

VWOA NEWSLETTER

Email Issue #66

Francis T. Cassidy Editor

2012



Our VWOA President, Alan Ehrlich has announced that the **87th ANNUAL VWOA AWARDS LUNCHEON** will be celebrated **Sunday, June 10, 2012** at the:

DON PEPE RESTAURANT
844 Mc Carter Highway
Newark, New Jersey 07102
1:00 PM to 4:00 PM

At the invitation of Director Miles D. MacMahon our Guest Speaker at the VWOA Luncheon will be Robert Frump, the author of two very interesting maritime books; "Two Tankers Down" and "Until the Sea Shall Free Them."

Please use the VWOA Reservation Form previously provided to each of you to make your Meal Selection and Reservation to attend our Annual Luncheon.

Take the opportunity to send your "73 To the VWOA"



VWOA President Alan Ehrlich

73 being Wireless Code for "BEST WISHES "

Those of you who have a BUSINESS CARD or QSL CARD, take the opportunity to present yourself to all your fellow Veteran Wireless Operators Association members.

Please send your Reservation in by May 18

It is a wonderful way to meet again and talk to old friends and honor people who hold in high esteem the Maritime History of New York City.

WENDELL'S NEWS CORNER

Walter J. Taylor SK November 13 2011

Walter J. Taylor, 88, of Highlands, N.C. passed away Sunday, Nov. 13, 2011, at Fidelia Eckerd Nursing Home, Highlands. He was born Nov. 8, 1923 in Staten Island, New York to Walter J. and Ellefair Crunkleton Taylor, and had made Highlands, North Carolina his home for the past 37 years.

He was valedictorian of Curtis High School graduating class of 1942, Staten Island. Upon completing Maritime and Electronics schools, he was commissioned as an Ensign in the United States Coast Guard in 1944. A veteran of WWII, he retired as a lieutenant from the United States Maritime service in 1969.

He was a trustee and founding director of the Scottish Tartan's Museum of Franklin, N.C., serving from its inception in 1989 until July 2010. He was a member of the Veteran Wireless Operators Association, the Society of Wireless Pioneers, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Scottish Tartans Society, the Scottish American Military Society, the American Legion and the Highlands Lions Club.

Surviving are his wife, Catherine Patterson Taylor; daughters, Dianne A. Taylor of Asheville, N.C., Melinda T. Musumarra and husband Paul of Cary, N.C.; stepson, James T. Vinson and wife Karen of Fort Mill, S.C., and stepdaughters, Margaret V. Bryson of Fort Mill, S.C. and Sandra K. Vinson of Highlands; four

grandchildren, Mark Musumarra, Barbara Musumarra, Josh Bryson (Mandi) and Elizabeth Baker (Michael).

He was preceded in death by his first wife Barbara James Taylor of Highlands and a brother, John N. Taylor of Tom's River, N.J.

The family would like to extend special thanks to Becky Chambers of Four Seasons Hospice and Jeannine LeGeyt of Fidelia Eckerd Nursing Home for their devotion and compassion to Walter during his illness. Also special appreciation is extended to Doctors Richard Olson and Patti Wheeler.

Funeral services were held Tuesday, Nov. 15, in the Chapel of Bryant-Grant Funeral Home in Highlands with Dr. Charles Harris and Rev. Vic Greene officiating. Burial was in the Moravian Cemetery in Staten Island, N.Y. Pallbearers were Josh Bryson, Mark Musumarra, Michael Crowe, Jeff James, Dana Gordon, Tommy James, Allen James and Michael Baker.

In lieu of flowers contributions may be made to the American Heart Association, PO Box 5216, Glen Allen, VA 23058-5216 and Four Seasons Hospice, 571 South Allen Rd. Flat Rock, NC 28731.

Bryant-Grant Funeral Home was in charge of arrangements.

CY BRILL SK March 1, 2012

Cy Brill was born on January 31, 1919 and passed away on March 1, 2012. Mr. Brill was a resident of Lake Worth, Florida.

The following story was published in the 2007 VWOA Newsletter Email Issue #30 and helps VWOA celebrate his life.

