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It happened a long time ago when the author had only recently emerged from adolescence. So, some of the telling may be a bit off. “They” had found him in the not-so-wild-west laboring in the red-necked town of Roseburg (if you can imagine anything so lovely as a rose being burged {it just seems incongruous}) for Standard Oil, pushing oil changes on motorists. “They” had classified him 1-A, and needed his ass on the front lines in that misadventure, Korea. Even though barely past puberty, not of voting age, not especially wise in the ways of the world, his survival instinct got the better of him; he enlisted in the USN (it wasn’t until later his Senator had warned to stay out of a ground war in Asia; our great nation had to endure Korea before learning this lesson). However these events unfolded, the author is trying too hard to say too many things at once. He hopes for the reader’s indulgence, nonetheless.

In any case, the author, inclined to fanciful notions, will be taking some liberties with the facts. He will need to embellish an otherwise ordinary tale; ordinary during wartime, when anything can happen. He will be exercising his prerogatives as an author (an individual who is usually very loyal to the truth), to fictionalize as he goes along.

Horatio was a reluctant warrior. Where he came from, defending anything, but himself, seemed pointless.

But in those days he had less concept of who he was and what he was and where he was going. Needless to say, but it will be said anyway, he did not have much of a concept of country, or what it meant to be loyal or disloyal to a country.

He was very much aware there were people who had some mysterious power over his life; people, mind you; not lions, or dinosaurs; not reptiles, monsters; but people. He was afraid of these people. These people had declared him fodder. They were after his ass to get up there and be counted, for all the things for which his country stood.

If you had asked him what those things were, he would not have been able to tell you, except a rote thing he learned while being incarcerated through the aegis of truancy laws.

Within the options allowed this dubious citizen, an array of few possibilities; all of which would find him either in uniform, on the lam, or in prison.

It’s been a long time getting to where he is now; actually living on Social Security and on his wife’s pension; plus an artificial heart valve; and an assortment of pills; and now, somehow, privileged to be living by the sea, an appropriate place to be, while writing this.

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He also lives with a somewhat diminished capacity, often unable to remember where he puts things from day to day. He is forever countermanding his habits with new ones, which only confuses things, instead of making them better, or more efficient.

He enlisted in the military to avoid signing for those registered letters from his draft board. He knew if they got his ass he would be on the front lines in Korea; not a place to be, for someone who 'didn't know his ass from a hole in the ground'.

At the time the letters were catching up with him, he was 3,000 miles from the draft board. He was being moved around in his job, as an installer of telephone equipment, without leaving forwarding addresses. Then his job took him to the big city, on the ninth floor, where he refused to remain. He thus had returned, unemployed, to where he had been living previously, only to find a new job, which required him to go away yet again, to another location, as soon as he had been taught all the tricks of the trade. It was then that the registered letters finally caught up with him; in this podunk place, from which he also wanted to escape in the worst way.

He didn't really know he would be on the front lines. That was the most logical place, however, in his manner of making deductions.

Some instinct, maybe a survival instinct, one totally separate in time and place from any rational thought, but somehow dependent on the apprehensions ensuing there from, cautioned him to do this thing; enlist.

Barbara Tuchman claims everyone should be drafted to do their part, whether they like it or not. It's our responsibility, she says. And none should be deferred, or excepted from it, including Ms. Tuchman. The author likes you, Ms. Tuchman, but you gotta understand, you are assuming a lot. That this is the best of all possible worlds which needs defending, no matter what; but just suppose it isn't what you assume; and that it's the assholes in power that need to be shot; then what?

Kind of a pointless argument?

To get back on track.

It was the US Navy. If he had thought about it more, he might have tried for the US Coast Guard. But he was even more vacant in those days than he is now; though, by all standards, what he is now is still something underutilized; however irreclaimable in its catabolic state (a rapidly declining thing living amongst the islands of the decrepitudes); hoping like hell to escape any life-long regrets.

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In order to get to the meat of this opus, the author will skip most of the steps that got him there; to the exciting part. He will skip boot camp, aviation prep school, most of aviation electronics school; and take you to the rock in the middle of the North Atlantic, where he was stationed for a year, as part of a US Navy FASRON unit 107, 12,000 miles from Korea.

The Aviation Electronics School at NATTC Memphis was a challenge to someone who had poor study habits. In the first place his general classification scores indicated he would be best suited for clerical and mechanical work, in that order. It showed that he was not lacking in intelligence, but that his math skills were not as good his other skills.

