

## CHAPTER XVI - ATLANTIC INTELLIGENCE CENTER, NORFOLK

The Atlantic Intelligence center was a joy to work at. It was located in the Commander in Chief Atlantic Fleet Compound. Government housing for Chief Petty Officers and their families was located within easy walking distance to the compound. I was lucky enough to be assigned to a three bedroom apartment less than half a mile from where I would be working. Because parking was limited on the compound, I walked to work most days. The front part of the compound was devoted to a pleasant little park that was obviously placed there for the Admiral's pleasure. Margaret Ann and I discovered it one day and decided it was a perfect setting for picnics. Being able to walk to work and enjoying romantic picnics with Margaret Ann remain my fondest memories of Norfolk.

### PATTI AND RICHARD INTEGRATE TITUSTOWN

Our first concern at Norfolk was finding a school for Patti and Richard. The civil rights movement was in full swing and the State of Virginia was ordered to integrate all of its schools. The Norfolk School District came up with a plan so that the integration pill wouldn't be so hard to swallow. The State of Virginia helped the School District out by defining the races. According to Virginia, there were only three races. They were White or Caucasian, Native American or Colored. If you weren't White or Native American, you were Colored. Norfolk divided itself into about a dozen residential districts. The parents in each of these districts were given three schools from which to choose from. As it turned out, nearly all white children lived in all white districts and nearly all black children lived in all colored districts. Practically all white children chose to go to "white schools" and almost all of the black children chose to go to "black schools." The only exception to this neat little picture was the children living in Navy housing. Navy Housing was totally integrated with people of all racial and ethnic backgrounds. The Norfolk School District designated Navy Housing as a zero zone. Children living in Navy Housing were distributed to the other Residential districts to make sure that each white school had a non-African colored student. After all the figuring and manipulating was done, Patti and Richard were given the choice of going to Titustown Elementary, an all black school within easy walking distance of our house or riding a bus clear across town to attend one of two technically integrated all white schools. These two schools were legally segregated because each of them had a single Filipino enrollee, and Filipinos were classified as colored according to Virginia law.

Margaret Ann and I decided to take Patti and Richard to the three schools that they had to choose from and let them decide. Neither of them felt good about the long bus ride that they would have to take if they chose one of the white schools. They both chose to go to Titustown.

Patti and Richard were treated like royalty at the former all-black school. Patti was even elected vice president of the student council, and Richard was treated like a young prince. The faculty and the student body were making every effort to make Patti and Richard feel at home. In my eagerness to make sure that all went well, I was a frequent visitor at the school. On one of these visits, I found out that the folks at Titustown were treating my kids just a little too well, and my kids were turning into spoiled brats. One example of this was when Richard and another little boy involved themselves in mischievous behavior and the other boy was punished but Richard was not. I had given the school permission to punish Richard, the same as any other student, but the teachers were reluctant to punish him because he was white.

Another problem came to light on Patti's birthday. Patti's birthday fell on a week end day, and I had given her permission to have a party at our house. In addition to a handful of

neighborhood buddies, she invited about 20 of her black friends from Titustown. About fifteen minutes before the party was scheduled to start, Patti's Titustown friends met near the school and started walking towards our house. Unfortunately, some of my Navy neighbors saw all these black kids leaving the black ghetto and invading the Navy housing compound. At least one of my neighbors panicked and reported the invasion to the police. Soon my back yard was full of police and Patti's friends. It didn't take long for the police to sort out the problem and left the kids to enjoy their party.

### PATTI AND RICHARD GO TO PRIVATE SCHOOL

The following year Norfolk School District adopted a voucher-private school system as a tool in fighting integration. Under this system, the child's parent would be interviewed by a private school. If the school accepted the child, the parent paid the school three months tuition, in advance. At the end of the three months, the school district would issue the parent a check as reimbursement for the first three months tuition. The parent would then sign the check over to the private school as tuition payment for the next Quarter. This worked well for those able to scrape up their first tuition payment. Margaret Ann and I decided to scrape up tuition money and send the kids to private school. Titustown was an excellent school, but it wasn't providing the discipline that Patti and Richard needed.

