

CANDOER News



A quarterly Newsletter dedicated to Communicators AND Others Enjoying Retirement

April 2007

Spring Issue

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Welcome to the spring issue of a Newsletter dedicated to the **CANDOERs** (Communicators **AND** Others Enjoying Retirement). This newsletter will be distributed quarterly. New issues will be posted on the Web for viewing on or about, January 15, April 15, July 15, and October 15.

The **CANDOER** Web site and newsletter may be viewed by going to the following URI: www.candoer.org

The success of this newsletter depends on you. I need contributors. Do you have an interesting article, a nostalgia item, a real life story, or a picture you would like to share with others? Do you have a snail-mail or an e-mail address of one of our former colleagues? If you do, send it to me at the following e-mail

address:

candoercat@gmail.com

or to my snail-mail address:

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Please, **NO** handwritten submissions.

This newsletter is available free on the Web to any and all who worked with or for members of DC, OC, IRM, IM, or LM.

This publication is available on the Web **only**.

None of the material in this newsletter has a copyright, *unless otherwise noted*. If you wish to print the newsletter and make copies to distribute to others, please feel free to do so.

The **CANDOER** News will be available in three formats: the first format will be as a web page; the second format will be as a PDF file; the third as a Microsoft Word document.

The PDF file (Adobe Acrobat) and Microsoft Word document will allow you to print the newsletter exactly as you would have it if it were mailed to you in a hard copy format.

If you are unable to read the PDF formatted newsletter, you can go to

www.adobe.com/products/acrobat/readstep2.html and download the FREE reader. When installed on your computer, it will allow the automatic opening of the PDF file.

A thief fell and broke his leg in wet cement. He became a hardened criminal.

Letter to the Editor

The following e-mail message was received from Jim Prosser:

I am just finishing reading a book written by a CIA Station Chief in the Congo. He was posted in Leopoldville for several years, including when I was there (1962-64) as communications officer. These were tumultuous times for everyone, especially the communicators.

The name of the book is:

Chief of Station, Congo

By Larry Devlin

Public Affairs

ISBN-13: 978-1-58648-405-7

It has just been published, so may not be in your local library yet, but is available online from www.amazon.com or www.barnesandnoble.com

If you ever served in the Congo or Zaire, you'll find this fixating reading.

The author, an acquaintance of mine, presents his experiences very personally. In one chapter he takes time to thank the communicators, whose efforts were so vital in the successful execution of US policy in the Congo/Zaire. Here is a paragraph quoted from chapter 9:

"Communicating with our families was a problem during these early days. The post office had reopened, but mail took an eternity. The problem was partially solved by a group of American Embassy ham radio operators who

established a regular watch over the single side band frequency used by the embassy. The radio, [known at the 'Bobcat' and 'Twilight' networks] an early acquisition from the American military [USAF], often was our only means of speedy and reliable contact with Washington. The station did not use it because it was insecure, but was fine for speaking to family and friends. The operators were truly a great bunch, patching us through by telephone when we gave them the number, and I talked regularly with my parents."

(Information in brackets is mine.)

Obviously Devlin could not list the communicator's names, both State and TCU, but I attempt here to do just that, for they definitely did contribute to the success and morale of the mission and warrant the praise. I regret that I may have overlooked some, but my wife, Mary, helped me. We were quite a cohesive group based in Leopoldville, Brazzaville, Elizabethville, Stanleyville, and Bukavu.

Here are some mighty fine people I had the pleasure to work with, several no longer with us: Carl Bottleman, Walter Boyer, Fred Charlton, Jean Elliot, Donald Fisher, Brad Filzen, Paul Foster (RIP), Bob Foose, Joe Gaffey (RIP), Julio Gonzalez, Jim Hale, Bryon Hallman, Frank Hemingway, Jerry Herberg, Bob Hjort, Walt Hunter, Wally Kushner (RIP), Dick Leclerc, Vic Maffei, Bill Navratil (RIP), Dick Olson, Dave Parks, Clarence Pierce (RIP), Phil Rothin (RIP), Ernie Ruehle (RIP), Don Simmons, Jim Stauffer, Jim Tuten, Phyllis (Warchal) Grace, and Yvonne White.