He did struggle with the material, the theoretical part. The hands-on part (the mechanical part) of tearing down a superheterodyne receiver was simpler. He was not doing as well as he expected; something was not sinking in. In frustration, he banged his head on a post, without avail. Finally, he asked to opt out of the school. After being allowed to exit, he went to sick bay to seek the indulgence of a Navy shrink. The shrink was a kind fellow, who felt that quitting something was more damaging to the psyche than persevering. He counseled me to try again; he would grease the wheels. A second attempt, starting from the beginning did seem to help considerably; a sledgehammer was unnecessary. The long and short of the whole endeavor was finishing 6th in a class of 87, with three college educated marines amongst those; and finishing 3rd amongst the Navy contingent, one of those being a college educated sailor.

The later part of this story is important because, depending where one finishes in his class, his choice of billets (duty station) falls accordingly. Two billets were for a tail-hook squadron (carrier duty in the Atlantic) nominally stationed in Quonset Point Rhode Island. The third available billet was for a Fasron Unit based in Keflavic, Iceland. All other available billets were for FFT (for further transfer) from Norfolk, Virginia. To those in the know, FFT meant Pacific carrier duty off the coast of Korea.

Subsequently, I packed my seabag for Iceland, flying from Memphis to Westover, Massachusetts. Westover was a US Air Force base that flew regular military flights to all destinations East (and North). Before boarding an Air Force flight to Iceland, a few days were spent waiting for the next scheduled flight northward. All waiting Navy non-coms (non commissioned [officers]) were assigned cigarette-butt detail by a craggy Air Force Master Sargent. I refused. The Master Sargent gave me a choice, the brig, or waxing the floors in his building from midnight to dawn. After seeing the

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movie Brig you might understand why I refused such ennobling detention.

Finally, Westover was beneath me, and disappearing, and we were on our way to the Rock in a C 47. (Somewhere along the line, my seabag was opened and my whittling kit of Exacto blades was stolen [removed for someone's protection?]).

Iceland at first sight was a remote location, flat, noticeably barren, except for all the mostly prefab buildings, barracks, Quonset huts, and the hangars, erected by the US Army and The US Air Force. His prospective destination was a small outfit (FASRON 107) that served the US Naval Air Force. The outfit's duties involved providing all the hangar facilities for a fleet of



P2V Neptune Reconnaissance Aircraft

fifteen P2V Neptune Reconnaissance aircraft assigned to the US Navy. His outfit also had two amphibious aircraft assigned to it for rescue operations; one, a UF-1 Albatross, and an old PBV Catalina.

He can remember the first time the Albatross took off on a cold foggy day. The crew were going out to look for a downed P2V in the North Atlantic. As they were gaining altitude, the wings began to ice up. With the de-icers turned on, things didn't get any better, so that by the time they reached 3000 feet, the plane could not gain any more altitude; the pilot had to abort the mission; hopefully the de-icers would make some headway so the pilot, and executive officer, Lieutenant Commander (Naval Reserves) George Lincoln Rockwell, could maneuver the plane, as he needed, in order to land it safely. As the crew had watched out the windows, the ice, as it began to accumulate during the ascent, they also began to observe the ice begin to show wetness, and begin to melt, then shed sheets of itself during the descent; all 'breathing a sigh of relief'.

It was unlikely there had been any survivors from the downed aircraft.

While he was stationed there, only one such aircraft, inconvenienced by the anomalies and the vicissitudes, had managed to yield any survivors. As this particular aircraft was landing at the airfield, a cross wind sheered the plane off the runway as it was about to land, causing it to touch down in rocky terrain, which tore its landing gear loose, resulting in the plane doing a belly flop, tearing loose the nose gun turret, sheering the propellers, and dislodging one of the two engines, before it skidded

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to a stop. Perhaps the radar dome on the underside of the plane took most of the rough ride. The crew survived; the radar dome



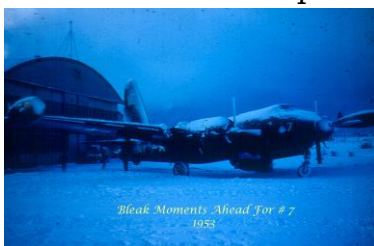
*Neptune Caught In Wind Shear During Touchdown
1953*

didn't; also, as a flying machine, a pile of inert matter, the airplane was totaled.

There were other P2V's that were much less fortunate, one in particular that piled into a glacier covered mountain on its return to

base. This was one incident that was known for certain, because the wreckage was found strewn about the face of a glacier. The other lost planes were assumed to have gone down in the Atlantic, without a trace.

