



Station Ship News



**DING DING . . . DING DING . . . SHIP'S CREW ARRIVING . . . ABOVE AND BELOW DECKS
IN THE AIR, AT SEA AND IN PORT . . . DING DING . . . DING DING**

Midway veterans and family members interested in joining the MVA, see the application at the end of this newsletter



Midway Underway (date unknown)

Midway at Sea

Jim Daugherty, YN2, X-Div 1971-73

I never get tired of looking at pictures of the Midway, especially the one above. Sometimes I wonder how the ship stayed upright, with the large overhang of the angle deck. A couple of times

when the ship was moored at NAS North Island, there was a liberty launch to take us over to the Fleet Landing in San Diego. We embarked on the launch right under the angle deck. It was impressive to look up at the angle deck.

There always seemed that something was happening when underway between flight ops and unrep's.

I also enjoyed the quiet times where I would stand in the Hangar Bay looking out at the ocean by one of the aircraft elevators.

Celebration of Life Oscar "Oz" Robert Granger 04/15/1942 – 10/13/2024

Karen Granger

Last week we held two days of gathering, laughing, crying and sharing our love of Oscar Robert "Bob" Granger.

A Celebration of Life was held on the hangar deck of the "bucket" which he called home for 4 years, the USS Midway Museum Ship. As a family, we chose the date, place and time, to correspond with Oscar's 83rd birthday – 04/15/2025.

So many poignant moments went into our two days together in San Diego. 45 folks came, including our 5 adult children, 3 grandchildren, Oscar's brother and his family, friends from Cedar Village where we lived for 35 years, plus his closest Navy friends from the Midway Veterans Association.

To be fair ... Oz hated the Navy, his LPO, and "the bucket" (his nickname for the Midway). His LPO, Ron McPhail, had found Oz and organized a reunion of all the OI Division sailors under his command. And that was the magical turning point where the midlife adult Oz realized how significant all his Navy training, and the shore duty, had been in his life.

Part of Oscar's extensive cell site territory was Bremerton, WA. He'd heard that the Midway was mothballed there, and he decided he really had to go see her. He was so sad to see that parts of her had been cannibalized. He began conversations with folks in the museum there, as well as US Navy folks, up and down the West Coast, about the historical military significance this vessel had played in the most challenging of times.

Oz was a key player in working with San Diego city, county and port authorities who he was already

working with, securing cell site permits, to move the Midway there. Several folks came together, a movement came to life, and the vessel was "homeported" in San Diego Bay. Once that was done, the nonprofit museum was formed, board of directors selected, and Mac McLaughlin was hired as the CEO. Mac was the true builder of all things involving the ship's success as a museum.

Meanwhile, Ron McPhail, who had formed the original OI Division veterans association, fell into poor health. He asked Oscar to take the reins of the Midway Veterans Association. Oz had always wanted the association to become a nonprofit, and to open up membership to anyone who'd served on the ship. I had co-founded several nonprofits, and I helped him start up this organization, and build it into the organization you shipmates enjoy today.

Oscar and I were meant to be together ... we were each other's yin and yang, through thick and thin. Wherever I was, Oz was there, and vice versa. Oh, how I missed him on 04/15. I'd never been on the ship without him!

We gathered in the Claim Jumper Restaurant the evening before, so all the different folks could meet each other. Three people came to me and asked if they could say a few words about Oz, during the celebration of life. Of course they could! I was not going to turn away one person who felt like speaking!

We had 13 speakers in all! I have to say that these two days, spent together to honor, laugh and share about Oscar, met all my hopes and dreams, for this event.