THE JINX by Author Cy S. Brill

Our featured story for this Newsletter comes from a VWOA Member who has successfully recovered from a stay in the hospital where he had a Heart operation this past January and February.

We last heard from Cy S. Brill in March of 2007. He had just finished reading a copy of latest VWOA Email issue of the Newsletter. I always enjoy exchanging sea stories especially with the "new group" of youngsters with 6 month endorsements that came after WW2. I managed to meet up with some of them at WSL especially Jim Friel, a damn good operator. If the new crop of operators were like him then they got my respect and admiration for taking us out of the vacuum tube era into digital and earning some respect aboard their ships thereby enhancing further respect for our profession.

Incidentally many years ago I submitted an article which was published in the Hoffman Island newsletter.

It was an interesting story of my last voyage where Murphy's Law prevailed throughout a

78 day voyage to West Africa. If you think it is worth repeating for the VWOA newsletter, I can forward a copy to you. It is four pages long, titled "The Jinx".

> 73s--Cy

The Jinx by Author Cy S. Brill 2007

For generations, we who go down to the sea in ships, have been accused of being a very superstitious lot. Even the weekend warriors who pilot their own sailboats or fishing boats will agree. After all, when it boils down to you, your ship and Mother Nature, and you are a thousand miles from nowhere, you just have to expect Murphy's Law to prevail. That is, if something is going to go wrong, it will for it is so ordained. So why tempt fate?

Now in my book, there are three rules to be followed with no expectations. To ignore them is to invite almost certain disaster. First, never take a North Atlantic voyage in the winter. To do so subjects you to the worst elements that Mother Nature could provide. That is constant 30 foot waves and swells, sleet, snow, strong freezing winds and continuous radar observance of floating icebergs. Oh yes, half the crew, including the untouchable officers are seasick regardless of how much sea legs they have acquired over the years. Second, never take a ship just out of lay-up.

Everything is either missing or in disrepair. And third, never take a pier-head jump. That is, don't have them pull up the gangway soon after you have just come aboard. If so, you will find, only too late, that you are at sea and

half your gear is inoperative with no spare parts or publications on board. Well, I was starting to enjoy a happy life of semi retirement after 31 years at ITT World Communications and a return to sea duty when this new ship assignment came up that seemed too good to pass up. The good ship SS Del Monte, due to set sail out of New Orleans bound for West Africa and in need of a Chief Radio Officer sounded ideal. I was assured that the radio shack was equipped with all the latest electronic equipment. This would include Single Side-Band phone, Fax, Teleprinter, VHF, Satcom, Sitor (Satellite teletype over radio), along with the normal high and low frequency transmitters, receivers and auto alarm. The weather, aside from the constant hurricane formations should be ideal. Also the ports along the West African coast should be so exotic and unexplored. All my doubts were now forgotten. I was hooked. Well, you guessed it. I should have followed my instincts. Actually the ship had just come out of a six month lay-up. The boilers had not yet been fired up. Half my gear was either missing or inoperative. Spare parts were scattered all over and the necessary publications and schedules were all missing. And, of course, sailing time was posted for Six AM the following day. So go ahead, call me superstitious but all signs pointed to it. This trip was going to be a bummer. The ship's complement was 34 officers and crew. All, with the exception of yours truly were loyal sons of the deep south. With their

heavy bayous accents, they had no trouble understanding each other, but they could not understand me at all. Despite my clearly legible New York accent, they said, "Sparks, you talk funny".

We also carried four passengers and two Cadets from the Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point. These Cadets, being a minority from the north and sadly lacking in "southern style" humility, suddenly found themselves sailing under the "Confederate Flag". Depending on their study course, these cadets were required to serve actual sea time aboard either Deck or Engine on a merchant ship under the guidance of the officer on duty. These cadets are usually very bright and are highly recommended before even being admitted to the academy, but hey, didn't I predict a bummer of a voyage? The engine cadet's greatest contribution to knowledge was "huh" and the Chief Engineer was moved to remark, "Now I'm not prejudiced, mind you, but that cadet is the stupidest minority I've ever seen. On the other hand, the deck cadet was just too smart. He knew everything, couldn't be taught anything and had an answer for everything. The Captain gave orders to keep that boy out of his sight. Our ports of call were Monrovia (Liberia), Abidjan (Ivory Coast), Lagos (Nigeria), Lome (Togo), and Takoradi (Ghana). Sounds exotic, doesn't it? Well, each port was worse than the previous one. Everywhere you saw nothing but abject poverty, corruption and complete lack of law and order. Many of the 100 pound

