

THE KWAJALEIN HOURGLASS

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U.S. Army Kwajalein Atoll, Republic of the Marshall Islands



(Photo by KW Hillis)

Sharing the Moment

Col. Jerry Brown, USAKA commander, talks about his own experiences at the Pentagon during Sept. 11, 2001, at a memorial service Wednesday night at the chapel. Brown said only three months before the attack his office had been located in the section of the building that was hit. The service also included prayer and singing.

Former USAKA commander dies

By Barbara Johnson
Feature Writer

Former USAKA/KMR commander Col. Gary K. McMillen, 50, died early Saturday morning, Sept. 7, 2002 (stateside), at his home in Port Charlotte, Fla.

He is survived by his wife, Pam, and son, Jason, 22, along with other family and friends.

Col. McMillen was commander of USAKA/KMR from July 7, 1998, to July 27, 2000. He was the 19th commander since July 1964, when the Army took control of Kwajalein from the Navy.

"It's the best job I've ever had in 26 years in the Army and the toughest — the toughest part of which is leaving today," he said of his tour at Kwajalein at the 2000 change of command ceremony.

Col. McMillen graduated from the University of South Florida in 1974 with a B.S. degree in engineering technology. Designated a Distinguished Military

Graduate, he was commissioned into the Corps of Engineers from the University of Tampa. He also held a master of business degree in National Security Strategy from the National Defense University.

Among his assignments was a tour in Frankfurt, Germany, as deputy commander of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers Europe District, where he developed and executed the design and construction of military facilities in Europe and provided construction contract support for embassy renovations in the former Soviet Union.

Just prior to his tour at USAKA, Col. McMillen was the Deputy Chief of Staff, Operations, for the U.S. Army Space and Missile Defense Command, Arlington, Va.

Col. McMillen left a legacy of accomplishments at USAKA. Of

(See MCMILLEN, page 5)

HE WAS THERE

Roi firefighter talks about Ground Zero

By Dale Brown

Special to the Hourglass

My mighty country is under attack. War is nothing new to America, but attacks on our soil? How could this happen? Skyscrapers don't fall to the ground. I feel so violated.

Just some of the thousand questions and emotions my mind struggled to answer on the morning of Sept. 11, 2001. I drove home along the coast to San Diego, after a couple days of rest on Catalina Island with my girlfriend. Highway 5 passes through Camp Pendleton, one of the largest Marine bases in the country. It's not uncommon to see military exercises and war games on the camp's beaches and mountains; but today was no game, it was the real thing.

Off the coast, two Navy war ships sat mighty in the sea's haze. Passing a camouflaged Marine tank, sitting ready along the highway, I looked over and said, "Did we ever really think we would see a day when our military would be patrolling our shores to protect us from attack?" We were somber, stunned I guess, as was the world.

When I got home I called Cary Coleman, chief of the Intermountain Fire District, where I served as a captain.

"Chief, what can we do? We need to do something. New York is on fire and so many brothers lost." Firefighters sometimes speak of each other affectionately as brothers.

To Ground Zero

Three days later, and with a few phone calls and connections, myself and several other firemen from San Diego sat aboard one of the first flights to re-enter the apprehensive and much guarded air space, bound for the lower end of Manhattan.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the captain speaking. We will be landing shortly. If you look out the left side of the aircraft you will be able to see the Trade Centers." Some passengers were sobbing and holding each other, and for many this was their first time home because of the grounding of aircraft. My first sight of Ground Zero was directly overhead at about 3,000 feet. Smoke poured from several buildings still on fire and the enormous crater of twisted debris. It was an unbelievable sight to remember.

We stood on the curb, with all we had brought with us: protective fire gear, helmet, extra underwear and a toothbrush. We waited for a flight

(See NOTHING, page 6)

Editorial

Parent disappointed over movie rating discrepancy in *Hourglass*

I've got to say that the new sound system in the Yuk Theater is great. In spite of that, I had a bad experience there this last weekend.