The folks who made a huge difference from the MVA on behalf of Oscar's work for the nonprofit, in no particular order, were:

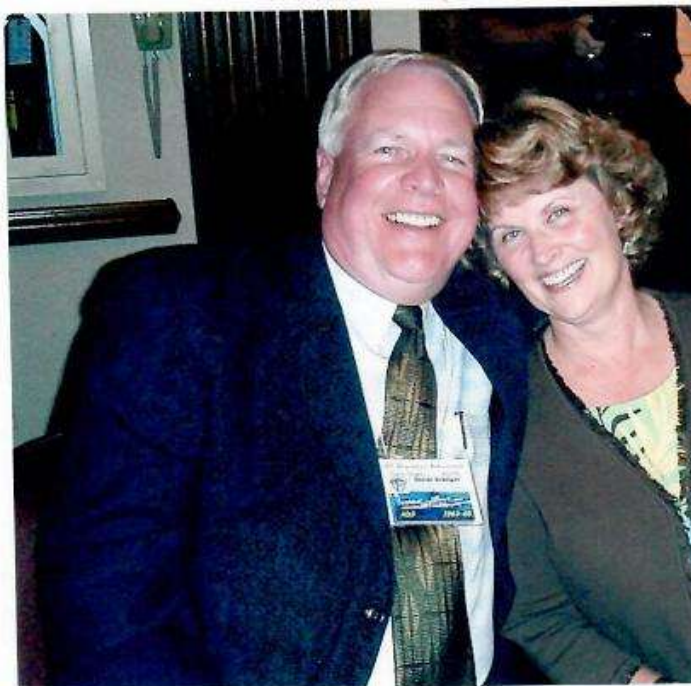
- Skip Thompson
- Tim Miller
- Robert and Patty Roberge
- Marty Fitzgerald
- Gary Walker
- RC Morton and Pat Morton
- Ray and Kandy Tillery
- Jill Hammons
- Dave Payson
- Gene Coulter

Skip rang 3 bells on the ship's bell, followed by the "watch change" whistle, which was the signal to kick off the 13 speakers' presentations. The culminating point was my daughter, Hassie, who chose to share from her child's point of view, that all she wanted was her Mama to be happy. And she saw that Oz made me happy.

Then, Hassie played Taps for her Oscar Bob, on her flugelhorn. Not a dry eye among us including Hassie ... tears were streaming down her face.

These two days spent together represented everything and everyone that we love and cherish. From my vantage, we really did Oscar proud. Oz ... you are my long tall South Dakota farm boy, who was also my special sailor.

Love you forever, Oz
Your Kj



Oscar and Karen Granger

Mess Crankin

David Sommers, AKAN, S6 Div, 1978-80

Most, if not all of us, did our 90 day "mess crankin" duty. My buddy Alan and I ended up in the Forward

and Aft Issue crews, where we "managed" cold and frozen food.

During unreprs, we organized the human chain of sailors, moving hundreds of boxes of food from the hangar bay, through passageways, down ladders and into the appropriate reefers and fridges. We had to make sure everything went in properly so when it came time to make "issues" to the galley, we didn't have to dig too deep to find boxes of mixed veggies, hamburger or whatever they wanted. I gotta say, I was in the best shape of my life after 90 days of moving 20-30- & 40-pound boxes every day. I thought I wanted to be a SEAL, but that's a story for another day.

Another duty was making sure those reefers were clean and standing by for inspection. Here's where the story gets...interesting.

Forward Issue was where fresh milk, cheese and other dairy, was stored in a reefer and ice cream for the Officer's Mess in a freezer. Well, it didn't take long for the Forward Issue Crew to figure out that we "DESERVED" some of that ice cream. So, we got bowls and spoons from the galley along with chocolate syrup and other toppings...from other storerooms and we feasted on the best sundaes EVER!

We cleverly hid the bowls and toppings in a hollowed-out spot behind 5' high boxes of cheese. So sneaky were we! We passed all of our inspections with ease, smirking all the while, knowing our stash was safely out of view, until one day we proudly opened the door and discovered boxes had fallen down, exposing our makeshift Midway Sundae Parlor. DAMN IT!

The LT took a quick look and without missing a beat, said "You gotta make sure you secure the loads inside your reefers. Don't want this food damaged during heavy rolls."

We found out later he was a former enlisted MS and probably had his own stories like ours. Wish we could have been there when he told the other officers about it. "You should have seen the look on these kids' faces when they opened the reefer door, BUSTED!