The fleet of planes was used primarily to track Soviet submarine



*Bleak Moments Ahead For #7
1953*



activity. He could not recall whether they were flown singly, or in twos or threes. When the crewmen, either through the use of radar, or through visual sighting, perhaps detecting or seeing a surfaced submarine, or its periscope, would drop what was called a Sonobouy (Sonar Buoy) into the water where the sub had been spotted. The buoy was a battery powered device that would emit a radio signal for as long as the life of the battery. Don't ask what this hide and seek activity did to save the World for Democracy.

But there were times the planes needed to fly off course in order to find a place where their communications by radio, either to contact each other, or the base, or the Pentagon, could be effected. It seems the formation of what were identified as 'electron clouds', assumed to be clouds of highly charged negative particles, would not permit a radio signal to pass through them; the planes were obliged fly clear of these clouds in order to communicate by radio. The test signal was often QQQ, which meant, 'Get The Birdshit Off Your Antenna.'

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His task, as part of the FASRON unit, was to test, with the use of a simulator, the operation of the Sonobuoys, the vitality of the batteries, if not vital, replace them; and to package the antenna in loop, held in place by a piece of paper that would more or less dissolve when the buoy, intended to float, hit the water, releasing the antenna into a three to four foot long thing reaching into the yonder. He can't remember what actually activated the device, whether the crewman who launched it had to switch it on, or whether once the antenna was released the unit would begin to beep away.



From almost any place on the base, the flat terrain permitted a view of the distant Atlantic, and the snowy icy formations that passed as mountains, also in the distance, further away than the Atlantic, viewed across an embayment. On a clear sunny day, it seemed peaceful and poetic, if one could view things without having to see any part of the clutter of the base. And in the summer the days merged together at midnight as the one only faded before the next began to illumine; often with colorful pink to mauve skies. In the dark part of the year when the sun was well below the equator, the days seemed markedly short; on a sunny day the sun arcing above the horizon for three to four hours. But the night skies were often filled with the green sheets of aurora borealis.

On one occasion his off-duty weekend coincided with space available on the bus from Keflavic to Reykjavik, so visited the capital city of Iceland. There he saw a statue of Eric The Red; also a sample of Icelandic femininity.

A P2V had disappeared somewhere south of the rock, above, or into the Atlantic. Our trusty Albatross, with its pilot, Lt. Cdr. George Lincoln Rockwell, and a Lieutenant



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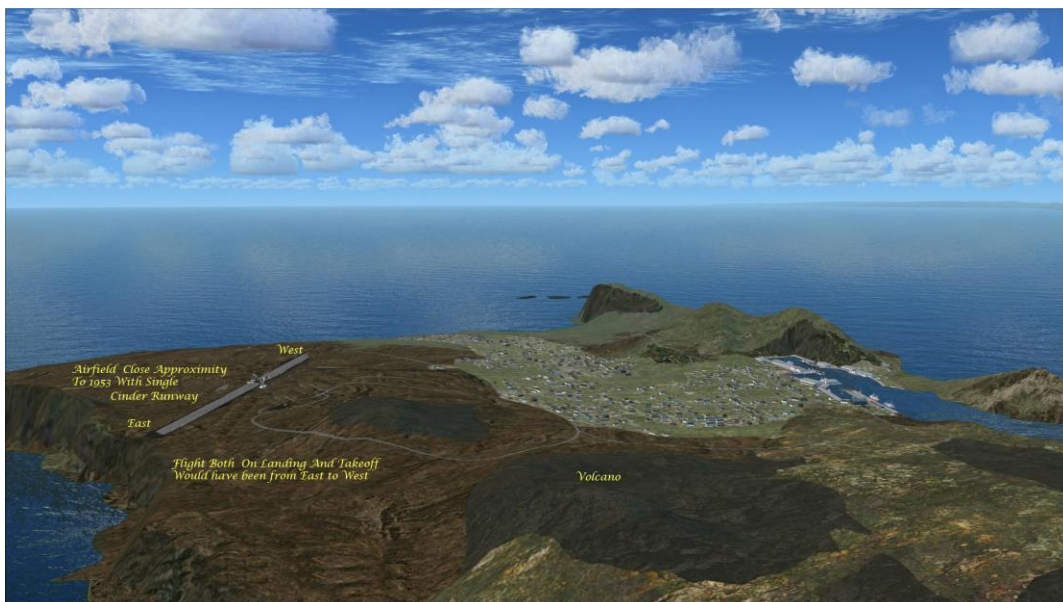
co-pilot, with a crew of three, a radioman/navigator, a mechanic, and a radar/loran operator (his task), took to the skies on another search and rescue mission. The day was clear, and sunny; visibility was good. The radar was not functioning. They circled for a long time, low over the water, staring at the blue wavy mass below, looking for some kind of debris, some color, something but gently rolling seas. Nothing.