The most serious problem was the rating of the movie. I was eagerly anticipating watching *Lord of the Rings* with my two young daughters. Having read the books I knew that there would be some violence in the movie, but the *Hourglass* listed the movie as PG, so I figured it would be presented in a mild way. I was surprised then to see graphic shots of dismemberment in the very first scene. For that reason I took my daughters home right away.

I found out that the real rating of the movie is PG-13. It was listed incorrectly in the *Hourglass*. Whoever is responsible for the movie listings in the *Hourglass* needs to pay more attention to his job. From now on I'm going to double check the ratings by looking up the movies on the Web. My trust of the information in the *Hourglass* resulted in my daughters seeing some things I wish they hadn't.

The second problem with *Lord of the Rings* was the absurdly high volume. We watched *Star Wars* the night before and that had a reasonable volume (although in my opinion it was also a little too loud). When *Lord of the Rings* started, most of the kids in the front row had the common sense to plug their ears and move to the back of the theater (hooray for Kwaj kids!).

It's ironic that we are constantly bombarded with messages telling us how to be safe and care for ourselves, then we go to the movies and have our eardrums blasted out.

Jeff Wrobel

Big sister was huge nightmare

She was 40 pounds of raw energy and a result of our big brother's coaching. She could knock a baseball out of the playground and slide into home before the dust had settled on first base. I used to get tired just watching her. But I kept watching because she was my sister and I always wondered what she would do next.

To be so little, Becky was fearless. Sometimes she scared me. Like the time she and I were seven and six, respectively, and we spent the day with our family at an uncle's farm, as far back into the foothills of the Smoky Mountains as you could reach by car.

After managing to contain her energy for the duration of lunch — eating was something my sister did just enough of to stay alive — Becky wandered off to torment the barnyard billy goat. I tagged along without enthusiasm.

The sun was high and hot, so I stayed as close to the fence and the shade as I could. Becky disappeared around the



corner of the barn and I escaped into my favorite daydream ... taking my victory walk with a bouquet of roses and wearing the traditional robe and tiara, tears of joy glistening on my face, sans the puffy eyes and red nose. (Why don't beauty queens ever have to blow their noses when they cry, anyway?)

But my daydream was pre-empted, as I was startled back into reality by a noise — half glee, half battle cry. I knew that sound. It was Becky.

She shot toward me, a streak of ponytail and blue seer-sucker. She had a look of sheer delight on her face, yet her strong little legs carried her away from a crazed billy goat as fast as they could. I don't know how or with what she teased that animal but

(See *SISTER*, page 8)

