he was drafted to join 849 Squadron on the aircraft carrier HMS VICTORIOUS in the Near East and the Pacific as the pilot of an Avenger. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

At the end of the war, John went to Cambridge University from where he graduated in Estate Management in 1949. That September he married Mary Oxley, whom he had known since childhood. They went to live in Yorkshire, where John worked for the Agricultural Land Service. In 1955 they moved to Midlothian, when John started to work for the Nature Conservancy in Scotland as Land Agent.

In December 1966 his father, the fifteenth Viscount, died suddenly of a heart attack and the following year John and his family moved into Arbuthnott House. He sits in the House of Lords as a crossbencher with no affiliation to any one political party. He became the Lord Lieutenant (HM Queen's representative) of Grampian (Kincardineshire) Region in 1977.

In 1986 and 1987 he was appointed by the Queen as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. In this role he represented the Sovereign for the duration of the Assembly, taking up residence in the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

The present Laird follows in the footsteps of his ancestors by taking part in the judiciary. He is a Justice of the Peace and Chairman of the Kincardineshire and Deeside Justices Committee. He has an active interest in education as a member of the Aberdeen University Court from 1978-84, as Patron of the Scottish Association of Geography Teachers and as President of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society from 1982-87. His other presidencies include that of the Royal Scottish Zoological Society and the British Association for Shooting and Conservation, a post from which he has only recently retired. Last year he received an honorary Doctorate of Law from Aberdeen University. Among others, he holds directorships of the Clydesdale Bank, BP and the Scottish Widows Fund.

LORD ARBUTHNOTT'S REMARKS AT EDZELL CLOSING

(Special Editor's Note: The following speech was delivered at the closing ceremony at Naval Security Group Activity Edzell, Scotland on 13 October 1996 by Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant for Kincardineshire, The Right Honourable, The Viscount of Arbuthnott.)

As a British flying student training in the U.S. I received my navy wings in Pensacola, Florida on 24 March 1944. With that long association of over 50 years, it is not surprising that I have deep feelings over this ceremony today which marks not only the closure of this Edzell base, but also the end of all U.S. military activity in Scotland. I want to do all I can to mark the occasion with the importance it deserves.

My ingredients for any speech are brevity, lightness and sincerity. I should have no trouble with any of these three today. The program timings will ensure the first, my own inclinations dictate the second and, thirdly, how can I be other than sincere over such a long-lasting love affair? I was delighted to join the community relations committee in 1969 because I had developed over many years an easy and affectionate relationship with all things "navy" and its men and women -- particularly the latter some may say!

However, I can mention only a few individuals by name in this speech and I cannot possibly tell the whole story of the Edzell base in the time available nor would you want me to do so! But, what I must say on behalf of all Scots who have in any capacity come to know the base and its servicemen and women, is that we consider ourselves most fortunate to have had you all among us. We will never forget you as long as we live.

I guess that Ian Stonehaven, as he was first known to you, and I and Noel Smart and John Smart and now my sister Christy Bing, each in our role successively as chairman of the community relations committee, have had the better opportunity to relate to you on a formal and on a casual basis, but there have been also all the other committee members over the years, the community relations advisors and RAF Commanders, the civilian employees, the Ministry of Defense police and security officers and the literally hundreds more Scotsmen and women from the old burghs of Montrose, Brechin, Laurencekirk and Bervie and all the countryside around who will have been glad to have gotten to know you.

There are powerful reasons why this association of hearts and minds has been close and warm. During your stay at Edzell, it seems to us that all of you have always given freely of your liberality and kindness to a point



Photo courtesy Edward Hatcher
Inspection party in July 1978. (L to R): Major Robinson, Captain Horowitz, Lord Arbuthnott and CTCS Hatcher

where we become almost embarrassed and overwhelmed. You came into our homes, our communities and our very lives. You married among us and we married you! You built up friendships of a sort that, however many years they have existed, will grow and ever remain sincere and enjoyable and very worthwhile.

We live in a world where we know it is possible to do so much more if only we can get to know each other better. Therefore, this one aspect of enduring friendships between us carries its own palm of achievement. If it were possible to put our mutual regard for each other on the scales and calculate who owes most to whom, I think that the balance would be just about even. The northeastern Scot is not accustomed to show his feelings in an extravagant manner, but that may be part of the reason why it all worked so well. On the other hand, we reckon that we have so very much for which to be truly grateful to you. I have a list of over 20 local and national charities and many other similar organizations to which you have given your care and your support.

We have enjoyed your generous hospitality here at the base on innumerable and always memorable occasions. We have shared with you gladly your outstanding record of awards received for your community relations work -- eight ambassador's awards, four times recipient of the Admiral Thompson award and six times the navy league award.

All this tangible evidence is, as always, only the tip of the iceberg and just half the story behind your success. Firstly, you have been outstandingly efficient at the job you came here to do. Secondly, you went out of your way from the very earliest days to get to know us and thereby dispense any false image we may have had of the American way of life. This is a tribute to every one of you from the most senior to the most junior. We have had a natural and easy confluence of customs and conventions at work or at play. Your color guard has attended and enhanced innumerable ceremonials, you have paraded at Armistice Day ceremonies, and you were at Banchoy last year for the parade on victory in Japan (V.J.) day that marked the end of the war in the far east for both our nations.

In a different dimension, you have shared our sports and pastimes, you have played your football and our rugby, you have played your baseball and our cricket. You have danced our Scottish country dances and reels and so it goes on. Thankfully I think golf was the only sport in which neither of us had anything to teach the other! You have competed in our athletics and highland games and your famous tug-of-war team has been all over pulling its heart out in committed contest. You have registered no less than three tartans -- one for the base, one for the Seabees and one for the marines! Taken together that must itself be a record for any one command.

Of course, there are stories without number, but I will tell only two. The first is about the redecoration of Dorward house -- an old people's home in Dulux. Willie Johnston as provost was offered a deal by Dulux, the paint suppliers, to the effect that they would donate all the materials if Willie could get the job done voluntarily but no one in Montrose came forward. As a member of the Scottish/American community relations committee, Willie appealed to the base. As a result, Master Chief Roberts ensured the necessary number of so-called "volunteers" from the base personnel, and the job was completed to the satisfaction of all!

The other story is about the mystery of the lost award certificate. At one of those ambassadorial ceremonies in London and after the award certificates had been handed around to those entitled to get one, the captain's wife noticed that according to the text on the certificate it was

not the U.S. Navy at Edzell, but the U.S. Air Force that was being commended! There was embarrassment all around, the certificates were recalled and all returned except for one. No one had any idea where it might be, but I can confirm a strong rumor, no more than that of course, that it may still be seen adorning the wall of one of the smallest rooms in an ancient and noble house in the northeast of Scotland as a very potent and enduring memorial to Scottish/American relations!