Note: In the back issues of the CANDOER News now posted on this updated web site, there are at least four of them which contain articles I wrote about communications experiences in the

Congo (messages, radio, pouches, and couriers). Unfortunately, without looking into all those back issues, I can't specify which ones. Happy hunting!

Jim Prosser

In a democracy it's your vote that counts; in a feudalism, it's your Count that votes.

Cat's Corner

Spring has sprung! The grass has riz! I wonder where the birdies is?

This is my favorite time of the year. The temperatures are on the rise, the trees are putting on their spring clothes, the flowering trees and plants are in full bloom, there is more sunlight than darkness, and all the birds have returned from their winter homes back to their summer homes here in Southern Maryland.

The one-liners used in this issue were received from Willis E. Naeher, DASC Retired.

By the time you start reading this issue of the "**CANDOER NEWS**," I will have moved the **CANDOER** Web site off of the free web space on GeoCities.com where they allowed me only 24k of content and 24 Megs of downloads per 24-hour period.

The web site has been moved to a paid provider, Go Daddy. I will be allowed 5 gig of content and 50 gig, per 24-hour period, of downloads.

This move accomplishes several things of which the most important are that I can now expand the web site to include more content and pictures and there will be NO advertisements.

With this move to Go Daddy, I have converted the **CANDOER** Newsletters that were published from

November of 1997 through October 2001, to HTML and posted them on the **CANDOER** web site.

For you new members, in the 70 issues of the **CANDOER** News, you will find MANY stories from retirees telling about LBOC (Life Before OC); what telecommunications was like in the early days; and, life AOC (After OC).

I hope everyone enjoys reading those stories and the new stories that I hope to publish in future months and years.

I would like to take advantage of the return of this publication to thank all of you who responded to my plea for funds to help fund the paid web site. I have received a total of \$440 as of the date of publication of this issue.

The first two years of hosting for the **CANDOER** web site came to \$117.50. The normal charge for two years is \$163.30, but because I had already registered two other domains, and Go Daddy is hosting both, they gave me a discount.

Because the domain of candoer.org was registered back in 1999 for a period of 10 years, the re registration will not be required again until August of 2009.

The money that you all have donated will fund the registration of the domain and the hosting of the web site for approximately five additional years, through 2014.

Again, **THANK YOU!**

Next quarter will start a three-part story, "The Diplomatic Telecommunications Service" a copywrited article by Bill Weatherford.

The short fortune teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.

Dedication

I am going to start this issue with a dedication to the memory of the many **CANDOERS** who have passed away since the Issue 70, October 2001.

Jim Engelhart	October 2001	Virginia Reynolds	May 2004
Joseph Fagan	January 2002	Russ Ikegami	May 2004
George Jacobson	February 2002	Len Kraske	May 2004
Rosemary Lutes	May 2002	Dorothy Bareford	June 2004
William (Bill) Markham	June 2002	Daniel Baith	September 2004
Maureen White	July 2002	Judy Dressel	September 2004
Eloise Buenting	October 2002	John (Jack) Hagee	September 2004
Don Trebbe	December 2002	Calisto (Cal) Calisti	October 2004
Dan Fisher	January 2003	Joel Kleiman	November 2004
Kelly Hearney	February 2003	Frances (Miki) Lovett	December 2004
Graham Lobb	February 2003	Lillian G. Alger	December 2004
Grover 'Mac' McDowell	March 2003	Thomas J. Warren	December 2004
Jan Lybyer	March 2003	Mako Brendley	December 2004
Elden (Ray) Russell	April 2003	Kevin F. West	January 2005
Thelma Newton	April 2003	Rick Plotz	January 2005
Larry Corbett	April 2003	Doug Hosey	January 2005
Tom Murray	April 2003	Bob LaPlante	March 2005
Sam Richardson	April 2003	Lily Davis	May 2005
Harold Muroaka	May 2003	Paul Doumitt	June 2005
Sam Carden	August 2003	Ed Watson	July 2005
Bill Fanjoy	August 2003	Lynn Stevens	October 2005
William Mason	August 2003	Roger Castelee	November 2005
James D. Hall	August 2003	Robert Richardson	November 2005
Virginia Bates	September 2003	Asie Gossett	November 2005
William Schroeder	September 2003	Charles Grainger	December 2005
Clarence Pierce	September 2003	Lou Humbel	December 2005
Jim Hall	September 2003	Shirley Epstein	January 2006
Howard Sampsel	October 2003	Geraldine Mosher	January 2006
Norris Hammond	October 2003	Neil Rudd	February 2006
Earl Newton	January 2004	Kenneth Ferguson	February 2006
Vince Lima	January 2004	Ollie Oliver, Jr.	February 2006
Arnold Wisner	January 2004	Ed Cvetan	March 2006
Donald Goff	March 2004	David Ferguson	May 2006
Ray Shankweiler	April 2004	Chuck Rambo	June 2006
Kathy Minatre	May 2004	Robert Kile	July 2006
		Richard Stockman	August 2006
		Robert (Boomer) Fuller	August 2006
		Bud Parker	September 2006
		Don Spiker	October 2006
		Joseph Acquavella	October 2006
		Mary Peterson	October 2006