The Kwajalein Hourglass

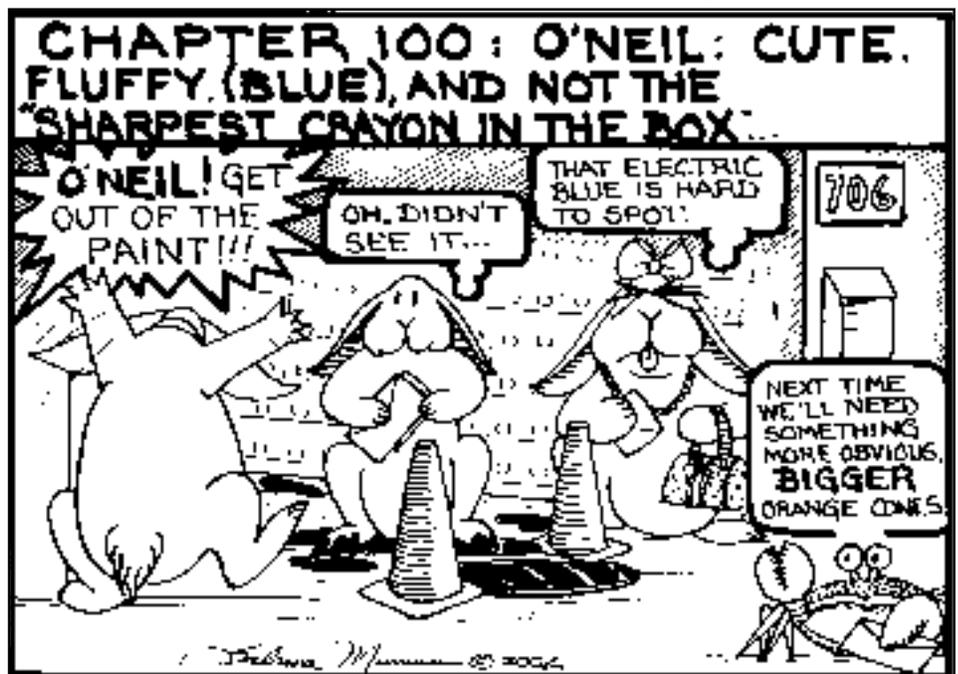
- Commanding Officer.....Col. Jerry Brown
- Public Affairs Officer.....LuAnne Fantasia
- Editor.....Jim Bennett
- Associate Editor.....Peter Rejcek
- Feature Writers.....Barbara Johnson
- KW Hillis
- Graphics DesignerDan Adler

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Buckminster and Friends ————— By Sabrina Mumma



Pesky problem: Roi residents complain of fly epidemic

By KW Hillis
Feature Writer

The Roi Bachelor Advisory Council addressed a pesky problem, what residents are calling a 'fly epidemic,' at a meeting last week.

"It's pretty bad when I walk outside my work door and 20 flies land on my leg," said Christy Pappas-Drabek, Roi Community Activities superintendent. "And I know I don't have any food in my trashcan."

The problem is so bad that Pest Management supervisor Michael Nicholson spent two days assessing it.

"The problem when I went up there is that the residents are dumping garbage in the dumpster without tying the bags," Nicholson said. "People say they tie the bags, but they leave two big holes, and within five days there are hundreds and hundreds of flies. Every single dumpster had raw food that wasn't sealed."

Since Pest Management couldn't spray for the last month and a half because of wet weather, the fly population has gotten out of hand, he said.

"The fact is, a single pair of flies can produce 191 quintillion, ten quadrillion flies in four months if all eggs survive," he said. "And the only way a fly can reproduce is to lay its eggs on food. Without the food they can't reproduce. If one person leaves food out, it will affect everyone."

Roi Operations manager Floyd Corder said, "Residents need to support the effort."

Posters, e-mails and flyers are being distributed to remind residents

to seal any food in plastic, not paper, bags before disposal.

Dirty dishes

Questions about sanitation of dishes and utensils and dirty chairs at Café Roi were also raised at the meeting, said CW3 Wiley Blanton, RBAC chairperson. The dirt on the chairs was actually a buildup of wax that has now been removed, Café Roi manager Willi Ng said after the meeting.

As a result of the questions about sanitation, although the dining hall did well on a recent inspection, Sodexo USA Operations management will conduct a round table later this month at Café Roi for anyone who has comments, Blanton said.

Sunday, Sept. 20 is the planned date for the lunch visit by Sodexo USA Operations general manager Ty Reckling and Operations director Farida Straub, according to Reckling.

"We're interested in soliciting comments on the menu too and any additional services they might want," he added.

RBAC trailer representative Joe Woods said, "I will take advantage of that. The fix for me was that Ty Reckling will be coming up to Roi ... and be available for face to face talk."

Other issues

Pizza will be added to the Outrigger Snack Bar as a result of Roi residents wanting more food like the Three Palms restaurant on Kwaj. Blanton said that not all food requested, such as pre-made sandwiches, may be feasible because of the smaller customer base.

"Residents need to bring up what they want when [Reckling] visits, but

they need to be specific," Blanton said.