I could easily go on, but I am sure that I have already said enough to make my point. Your time here has been a truly wonderful and successful and cheering example of your collective good will and spirit of service. We have been so glad to get to know you. We feel privileged to have been the folk who were fortunate enough to have had you in our midst so long. We will miss your presence enormously and the memories of you will never fade. I will give the last word to Robbie Burns:

Had we never loved so kindly
Had we never loved so blindly
Never met or never parted
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Thank you -- farewell to you all and GOD BLESS!

FROM THE BRIDGE: NSGA EDZELL'S CLOSURE

By: Bruce L. Drake

Although it is my honor to write the final "From the Bridge" for the "Tartan Log," it is not my pleasure. Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell and Scotland have always been magical places for those who have served here. We leave after 37 years of reveling in the glory of the Highlands, the beauty of Glen Esk, the power of the North Esk River, the skirl of the pipes, and most of all, the warm friendship of our hosts, the Scots.

But that has not been our only accomplishment. In 37 years we, military and family members, have garnered 18 community relations awards, four Rear Admiral Thompson Awards, six Ambassador Awards and nine Navy League Awards. Along the way we earned the thanks and admiration of the local community.

The "family" of NSGA Edzell has contributed over half a million pounds sterling to local charities, given over 10,000 pints of blood to the Scottish blood bank, and married over 300 members, male and female, from the local communities.

Operationally we were key in the successful completion of the Cold War and critical in all the hot spots in the CINCUSNAVEUR and CINCLANT areas of responsibility. This in itself is an amazing accomplishment. The men and women of NSGA Edzell, whether Sailors, Marines, Soldiers or Airmen, have been the unsung heroes of the Cold War. Being a critical factor in maintaining the fragile peace throughout our planet, in our own special way we assisted in the collapse of the Berlin Wall and the freeing of millions from despotism in Eastern Europe.

During our existence the world has marched on one hot spot to another - Vietnam, the Six Day War, Cambodia, Iran-Iraq, the Falklands, Desert Storm and Bosnia come to mind. We have seen four Popes and nine Presidents. As has happened to the pioneers of cryptography who have gone on before us, our exploits and contributions will not be known to the world at large for many decades. This is how it must be, and should be. But, with the winning of the Travis Trophy and the awarding of the Navy Unit Citation, those in the highest echelons of the gov-

ernment have demonstrated that they know, and appreciate, what we have done. And what we did has, and will continue to have, an impact on the world stage, present and future. Of this you can be justifiably proud.

The support side of the command was not idle either: runner-up in the Admiral Zumwalt competition, twice Honorable Mention (Third Place) in the Ney Award competition, Commander-in-Chief's Installation Excellence Award, two Gold and one Silver Anchor Awards and the designation as having the "numero uno" Personnel Support Detachment in Europe.

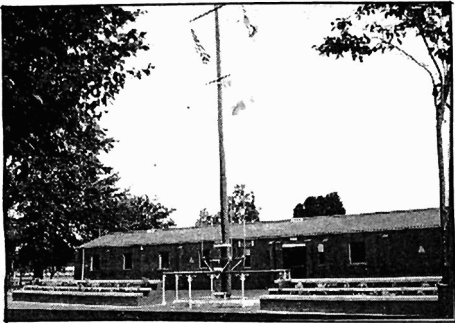
And, finally, the long arduous task of shutting down operations and preparing the base for closure and turn-over to the Royal Air Force. Many of you have done jobs you were neither familiar with or really trained to do. And you did them all superbly, in the true spirit of the U.S. Navy Bluejacket. I still receive compliments from visitors on how impressive and squared away the base looks. You have earned that "WELL DONE."

As NSGA Edzell "slips its lines and makes way for Fiddler's Green," I would like to say how honored and grateful I am to be one of 18 Commanding Officers of NSGA Edzell. We are not a perfect crew, we have our warts and pimples, but in all my 29 years of naval service, I have never served with finer SAILORS. I would be proud and honored to serve with any of you in the future, anywhere, under any conditions. Stand proud, you are crew-members of the Naval Security Group and SAILORS of the BEST NAVY in the world.

We leave the beauty of this country and the embrace of our friends, we march out with our heads held high, the last of a long heritage of dedicated Sailors, Marines, Airmen, and Soldiers who have done our duty to the end. Our mission is complete.

I wish you "fair winds and following seas" in all your endeavors.

(Special Editor's note: Captain Drake's comments originally appeared in the Edzell Tartan Log, Vol. 34, No. 2, the final issue.)



U.S. Navy photo
Administration building and flagpole at RAF Edzell, Scotland

THOUGHTS ON THE EDZELL MONUMENT

By: Sharon N. Chamness

Although the final closure crew wanted to leave behind a memorial to the U.S. presence at Edzell, the Edzell Monument standing today was primarily a result of the efforts of Blair Morrison, one of our British DWS (Defense Works Service) employees in the base Public Works Department. Blair is a friend of the artist, Tom Church, who was also the sculptor of the William Wallace statue in Sterling, Scotland. Blair suggested the monument/sculpture concept to his boss, Lieutenant Thomas F. George, CEC, USN, our last Public Works officer. Tom presented the idea to my Executive officer, Lieutenant Sean G. McLaren, and myself. The only stipulation I made was that we NOT use U.S. government funds for this project.

Fortunately the publisher of the Edzell Commemorative Book had brought that project in well under budget, so we had approximately \$2,000 of donated funds available to reimburse the artist for materials, time and talent.

The Edzell Monument, I feel, is far more representative of the many men and women who served there BECAUSE donated funds paid for the project.

(Special Editor's note: Lieutenant Commander Chamness was the last commanding officer at Edzell. She presided over the final closure activities.)