They were circling in the vicinity of a small group of islands located to the south of the big rock, when all of sudden a film of liquid could be seen streaming along the fuselage over the windows. FUEL!, GEEZZZ! COMMANDER! COMMANDER! FUEL ON THE PORT FUSELAGE!.

Not expected, but the pilot had been transferring fuel from the pontoon tanks to the wing tanks when one of the gauges failed to indicate properly the fuel level in the left wing tank; the tank had overflowed, fuel finding its way along the fuselage, fortunately far enough away from the exhaust of the engine, not to be ignited.

The pilot immediately killed the engine (the plane was equipped with two of them) on the side where the fuel was streaming, and discharged the fire extinguisher located within the engine cowling. The pilot then intercommmed to the crew that he would attempt to land the plane on one of the small islands that was equipped with a cinder airstrip. And to prepare yourselves for an impact, as yet unknown to either he or the crew. Since the plane was flying at a low altitude, perhaps only 150 feet above the water, and running on one engine, it promised to be an experience.

The plane needed to clear a bluff, somewhat higher than the current altitude. The pilot throttled the engine to try to get some more altitude as he approached the island. In the meanwhile those

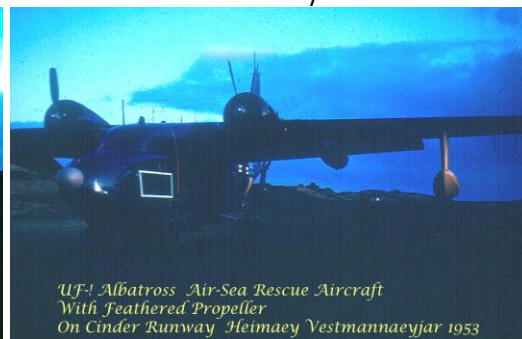
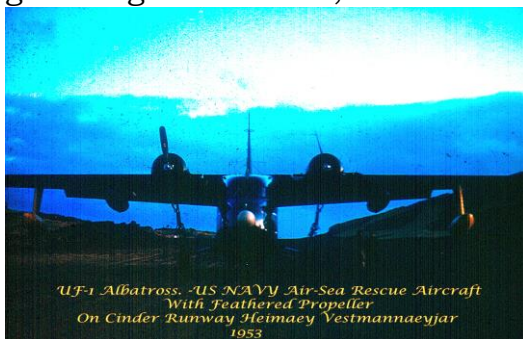


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who could, braced themselves behind bulkheads, not knowing what to expect. The plane cleared the bluff by some fifty feet, immediately needing to set down on the airstrip. Very quickly the pilot cut back the engine, and set the flaps for landing; and as soon as the plane began to touch and settle on the ground the co-pilot feathered, and reversed the prop, to brake the speed of the landed, and rolling, aircraft. They had landed safely; no crash, no fire, and still on the runway. Their leader, a ladies man, who looked a lot like Barry Sullivan, and the to-be leader of the American Nazi Part, saved the day. Navy Regulations would not allow them to take off again until the fire extinguisher had been replaced. Once on the ground, the radio man had attempted to contact the base; but the proverbial third thing had failed; first the radar, the transfer fuel gauge, and now the radio. However, the island itself was a developed and civilized place, having some of the amenities of civilization, a functioning radio amongst them.

Getting an extinguisher would be most expeditiously obtained through the offices of another small aircraft flown from the base, at some convenient time. It took six days for the extinguisher to arrive. In the meantime the aircraft was found to be in no way damaged by the incident. And the radio was temporarily repaired by his truly; a typical weakness with that particular transmitter was to blow (overheat) the 2 watt 47 ohm resistor in the screen grid circuit of the output amplifier tube. It was a push/pull type of amplifier. His truly needed to cannibalize a wire from another part of the transmitter, crimping it with a needle-nose pliers, in order to bypass the defunct resistor.

The rest of the time the crew was split up into watches for guarding the aircraft, and to settle in the local hotel/restaurant at



the expense of President Dwight D. Eisenhower. And to explore the village by the seashore, and otherwise walk about the island.

The island prospered through fishing, with a fishing fleet, and natural harbor for seagoing ships to dock for loading and unloading freight, a good deal of which consisted of barrels and barrels of salted down and packed fish, mostly finding its way to the nearly mother country on the European continent

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A charming place, in some ways, idyllic. Tranquil. With a seeming multitude of the fair sex, all polite and well-mannered. Some of the young women worked at a textile manufacturing place, which seemed an odd occupation for the island; but many were also employed packing fish into the barrels that were piling up on



the dock. They seemed a carefree lot, covered in fish grime from head to foot, throwing fish at each other, with a good deal of hearty laughter. This may have been for the benefit of the onlookers. I suspect they needed to be well scrubbed after a day of such activity. Its one thing to smell the fishy stuff at the dock, and another, while strolling along the quay, heading for the Bijou.