### MOONLIGHTING PAYS THE BILLS

The Military was under paid back in those days, just as it is now. Even though I was a Chief Petty Officer, our check was barely enough to make ends meet. Because of that, I usually had to work a moonlighting job. Moonlighting is when you take on a part time job to supplement your full time pay check. Christmas is a good example. The only way I could give Margaret Ann and the kids a decent Christmas was by moonlighting. In San Diego, I worked for Sears for three Christmas seasons and another two at Norfolk. My first season with Sears was in the Christmas trim shop. After that they always assigned me to the trim shop because of my experience there. In San Diego, Sears ran their stores like a modern supermarket with one clerk manning the cash register and customers coming to him or her when they were ready to be checked out. The Norfolk store, on the other hand, had several clerks assigned to the same area. The clerks at Norfolk would approach customers, as they wandered into their area, and asked if they could be of assistance. It amazed me that there was such a difference in the way the two stores were run.

My most challenging part time job was working at a print shop. Not only was it rewarding but I also found it educational. Mr. Wall was the Plant Manager and Foreman. He used me mostly as his backup. He would start a job and then turn it over to me so that he could start another job. He knew that my enlistment was coming to an end and he was hoping that I would leave the Navy and step into his shoes as Plant Manager and Foreman. He offered me a very tempting proposition. I turned it down because Mr. Wall was in very poor health. He worked a lot of 18 hour days and I felt that these long stressful hours was what was killing him. I felt that if I replaced him, the same stress and long hours would kill me as well.

## THE COLD WAR

Most of my professional efforts and energy were spent on the Navy. Most people don't realize how extensive the Cold War really was. During this time the Air Force had hundreds of ICBMs on alert and nuclear armed bombers in the air 24 hours a day. This mighty force was backed up by the Navy with Attack bombers and Attack Submarines ready to blast the Soviet Union and her allies into oblivion.

It is easy to imagine the chaos these competing delivery vehicles would create without perfect traffic control. Our country had 25,000 nuclear devices aimed at the Soviet Union and her allies at the height of the Cold War. A schedule had to be perfected to prevent two or more of these forces from striking the same target at the same time. It didn't make sense to have a Navy Attack Bomber flying over a military complex at the same time a missile from a Kansas Silo was falling on the same target. In order to coordinate this potential devastation, the Single Integrated Operational Plan, also known as SIOP, was developed.

At the Atlantic Intelligence Center, I worked almost exclusively on strategic targeting. During these troubled times, I was deeply involved in collecting, sanitizing and disseminating information connected to strategic targets. Each deployed air wing was assigned a list of targets that they were expected to destroy in the event our President gave the order to launch. Each of the pilots was required to plot routes to his assigned target. He would then pinpoint the target, calculate offset aim points and study defenses he had to either avoid or fly through if necessary. At the same time he also had to avoid locations where other nuclear weapons were exploding or had exploded in the recent past. These folders were usually constructed by the pilot who was likely to fly the attacking aircraft. After deploying aboard the Aircraft Carrier, the pilots would adjust their folder occasionally depending on probable launch points. All of these folders were classified Top Secret. Because of super secret information available to the Atlantic Intelligence Center but unavailable to the fleet, I would construct a supplemental folder to be given to each of the pilots, just moments before their launch. This information came mostly in the form of high resolution satellite photography.

I worked in a super secret area on the second floor of the Atlantic Intelligence Center. In many ways, my work area was like a huge bank vault. It had a thick single door and absolutely no windows. The Atlantic Centers commanding officer, two Intelligence Officers and I were the only ones allowed inside this super secret room. I was privileged to work in this area because of my expertise in photogrammetry and because I had been investigated thoroughly and was granted a Top Secret, special code word security clearance.