Anyway, as soon as he left, we put the boxes back and made sure to secure them in place. I think the LT inspected us a couple more times, but never said another word about the "Sundae Incident". After my 90 days were up, they sent me back to S-6 and I completed my tour before shipping back stateside in June 1980. I'm not sure I realized it then, but my time on the Midway was one of the great adventures of my life.

Take care shipmates. Think I'm gonna go have a chocolate sundae.

Reporting Aboard Midway

James Daugherty, YN2, X-Div, 1971-1973

Larry Burger's article in the last issue of our newsletter about reporting aboard Midway reminded me of the day I reported aboard the Midway.

Upon graduation from Boot Camp in December 1970, I was transferred directly to the Fleet with no A School. I reported to the USS Genessee (AOG 8), homeported at Pearl Harbor, in late December 1970. Genessee was a small gasoline tanker with a crew of approximately 100 personnel. Late 1971 we were starting our 30-day standdown/maintenance period before leaving for WestPac. The Commanding Officer gathered the whole crew in the Crew's Mess and read our decommissioning message. Half of the crew had to be transferred within 30 days. I was striking for Yeoman and was the junior Yeoman onboard, so I was put on the transfer list. I ended up receiving orders to the Midway as a SN.

I took leave and then flew into the Oakland airport and shared a taxi with some other sailors going to NAS Alameda. The Midway wasn't there so they dropped me off at the Base OOD office where they told me the Midway was in Hunters Point. They had some other sailors reporting to the Midway and had already called the ship asking them to come pick us up. The ship said it was too foggy and had us wait at Alameda until the next day, so they put us up in the transient barracks.

The next morning, they picked us up and dropped us off at the pier and we rode a Midway launch over to Hunters Point. Arriving at the pier and looking up

at the ship it looked huge. We made our way up the after brow and reported in. It was early and the Chief on watch had the messenger take us down below to the Mess Deck for breakfast. Then we went back to the after brow. We hung around there until the Personnel Office opened for business. Then the messenger took us down to Personnel.

Prior to transferring from my first ship, I had found out that I had been selected for YN3. At the Personnel Office I told them this many times, as I didn't want to go mess cooking. They got tired of me saying that and told me not to worry about it as I was being assigned to the Ship's Safety Office, working for Commander Brady. At time I don't think I had ever talked to an officer above a Lieutenant. The Safety Officer was on leave and after dropping me off at the berthing compartment and unpacking my seabag, they said someone from the Captain's Office would come get me.

The Safety Office was right around the corner from the Captain's Office, so I stayed there until the Safety Officer came back from leave. I spent duty days manning the Captain's Office after normal working hours.

After being on a small ship, it took me several weeks to get adjusted to the Midway, especially learning my way around the ship. During my two years on the Midway, I learned my way around the ship pretty good. The only place I never saw was most of the Engineering spaces. I have seen some of those spaces while touring the Midway Museum. I think it is great that we can still go visit the ship and reminisce about our time on the Midway. I remember going up and down ladders at the speed of light. Now not so fast!



A-6 Intruder on the flight deck

Carrier Sailors, A Breed Apart

David Payson, 1963-64, RDSN, OI Division

As MVA members, we all served our country on the USS Midway at one time or another. Based on this fact, I've developed a theory that we're in better shape than most civilians our age. In other words, we're a breed apart.

As a rule, we're generally in good physical shape, because of all the running around we had to do on the flight deck to perform our jobs. We also had to be mentally sharp to find our way around all those vast spaces on the ship. That's why you didn't see too many of us wandering around looking like we were lost. (Unless you were looking in my direction, that is.)

We had to be keenly aware of our surroundings on the ship, alert to jump out of the way of incoming aircraft at a moment's notice. Those pilots weren't always lined up on the "meatball," especially when it came to landing on a flight deck that was bucking like a runaway bull in rough seas. Another danger: bombs could get loose.

But we've survived all these years later, our navy days in the distant past, and we have lived to tell our sea stories to the point where they are beyond belief. Okay, perhaps we have (in rare cases), but we tell them anyway. We "lived the adventure" as the recruitment slogan boasts. Some of these stories can't be told too often, they're so good.