The young women seemed curious enough concerning the new arrivals to their island. But they were not forward, nor solicitous. They were mostly of Scandinavian descent, fair and blond, but others were dark haired. All seemed comely in one way or another. Sirens that Odysseus might have found irresistible; but kept in tow by Martin Luther's missionaries.

Horatio was quickly smitten by a dark haired beauty who had accompanied him to the Bijou, she looked like Uma Thurman in Pulp Fiction. She was an educated and very articulate girl who spoke his tongue with some facility, perhaps better than he, with a charming accent.

Although the girl, Solveig, by name, was not smitten by the sailor, she was interested in him because he seemed sensitive, polite, and not at all forward with her. He was tall, good-looking, average build, red headed, with a twinkle in his eye. She sensed he

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desired her company more than anything else in the world. He seemed intelligent, but perhaps in a little over his head when he conversed on tall subjects, in which he seemed most inclined to engage, perhaps in order to impress her in some way. But she seemed to enjoy his company, all the same. And whenever it was possible they would spend time together. She had taken him to the highest point of land that overlooked the village and the harbor. A walk over treeless terrain, rugged, and steep in places, but very green from mosses. It was a time of great joy for him to be near this girl, whom it turned out was a third year college student, attending an American University; a fact which intimidated him somewhat. He had felt embarrassed by some of his 'educated' guesses about things.

She had informed him there were so many more women than men on the island because so many men had been lost at sea while fishing.

They both knew their time together would be short, and found it difficult to discuss eventualities. But he had asked if he could write her, and wondered if she might write to him. She agreed.

Then it was time to leave. He didn't have an opportunity to say his last goodbyes. The commander decided to take advantage of the weather, almost as soon as the extinguisher was replaced. Besides the crew knew he had a lady waiting for him back at the base.

Solveig was at work. For Horatio a sad parting, for he had fully expected to see her at least one more time, perhaps to say things he had until then been unable to say.

But she had given him a photo of herself taken that same year, which he cherished beyond all expression. He had promised to send one of himself to her.

The takeoff was almost as exciting as the landing. It was a short runway, not intended for the type of aircraft in which they were flying. But The Commander was a space cadet, a space cowboy. With both engines, a pair of Pratt and Whitneys with 2800 horsepower each, the aircraft vibrated, trembled and roared, gaining speed; the co-pilot was reading off the numbers in knots. 65, 70, 75, 80, the end of the runway getting closer and closer, 85, 90, 95, and liftoff to a big cheer from the cockpit.

Was Solveig watching?

Soon thereafter, began a steady stream of letters passed between the two, until she returned to school in the US, on the West Coast. She apologized for not writing, claiming her school activities were keeping her fully occupied. She did not want to hurt

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him, especially after he had written all those very sweet letters. She realized his feelings were very much involved. She was unsure of her own feelings.

After six more months on the rock, he too headed for the US, to go to another Navy School for Guided Missiles, located in Florida.

Once in the US, he called Solveig. He wanted to find out how she felt about him, whether there was any chance they might have a relationship, and if so, when might they get together to talk, one on one.

At first Solveig was a little wary, because she was so much on track with her studies and activities. It all came as a surprise; perhaps too much of a surprise. She had to respond; her basic human decency told her she had to respond. And she did not want to hurt him in any way. Was she now in over her head?

They agreed to wait until he could arrange a leave which wouldn't be until he was finished with the seven month school. It would not come at a time that was convenient for her because she would once again be in class. She offered to come for a short visit during the summer. And if things went well between them, he could visit her when he finished his schooling.

And she promised to write more, apologizing even more for her seeming dereliction.

Does it mean that she is beginning to really care for him because she doesn't want to hurt him? Or is she beginning to have genuine feelings for him?

The Korean War had ended while he was on the rock. He was unsure what any of it meant after some 1.3 million SK military casualties, 520,000 NK military casualties, 3 million Civilian casualties, 900,000 Chinese casualties, 157,582 US casualties (33,741 battle deaths, 2,827 theatre deaths, 17,730 non-theatre deaths [???]), and 17,000 UN casualties. A Stalemate in the Cold War that had become 'rather scalding'. Joe Stalin and Harry Truman kicking ass; only Joe and the rest of Russia stayed out of the fray; even though Russia was a member of the United Nations; and the intervention in Korea was a purportedly a UN action. Sheeit, Man!