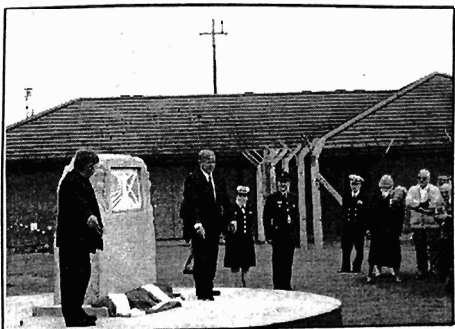
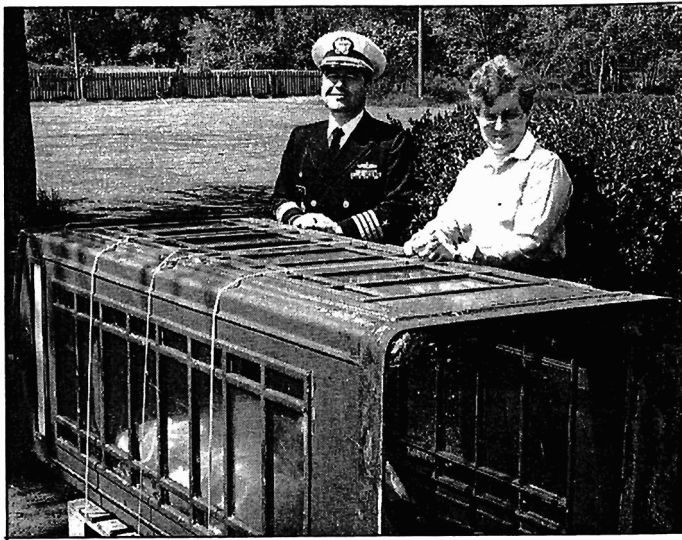


Photo courtesy Fred Demech
Unveiling of the stone monument at Edzell,
30 September 1997



Clark photographers photo courtesy Fred Demech
Captain and Mrs. Demech with their British telephone box prior to shipping it home to America

UNIQUE "TRUNK" FOR THE U.S.A.

His American neighbors will be excused for thinking that Captain Fred Demech has gone into receivership following his wife's latest spending spree.

For Janet, wife of the Commander of the U.S. base at Edzell, has been persuaded by the marketing men to "make that call," and has done it in style - a 345 Pound [Sterling] transatlantic call.

Fred explained his wife's open affair with British Telecom began on visits to Scotland prior to his two-year posting to Edzell, but during their stay the flirtation became an obsession.

And now, as the couple pack their trunks to return to Washington in July, a 1600-lb. Dundee telephone booth will prove some baggage-handler's nightmare.

Captain Demech said yesterday, "We read in the papers late '84 early '85 about the sale of old telephone boxes by British Telecom.

"We contacted them and a year later they invited us to their Dundee yard. When we got there we were allowed to wander around and inspect the boxes and eventually found the one we thought was in the best condition.

"It was built in 1947 and used in Dundee until recently. It still has the telephone in it, but the concrete base has been removed, otherwise it would have weighed well over a ton.

"I contacted a farmer and he came down to Dundee to pick it up. When we leave it will be packed with our household luggage and sent south to one of the ports before being shipped-off to the States. We leave on 18 July so it should arrive in America some time in August. But then I will be faced with the problem of getting a 1600-lb. phone-booth off the back of a truck and into my back yard.

"When it's in position I will be painting it and seeing about having it connected, but we could have problems with the different currency and the coin slot."

Captain Demech's successor at Edzell is Captain Charles Peterson, but Fred and Janet "will be back for a visit in the fall and many more times." And, of course, they can always make their Angus friends happy with a phone call.

(Special Editor's note: The above story was provided by Captain Demech and originally appeared in one of the local Scottish newspapers. The captain reports the phone booth is no longer in his possession but remains somewhere in Virginia.)



Clark Photographers photo courtesy Fred Demech
Stone monument left at the base. The stone inscription reads: "Auld Lang Syne - Should auld acquaintance be forgot. And never brought to mind?" The center portion reads: "1960 - 1997 This was the site of the United States of America Naval Security Group Activity."

THE FINAL DAY

By: Doug Stenzel

The following is the Dundee Courier & Advertiser article of the final flag-lowering ceremony. The weather behaved and we had a good turnout. About ten of us retired old farts attended, but only four came in-uniform. Some pretty lame excuses, but I think the real reason was they couldn't get into the dang things. I managed - just. Anyway, it's over - 37 years of U.S. Navy presence at Edzell comes to an end.

Today I really feel adrift. While the base was here I always had that U.S. connection - now it's gone. Just thought you might like to read the article. Some of the other papers carried pieces as well, but the Courier writer really captured the tone of the event.

I had intended to write a short piece on the final flag-lowering at Edzell for the Edzell Web page and for turn-around to the NCVA for distribution. I think you'll agree, however, that it would be hard to top the following article which appeared in the Courier this morning. It was a sad

and poignant occasion and the writer did an excellent job of capturing in words the feelings of everyone present. U.S. Naval Security Group Activity (NSGA) Edzell is no more, but she went out in style:

Dateline 1 October, 1997 - Edzell, Scotland
"Flag Lowered For the Last Time at Edzell Base"

It seemed as if they had been waiting for this moment. The faltering notes of the bagpipes suddenly changed, and the haunting strains of a Scottish song of farewell began to filter through the cool autumn air.

A lone Scots voice took up the tune, and within seconds an American standing a few feet away joined in. The chorus swelled quickly within the ranks of the assembled crowd and soon everyone was singing "We're No' Awa' Tae Bide Awa'."

The mildly suffocating formality had been broken and an official occasion had assumed its proper place in the order of things - a simple parting of old friends.

The final flag-lowering act which yesterday marked the end of the U.S. Navy's 37-year presence at Royal Air Force (RAF) Edzell was blessed with watery sunshine in marked contrast to the icy wind and sleet showers on the occasion when the colours were first raised over the Angus base in February 1960.

An audience of over 100 people, U.S. Navy ex-serving personnel, former civilian workers and long-standing friends of the base stood side by side as the ceremony to lower the RAF Ensign and the Stars and Stripes was led by the base Commander, Lieutenant Commander Sharon Chamness. The petite redhead introduced the base chaplain, Father Lawrence (Buzz) Hummer, who extolled the friendships which had been cemented between the Scottish and American nation over almost four decades. He asked for divine assistance to help maintain these links in the years to come.

RAF base commander Steve Bowen said this was not just one more in a long line of base closures. It held a special meaning for everyone concerned.

Recalling the 85-year history of RAF Edzell, Squadron Leader Bowen referred to closures after both the First and Second World Wars - after "the war was over, the war was won, the job was done and the job was done well."

"The US Navy did not just fight a war at Edzell. It won the hearts of the local community with a generosity typical of the American nation.

"They have laid solid foundations of friendship. We

will continue to build on these solid foundations for years to come."

Lieutenant Commander Chamness said it was with great sadness that she brought the end of 37 years of US Navy presence at Edzell.

"You have welcomed us into your homes and made us part of your families," she said.