My Commanding Officer was a delightful old gentleman named "Whitey" Fuller. He had learned the art of photo interpretation from the English before America entered WWII. The English were the world's best. In my opinion the British people owe their freedom to their expertise in the spy business. "Whitey" was absolutely brilliant. He should have and would have been promoted to Admiral, if the Navy had any sense. Unfortunately the Navy had a rule that a Captain had to have at least a year's experience as a Commanding Officer of a capital ship before they could promote him to Admiral. They also had a rule that if a Captain is passed over for promotion a given number of times, they would be forced to retire.

The father of the nuclear submarine, Admiral Rickover, was almost forced to retire right in the middle of his historic work. As our Commander in Chief the president had to override the Admiral Promotion Board and promote Rickover by executive order to keep him on active duty. Because of this, Admiral Rickover was allowed to finish his work in developing the nuclear

submarine. In my opinion, Captain “Whitey” Fuller is an unrecognized genius in his field and should have been given the same consideration as Rickover.

### I’M RECOMMENDED FOR WARRANT OFFICER

Not long after I reported to the Intelligence Center, Captain “Whitey” Fuller recommended me for promotion to Warrant Officer. I was honored that he thought enough of me that he made the recommendation. I had studied the art of writing tests when I was teaching school in Hawaii. Ever since then, I had a special knack for taking multiple choice exams. I took the test for Warrant Officer and was lucky enough to make a perfect score. The Warrant rank for Air Intelligence Technician had been in existence for only one year. The first year, two Chiefs were promoted to Air Intelligence Warrant and it was announced that two more Chiefs would be promoted this year. Knowing that “Whitey” had written an excellent recommendation for me, I felt certain that I would be promoted.

The promotion list came out and my name wasn’t on it. I was devastated. Now four Chief’s had made the grade, and I wasn’t one of them. Looking for answers, I found out that all four of those who had been promoted had been working for high ranking Admirals at the time of their recommendations. I was extremely upset. I went storming into Whitey’s office and told him that he needed to get off of his dead ass and make Admiral. I told him that it looked as if a Chief needed an Admirals pull if he expected to make Warrant. Whitey, advised me to calm down. He said that he would have his boss, the Commanding Admiral of the Atlantic Fleet, recommend me following year. Still upset, I told Captain Fuller, thanks but no thanks. If I couldn’t make it on my own, I didn’t want it.

In October of 1966, the Atlantic Intelligence sent me to the prestigious Defense Sensor Interpretation and Applications Training Program at Offutt Air force base near Omaha, Nebraska. My class was made of six Air force Officers, six Navy Petty Officers and six junior Army Enlisted men. I could never figure out the reason for the diversity. The entire class had Top Secret, special code word clearances. Why the Air force only trusted their officers with this state of the art training while the Army and Navy entrusted all of this specialized knowledge to its enlisted men, was a mystery to me.

### THE ARMY RE-ENLISTS ME FOR THE NAVY

I was up for reenlistment again while attending this school. Rather than flying back to Norfolk, just so that my Commanding Officer, Captain Whitey Fuller could swear me in, I received permission for one of the instructors, Army Lieutenant Colonial Vincent Van Sickel, to do the honors. The event was unique enough to make the local news. It’s not often that an Army Lieutenant Colonial enlists a Navy Chief Petty Officer aboard an Air force Base.

About midway through the schools curriculum, our class went on a three day field trip to Washington D.C. where we visited all of the top super secret hush-hush organizations that received and processed intelligence data gathered by the military. I had to miss a day of this tour because the Navy had scheduled me to take the Warrant Officer exam while we were in Washington. All Navy promotion exams are given on the same day, throughout the world as a precaution against cheating. Since I was staying in a motel, the Navy sent over an officer to proctor my exam.

As luck would have it I scored well again and this time I was on the list for promotion. A week later I was also told that I had passed the E-8 exam and I was also on the list for promotion to Senior Chief Petty Officer. The Navy told me that I had to make a choice between the two. Senior Chief drew more money but Warrant Officer carried more power, privilege and prestige. I chose to become a Warrant Officer. My next promotion would be to Commissioned Warrant Officer. I would have the distinction of being the only High School drop out and survivor of three Summary Court Martial's to become a Commissioned Officer in the United States Navy.