Kudos were given out at the meeting to Gimbel's manager Pat Bowers for improvements at the store and to Community Activities, along with FOM carpenters Rudolfo Manalac and Pat Nobley, for the new C-Building theater and entertainment center.

"Gimbel's looks really good," Woods said, adding that both the layout and available items have improved considerably. As to the new theater, "we can go to the theater and hear the movie ... it is crystal clear."

The new sound system installed in the hand-built entertainment center brought out a good crowd last week for its first performance, Pappas-Drabek said. "We had nothing but great comments."

Progress on other fronts is underway, with new BQ furniture and bike racks currently being installed, Corder said. The Small Boat Marina fuel station and the APIC-funded ski dock projects will be completed as soon as required materials arrive on island. Depending on delivery, a new air conditioner will be installed in Café Roi within 60 days, he added.

The meeting lasted about an hour, and Woods said he likes the new way of handling concerns by e-mail before the meeting. He encourages other residents to use e-mail like he did and not wait for the quarterly meeting.

"My issues were addressed before the meeting even started," he said. "It's a matter of making sure all BAC representatives get the e-mail. It's the way to go."

Resident reports fishing activity at protected turtle pond

By Jim Bennett
Editor

They're "the island's pets," and they've been attacked, according to Les Saulibio, at the Communications department.

Saulibio discovered last Friday that a bluefin trevally fish in the Turtle Pond behind the Communications and Job Corps buildings has disappeared, and another big-eye trevally has a hook in his

mouth and an estimated 20-foot of monofilament line trailing behind him.

"These fish and the turtles are pets and belong to the Kwajalein community," Saulibio said.

According to Lt. Col. Mark Harmon, USAKA provost marshal, fishing in the pond is against regulations.

The turtles have lived on-island for years, with their current home, a rocklined

pool with a waterfall, rebuilt during evenings and weekends by volunteers from Zachary Construction in 1995. The Marshallese Cultural Center donated a traditional-style structure that was moved to the site in 1997, making for a park-like atmosphere.

"People come out and feed the turtles and fish," Saulibio said.

Protected under the En-

dangered Species Act, the green sea turtle is listed as threatened and the hawksbill is endangered.

Those wishing to feed the turtles should serve fresh vegetables, seafood and meat. Particular favorites include lettuce, squid and hot dogs. Do not feed the turtles bread products as that can make the turtles severely ill or even kill them.

Losing weight is a lifetime commitment for some

By KW Hillis
Feature Writer

After years of trying quick-fix but short-lived fad diets, such as a steady regime of eating cabbage soup, Rhonda Longbrake is looking forward to gradually and sanely losing weight over the next two years.

In the last 10 months alone she's shed 75 pounds.

"It comes down to eating the right things or all things in moderation," Longbrake said. After losing and then gaining weight back faster than she had lost it since she was a teen, she found a program that provides microwaved, nutritious meals.

"There are no decisions what to buy or any leftovers," she said.

But it wasn't the simplicity of the plan that made a difference this time, she said. This time her attitude is different.

"This is a lifestyle; I know that," said Longbrake. "I had to set my mind to it."

The U.S. Centers for Disease Control said that obesity is rising at an "epidemic rate during the last 20 years." Despite low-fat food, a proliferation of diets of the week, exercise programs and pills, 60 percent of adults in the U.S. are letting out seams and visiting the doctor with weight-related ailments. Obesity is linked to arthritis, heart disease, strokes, certain cancers and diabetes.

The health reports on obesity are not just being written by medical journals. Controversy on why people get fat and what constitutes a good diet prompted a Sept. 2 *Time* magazine article, "What Really Makes You Fat?" The answers are complicated, and the medical reasons are still being investigated. Meanwhile, people in the U.S. and on Kwajalein are struggling daily with how to take off excess weight.

The "how" is different for different people the *Hourglass* found after talking separately to Longbrake, members of a new Weight Management Group and others about their experiences.

