



The “Mighty Z” Tribune

Quarterly Newsletter for the Salvage Tug
ZUNI-TAMAROA, 1943-1994

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Spotlight on our Volunteers: Bill Stefan

By Shirley Jaeger



After one visit on the ship, Bill was smitten, he quickly became a dedicated volunteer for the ZUNI/TAMAROA.

William was born 1/23/68 in Washington D.C. Currently, he lives in Hyattsville, MD with his father. He attended and graduated from Prince Georges County High School. In 1988 and for the next 13 years, he worked for different union and nonunion electrical contractors. He is presently employed with Chuagch McKinley, a DOD contractor.

As a child, Bill had a love for trains, planes and anything old. Later on, the list included ships and roller coasters, (an interest that started when working at Six Flags). He became a member and volunteer for the National Capitol Trolley Museum in 1992. In 1994, he became an active member and volunteer for the Baltimore Streetcar Museum (BSM). While at the BSM, he met other members with the same interests, one of which is traveling to different amusement parks for the thrill of riding different roller coasters. And, working with the steam engines, such as the one on the Steam Tug Baltimore.

In 2004, he and three other members of the BSM and two members from the Steam Tug Baltimore heard that the ship was at Port Covington, in Baltimore, MD. After one visit on the ship, Bill was smitten, he quickly became a volunteer for the ZUNI/TAMAROA.

Errata:

In the last issue, a photo of the Tam’s crew taken in 1957 for uniform inspection was credited to Glen Morrison. It should have been **Neil Morrison**, a Gunner’s Mate on the TAMAROA in the latter 1950’s.

WHERE ARE WE NOW??

1. We've received \$4510 in membership and donations since January 1, 2007.



2. Volunteers from Troop 826, Chester, VA renovated the First Class Petty Officer quarters on the ZUNI TAMAROA, replacing the modern metal bunks with canvas bunks and period lockers. (left)

3. Our next large scale project is to refurbish the bridge as it was in the 1940's and 50's. Here are some artifacts rescued from her sister ship the Seneca. (right)





US Military Art proudly announces a special area of our website dedicated to The Tamaroa Foundation. Come find an item that stirs the memory and brings a sea story or two!

Currently offering -

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Life on the Tamaroa 1978-1980 By Kevin J. Grote Engineering Officer

From the vantage of twenty years, I would like share my memories of the Tamaroa. When in March of 1978 I received a phone call from someone (I thought pretending to be the HQ Engineering Detailer) who informed me that my next duty station was EO of the Tam. Well, I thought it was one of my classmates pulling my leg and promptly swore into the receiver hanging up the phone. After a short pause it rang again, and I was informed that (a) THIS WAS THE DETAILER, and (b) THIS WAS NO JOKE!

In June of 1978 I arrived at Governors Island, and admired the always-beautiful lines of the 378's, DALLAS and HAMILTON tied to the pier. This was propulsion I dreamed of: 30+ knots, gas turbine, diesel...power..speed.

Then my eyes settled on the TAMAROA. 12 knots...14 going downhill. I went to my "stateroom" and wondered what the 3 bunk-bed arrangement was? (I found out EO/Ops?1st LT, lower bunk by seniority) The Ops Officer, LT Andy Cascardi then introduced me to the XO, LCDR Brian Sommers (who "suggested" a haircut and removing beard may be in order), and the CO, CDR David Carey. My Tam-life began.

My tour was a wonder. After 20 years of working for the Navy, I really appreciate the courage, self-sacrifice, and sense of duty of my shipmates. I don't think enough was mentioned of the TAMAROA's propulsion system (diesel-electric) and the almost impossible task of effecting repairs to equipment that had been out of manufacture for more than 30 years. Let alone a technology that had long been surpassed. But, we kept our Engineering "E", and continued the streak of our predecessors. We excelled (naturally) at casualty exercises and damage control and amazed the ship-riders from REFTRA. Trying to keep the screw in the water and watching the prop-amp meter pegging with a rough sea running...actually seeing "ball lightning" as the propulsion generators came on line. These experiences were not possible on the newer cutters.