Of course, Horatio didn't know the huge human cost of the war at that time, the destruction of 'infrastructure' and the division of a nation into two parts representing foreign ideologies. Go figure! But he knows now as he sits upon his island trying to understand; where he is not in a forgiving frame of mind. If there was supposed to be any value in hindsight; that is, lessons of history, somebody was clearly ignoring both.

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He was fortunate not to have been exposed to the horror. Instead he met Solveig who was proving a formidable affair of the heart. He did not reflect upon all the casualties. He might not have, even if he had known. He might have been impressed by the numbers, if he had in those days been interested in war statistics.

To him war was only something to be avoided.

When he stood watch with a .45 automatic holstered to his hip, it was always with an empty clip of ammunition; the Commander-In-Chief, be damned.

Later in life he had wondered what he might have done if he had been a citizen in nazi Germany, how he would have responded to the call of duty; whether he would have been able to cut a deal with the fuehrer.

Solveig visited him during an early summer weekend, while he was stationed in the NATTC Jacksonville. She had flown in from the West, basically in transit to the North Atlantic, on her way home for the summer.

The meeting and the visit seemed to go well for them. They were both gladdened to see each other, Solveig even hugging him firmly as a greeting, and he responding with wonder in his eyes; and a gentle hug of his own.

She discussed the tone of his letters, which were laced with loving words. Part of the reason for her visit was to confront him face to face with her own feelings, to let him know she did not feel quite as romantic as he. She was not ready to write such loving words. She had wanted him to understand that she was willing to allow for further developments, that she did not want to say that the inequality of their feelings foreshadowed something that should not be pursued. It was difficult for her so say even these few words as she watched the reaction revealed in his facial expressions and his body language..

He wanted so much for the relationship to continue he was willing to accept her declaration. She seemed relieved when he seemed to acquiesce to her frame of mind.

She reassured him there wasn't anyone else with whom she was having more than a casual relationship. She indicated she had been too busy with her studies to entertain such diversion. She explained that what happened in the North Atlantic was only somewhat of a spurious thing, although meeting him there had meant a great deal to her; awakened in her something that had not been opportune to feel before. She was willing to continue on that basis, to see where it might lead. She was sincere, telling him she did not want to hurt him in any way; but asked for his patience, although she could promise him nothing.

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Horatio wanted to know if his words offended her in any way. Would she be offended if he continued to express his feelings toward her. Again she reassured him she would not think ill of him, but again sought his patience, promising nothing.

Awkward moments for them both. But not a stalemate because honest frank discussion relieved most of one kind of tension, while perhaps creating others.

And she talked of her studies, and he talked of his, such as they were. But after two and a half years in the military, things were beginning to wear very thin for him. The war was over, the petty business of military life was all too onerous. Stupid people pulling rank on those they did not like. Horatio was always on the short end of these interactions; and angered by them.

She wondered if it was possible for him to leave the military now that the war was over. He informed her it didn't work that way in this world. And that he had signed on for an additional year so he could get into school again, so he could return to the States to have a chance to visit her.

She winced when he mentioned this last. Upon seeing her reaction to this revelation he knew he needed to relieve her of any imposition by saying it was entirely his own doing; and foolish perhaps.

But he was learning new things that would stand him in good stead when he did leave the military in two and half more years.

Solveig would be at the University for one more year. She seemed decided upon graduate studies in the Humanities, perhaps at another Western University, to which she had already submitted an application.

It was possible he might be stationed on the west coast when his studies were over. There were only two US Navy bases at the time that were beginning to specialize in Guided Missile installations. One on the west coast and another on the east coast. The missile was of the air to air kind carried by US Navy fighter aircraft, designed to destroy enemy aircraft in flight; a new kind of 'dog fight'. These missiles were mostly being used by fighter aircraft assigned to carriers; but as yet there were no shops on board to service them. The land installations for storage and service were the first for the US Navy; previously being handled by the manufacturer.

As it turned out Horatio was sent to the east coast installation. When he arrived, only a fenced compound existed with two, mostly empty, Butler huts, and one empty Quonset hut.

The officers and other associated personnel spent most of their time in the one Butler hut, while the other was being set up to receive, test and store the missiles.

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Outside, nearby, was an airfield, and a parking strip (apron) for aircraft only a few feet away from the compound. Jet Fighter aircraft would be flying in and out and around, during the day, mostly. The 'Sound Of Freedom', the Navy called it.