Morbidly obese with serious health problems, Byron Traylor had his stomach stapled in April 1994 in a desperate effort to lose some of his 410 pounds.

After the procedure, he was able to lose over 50 percent of his body weight in 18 months. Still, Traylor said keep-

ing the weight off will require a lifetime dedication.

Skinny as a teen, Traylor arrived on Kwaj at 210 pounds. A broken ankle in 1987, which kept him from exercising,



On Tuesday, the *Hourglass* takes a closer look at child obesity.

coupled with an "eat all you want" attitude, raised his weight to 410 pounds.

"I really believe if I had not had the surgery I would be dead now," he said. Due to the weight, Traylor suffered from severe sleep apnea that required him to wear an oxygen mask at night to keep him breathing. "A lot of people look at the surgery as the easy way to get out of losing weight. No. 1, there was not anything easy about it. The surgery doesn't make you lose weight; it helps you to lose weight. I could eat all day continually and I could put weight on."

Proving his point, he said that recently due to mission requirements and long hours at

work, he has put on 40 pounds without eating any more than he did during his weight loss.

"I plan to start walking an hour a night again," he said.

Neither Longbrake nor Traylor sought a support group, but some residents do.

Through Community Education, a free Weight Management Group has speakers each week giving different ideas on successful weight-loss techniques. Six members of the group listened to this week's guest speaker, Theresa Blauwkamp.

"I've tried all different diets ... they

didn't work. What I have done is a lifestyle change," she said. What allowed her to lose 22 pounds since January is a combination of exercise, eating from the salad bar at Café Pacific and then modifying recipes at home, such as putting tacos on lettuce rather than taco shells. Allowing herself to eat what she wants, such as an ice cream sundae, by reducing other food items that day, is another change in her attitude from previous diets.

"It's something I can do for life," she said.

Each person at the Weight Management Group meeting was there to find what would work for him or her. Part of what works is being in a group with similar goals.

There is accountability, support and sharing techniques and good recipes, said group members Jennifer Keck, Gina Bennett and Pam Dykema. Other members, who would rather not be identified, also agreed.

Down to a size 12 from a size 18, Keck said that she looks forward to the meetings.

"I started at 202 pounds, which is the heaviest I knew I weighed," Keck said, adding that her mindset is different now.

The lively discussion of what works, what is nutritionally sound and the bad diets that they have tried filled the hour-long meeting.

"In Mississippi, I tried a diet that promised losing 10 pounds in seven days, and the first day all you could eat was bananas," Bennett said. Subsequent days were different fruits and vegetables.

"It worked like a charm, but you can't live like that." Gaining all the weight back and more was the result.

Support from others is important.

"I have a lot of support here; it makes a lot of difference," Longbrake said.

But what others think is support is not necessarily taken as support by the person losing weight.

"Sometimes your support [people] can be your worst enemies," Traylor said. "When you are overweight, you already have a low self-esteem. One of your responses to stress and sadness is eat-

(See *SUPPORT*, page 5)



Rhonda Longbrake



Byron Traylor

Support vital for those battling obesity ...

(From page 4)

ing. If you have someone saying 'you need to lose weight,' even though they are trying to help you, they are adding stress.

"The way people helped me was encouraging me to continue," he said.

The Tuesday night group agreed.

"Sometimes there is jealousy among friends," Dykema said, observing that some try to sabotage friends who are successfully losing weight. "I wish that people would accept a simple 'no' when they offer something for me to eat."

Another comment that strikes a wrong chord, Bennett said is, "Are you sure you want that? I thought you were on a diet."

"I would almost rather for people to not say anything," added Bennett, who has gotten down to her pre-pregnancy weight, but feels that her weight "was too big then."

Eating five or six smaller meals daily is a recurring theme among the successful weight losers interviewed. Eating slower is also a key.

McMillen pursued APIC, range modernization ...

(From page 1)

its transition to the 21st century during his tour, he said, "We prepared for and met the millennium bug head-on and squashed it."