"We know that these friendships will continue."

She thanked everyone concerned in the smooth run-down of the base over the last two years, adding, "we leave it in an environmentally safe condition."

"It has been my privilege to work with all of you to reach this end of the road."

As the RAF Ensign was slowly lowered by Petty Officer Adam Claudell, who ten days ago became the last American from the base to marry a local girl, an identical duty was carried out a few feet away by Lieutenant Sean McLaren.

Lieutenant McLaren, who proudly spoke of his Edinburgh-born father, was given the honor of lowering the Stars and Stripes, which will be transported back to the United States next month.

As the two flags descended, to be meticulously folded and placed in the arms of Lieutenant Commander Chamness and Squadron Leader Bowen, the silence was broken by the pipes of Lieutenant Tom George, whose request to play at the ceremony, despite his recent introduction to the instrument eight months ago, had been willingly granted.

His Last Post was greeted stoically by the audience, who were then surprised to hear a bagpipe version of "Going Home."

But their staunch resolve, and the tears, finally broke as "We're No' Awa'" rose over the parade ground.

Following the official ceremony, the audience was ushered to the Quarterdeck area of the base where, until a few weeks ago, a Vampire jet greeted visitors to RAF Edzell.

In its place, shrouded by a saltire, stood a new monument, specially commissioned from Brechin sculptor Tom Church, the architect of the famous Braveheart statue.

There were gasps of delight and applause as the saltire was removed to reveal the American's parting gift to Scotland, an inscribed commemoration stone to mark their presence in Angus.

The flags of the two nations, buttressed by sculpted thistles, sit above the simple message "This was the site of the United States of America Naval Security Group Activity."

Above the flags the message reads "Auld Lang Syne."

The ceremony over, photographs were taken for albums on both sides of the Atlantic. Hands were shaken, people hugged and everyone vowed to meet again one day.

Then they walked slowly away - and Edzell fell silent.

Those retirees (U.S. Navy) present for the final flag lowering included: Paul Sullivan, Vaughn Zelinsky, Larry Keeter, Troy Melvin, Bill George, Harry Massuch, Fred Stewart, Dave Eaton, and myself. Lieutenant Commander Igor Meadows also attended as did Honorary CPO Bob White.

(Special Editor's note: The above *Courier & Advertiser* story appeared in the Winter 1998 (Vol. 19, No. 1) issue of the *CRYPTOLOG*.)

FROM THE TARTAN LOG...

Much of the history of Edzell was chronicled in the pages of the base newspaper-cum-magazine the *TARTAN LOG*. Some of the more interesting tidbits of information that found their way into print are recorded below. Maybe you will remember reading some of these from your time there.

EDZELL ECHOES. The base newspaper will be named "TARTAN LOG." The name was chosen in the base wide contest (won my Mrs. Kirby Hill) held last year. Since then the "Log" staff has been busy getting the paper organized. We of the staff hope that the paper will be well received by the base community. Remember, it's your paper - comments are most welcome. (Vol. 1, No. 1, 17 January 1964.)

WWII VETERAN REVISITS RAF EDZELL. Mrs. Beth McHardy, an eighty-year-old lady from St. Cyrus, visited RAF Edzell on 19 October 1994. Mrs. McHardy had been a volunteer in the Woman's Auxiliary Air Force (WAAF) during WWII and had served as a cook at Edzell for a short time. At the time of her Edzell tour she was a Sergeant but was later promoted to Warrant Officer before she was "demobbed" (discharged) from the WAAF in 1945. (Vol. 31, No. 10, November 1994.)

EAGLE SCOUT RAY KYLE HONORED. Boy Scout Troop 585 held an Eagle Court of Honor for Ray Kyle on 21 February at the Ship's Inn. The Eagle Scout award is highest rank conferred by the Boy Scouts of America. (Vol. 32, No. 4, April 1995.)

THE RAILWAY TO INDEPENDENCE. On 2 July, the Navy Wives Club of America, Scottish Thistle #239, in association with the Caledonian Railway, Brechin, held the first ever Fourth of July celebration at the Brechin Railway via the Bridge of Dun. (Vol. 32, No. 7, August 1995.)

UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR'S AWARD. For the fifth time RAF Edzell has been selected as the winner of the prestigious Ambassador's Award for Community Relations Programs by a United States military base in the United Kingdom. (Vol. 32, No. 8, September 1995.)

COMPANY 'B' DEPARTS. Company Bravo, Marine Support Battalion, Edzell, Scotland, a part of the NSGA Edzell community since 1963, held their closure ceremony on 3 June 1996. There are no immediate intentions to relocate Company "B". (Vol. 33, No. 7, July 1996.)

CHANGE OF COMMAND. On 1 July, the 17th Space



Photo courtesy Fred Demech
U.S. flag being lowered for the last time at Edzell,
30 September 1997

Surveillance Squadron (17 SPSS), United States Air Force, ended its small but significant part in Air Force history. The 17 SPSS was deactivated and then reactivated as Operating Location "A" (OL-A) of the 5th Space Surveillance Squadron. The mission will continue until the unit merges together with its sister unit down in England at a later date. (Vol. 33, No. 8, August 1996.)

November of 1980, the first two U.S. Army soldiers reported to NSGA Edzell for a temporary duty assignment (TDY). After 180 days, the soldiers were replaced by two other soldiers. These TDY missions continued until 1985 when soldiers were permanently assigned at Edzell. Later, to become a Detachment under the 743D Military Intelligence (MI) Battalion. On 15 July 1996, the Detachment held a deactivation ceremony ending almost sixteen years of presence at Edzell. (Vol. 33, No. 8, August 1996.)

RAILROAD TO INDEPENDENCE. The Caledonian Railway is a steam railway preserved and operated by volunteers. The railway operates over the only remaining section of the Caledonian Railway branch line in Angus situated on the former Strathmore main line. This four-mile section of track stretches from Brechin to the Bridge of Dun. The Railroad to Independence is a celebration in conjunction with NSGA Edzell's Fourth of July. (Vol. 33, No. 8, August 1996.)

SPECCOM SWITCHES OFF. Special Communications (SPECCOM) is a division comprised of Radiomen and Electronics Technicians who excel in providing a unique service to the fleet. They have existed in the same location for twenty years but have only recently become members of NSGA Edzell. Prior to 1992, SPECCOM was a Detachment from Naval Communications Station Thurso. On 5 August 1996, in a corner of Building 300, this small group of communicators marked the end of an era. At 1100 hours SPECCOM division formally ceased operations. (Vol. 33, No. 9, September 1996.)