Horatio was located at the bottom of the totem pole amongst a bunch of non coms who had previously held other shipboard classifications where they could not receive advancement, hence had changed their rating in order to have a better chance at advancement, and a different kind of duty. Most of these personnel had had several years of service time, and were basically lifers; they had intended to put in their twenty, then receive a retirement payroll before they were forty years old. Horatio, the most junior rank, therefore was the one assigned all the shit details, and the midnight watches.

He did not fare well in these circumstances. Then he got into it one morning before an all-whites inspection. As all the personnel were milling around in one of the Butler huts in their bright white uniforms with shiny black shoes, drinking coffee, bullshitting, gesticulating, a particularly, rather rotund, gold stripped chief swung his arm against his truly's arm which held his cup of coffee, causing a spill which ended upon the gesticulator's uniform in a not entirely decorous way, yours truly being more agile, dodging any effects from the unconfined liquid flying about in space.

It all happened rather quickly, as did the rise of anger in the soiled chief who began to accuse Horatio of the most dire dereliction, to which Horatio responded with denial. They had words. Horatio was being insubordinate, disrespectful of a superior and whatever else, the Gold Stripper could think of, in his rage.

It ended badly; the chief was vindictive. He got Horatio assigned to the Quonset hut, the only individual to be within it as the company's education petty officer. But the building was positioned right next to the apron where the jet aircraft were stored, their asses pointed in his direction. What a blast! The noise was deafening, and very unnerving for this sensitive young man.

Horatio tried to make the best of his situation for a while. He was able to leave the base in the evenings, and weekends that were not duty days. In the evenings he attended classes in the History of Philosophy at William and Mary college. And he would visit a family who had been friends of his father when he was a youngster in upstate New York.

At William and Mary is where he first heard of Flumдум. Flumдум was the creator of the Universe, the Prime Mover. The Philosophy instructor was an older professor who loved his discipline a great deal, having, himself, learned much from his years of poring over the tomes. He took the class from

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Anaximander and Anaximenes, earth air fire and water, Aristotle, through Descartes, whom he really wanted to explore in detail because of his great dictum: 'I think, therefore I am'. The nature of existence. Flumdatum was euphemism for God. He believed most people harbored some kind of image or prejudice with regard to the concept of a creator, or prime mover, that he felt might interfere with an objective view of the world, so he stayed away from the use of the epithet: God.

In this Philosophy class he met Maleka, a middle aged woman of Hawaiian descent, very Polynesian, and lovely, in appearance; also married to a Navy Commander. He and she would often converse before and after class on matters at hand and other matters as well. She had taken a fancy to him, that is, liked him because of the way his mind worked, the kinds of questions he would ask in class.

Maleka felt a need to improve herself, for one reason or another. She had been a college student in her younger years, mostly intrigued by what she had learned. But she confessed to having not pursued this interest, and having forgotten many details of things she had learned, which caused her great deal of regret. She was somehow trying to recapture that interest in mid-life.

Finally one day, she told Horatio that she felt he had a very fine mind, that he should not fritter it away, that he should go on to higher education. To Horatio this seemed a very wonderful thing to hear. And he has never forgotten this person whom he had met in a Philosophy class, who had taken him under her wing, so to speak, and had given him such encouragement.

When he told her of Solveig, she advised him to be patient with her, and to encourage her in her studies. She understood that women in America, and many parts of the world, were looked upon as wives, homemakers, bearers of children; that was their role and their place. That in effect they were subservient to the needs of the male; almost second class citizens. An education was a frill, not something that meant a woman was ready to make a contribution equal to any man, and was qualified to take her place in the world of man and men. As Maleka spoke she seemed to be registering both anger and regret; anger at this imposition upon women, and regret that she did not fight harder for an equality that was hers by right.

So she emphasized her words of caution with Solveig, urging Horatio to be supportive in every way, and be very patient with her.

And then, if Solveig was still not interested, to be doubly patient with life; not to become bitter with disappointment. There would be others. Love would cure the wound it would make. While Horatio listened without comment, he still had the highest hopes for

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Solveig. But he thought seriously about Maleka's words concerning woman's role in society. He then reflected upon his own views which he had mostly taken for granted, which seemed to agree with Maleka's judgment of the state of women in the developed world. He realized that he harbored similar prejudices without ever having thought about it one way or another. Women in themselves seemed a self-fulfilling prophesy, if one was to regard their primary occupation in this life. But underneath seethed a fire of resentment; just a kind of brainless servitude, a body in bed, an ass wiper, a meal maker, and little else (Moses' chattel).

Horatio had had enough of the persecution by his superiors, and enough of the inutile function he was assigned, education petty officer for a bunch of pricks. He spoke to his executive officer, requesting a transfer to another duty station where he might be doing something for which he had been trained instead of being treated as a peon. The officer was sympathetic, but not particularly moved to offer anything, or do anything to better the situation. It was then that he decided he would seek an exit from the US Navy.