He also pursued the range modernization program at KMR (now RTS).

He ranked high among his accomplishments the fact that the Kwajalein community, military and civilians, had come together as a group.

"We've all banded together a lot closer in the last two years," he said in an *Hourglass* interview just before he PCSed, adding that he attributed it in part to the support by all site managers of the Army Performance Improvement Criteria program, instituted during his assignment at Kwajalein.

Col. McMillen's tenure at USAKA saw infrastructure improvement on Kwajalein, including rehabilitating some housing and BQs, renovating retail and food service buildings, street paving, new sidewalks and curbs and the downtown beautification project, as well as projects on Roi-Namur, including the new power plant and road



Gary McMillen

"It takes 30 minutes for the stomach to know it's full ... don't rush eating," Traylor said. That advice is especially important for him, because if he overeats he can be seriously ill due to the small size of his stomach.

Health problems such as gestational diabetes, family diabetes and high cholesterol, high blood pressure and joint problems are some of the reasons given for losing weight. But all interviewed said that health problems weren't enough to really cause them to lose weight.

"You have to want to change," Dykema said. "You have to do it for yourself and it has to be for a lifetime."

Longbrake agreed, "I don't think my heart was in it before. It is now."

The Weight Management Group is open to all and is free of charge. It meets Tuesdays at 7 p.m. in the Kwajalein Hospital conference room upstairs. Any person wanting to assess his or her weight and health can call their physician at 52224.

repaving. Also, troop construction projects with the RMI included the Enniburr clinic and school construction, facilities for the RMI on Roi-Namur and the Gugeegue clinic construction project.

In July 2000, Col. McMillen left Kwaj for his assignment as CENTCOM Engineer, United States Army Element Central Command, McDill Air Force Base, Fla., where he was responsible for construction projects in 25 Southwest Asian countries.

Col. McMillen retired from the Army in September 2001. In January 2002 he took a temporary position with Dyncorp and was based in Honolulu. His job entailed working with troops in the Philippines.

A memorial service will be held for Col. McMillen Sunday, Sept. 15, at the Port Charlotte Beach Park. After the service, his ashes will be released into the water.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations in the memory of Gary McMillen be sent to The Moffitt Foundation, 12902 Magnolia Dr., Tampa, FL 33612.

Softball Standings

Alpha League	
Criminals	2-0
Old, Fat and Lazy	1-1
Ruktokleen	1-1
Bojar III	0-2
Beta League	
HB Monin I	2-0
Mo Fo	1-1
VB Supply	1-1
Spartan I Boys	0-2
Gamma League	
HB Monin II	2-0
Barnacles	1-0
Gummos	1-0
G-4	0-1
Tarlang	0-1
Zero Balance	0-2
Omega League	
Da Bomb	1-0
Queen of Peace	1-0
KPD	0-1
Spartan II Boys	0-1
FOM Construction	0-0
HB Monin III	0-0
Women's League	
Spartan I Girls	1-0
Lady Doves	1-0
30 Something	0-1
Spartan II Girls	0-1
<i>Records are as of Thursday morning.</i>	