NAVY DAY BALL. Edzell's last Navy Day Ball will be held on October 19th at the Aberdeen Treetops Stakis Hotel. The 1996 Navy Day Ball Committee has raised over 15,000 pounds to provide the Edzell community "four star" treatment at minimal cost to our guests. (Vol. 33, No. 9, September 1996.)

EDZELL GOES TO HOLLYWOOD? It may not have been Hollywood, but a television production company (Caledonia, Stern & Wyld Ltd.) visited NSGA Edzell to film on-location for an upcoming series called "Secret Scotland." The team arrived on 18 November 1996 and conducted an interview with the former Commanding Officer, Captain Phil Ray. The film crew was allowed access to Building 300 to film more supporting footage for the documentary. The TV series is expected to air in mid-March. (Vol. 34, No. 1, January 1997.)

EDZELL'S GUARDIAN OF THE GATE. A restored British Vampire jet stands a vigilant watch at the entrance to Royal Air Force (RAF) Base Edzell. The jet, a DeHavilland Type 115 Vampire T11 XD542 aircraft arrived from RAF Cranwell, England, where it had been on display since 1975. It arrived at Edzell on 16 July 1991. (Vol. 28, No. 11, November 1991.)

HALSEY SCHOOL EXPANDS. The newspapers may be full of stories about recession at the moment, but at Halsey School the buzz-word is "expansion." With a student population of about 170, the school now has more pupils than ever before. Two additions to the school recently have been a Port-a-Cabin classroom for the 7th

grade class and new playground equipment. (Vol. 29, No. 1, January 1992.)

THE EDZELL "HILTON." On 2 May 1992, ground breaking occurred for the new Navy Lodge. Replacing "trailers," the new facility will be a 15-room complex costing \$1,188,000. It is expected to be completed in December of this year. The rooms will be approximately 20' x 16'. Each will have a kitchenette, bathroom, dressing room and guest room. (Vol. 29, No. 7, July 1992.)

POSTAL OFFICIALS EXTEND JULY DEADLINE. Mail will still be delivered after 15 July if it has the old Army/Air Force or Fleet Post Office numbers and city code, said military postal officials. Military and civilian postal officials worked together to create a standard address format for all DOD personnel and their families living overseas that promised faster mail delivery. The standard format, which uses unique state codes - AE, AP, AA - and a unit Zip Code number, will be realigned geographically. (Vol. 29, No. 7, July 1992.)

POST OFFICE WOES. Our Post Office will need volunteers this Christmas season. Last year, this command's Post Office processed over 100 tons of mail from mid-November to mid-January. We could expect almost twice as much this year. If you want your Christmas mail at Christmas - volunteer for the cause! (Vol. 29, No. 10, October 1992.)

NAVY LODGE OPENS AT EDZELL. The first permanent Navy Lodge in the United Kingdom opened last month when the Commanding Officer, Captain L.C. Schaffer, and Commanding Officer, Navy Exchange Services Center Europe, Captain N.D. Malcolm, cut the Edzell tartan ribbon. The 15-room lodge completes plans begun nearly 10 years ago for a permanent facility for military travelers. (Vol. 30, No. 5, May 1993.)

AN ALL HANDS EVOLUTION. Rear Admiral William Thompson Award goes to NSGA Edzell for the third consecutive year. Once again our hard work and dedication have paid off. Congratulations to all! (Vol. 30, No. 6, June 1993.)

NEW CRA. On 1 December 1993 Ms. Yvonne Cant took over as Edzell's Community Relations Advisor (CRA). Ms. Cant, who is from the town of Renfrew, is new to the east coast of Scotland. She previously served as the CRA at Holy Loch and at RAF Alconbury, England. (Vol. 30, No. 11, December 1993.)

GUARDIAN VAMPIRE GROUNDED DUE TO HIGH WINDS. The DeHavilland Type 115 Vampire that has been the "Guardian of the Gate" since 2 October 1991 was grounded recently. High winds in the area twisted the metal pedestal the aircraft is mounted on. (Vol. 31, No. 1, January 1994.)

GUARDIAN AWAY! On 23 March, the "Guardian of the Gate" flew again when a team of technicians from RAF Leuchars hoisted the DeHavilland Type 115 Vampire aircraft off its pedestal and completed repairs. The pedestal was damaged during high winds in January. (Vol. 31, No. 3, March 1994.)

CHAPEL OF FAITH 30TH ANNIVERSARY. On 17 June the Chapel of Faith celebrated its 30th Anniversary with a service held at the chapel followed by a reception at the Ship's Inn. (Vol. 31, No. 7, August 1994.)

DINNER, DANCING, AND FUN; NAVY DAY BALL 1986. Every command in the Navy celebrates our service's birthday in one fashion or another, and the Naval Security Group Activity, Edzell, celebrated the 211th anniversary in a big way. 31 October was the date of the extravaganza at the Airport Skaen Dhu Hotel, Aberdeen. (Vol. 23, No. 11, October 1986.)

SACRC UPDATE. Honorary Sheriff William Johnston, MBE, Justice of the Peace, has been a member of the various Scottish-American Community Relations Committees (SACRC) since their inception in 1965. Willie, as he is affectionately known, lives in Montrose. He is a former Provost of Montrose, having served four terms in that office. (Vol. 27, No. 8, August 1990.)

SACRC UPDATE. Dr. Ian Grove-White is an anesthetist who works between various local hospitals. Ian has been a member of the Scottish-American Community Relations Committee (SACRC) since 1980 and was recently appointed a Justice of the Peace for the County of Angus. (Vol. 27, No. 9, September 1990.)

"I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD..." Company "B" Marine volunteers recently donated some of their time (and sweat) to lay railroad ties in an effort to reconnect the Bridge of Dun to Brechin City by rail. (Vol. 27, No. 9, September 1990.)

HALSEY SUPPORTS RECYCLING. Recently W.F. Halsey, Jr., Elementary School became the lucky recipient of excess materials from a scale-down casualty, Wethersfield School in England. As a result, Halsey's kindergarten class became the proud new owners of a listening center. A recycled Language Master machine went into the resource room where it has been a big hit! (Vol. 27, No. 12, December 1990.)

PUBLIC WORKS CHATTER. PW recently held a Hair and Farewell on 4 January and reluctantly said farewell to Mrs. Amy Kidd who retired from the base after 26 years of dedicated service to the Navy. (Vol. 28, No. 1, January 1991.)