Bob Zimmermann December 2006
 Richard Clauselle December 2006
 Tom Turley January 2007
 George Der Koorkanian January 2007
 Leo Penn January 2007
 Percy Picard February 2007
 Kevin Corcoran February 2007

**The math professor went crazy with the
 blackboard; he did a number on it.**

Nostalgia

The below poem was received from a good friend of mine from my days back in my home town of Waterford, PA. Walley Mahle is a graduate of Fort LeBoeuf High School Class of 1961, a 1996 inductee to the Fort LeBoeuf Wall of Fame, a stand-out quarterback at Syracuse University, former Green Bay Packer, and retired Fort LeBoeuf High School teacher and coach.

In the Land of Sandra Dee

Long ago and far away,
 in a land that time forgot,
 before the days of Dylan
 or the dawn of Camelot.

~

There lived a race of innocents,
 and they were you and me,
 Long ago and far away
 In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

Oh, there was truth and goodness
 in that land where we were born,
 where navels were for oranges,
 and Peyton Place was porn.

~

For Ike was in the White House,
 And Hoss was on TV,
 And God was in his heaven
 In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We learned to gut a muffler,
 we washed our hair at dawn,
 we spread our crinolines to dry
 in circles on the lawn.

~

And they could hear us coming
 All the way to Tennessee,
 All starched and sprayed and rumbling
 in the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We longed for love and romance,
 And waited for the prince,
 And Eddie Fisher married Liz,
 And no one's seen him since.

~

We danced to "Little Darlin'",
 And Sang to "Stagger Lee"
 And cried for Buddy Holly
 In the Land of Sandra Lee.

~

Only girls wore earrings then,
 And three was one too many,
 And only boys wore flat-top cuts,
 Except for Jean McKinney.

~

And only in our wildest dreams
 Did we expect to see
 A boy named George with Lipstick
 In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We fell for Frankie Avalon,
 Annette as oh, so nice,
 And when they made a movie,
 They never made it twice.

~

We didn't have a Star Trek Five,
 Or Psycho Two and Three,
 Or Rocky-Rambo Twenty
 In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

Miss Kitty had a heart of gold,
 And Chester had a limp,
 And Reagan was a Democrat
 Whose co-star was a chimp.

~

We had a Mr. Wizard,
But not a Mr. T,
And Oprah couldn't talk yet
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We had our share of heroes,
We never thought they'd go,
At least not Bobby Darin,
Or Marilyn Monroe.

~

For youth was still eternal,
And life was yet to be,
And Elvis was forever,
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We'd never seen the rock band
That was Grateful to be Dead,
And Airplanes weren't named Jefferson,
And Zeppelins weren't Led.

~

And Beatles lived in gardens then,
And Monkees in a tree,
Madonna was a virgin
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We'd never heard of Microwaves,
Or telephones in cars,
And babies might be bottle-fed,
But they weren't grown in jars.

~

And pumping iron got wrinkles out,
And "gay" meant fancy-free,
And dorms were never coed
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We hadn't seen enough of jets
To talk about the lag,
And microchips were what was left at
The bottom of the bag.