bags of rice unloaded at Monrovia were pierced by the loaders and the spillage scooped up by the natives. Due to a lack of fuel ashore, power was shut off at dusk which caused work stoppage due to a blackout. Crime was rampant. The military and other officials were always demanding cigarettes and dinner invitations to the Officers Mess. And Monrovia is one of the more advanced cities on the West African coast, having benefited from the Firestone rubber plantation holdings for many years.

At sea, our work problems mushroomed. Both my radars were continually breaking down. My new satellite unit lost its phone output and no spare circuits on board. Message traffic (via Morse telegraphy) was unusually heavy from many shore stations including Europe and the States. All the local shore stations along the African Coast were either unmanned or just shut down. Fortunately, I was able to work Miami and New Orleans via radiophone in spite of intermittent breakdowns and lack of spare parts.

The engineers had their hands full with breakdowns of ice machine, washer, dryer, air conditioner and boilers. The Chief Cook came down with a badly gashed finger. The lady passenger fell and twisted her ankle. The 3rd Mate came down with Malaria.

Murphy's Law still working, right? Well that was just for starters.

The day before our arrival at Lagos, Nigeria, I intercepted a report from a Norwegian ship which had just left Lagos. "When we anchored

at Lagos Roads during the night, we were robbed by ten black men with guns and knives. We lost everything of value and all money, but nobody was hurt so we are happy that is over. They did the same thing to another ship where the Captain fired his 38 and they returned fire with automatic weapons, shot the Captain in the eye and raped his wife".

I immediately passed this report to my Captain who filed notice via radiophone with the American Embassy and our home office of Delta in New Orleans for protection. When we arrived at the pilot station in Lagos at 2 AM we had firearms and hoses ready along with lights over the side. In addition the Captain would not drop anchor, but instead proceeded in circles until 6 AM when the Pilot came aboard to guide us to the dock.

While docked at Lagos, we were all advised not to go ashore as no one could guarantee our safety. This did not bother our knowledgeable Deck Cadet who returned to the ship one morning after a night with some "Lady of the Evening". He was escorted by two armed police who explained to the Captain that not only did he inflict some personal bodily injury by "beating on her bones" but, mother of all sins, he had attempted to leave without any financial compensation for services rendered. They were demanding \$100 plus two cartons for each of them and an invitation to dinner in the Officer's Mess. The Captain was so furious that I thought he would toss the cadet over the side or at least confine him to quarters for the balance of the trip.

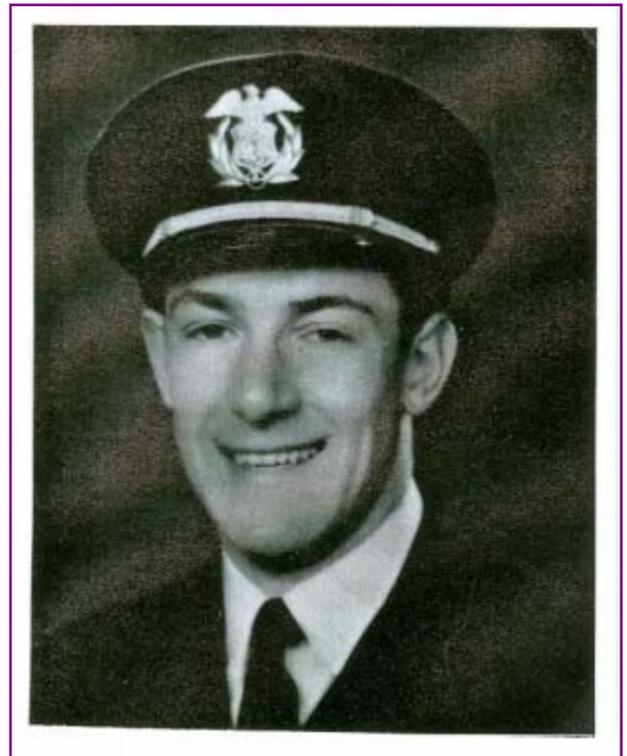
From then on things went from bad to worse. Two of our seamen were mugged and beaten right outside the gates. The unloading of cargo was delayed due to a lack of shore side power. More pilferage and more walk-outs by the longshoremen. We finally managed to completely unload one hatch and the 2nd Mate prepared to climb down for inspection. He got no further than the top rung of the ladder which came off in his hand down he plunged four stories to the bottom. We hauled him up with compound fracture of the ankles, wrist, hip, spine and skull; more dead than alive. It was impossible to get an ambulance or any medical assistance no matter how much dollars the Captain offered. Finally, with the help of the U.S. Consul we got him to a dispensary where one of our crewmen volunteered to stay with him overnight and tend to his needs.