JUNIOR SAILOR OF THE YEAR. Cryptologic Technician (Communications) Third Class Alexandra Renee Mills was recently named the first-ever NSGA Edzell Junior Sailor of the Year. (Vol. 28, No. 2, February 1991.)

McGARRIGLE PROMOTED TO EAGLE SCOUT. The first member of RAF Edzell Troop 585 to be promoted to the rank of Eagle Scout was recently honored in a ceremony at RAF Edzell. Geoffrey Michael Gerard McGarrigle, 17, has been a member of Troop 585, Boy Scouts of America, for the last four years. (Vol. 28, No. 8, August 1991.)

TUG TEAM TAKES 3rd PLACE AT BRAEMAR. The Braemar Royal Highland Gathering is always a special event for Edzell's Tug-of-War Team. Apart from being the most popular of all the Highland Games, Braemar is

unique in that the patron of the games is Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, who attends almost every year. The competition at Braemar is always tough and this year was no exception. Despite the competition, Edzell's team finished 3rd in its division, the most successful season in our team's history. (Vol 28, No. 9, September 1991.)

1991 NAVY DAY BALL. Friday, 18 October, is the date and The Angus Thistle Hotel, Dundee, is the location for the 1991 Navy Day Ball - be proud to be Navy! (Vol 28, No. 9, September 1991.)

THE CDC GOES HOME. The Child Development Center (CDC) renovation and expansion project is complete. On October 28th the center reopened its doors in its own building. (Vol 28, No. 10, October 1991.)

EDZELL CAPTURES NAVY'S U.K. BOWLING TOURNEY. It was clear sailing and calm seas for personnel from the command as they captured the United Kingdom Bowling Tournament. (Vol 10, No. 2, 29 June 1973.)

1973 CHRISTMAS BAZAAR. This year's Christmas Bazaar will be held in the station gymnasium from 1100 to 1800 on Wednesday, 31 October. Merchants from Montrose, Brechin, Forfar, Arbroath, Laurencekirk, Fettercairn and Edzell will be onboard for the event, so come on out and take advantage of an excellent opportunity to purchase your Christmas gifts early this year. (Vol 10, No. 4, 23 October 1973.)

COMMUNITY RELATIONS ADVISOR. Looking for information about Scotland? Our new Community Relations Advisor, Mrs. Betty Morton is the person you should ask. Stop by her office in the Administration Building or call 235 anytime for information. (Vol 10, No. 4, 23 October 1973.)

BARRACKS GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY. The Commanding Officer, Captain W.K. Martin, conducted a ground-breaking ceremony on 6 February 1974 which initiated the commencement of new BEQ construction at Edzell. The new 184-man BEQ will be constructed using the latest Department of Defense bachelor housing habitability and construction criteria. (Vol 11, No. 2, 24 April 1974.)

BEQ TO OPEN SOON. What has 91 windows, 226 doors, 18 living rooms, 72 bedrooms, 72 bathrooms and 138 radiators? The answer is Building 333, the new BEQ complex. According to Lieutenant A.E. Wickerham, the resident officer in charge of construction, the new BEQ was completed in April at an estimated cost of \$1.25 million. That cost does not include the estimated 2,900 pieces of furniture needed to fill the complex. (Vol 12, No. 3, 2 May 1975.)

YOUTH ACTIVITIES CENTER OPENS HERE. If you are a dependent between the ages of 10 and 17, you may have noticed a change in the recreational facilities open to you. In ceremonies that took place on 12 April, Captain W.K. Martin officially opened the new Youth Activities Center. (Vol 12, No. 3, 2 May 1975.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY. Captain Jon C. McKenzie makes the first cut in Edzell's Navy Day birthday cake in the Galley as MS1 Butch Toti observes. October 13th marked the 203rd anniversary of the Navy's birth. (Vol 15, No. 7, September-October 1978.)

WARMING HEARTS. The Boy Scouts of Troop 585 for the past three years put action into a "heart-felt" wish to help the needy. On 27 December 64 bags of firewood were delivered to the homes of 28 elderly people in Edzell and the surrounding area. (Vol 18, No. 1, January 1981.)

IT'S THE "WHAT'S NEXT SHOW." CTACS Jack Jordan cues up for the "What's Next Show." He volunteers his time to operate Radio North Angus at Stracathro Hospital. (Vol 18, No. 2, February 1981.)

CAAC CELEBRATES THEIR 4TH BIRTHDAY. In October 1980, the Counseling and Assistance Center (CAAC) of RAF Edzell celebrated its fourth birthday. Reflecting back on the past four years, it's easy to see the growth in this program. In 1980 alone, over 100 clients were seen at the facility. (Vol 18, No. 2, February 1981.)

USNSGA EDZELL RECEIVES SILVER ANCHOR AWARD. On 27 May 1981 Rear Admiral P.W. Dillingham, Jr., commander, Naval Security Group Command, presented the Silver Anchor Award to the Command Retention Team. The award was in recognition for superior achievement in personnel retention from 1 October 1979 to 30 September 1980. (Vol 18, No. 6, June 1981.)

NEW SCHOOL NOW IN USE. The new William F. Halsey Elementary School building, costing about \$400,000, was opened to some 170 children on 4 January. The school, located immediately north of the base housing area, takes in kindergartens through 8th grade classes. Mr. Emil Natalie, principal of the school, said plans for the structure were finalized in the latter part of 1968 and the construction commenced the following year. (Vol 8, No. 1, 29 January 1971.)

SECNAV PAYS SHORT VISIT TO BASE. The Secretary of the Navy, Honorable John H. Chafee, took a first-hand look at NSGA Edzell while on a recent twelve-day tour of selected naval activities in the European-Mediterranean area. (Vol 8, No. 2, 18 March 1971.)

AIR FORCE PLANS DETACHMENT HERE. A permanent detachment of U.S. Air Force personnel will be based at RAF Edzell beginning in July by joint Navy-Air Force agreement. One officer and 12 enlisted men, including a Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge, will make up the team. Air Force operations will be performed at the site of the Red School House on the runway near Building 300. They will be here in support of Project Clear Sky, which deals with weather research and radio propagation. (Vol 8, No. 3, 13 May 1971.)

COMMANDER YODER RELIEVES CAPTAIN THOMAS AS COMMANDING OFFICER. Commander Dwane F. Yoder relieved Captain Edward W. Thomas as commanding officer during a brief ceremony on 13 July. Following the ceremony Captain Thomas departed Scotland to take up his new duty assignment at Fort Meade,

Maryland. (Vol 8, No. 4, 19 July 1971.)