~

And Hardware was a box of nails,
And bytes came from a flea,
And rocket ships were fiction
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

Buicks came with portholes,
And side show came with freaks,
And bathing suits came big enough
To cover both your cheeks.

~

And Coke came just in bottles,
And skirts came to the knee,
And Castro came to power
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

We had no Crest with Fluoride,
We had no Hill Street Blues,
We all wore superstructure bras
Designed by Howard Hughes.

~

We had no patterned pantyhose
Or Lipton herbal tea
Or prime-time ads for condoms
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

There were no golden arches,
No Perrier's to chill,
And fish were not called Wanda,
And cats were not called Bill.

~

And middle-aged was thirty-five
And old was forty-three,
And ancient were our parents
In the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

But all things have a season,
Or so we've heard them say,
And now instead of Maybelline
We swear by Retin-A.

~

And they send us invitations
To join AARP,
We've come a long way, baby,
From the Land of Sandra Dee.

~

So now we face a brave new world
In slightly larger jeans,
And wonder why they're using
Smaller print in magazines.

~

And we tell our children's children

of the way it used to be,
 Long ago and far away
 In the Land of Sandra Dee.

When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.

Retiree's Report

We have a steady core of people who continue to attend the **CANDOER** luncheons. The luncheons are still taking place on the second Tuesday of every month at the TGIFriday's on King Street in Arlington. Please, take time out of your busy schedules to attend a luncheon. Your spouses are also welcome. We have several spouses who regularly attend the luncheons.

Will and Doris Naeher spent the months of February and March in North Fort Myer, Florida.

On March 22, one of our oldest members, Gene Caruso, celebrated his 91st birthday. A belated birthday wish from all the **CANDOERS** to you Gene! May you live in good health to see many, many more!

For those of you who visit the web site often, you will notice a surge in the number of new members. On March 21, I gave Charles Christian permission to list the **CANDOER** web site with the criteria for becoming a member of the **CANDOERS** on the REFCOM web site. The requirements that were determined when we first started the **CANDOERS** allows people who worked *with* State Communicators to become members. That makes the communicators and technicians 'across the river' eligible. Welcome aboard!

In addition, I asked Mick Miller, Courier Association, to list the **CANDOER** Retirement Group on their web site and invited them to join our group and attend

our luncheons.

A bicycle cannot stand alone; it is two tired.

The wrong road at the wrong time

By Charles Christian

In the early 1960's I was doing a three year tour at American Embassy Athens. One day I had a need to go to the Radio Relay Facility (RRF) that the Department had that worked that part of the Eastern Mediterranean. The station was located north of town about ten miles in a remote area that at the time was reached by only a small, curvy, hilly road. As I made my way I entered an area that was not inhabited and the road seemed like it was getting narrower. My American car was taking just about the entire paved road. Cresting a hill I noticed before me a valley with a dry river and bridge. On the other side there was an escarpment where the road went up in a cross back manner to the top. I then noticed a big black car coming down that hill. It was going at a rate of speed that was very dangerous in my opinion. I saw that we were going to meet at the narrow bridge and as I got to it I quickly turned off the road and stopped. At that moment I decided that I was really upset with the numerous foolish and deadly Greek drivers that I had to deal with daily. As this Mercedes zoomed across the bridge I put my hand out the window and gave the driver the famous Greek hand sign for "Go to the Devil," which was palm towards him with the fingers extended and was known as "Giving Five." It was also said to be a way of putting a curse on a person. As the car came off the bridge the driver put his whole upper body out of the window and gave me "Ten." Not only had I never

been given "Ten" before, I was struck numb by the driver's great driving ability at that speed to do what he did. I was further numbed and also shocked to recognize the driver as King Paul of the Hellenes (Greece).

I realized as I just sat there what a foolish mistake I had just made. I forgot that the RRF was adjacent to the summer Royal Palace at Tatoi. With my recognizable big blue Plymouth with embassy plates on it I knew that my career was probably over. Even worse it was a horrible thing that I had just done to my wife and our two little girls. I reported the incident back at the embassy and was told that H.M. was not the type of person to take any action on a matter such as this. With massive relief and appreciation this proved true. Needless to say that in all the years after I never forgot my close call and always let any annoyances like that pass. It was a hard way to learn some T and D.