We had many interesting adventures: fog, Fishery Patrols, SAR missions, availability in Curtis Bay (converting to ac, rehabbing the berthing, and getting air-conditioning with LT Ron Gonski). Then there was the infamous garbage strike in 1979 (towing 12,000 ton sludge barges around Staten Island for weeks on end, keelhauling channel buoys), the 1980 Mariel Boatlift (every morning looking at the buildings of Havana then back to Key West). Then there was having a hot cup of coffee and a smoke on a cold winters morning by the towing bitt trying to eat any meal in the wardroom with a chop running. Finally, our traditional return meal in Chinatown (and walking back to the ferry)

We always had interesting golf matches around Fort Jay, being considered real "pirates" by the rest of Governors Island. There was the pride in making every single deployment and extending on several when our relief vessel couldn't make it; the thrill of outrunning some of the 210's when we were fine-tuned during a full-power trial...loading tons of anchor chain ballast by hand in the aft full tanks to lower the center of gravity; having a TAM breakfast of oatmeal topped with SOS by the fantail...sitting in "main control" on special sea detail coming back into New York, answering all bells...proudly receiving many unit and organizational awards and commendations...watching the glee in DC1 John Dunbar's face in doing a boarding, shotgun in hand jumping in the Zboat...hurricanes and fires, rough seas and calm...Eight O'clock Reports in that narrow passageway aft of the wardroom...the reassurance of hearing the Captains voice, knowing that no matter how desperate the situation, he would see us all safely home...looking for loved ones coming down the pier to see us off, and welcome us home....

It was an honor to be a crewman...I miss my old ball cap with the LT bars jammed in (fell apart after being lovingly cared for...somewhat like the Tam). I wish they had put the real TAMAROA in "The Perfect Storm." All you have in the end is a few now-fading pictures...memories and pride.

The Tamaroa as she is towed down to Baltimore in early 2001 after she was sold in a GSA auction. At this point, we thought she was going to be refitted and sold to a shipping company near Malaysia. Old King Neptune felt differently and within a few months the TAM was once again amongst those who cared about her.





SN Bill Doherty and BM3 Walter Jones take a break on the Tam's fantail as she passed by Block Island on her way to Fisheries Enforcement Patrol. This was during the fall of 1967. Note the high stanchions in the background installed as a heavy weather precaution, after all this was the North Atlantic!!



Here are two of the Tam's sister ships. In the background is the USCGC Cherokee, WMEC165 and in the foreground is the USS Seneca. The lives of all three ships, the Cherokee, Seneca and Tamaroa are all woven together. After the Tamaroa sunk in drydock in 1963, much of her blue print library was destroyed. Consequently, a duplicate set of prints from the Cherokee found its way on board the Tam. Then there was the Seneca. As a Navy ATF, her hull number is ATF 91. When the Tamaroa was the Navy Zuni, her hull number was ATF 95. Can't get much closer than that can we guys? The Seneca was offered to us for parts scavenging before she was towed out to sea and sunk for target practice.

TIDBITS

by Bill Doherty/Rich Cunningham

On April 14, 2007, the Executive Board met on board the ship. Items discussed were:

- Adding more items to the website.
- Introducing the Adoption Certificates.
- Financial Review.
- Forming a partnership with usmilitaryart.com. We will receive 10% of the value of each Tamaroa Zuni Item they sell.

We are working very hard to get a tow to Virginia. Our contacts in Virginia are currently lining up shipyards that would work on the ship in the future. We will need volunteers in the Norfolk area to help out with the restoration. We are thinking of placing a full page ad in the Norfolk-Pilot"WANTED SEAMAN/ENGINE MAN ETC to help breathe life back into the old girl!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE CUTTER
(Author Unknown)

When she steams into the harbor
People don't flock 'round like bees;

For she ain't no grim destroyer,
No dark terror of the seas,

And there ain't a load of romance
To the guy that doesn't know,

In a ship that just saves vessels
When the icy northers blow.

But men that sail the ocean
In a wormy, rotten craft,

When the sea ahead is mountains
With a hell-blown gale abaft;

When the mainmast cracks and topples
And she's lurching in the trough,

Them's the guys that greet the "Cutter"
With the smiles that won't come off.

When the old storm signal's flyin',
Every vessel seeks a lee,

'Cept the "Cutter," which ups anchor
And goes ploughing out to sea,

When the hurricane's a-blown'
From the Banks of old Cape Cod

Oh, the "Cutter," with her searchlight,
Seems the messenger of God.



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