NEW C.O. ABOARD. On 3 September Captain William Kinne Martin relieved Commander Dwane F. Yoder as commanding officer of the United States Naval Security Group Activity, Edzell, Scotland. Commander Yoder assumed duties as Executive Officer. (Vol 8, No. 5, 1 October 1971.)

NEW EXECUTIVE OFFICER ABOARD. On 28 May, Commander Cameron L. Hoover relieved Commander Dwane F. Yoder as Executive Officer. (Vol 9, No. 3, 16 June 1972.)

EDZELL WINS COMMUNITY RELATIONS AWARD. At a ceremony held Friday evening, 2 June 1972, in London at the home of the American Ambassador to the United Kingdom, Mr. Walter Annenberg formally recognized NSGA Edzell for having the finest community relations program for the calendar year 1971. This is Edzell's third win in seven years. (Vol 9, No. 4, 18 July 1972.)

USAF DETACHMENT 370. July marked the first anniversary of USAF Detachment 370. One year ago, in the early part of July, Air Force personnel started coming to Edzell. By the end of July all 13 people now present on-station had arrived. The past year has seen many and various projects accomplished that have transformed the old schoolhouse into a viable operating unit. (Vol 9, No. 5, 18 August 1972.)

EDWARD F. NEY AWARD. The General Mess at Edzell has been awarded an Edward F. Ney Award for excellence in food service and operations. The base has been a semi-finalist winner on four other occasions. (Vol 9, No. 6, 21 September 1972.)

ANTIQUA AUTOMOBILE NEWS. Saturday 19 August 1972 the Strathmore Vintage Vehicle Club provided a little nostalgia for base residents with their parade and display on the activities field in front of Captain Martin's house. There were a total of 32 vintage vehicles on display, 17 cars and 15 motorcycles. (Vol 9, No. 6, 21 September 1972.)

CTCS DEAN CALDWELL. On 16 March 1968 CTCS Dean R. Caldwell was promoted to Master Chief. On the 21st, Captain Joslin appointed him to the position of Leading Chief Petty Officer of the Command. (Vol 5, No. 7, 4 April 1968.)

SQUARE DANCE CLUB ANNIVERSARY. Monday, 25 March The Langstracht Loons and Quines celebrated their first anniversary with a pot luck supper in the FRA Hall. Guests at the supper included Commander and Mrs. Jennings, Chaplain and Mrs. Weir, and members of the square dancing class. (Vol 5, No. 8, 18 April 1968.)

SITE TO SEE. If you've got a free afternoon, here's one place that's highly recommended. Have you ever heard of Dnnottar Castle? It's located between Montrose and Stonehaven on the A-92 coast road. The castle is one of the finest strongholds in Britain and has a history that dates back to the 12th century. (Vol 5, No. 9, 2 May 1968.)

NEGDF. During the months of March and April, many of you may have been startled to see a number of our Navy personnel wearing helmets, gas masks, and carrying M-1 rifles and being drilled by the famous Marine Corps Drill Instructors. These men are participating in the new one-week Navy Emergency Ground Defense Force (NEGDF) training program. (Vol 5, No. 10, 16 May 1968.)

PETTY OFFICER ACADEMY, TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL OPERATION. We've come a long way since the first class of 13 men completed the course back in May of 1966. 324 men from this command as well as commands throughout the U.K. have graduated from our Academy. Its reputation has grown far and wide. The Commander, Naval Security Group Command, recently cited the Academy in SECGRUNOTE 2573 of 4 April 1968 as "representing a sound training concept." (Vol 5, No. 11, 30 May 1968.)

SCOTTISH-AMERICAN TOURNAMENT. Sunday, 24 June, ended the third annual Edzell Scottish-American Bowling Tournament. As is usually the case, NSGA Edzell did an outstanding job. Out of the first seven teams, six were from the base. (Vol 5, No. 12, 13 June 1968.)

JAPANESE GIRL SCOUTS. Two Japanese Girl Scouts left Scotland on 14 August after visiting with their American counterparts at RAF Edzell. The girls, Yoko Matsumura, 18, and Tamiko Sakatani, 16, arrived in Scotland on 6 August as part of an exchange program. A special reception was held for the girls as well as a sight-seeing trip to Edinburgh. (Vol 5, No. 16, 7 October 1968.)

NEW OPERATIONS OFFICER. Lieutenant Commander Selby W. Jacobs has taken over the job of operations officer. Lieutenant Commander Jacobs relieved Lieutenant Commander Paul Cooper who is now stationed in Washington, D.C. (Vol 6, No. 9, 10 November 1969.)

AMBASSADOR AWARD. The U.S. Naval Security Group Activity at Edzell has been judged the best in the United Kingdom in the field of community relations for American bases of less than 1,000 men for the second time in three years. (Vol 6, No. 9, 10 November 1969.)

NSGA EDZELL TOUR OF DUTY LENGTHENED. The tour of duty for military personnel at NAVSECGRUACT Edzell has been extended by the Chief of Naval Personnel retroactive to 28 April 1970. Married men who reported for duty here on or after 28 April 1970 will remain onboard three years, while single and unaccompanied personnel will make RAF Edzell their home for two years. (Vol 7, No. 2, 16 July 1970.)

COMMANDER JENNINGS ASSUMES EXECUTIVE OFFICER HELM. On 14 July 1967, Commander John S. Jennings, USN, relieved Captain E.C. Dehn as executive officer. Our new executive officer comes to us from Taipei, Taiwan, and is accompanied by his wife, Marie, and four children. (Vol 4, No. 16, 7 August 1967.)

WELCOME COFFEE HELD FOR CHAPLAIN WEIR.

The Community Room of the Chapel of Faith was the scene of a happy congregation meeting their new pastor Wednesday, 2 August. This is Lieutenant Commander Weir's second time in Scotland, his first being to Edinburgh where he received his Ph.D. (Vol 4, No. 17, 21 August 1967.)

NEW STATION THEATER GETS GO-AHEAD. Funding in the amount of \$19,650 has been received for completion of the new Community Center 306-seat theater. Work should begin soon toward this end. (Vol 4, No. 19, 18 September 1967.)

STATION SCHOOL BEGINS SECOND TERM. The William F. Halsey, Jr., American School opened on 5 September. The school is in its second year of operation and has five grades. (Vol 4, No. 20, 9 October 1967.)

GALA OPENING FOR WOOD HOBBY SHOP. Another step in the program to make Edzell's off-duty recreation facilities second to none was accomplished when Thursday 28 September our Executive Officer, Commander Jennings, cut the ribbon that marked the opening of the new Wood Hobby Shop. (Vol 4, No. 20, 9 October 1967.)