He was then flown to an Orthopedic Hospital in New York where, somehow after many operations, he managed to survive. Meantime a relief 2nd Mate who had been flown from New Orleans to Ghana was robbed there at the airport and finally made it with a broken down cab to the ship after ten hours, missing most of his luggage and almost completely dehydrated. He gasped for water after which we assisted him up the gangway.

Well, Takoradi, Ghana was our last port and surely things were going to improve. They certainly couldn't get worse, could they? Little

did I know that the JINX was still riding with us and MURPHY'S LAW was still in effect. Because our cargo for this port was soya wheat in 100 pound burlap bags we were besieged by hundreds of starving natives each day.

They would arrive about 7 AM and just sit there on the dock awaiting spillage from the punctured bags. This would be scooped up along with whatever dirt and grease from the dock and this would mix with water to make a paste. This would be their meal for the day.



Radio Officer Cy S. Brill 1945

That is, if they could get fresh water. Pilferage along with ambushed truck loads of additional bags came to about a thousand bags. When the Captain objected and hired local armed

guards with rifles at the gangway, all the workers just quit and walked off the ship. Their pay incidentally averaged about 50 cents and hour. Later, along with the starving natives on the dock, they all rioted and stormed all over the ship robbing and looting. The even dug into the garbage cans which had been festering under the hot sun all day. The Captain and armed guards were firing at will along with hoses to wash them overboard.

The final indignity came when home bound, two days out of Ghana, our crew came upon a stowaway in one of the containers. He had been hiding there for about three days without any toilet facilities, food or water. He was now the ship's responsibility to house and feed until we arrived stateside at which time we would be facing a heavy fine for harboring a stowaway. I would venture to guess this was the best food and lodging this stowaway had ever had in his lifetime and a free ride to boot. The voyage lasted 78 days. Each passenger had paid about 1500 dollars for the voyage regardless of how many days were involved and they disembarked with fond memories of an exciting voyage. When signing off in New Orleans, the Captain asked me to stay on for another voyage. An offer of this kind is always interpreted as an acknowledgement of a job well done. This bothered me. "Captain, I've enjoyed sailing with you but I should never have made this trip in the first place. The ship was just out of a long lay-up and worse still, a pier head jump. I've been a JINX".

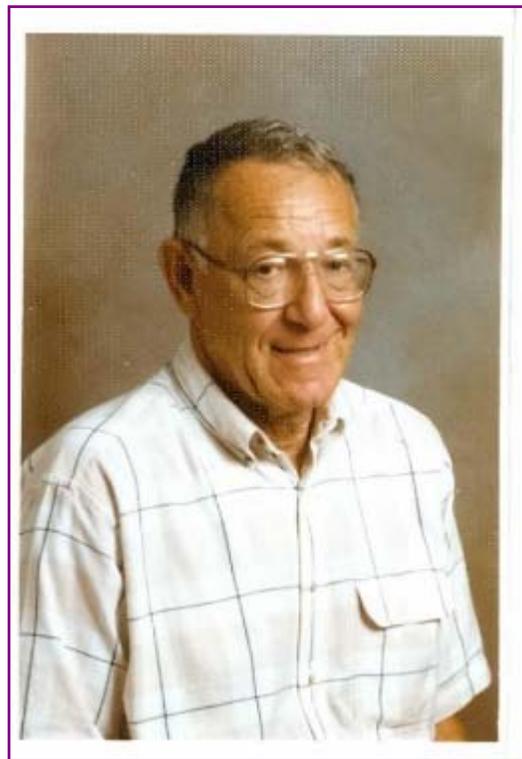
I must have touched a nerve with that magic word. Suddenly he was no longer that affable, congenial southern gentleman. His face turned livid. His eyes bulged. He banged his fist on the desk. And now he was shouting..... "JINX, JINX, JINX, that's it... That damned Deck Cadet...HE NEVER PAID THE WHORE"