Here's one story I've told many times. I was on lookout duty on Midway's bridge during the 1963-64 WestPac cruise. In the dark of the night, in the Sea of Japan, from my lookout position, I mistakenly reported a visual contact on the horizon to be the USS Kitty Hawk that we had been playing war games with earlier in the day. It wasn't the "Hawk," though. It turned out to be a merchant ship, bound for somewhere. Too late for Midway's commanding officer, though. Thinking the war games from earlier in the day had been continued, he ordered the ship to go to GQ, and the men scrambled to their battle stations. It was frantic for some time before GQ was called off. Two days later my LPO sent me mess cooking. Not a good thing for a young sailor fresh out of Boot Camp. Did that story really happen? All these years later I'm not sure it did,

but that's the way I tell it these days. It changes from time to time.

And remember when we were topside on Midway, any one of those jets that came screaming in on a wing and a prayer could have wiped us out in a heartbeat, if we made one wrong move. I'm a survivor of Phantoms and Crusaders when I was on Midway in the early 60's. I dodged them one and all. skillfully, I might add.

But in the interest of full disclosure, it probably helped that I worked in Combat Information Center (CIC) as a Radarmen ninety-five percent of the time.

Seasick

Mark Nojiri, 1974-81, AT1, IM3

It was in 1974, during my first of two tours aboard the Midway and I was put on night crew for my first at-sea period. On the first day, the ship departed Yokosuka, Japan, in the afternoon, which was sort of strange, as, in the future, we usually departed any port in the morning. When I went for dinner, I looked out the starboard side and saw the shores of Japan off in the distance. At mid-rats, I went through the hangar bay and it was pitch dark. The next morning, I looked out at the ocean and for the first time in my life, I saw nothing but water. I went down to the mess decks for breakfast, and once I got my food, I began to feel somewhat uncomfortable. I was able to finish my meal, but when I got back to my shop, my face started turning that familiar "green", meaning I was beginning to feel seasick. One crew member took one look at me and told me, "Grab your noise attenuators, I am taking you to the O11 level, the island." So, we went up to the topmost observation level of the island and watched flight operations for a while. When we got back down to the shop he told me, "I took you up there to get your mind off the seasickness."

Fast-forward to about the year 2003. I had gone to Japan on vacation and was returning home by way of Narita International Airport. Soon after takeoff, the young lady next to me, started to get airsick from the turbulence. For those who have never been on one of those flights where you have a small TV screen on the back of the seat in front of

you on which, among other things, you can watch movies for the next 12 hours. I told her, "Look at that movie!" "What?" She asked. "Look at your screen and watch the movie!" So, she started to watch it until the turbulence went away, then she turned to me. "Why did you ask me to watch the movie?" I told her, "It got you over your air sickness, right?" "Well, yes it did." "I am retired from the US Navy and my first time at sea, I too, got sick and found, if you can get distracted from the turbulence and focus on something, you ignore the turbulence and do not get sick."



Heavy seas on a Midway Aircraft Elevator

Join the Navy - See the World

Joe Tetrault, 1973-76, SK3/S-1 Div

In May of 1970 I graduated high school in Springfield, Massachusetts. It was never a consideration that I was going to go to college because I'd had enough of school at that point in my life. My intent was to work full time, have money for a car and other essentials, and live life to its fullest. So, I went from part time employment during school at a grocery store to full time in the same business.

By the early Fall of 1972, I had come to the conclusion that there was more to life than what I was doing. I opted to "Join the Navy - See the World." I remember one of the young female cashiers coming up to me at the time and asking if what she'd heard was true - that I was quitting the job to join the Navy. I told her it was true. She asked me if I planned to get a tattoo? When I look

back upon it NOW, with so much "body art" displayed everywhere, it was a question that I never saw coming! I did laugh about it at the time and answered emphatically, "NO!" I never did. See, you Navy guys had a reputation!!