PETTY OFFICER ACADEMY. On 15 September 1967, the Petty Officer School was redesignated as the Petty Officer Academy. This may not seem to be a significant event but the term "academy" more accurately reflects the exchange of ideas and discussions that take place within the Academy classroom. (Vol 4, No. 20, 9 October 1967.)

MR. JOHN NICOLL RETIRES. Friday 6 October in the Station Theater, a gathering of friends and coworkers observed the retirement of a reliable man and true friend of the base. John Nicoll, who was the very capable head groundsman, stepped forward to receive a memento of his seven years of faithful work on the base. (Vol 4, No. 21, 23 October 1967.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR. The Girl Scouts of Troop 62 wish to thank all the ladies who donated to our candy sale. We know that without their help it would not have been such a success. Thank you again. (Vol 4, No. 23, 6 November 1967.)

INTRODUCING MRS. GERTIE STEWART. That familiar voice, "Edzell 431," which one hears whenever he or she telephones the base, belongs to Mrs. Gertie Stewart. Mrs. Stewart was born and raised in Montrose, where she attended Montrose Academy. When Mrs. Stewart came to work on the base two years ago last August, she found some difficulty at first in understanding some of our unusual American surnames. Now she is used to them. (Vol 4, No. 25, 4 December 1967.)

LORD STONEHAVEN ADDRESSES OFFICER LUNCHEON. The Right Honorable Viscount Stonehaven was the guest speaker at the officers' luncheon held in the Commissioned Officers Mess (Closed) on 16 January 1968. He has been an active member of the House of Lords since 1945 and it was about the House of Lords that he spoke. (Vol 5, No. 3, 5 February 1968.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ACEY DUCEY! Special guests attending the gala evening celebrating the first anniversary of the Acey Ducey Club were Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. Yeoman and our Community Relations Advisor Miss Rita McRae. Highlights of the evening included speeches commemorating the club's first year as well as a cake-cutting ceremony. (Vol 5, No. 6, 22 February 1968.)

BEST MESS AT EDZELL. The Edzell General Mess has been selected as the Outstanding Navy Mess in Europe and will compete as a finalist for the 1967 Annual Edward Francis Ney Memorial Award. Honors are not new to the Mess Hall here at Edzell. For the past three years the mess has been selected to represent the United Kingdom in the Ney competition. (Vol 4, No. 12, 31 March 1967.)

STATION EMBLEM. The Commanding Officer would like to develop a suitable emblem for the station. This emblem could then be used for plaques, seals and jacket patches. The emblem should be about eight inches square and may be multicolored. Designs should be submitted to the Administrative Officer. (Vol 4, No. 12, 31 March 1967.)

BASE NURSERY. The base nursery is now open for your use. It is located in the old Navy Exchange building, and children from six months on are welcome. (Vol 4, No. 12, 5 June 1967.)

BASE LIBRARY. On 15 May 1967 at 1900, the Base Library was officially reopened with the Commanding Officer, Captain H.E. Joslin, presiding over the ceremony. (Vol 4, No. 12, 5 June 1967.)

NEW TRAFFIC SIGNS. Word has been received from Mr. Mitchell, Kincardine County Council, that the Traffic Commissioners in Edinburgh have approved two "Children" signs for Denstrath Road and that the signs will be positioned in the very near future at the crossing from the housing area to the technical site. (Vol 4, No. 13, 19 June 1967.)

GYM TO OPEN. On Friday 17 June 1966 the gymnasium in the Community Center, which is in Hangar 25, will open for use. The grand opening will be held at 1830. (Vol 3, No. 14, 15 June 1966.)

CAPTAIN EVERSON TO BE RELIEVED ON 5 JULY. On 5 July Captain John K. Everson will haul down his pennant at USNSGA Edzell, after completing a tour of 20 months. Captain Everson served as Executive Officer from September 1964 until he relieved Captain W.H. Jester as Commanding Officer in April 1965. At 1400 on 5 (Vol 3, No. 15, 30 June 1966.)

CAPTAIN JOSLIN TAKES THE HELM. July 1966, Captain Harold E. Joslin relieved Captain John K. Everson as commanding officer of the U.S. Naval Security Group Activity, Edzell. (Vol 4, No. 1, 29 July 1966.)

NEW DEPENDENT SCHOOL OPENS. On Tuesday 6 September the Overseas Dependent School officially opened in the old Operations Building. The school consists of two classrooms and will offer instruction for grades 4 through 8. (Vol 4, No. 3, 6 September 1966.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

By: Jay R. Browne

Special Editions are by their very nature, well, "special". This Edzell Special is no exception. Besides the people whose stories you've read, there were several behind-the-scenes people who helped to make this publication possible and I wish to say "thank you" to them.

First and foremost I say a big "thank you" to Jack Jordan. As you've read, Jack was an "A" Brancher at Edzell and his skills with the written English language remain as sharp as when we were on those foreign shores. Jack painstakingly proofed each page of each story and caught numerous "type-o" errors as well as formatting and abbreviation errors. Thanks again Jack!

Bill Hickey was the Electronic Materiel Officer when I arrived at Edzell. Today he lives in Colorado and maintains a sort of community "party line" via the Internet for ex-Edzell folks. I appreciate the opportunity to join in and spread the word about this offering to NCVA members and non-members alike. In a similar vein, Roger Shambaugh and Dale Trzebiatowski co-operate the Edzell Website at:

<http://ivycom.simplenet.com/edzell>

For those of you who are "connected," check it out. Thanks, Roger and Dale, for caring about Edzell and maintaining the Website. Not to be outdone, Ed Walker maintains the Brechin Website at:

<http://members.aol.com/ewalker01/brechin/home.htm>

This is a fascinating place with an abundance of information about Edzell and the surrounding communities. Well done, Ed. A last stop on the Internet is the Edzell site at:

<http://www.edzell.demon.co.uk>

While the main thrust of this site is the Edzell Taxi service, it has some interesting "bits" as well as access to some great maps of the United Kingdom.

As always, Grady Lewis has worked tirelessly in getting this Special Edition ready to be printed. Probably the most un-sung of the NCVA heroes is Judy Warren. Few people realize all the work she does in addition to proofing, pasting-up, organizing the pictures and stories for each edition. Thank you, Grady and Judy, it's been another pleasure working with you both.

Last, but not least, a big "thank you" to my wonderful wife for her assistance and support. She also provided a large measure of understanding and patience too.

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