**If you take a laptop computer for a run
you could jog your memory.**

Balkan Winter in Slovenia by Steve Hubler

We experienced a beautiful trip to Slovenia in 2006! We flew from Skopje on January 1 via Adria Airways. Former President Ligorov, who was nearly killed in a 1995 assassination attempt, was on the flight with us, but he continued on to Paris after we disembarked in Ljubljana.

Ljubljana is certainly a world heritage city. There are lots of well-preserved buildings from the 18th and 19th centuries. We stayed in the Grand Union Hotel, built in 1905, just a stone's throw from the old city center. Across the street was a 16th century Franciscan Church, with ornate interior and beautiful

frescoes on the ceiling. The town square is small and surrounded by stately "turn of the century" buildings, including a beautiful Apothecary building and a Jugendstil building.

The university (the city has some 50,000 students out of its 280,000 inhabitants) is a palatial building in its own right, as is the old town hall.

Ute and I walked up to the castle overlooking the city on our first night. The falling snow and gas lamps along the narrow cobblestone streets made us feel like we had been transported back into a Dickens story.

The next day we headed to the Postojnska Jama, one of the world's largest cave complexes. We rode a train into the interior, and were awed by the exquisite stalactites and stalagmites, as well as the excellent lighting. The Slovenes are clean and orderly, more Austrian than Balkan in attitude. Somewhat more reserved than their friendlier southern neighbors, but at least cordial.

On Tuesday we headed to magical Lake Bled, with its tiny island crowned by a beautiful church, and the 11th century castle perched on a cliff overlooking the lake. We hiked up to the castle, where I took lessons in how to bottle wine from a Franciscan monk in the castle wine cellar! After filling the bottle, I learned how to properly cork it using an old oak apparatus, and then how to seal it with wax. The result was a nicely bottled Pinot Blanc wine for 8 euros!

After enjoying the spectacular view of the lake below from the castle ramparts, we enjoyed a typical Slovenian lunch in the castle restaurant. The meats in Slovenia are especially good -- smoked hams, sausages, real bacon, sliced ham, etc. They also produce an exquisite dessert -- Gibanitza

-- which is a mixture of bread pudding with poppy seeds and heavy creams inside. About 1500 calories per serving!

Wednesday had us driving to the Istrian coast, where we visited the beautiful ancient cities of Portoroz and Piran. Both cities resemble 16th century Italian fishing villages, and many of the inhabitants speak fluent Italian (there is also a sizeable Italian minority in the area). We enjoyed exploring the narrow cobblestone lanes winding throughout Piran and took in the refreshingly chilled sea air.

On the way back, we drove through some tiny mountain villages, their neat little well-lit houses, with wood smoke pouring out of the chimneys, looking like a scene from an Alpine painting.

That evening we ate at Ljubljana's only Japanese restaurant, "Sushi Mama's", which was a real treat. The head chef is Japanese, and we had excellent sushi, rice bowl, etc. Another night we ate at a "Mexican Cantina," where the food was Tex-Mex and the waitresses were blond Slovenkas!

Friday was our day for exploring the excellent museums of Ljubljana, and we enjoyed the superb National Gallery, with its collection of paintings by Slovene, Austrian, Italian, and Hungarian artists. Many of the pieces date back to the Habsburg Empire, or earlier. We also spent time walking through the snow covered Tivoli Gardens park, which is a key summertime and spring attraction for the Slovenes, with its well-kept trails winding through the woods. On Saturday, before leaving, Ute and I visited the open-air Saturday market, where trades and craftsmen offered their wares at European prices!

Our trip back went smoothly, with the 1 hour and 7 minute flight being

right on time. We'll definitely be heading back to Slovenia in the spring or summer for some hiking in the Julian Alps. Until then, as the Slovenes say, "adijo!"

**Those who get too big for their britches
will be exposed in the end.**

**See you next quarter!
Be well, be safe!**