On November 1, 1972, I took my first trip on an airplane (along with 15 other guys I did not know) bound for Great Lakes, Illinois boot camp. Upon completion of boot camp, in January 1973, I was headed for Storekeeper "A" School, Naval Training Center, San Diego, CA. Upon completion of "A" school, my "Dream Sheet" picks of somewhere in the fleet were completely ignored and the orders I had received was for the remainder of my four-year hitch to be spent across the bay at Naval Air Station, North Island, Coronado, California. I flew back to Massachusetts and then drove my car out to Coronado. I did a lot of tourist stuff on weekends. But by September 1973, I again found myself with itchy feet. I'd heard from my then Lieutenant Commander that the USS Midway was going to be homeported in Yokosuka, Japan, and they were looking for volunteers to join the ship. Perfect!!

In early November 1973 I found myself aboard a Military Airlift Command flight from Travis AFB bound for Japan and the Midway. I had a window seat on a 707 aircraft and my first experience of culture shock was as the plane descended to land, the vehicles were traveling on the "wrong side" of the road. I later was bussed to the Yokosuka to join the Midway. It was on a weekend and my arrival pier side was about 2100 hours. Seeing the welcoming "Midway" bunting on the gangway leading to the ship, I climbed with my seabag over my left shoulder and my small carryon bag in my right hand. Upon arrival at the quarterdeck, the officer looked at my orders and directed me to the aft gangway!!! What a dummy I was huh?? Thankfully it was dark and, on a weekend, so what could have been a major incident among my peers never saw the light of day, so-to-speak!!

After a few days getting settled into shipboard life in the S-1 Division, I began to feel at home and was looking forward to going off base to see what the area looked like. The problem was that many thousands of Japanese were protesting outside the base gates. They protesting Midway being homeported in their country due to their belief that

Midway was carrying nuclear weapons. Consequently, the gates were barricaded by hundreds of Japanese police in riot gear to prevent any issues, so it was a no-go to go out and stroll around town.

Well, we are about to set sail for the first of my many sea days aboard Midway. (When I left NASNI for the Midway, the personnel man told me that I was surrendering my shore duty and would thus be aboard Midway until the end of my enlistment.) A short time after getting underway, one of the guys in the S-1 Division office looked at me, told me I looked as white as a ghost, and asked if I was okay. I said that I didn't feel well. To which he responded, "Holy Sh** man! We haven't even left the harbor yet." Yup, I was experiencing my one and only bout of seasickness. Thank goodness for the development of sea legs!

In my time aboard Midway, we traveled to the Philippines, Hong Kong, South Korea, I gave up my pollywog virginity to King Neptune of the Shellback domain, visited what I then termed "the armpit of the world" - Karachi, Pakistan, and participated in Operation Frequent Wind receiving many Vietnamese refugees, then ferrying a large number of small jet aircraft from Thailand to Guam.

In late 1975, I received a call from the personnel office telling me that I was eligible to be transferred off the Midway. This was a shock to me as I had been told Midway was going to be my home until I left the Navy. Well, not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, I immediately consulted with my Senior Chief and told him I was looking for a good ship in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. He suggested the USS Bryce Canyon, a destroyer tender. In January 1976, I departed Midway for the last time (as an enlisted guy) and made my way to the Bryce Canyon. (I have, as a civilian, been back aboard the Midway in San Diego probably five or six times.)

I had come aboard Midway as a SKSN and was now departing as an SK3 (but would become an SK2 in transit to Bryce Canyon). Upon arrival at the Bryce Canyon, the Master Chief there told me he was expecting an SK3.

"Yes sir. I was elevated while I was in transit." Got by without all that "tacking on the crow stuff," if you know what I mean!!

I spent just about every weekend at Waikiki Beach until I exited the Navy in 1976. It was a tough job, but I did volunteer to do it.

When I look back on it all now, I can honestly say that **I did join the Navy**, and I did **see** a big chunk of the world. And in case you were wondering - I did get an Associate's Degree, a Bachelor's Degree, and then a Master's Degree. Life's been good to me so far.