One month after having decided, he was a free man; mustered out with an Honorable discharge, one kind of bullshit behind him.

He wrote to Solveig from the hospital where the all powerful and wise US Navy had sent him to evaluate him before discharge, where they hoped to find out how many marbles he lacked.

Having been chosen by a very sympathetic Psychiatrist, it was just a matter of time before he would be out. He wrote of his experience, revealing the more fearful and hopeful details. Solveig wrote back, concerned, but supportive.

When it was certain he would obtain the discharge, he called Solveig to tell her he would be heading west when it was over. Her response was hesitant; not particularly encouraging. But she had to control this feeling of 'Oh!, Oh!, what do I do now', because it was patently unfair at this stage of their relationship. Instead she recovered enough to say, 'I guess we will see what happens'.

He was not too happy with the lukewarm reception of his proposal. He tried to understand what was happening; obviously most of what was happening was happening to him.

He remembered his mother's dictum 'Faint heart n'er won fair lady.' His mother had been a fair lady, whose heart was won by something decidedly not faint. His father turned out to be a real asshole.

You are about to learn that things didn't happen that way at all. The meeting on that long ago island was a true enough occurrence. And all that led up to the meeting was true enough. And it was

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true enough that the girl had dark hair with bangs. Looking much like Uma Thurman in Pulp Fiction; but the resemblance mostly ended there. she was slim enough, but not as tall as Uma, and not busty like Uma. But she was sweetly disposed, as was, sometimes, Uma.



And the girl was named Lisa, not Solveig. And she was younger, 17 years of age in her last year of juvenile academic schooling, intending to head off to Copenhagen for higher education. Their time together upon the first occasion followed mostly the same course described.

But his Commander George Lincoln Rockwell indulged him in his romancing by arranging two training flights that involved landing on Lisa's island. And his Commander George Lincoln Rockwell also put in a good word for him where he felt it might do him the most good to get him stationed on the European continent so he could visit Lisa.

Since his Fasron unit was rated very high in performance during his tenure there, special consideration was accorded the request. However the military installations were not staffed with excess personnel. A waiting period was involved which required an extension of his service on the Rock until a billet became available.

Meanwhile Lisa had traveled to Copenhagen to begin her studies. Only a month after her arrival he was billeted in the Mediterranean at another small Fasron detachment performing a similar function as to that in which he had been engaged upon the island.

Since Lisa still had not attained her majority, and was living away from home, military regulations required all visits with underage girls be accompanied with an adult chaperon. Lisa would not officially become an adult for another four months.

Horatio was not bothered by the idea of a chaperon. He only wanted to be near Lisa, and to be able to look upon her.

In this version Lisa was warmer toward him, thought him a 'smasher' and wanted to see him whenever he could get free. And when she became an adult she arranged to travel to the Sea to visit him in Naples. While they were somewhat amorous toward one another, Horatio observed every decorum of respect with regard to her. They spoke openly and candidly about their relationship, and where it might lead.

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Lisa was intent upon finishing her education. Her ambition was to be involved in international relations; ones that worked for peace; equity, fairness and justice for all of humanity.

Horatio felt very privileged indeed to even know her, much more to be her companion on these special occasions. Her striving for knowledge and desire to do good works inspired him to think of new possibilities for himself.

His nominal tour of duty in the Med. would be a year, when he would be reassigned, probably for stateside duty, since by the end of the tour he would have already spent two years overseas.

The year in Europe was most meaningful for he and Lisa. He would be eternally grateful to George Lincoln Rockwell for his kindness, and his indulgence. Many years later it was with some embarrassment that he learned that Rockwell was the leader of the American Nazi Party. There had never been any mention of the Commander's political/philosophical bent during the time they served together.

At the time he learned of George's affiliation he was working at a University where his employers were of Jewish descent. So when George came to that University to enlighten the student population upon the virtues of his Party, Horatio decided not to attend, and not to attempt to contact him. His employer had encouraged him to make contact; but he was not to be persuaded.

By that time, he and Lisa were only a haunting memory in Horatio's mind. Time, along with the anomalies and the vicissitudes, the slings and arrows, the detours and pitfalls of existence, left Horatio with a broken heart, as Lisa found another to avail and await her charms. His heart has been broken and mended a few more times: love cures the wound it makes.

And shortly thereafter George Lincoln Rockwell, the head of the American Nazi Party, was shot dead in a busy parking lot in the United States Of America, the home of the brave and the land of the free.

"Please
Truth!"



Pass The