THE END

WVOA Newsletter Email Issue #39 in 2008

COLLISION AT SEA by Author *Cy S. Brill*

This Issue featured still another remembrance by WVOA Author Cy S. Brill who brought to you his story of **THE JINX** in WVOA NEWSLETTER Issue #30 in 2007. His past story dealt with things he recalled while serving as a Radio Officer at sea.



Cy S. Brill

In his present story he deals with moments recalled while working on shore for Marine WSF/Mackay Radio.

COLLISION AT SEA

BY AUTHOR **Cy S. Brill**

“SOS SOS SOS de ICEH SOS here at 0320GMT Lat. 40.30N 69.53W Need immediate assistance Andrea Doria to all stations Distress Distress Just collided with another ship. We are too bending. Impossible to put lifeboats at sea”.

I had the 4 to mid watch that night and was looking forward to a quiet night and a fast get-away. Somehow no matter how many times you heard that signal, it always had an electrifying effect. You hear it—you freeze, but only for a moment, and then you spring into action.

After my many years at sea, I had settled ashore as a Radio Operator at WSF/Mackay Radio. This was wireless telegraphy working on marine frequencies with ships at sea. Our range covered from New York harbor to the Caribbean.

As soon as I heard those call letters, I knew that the ship in trouble was the Andrea Doria. I acknowledged the Distress Call and learned that the other vessel was the Swedish passenger line Stockholm/SEJT. I then phoned the Italian Line and the Swedish American Line, both of whom were unaware of the situation. I was now knee deep as a liaison with info between the ships and their companies. Later the U. S. Coast Guard and many ships

acknowledged the distress call and many came to participate in what turned out to be the greatest sea rescue since the Titanic.

In the post war era of 1956, unlike the mega ships of today, passenger accommodations were separated into classifications. The Andrea Doria had 190 passengers in first class, 267 passengers in cabin class, and 677 passengers in tourist class, along with 572 in the crew.

The ship was launched in 1951. After the depletion of the Italian fleet during WW2, the Andrea Doria was a bold creation that embodied the Italian tradition of style and luxury at sea. It was stunning and modern in every way and a welcome addition to the post war booming Atlantic trade. This trade included such proud passenger ships as the SS America, SS United States, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Ile de France, Homeric, Ocean Monarch and Queen of Bermuda. Also many Santa ships of the Grace Line fleet sailing to ports in the Caribbean. New York was the main port of transatlantic travel in addition to shorter trips to Bermuda and the Bahamas. Saturday departures would see parties on all the piers with open visits from friend and relatives coming on board to celebrate in each cabin. When it was time to sail, there was a public announcement “All ashore that’s going shore”. No passes, no security checks needed.

Booths were set up on the piers by Mackay Radio, RCA, Western Union and Postal Telegraph to handle Bon Voyage messages.

As the Radio Operator at WSF/Mackay Radio, it was not unusual for me to handle as much as 50 messages to most of the ships, all by wireless Morse Code.

The Andrea Doria was the fastest, largest and most luxurious ship in the Italian fleet and also the safest. She was equipped with 11 water-tight compartments and bulkheads that extended from the hull to her A-Deck, a double hull and two radars to cover both distant and close ranges. Those who sailed aboard this ship, marveled at her ultra modern accommodations and superb service. Her display of art was lavish.