Honoring & Remembering Oscar Granger

Tim Miller, MVA Secretary

On the evening of April 14, 2025 in San Diego, California, Oscar's widow, Karen Granger, and multiple family members, plus several former shipmates that served with him on the Midway, including members of the MVA, gathered at a local restaurant, to share sea stories and talk about their days on Midway. After everyone had their fill of food and shared their stories of Oscar, it was time to call it a night. The following morning, we met at the Midway Museum and resumed our honoring of Oscar. Karen felt and knew it was the best way to remember Oscar—sharing memories of him with his friends and family. There were stories shared by his brother Jim of them growing up in South Dakota. Then his children shared their experiences with growing up with Oscar. Jill Hammons, the former membership director on the Midway Museum, shared how she met Oscar. Karen also told us how she met Oscar, which was interesting to learn. Then, several of us MVA members shared our memories of Oscar. Finally, it was time to give my "speech," which I had prepared to honor him. It went well, I think. The next time you visit the Midway Museum, find the bench with his name on it; that's my way to honor Oscar. It's the first place I head every time I visit the Museum. It's a great way to remember the MVA's first president.



Tim Miller speaking at Oscar's memorial



Oscar's Celebration of Life



Midway bench honoring Ron McPhail and Oscar Granger



Gathering for Oscar's Celebration of Life



USS Midway Veterans Assoc. Website
<http://ussmidway.net>

USS Midway Veterans Assoc. Facebook
<https://www.facebook.com/USSMidwayVeteransAssociation>



Midway and a small boy getting gassed up

The Masthead
**USS Midway
Veterans Association**

A quarterly newsletter for USN and USMC Veterans who served aboard the USS Midway, and who are friends eternal.

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Letters to the Editor

E-mail me your comments/questions about articles that appear in this newsletter, and I will answer them. If I don't have the answer, I'll put you in touch with the author of the article/story. As editor of this newsletter, I'm all for open communication between Midway shipmates and MVA members.

Send to: mvanewseditor@gmail.com



MIDWAY VETERANS ASSOCIATION
Application for Membership

I am a USS Midway Veteran and I wish to join the USS MIDWAY VETERANS ASSOCIATION, which is open to all Navy and Marine Corps veterans, regardless of department or air wing affiliation, who served on Midway at any time she was in commission. Note: Immediate family members (21 & over) of MVA members are also welcomed to join the MVA at the same dues amounts as MVA members and have the right to vote on MVA issues (see sign-up below).

MVA Veteran Name: _____ **Date** _____

Spouse/Partner Name _____

Mailing Address _____

City: _____ **State:** _____ **Zip Code:** _____

Phone Number Home: _____

Email: _____

Actual years served aboard: _____ **to** _____

Rank/Rate/Division while aboard (e.g., RM3/CR Div.): _____

Years served in military _____ **to** _____

How Did You Hear About Our Reunion Association? _____

Immediate Family Member Name: _____ **Associated with MVA Member** _____

Mailing Address _____ **Email** _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Telephone** _____

Complete this form, either online or manually, selecting one of the 3 dues amounts (pay by check or with credit card):

Check One

- ☐ [\\$20.00/yr for veteran + spouse/partner or immediate family member \(age 21 or over\)](#)
☐ [\\$25.00/yr for veteran and family](#)
☐ [\\$100.00 for Lifetime Membership including family \(one-time payment\)](#)

Follow link below to charge by credit card (**PayPal, Discover, VISA, MasterCard**); when PP site opens follow the easy instructions.

<https://ussmidway.net/index.php/paydues>

OR pay by check. Make check payable to Midway Veterans Association and mail completed form and check to address below. Completing this form will also get you added to MVA's electronic mailing list to receive your MVA newsletter online.

USS Midway Veterans Association
18940 Priceless Road
Perris, CA 92570

The USS Midway Museum supports the USS Midway Veterans Association in preserving the legacy of every Midway sailor, regardless of department or air wing affiliation. (NOTE: The USS Midway Veterans Association is a 501(c)(19) nonprofit organization; contributions (aka, dues) are tax-deductible as provided by law.

Contact: Bernard (Ray) Tillery, MVA Treasurer, at ray.tillery@yahoo.com;
Telephone 806-678-0742.
18940 Priceless Road
Perris, CA 92570

For more information on how to join the MVA as an Immediate Family Member of an MVA member contact MVA's VP of Admin. Marty FitzGerald at email: marty.fitzgerald@earthlink.net. He will fill you in on the details.