Softball Schedule

Key: BR-Brandon; RA-Ragan; DA-Dally	
Saturday	
5:15 p.m. ... 30 Something/Lady Doves ..	RA
5:15 p.m. G-4/Tarlang	DA
5:15 p.m. Gummos/HB Monin II	BR
6:45 p.m. ... Barnacles/Zero Balance	BR
Monday	
5:15 p.m. ... Spartans II/KPD	DA
5:15 p.m. ... FOM/Q. of Peace	BR
6:45 p.m. ... Da Bomb/HB Monin	BR
Tuesday	
5:15 p.m. Lady Doves/Spartan I	RA
5:15 p.m. HB Monin I/VB Supply	DA
5:15 p.m. ... Ruktokleen/Bojar III	BR
6:45 p.m. ... Spartan I/Mo Fo	BR
8 p.m. Criminals/Old, Fat, Lazy	BR
Wednesday	
5:15 p.m. ... G-4/Gummos	DA
5:15 p.m. ... Zero Balance/Tarlang	BR
6:45 p.m. ... Barnacles/HB Monin II	BR
Thursday	
5:15 p.m. ... 30 Something/Spartan II	RA
5:15 p.m. Spartan II/Da Bomb	DA
5:15 p.m. ... FOM/KPD	BR
6:45 p.m. ... Q. of Peace/HB Monin	BR
Friday	
5:15 p.m. Mo Fo/HB Monin I	BR
5:15 p.m. ... Bojar III/Criminals	DA
6:45 p.m. ... VB Supply/Spartan I	BR
8 p.m. Old, Fat, Lazy/Ruktokleen ...	BR
<i>For updates on games, officials and scorekeepers, call the Sports Hotline at 54190.</i>	

'Nothing was without damage ...'

(From page 1)

attendant named Dianne, who befriended us on the plane. She would take us to the fire station located across from her apartment on East 86th Street.

It was an engine and hook and ladder company station, but they were double-parked on the narrow street to make room for the hundreds of people standing around to pay their respects to the nine firemen the station had lost that awful morning. Their pictures were displayed on the outside wall. Thousands of flowers, flags, candles and cards lay below them in a makeshift shrine that nearly flowed into the street. A lot of tears and hugs passed among many, for they were as much part of the neighborhood as the sidewalks.

I met with the house captain, a short but rugged fellow with a mustache like a broom. He looked through the bottom of his glasses at the patch on my uniform sleeve and asked where we were from.

"California!" he repeated after me, surprised and touched. His eyes still wet with grief, he thanked us for coming so far for them.

"Sweep the floors or go to the dig, however we can help," I explained, inviting ourselves to assist.

"The cops will take you guys to 'the dig,'" a nickname quickly given to Ground Zero, the captain advised. We were tired but eager to get to work.

We squeezed into a police van, helmets in our laps, to make the journey from 86th Street to the lower end of downtown. We passed several armed security checkpoints, passing those who were stopped, to reach the base of tower one. At first glance you would think you were at a huge construction site: generators and lights, cranes and backup alarms from huge tractors; men standing in groups, from firemen and police officers to telephone and power company workers, all there to lend their expertise.

Devastation everywhere

I stepped from the van into a puddle of water, thick with a mixture of gray dust, ash and insulation. This was the same mix I had seen on the news that had consumed thousands as they ran for their lives when the towers came down. That same gray dust had covered everything for 20 or so blocks, like a new fallen snow. With no power for the lower end of Manhattan, and nothing but massive searchlights to work under, it gave a science-fiction feeling, like walking on the moon, to an already unbelievable sight.

Some of the more than 12 other multi-story buildings were lying on their sides, a few still on fire; others, on the outer edge of Ground Zero, looked like Godzilla had taken a 10-story bite from them. An incomprehensible sight, and for a moment I thought to myself, "It looks like a movie set, but movies aren't this real." I had seen days of news reports prior to arriving and I just couldn't believe it. Now I'm standing at the base of Tower One, looking at 15 blocks of smoldering hell, and I still couldn't bring myself to believe it was really true.

Nonstop work

We went straight to work, falling in with a bucket brigade already formed. Bucket brigades were the only efficient way to safely remove rubble and debris from the site without hurting possible survivors still buried. Tractors would be much faster, but are too bullish for such a delicate operation.

I soon noticed three-quarters of the men searching were New York City police officers. Most were young, and some had been deployed while still in the rookie academy.

We soon climbed our way up the mountain of wreckage to the front line, where the relentless digging took place. Some other firefighters were there, tired and dirty but more disappointed over not finding any survivors. The news broadcasts

had kept hope that victims would be found alive, but within minutes my firsthand view made me realize that no one could survive such an ordeal.