The Stockholm was an old ship recently refurbished and refitted with icebreakers to handle the North Atlantic ice floes. She now suffered bow damage, but was in no danger of sinking. The Andrea Doria was now suffering from a severe starboard list and unable to launch any lifeboats on the port side. Due to heavy fog, it became more difficult for the rescue vessels to lower their lifeboats and help assist evacuations from the sinking Andrea Doria.

The USNS Pvt. William H. Thomas a U. S. Navy troop transport on route from Barcelona, Spain to New York and now only 14 miles away was ordered by Captain John Shea to change course and proceed in heavy fog to assist evacuations.

The luxury line Ile de France out-bound from New York promptly reversed her course by Captain Raoul de Beauden and would soon perform brilliantly in rescuing 753 passengers,

many half naked. They provided the lifeboats desperately needed due to the severe starboard list which had prevented the Andrea Doria from launching the portside lifeboats. The tanker SS Robert E. Hopkins out-bound from Fall River, Mass to Texas acknowledge^{3d} the distress call to both ships and then proceeded to navigate the tanker, hampered by the heavy fog and large fishing fleets which caused a delay in their arrival. They were the fourth ship now alongside the Andrea Doria. Mr. Maurstad, the Radio Officer aboard the SS Robert E. Hopkins reported that except for the sinking of the Titanic, this tragedy was one of the most spectacular in marine history. The Andria Doria was the pride of the Italian fleet when she collided with the Swedish passenger vessel Stockholm off the New England coast. The Stockholm survived, but the Doria sank and 51 lives were lost. The SOS was the most terrifying sound he ever heard. "I can still visualize the whole panoramic scene", he said. All those people in the water about to drown, frantic for help. We picked up the last passenger off the ship. He was hanging on the stern, stark naked, hollering for help. He had been partying and was asleep in his cabin, unaware that the ship was sinking. When he awoke, he had to crawl up the bulkhead wall using the sink and towel racks to reach the passageway.

Meantime the Andrea Doria was back on the air transmitting "You hurry, You Hurry".

Some passengers were now in panic and others were dropping their children into the water below.

Mr. Sorano, the Radio Officer on the U. S. Navy transport Pvt. William H. Thomas boarded one of the lifeboats with a portable radio, but became too busy helping passengers from the Jacobs Ladder to the lifeboat with many of them hanging on for dear life and afraid to let go. One heavy set woman came crashing down on him causing Mr. Sorano to break his arm when they both crashed onto the gunwale. The well known Hollywood actress Ruth Roman returning to the United States with her 3 year old son Richard who was strapped to an Officer Cadet who climbed down the Jacobs Ladder and handed him to a lifeboat crewman. He then shouted "No more room" and left leaving Mrs. Roman clinging to the ladder. After clinging there for ten minutes another lifeboat picked her up and took her to the Ile de France while her son was taken to the USNS Pvt. William H. Thomas. Mother and Son were reunited at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Wife of Dr. T. S. Peterson of New Jersey was trapped in her crushed cabin and unable to be set free. All her husband could do was to give her morphine to ease the pain. A hydraulic jack was sent over from the William H. Thomas, but it was unable to free her. It now rests with her in the deep water south of Nantucket.

When Maria Dooner, the two and half year old daughter of passenger Lillian Dooner fell into

the ocean, Mrs. Dooner dived in and was able to save her daughter and herself.

Fifty one others including women and children were not so fortunate. About five drowned, some died of their injuries after their rescue, 26 died on C Deck, others were on other Decks and a few crew members of the Stockholm died in the collision.

Dr. and Mrs. Desandro dropped their four year old daughter from the Deck onto a lifeboat causing a severe injury to her head. The lifeboat took her to the Stockholm where the ship's doctor ordered her to be flown by helicopter to Brighton Marine Hospital in Boston. The Desandro parents were taken to the Ile de France and had no idea where the daughter was. It was only by chance that the Italian born child without identification was reunited with her parents, eighteen hours before dying of her injuries.

At 7:40 AM the next morning, the U. S. Navy transport Pvt. William H. Thomas reported "No communication with the Andrea Doria, has 45 degree starboard list, large gash below starboard bridge wing, list increasing, seaworthiness nil, last report Captain and 11 Crew still on board, no passengers"

Reason for collision not fully determined. Suspected was error in reading wrong radar by Stockholm 3rd Mate causing belief that other ship, miles away, when actually local radar shows ship in immediate vicinity.

The Andrea Doria sank in 225 ft. of water at position -40.29 N 69.50W

As in the Titanic collision with an iceberg, the Andrea Doria lost too many water-tight compartments to stay afloat. There are some analogies, but the difference is that the Titanic represented the greatest loss of life, while the Andrea Doria showed the greatest rescue. To sum up—We quote the author Alvin Moscow in his book “Collision Course”, The North Atlantic like all oceans is trackless and free. A no-mans body of water. Beset by storms and ice in the winter and storms and fog in the summer. This mighty ocean has been made safe for travel by the genius of man. Yet in his frailty, man must take care for despite all electronic wonders devised through the years of scientific progress, periodically the sea takes its toll.”

THE END

WVOA Member, John Dilks, K2TQN

Asks you to visit his WEB SITE for a special presentation at URL:

www.eht.com/oldradio/arrl/2006-02/medd_william.htm

Jan 22, 2006 ... Pioneering in Wireless. Read his Book. - Click on the book - 972K Adobe PDF file, *Pioneering in Radio* by William Medd

...

WVOA MEMBER

JAMES M. RUCKER SK November 25, 2011



James Mason Rucker, 85, born in Petersburg, VA, May 18, 1926 died November 25, 2011. He was the son of the late Claude L. and Mildred L. Rucker.

He was a U. S. Merchant Marine Veteran of three wars serving in the Pacific, Atlantic and Mediterranean war zones in World War II, Korea and Vietnam during those wars.

At various times he was a member of the State Guard of North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia.

He was retired from the U. S. Merchant Marine and Bethlehem Steel Corp.

He was a member of American Legion Post 16 Honor Guard.

Survived by his wife, Renee, daughters, Sharon R. Gibson, Linda R. Slivkoff, Kimbra R. Massaker and Callie M. Rucker; grandchildren, Michael and Kristina; great-grandchildren, Tyler and Mandy.

He was preceded in death by a brother and sister, Claude L. and Roberta Rucker.

A celebration of James life was conducted at 2:00 pm on Saturday, December 3 2011 at Sharon UMC Cemetery with Pastor Charlie Haley officiating. Interment immediately following the service in the church cemetery, Military Rites by American Legion Post 16 Honor Guard.

Memorial contributions may be sent to American Legion Post #16, PO Box 10216, Lynchburg, VA, 24506; or Wounded Warriors of Virginia, 900 East Main St. 6th Floor West Wing, Richmond, VA, 23219.

Tharp Funeral Home & Crematory, Lynchburg, is assisting the family, (434) 237-9424.

From: [Jerry Proc](#)
Sent: Sunday, February 26, 2012 12:58 PM
To: [CTDA](#) ; [Canadian Navy](#) ; [Radio Officers](#)
Subject: [Radio Officers, &c] FWD:

Nauticapedia Article - 70th Anniversary of the Secret Visit of the RMS Queen Elizabeth to Esquimalt BC

Colleagues:

Guest contributor Maureen Duffus brings us the fascinating, and little-known story of the secret visit of the passenger ship (turned troop ship) RMS Queen Elizabeth to Esquimalt BC 70 years ago.

Hidden in plain sight the massive ship underwent modifications at Yarrows Ltd., the Esquimalt shipyard, and then proceeded to sea with no overt public acknowledgement.

See the article at

http://www.nauticapedia.ca/Articles/Queen_Elizabeth.php

John M. MacFarlane F.R.G.S.

esds@eastlink.ca

www.nauticapedia.ca

We at the VWOA Newsletter would like to hear from you and try to pass along to the rest of the VWOA stories of events that you have experienced and that you feel the rest of the membership would enjoy hearing about. Send us a picture or two and we will try to include it in one of our Email Newsletters.

We would prefer to hear from you by Email at:

ftcassidy@optonline.net