I picked up a rescue saw, with a metal cutting blade on it, and started cutting sections of razor-sharp metal, freeing it for removal. Once removed, it was handed to the guy behind and on down the line of 50 or so men and women who made up the bucket brigade. This was an extremely tedious and frustrating job of removing small- to medium-size pieces of sharp glass, copper piping, wiring and shredded metal framework, all while fighting to stay standing on such an uneven and unsafe terrain.

Nothing was without damage. Computers by the hundreds, and shoes, the hundreds, maybe thousands, of shoes were just another reminder of how personal this event was.

There was no escaping the smell. Fires still burning deep below the many stories of rubble were filling the air with smoke, hot steam and a sickening smell of death that nagged at our faces. Someone handed me a mask, but after about 20 minutes I tossed it aside because it was sweaty and uncomfortable.

Some men had been working 24/7 since the collapse, with occasional rest on the floor of an empty building. Retired fireman, silver with age and put out to pasture long ago by the department, had retrieved their dusty coats and old leather fire helmets from their closets and answered the alarm without hesitation. Some were looking for their sons, who were firemen, some looking for brothers. Whether or not you were family, this was a reunion dedicated to search and rescue in this true blizzard of destruction.

We worked all night using small shovels, saws and hand tools. I was proud of the guys who had come with me and were working at the front of the line tirelessly. Once in awhile we would discover a void in the massive pile. A feeling of excitement would pass down the line with the possibility of finding someone alive. Several times I rushed to my knees and reached into a hole to find that the hole was only as deep as my arm could reach. Disappointment replaced the moment, as my flashlight confirmed that nothing had been found.

Gruesome find

By morning, we had reached the roof of a fire engine that was crushed by the collapse. The NYFD guys were eager to learn the engine company's number so they could account for its members. Soon after, the reflective tape of a protective coat signaled the temporary resting place of a fallen brother.

It was a gruesome sight. It still took another hour to free him from the grip of his fate. We stood back out of respect and honor to let the New York guys recover their own lost, dear brother. Some important-looking men, I think from the temporary morgue, came to the find. They marked the area with orange spray paint before loading the fallen hero onto a stretcher and draping him with the Stars and Stripes. Without speaking, the bucket brigade moved into parallel rows, facing each other and making a path. Everyone was dirty, unshaven and smelled, but we stood at attention, or the best we could on the uneven twisted metal, and raised our right hand to our helmets in honor of the passing flag and lost firefighter. Many were saying prayers. All were somber and filled with grief, for this act would repeat itself some 360 more times.



Manhattan the day after the terrorist attacks.

There was no escaping the smell'

We all went back to work within moments of the removal. Many other locations were marked with orange spray paint, marking even the smallest of remains. Once in awhile the sound of a jet plane could be heard. Everyone would pause just long enough to look up into the sun and locate it. An uneasy feeling crossed my mind, and I'm sure many others', that this could happen again. Within moments the sound passed and the search continued.

Finding a place to sleep

That evening we found a place to sleep in what was left of a five-star restaurant that catered to the elite of the financial district. The place was completely destroyed by the enormous blast of energy and debris from the towers' collapse, just one block away.

On our way in, some Asian deli owners, whose store had been destroyed, were standing on the corner, handing out sandwiches and coffee to the passing emergency workers. At the heart of the devastation they served us with a hello and a smile. I thought to myself what great Americans they are to have suffered so much but stayed, day after day, in the chilled air to help out with a smile. Some other firefighters, as well as FBI, Army, construction workers and police, had also kicked aside some debris and made a spot to lie down and rest. It reminded me of American soldiers camped in destroyed buildings during the Second World War.

Work continues

For the next few days the routine of sleep for a few hours and work continued. I had seen a news report at one of the rehab areas talking about still having hope of finding a pocket of survivors. We all looked around at each other and some snickered, for the truth was known by those on the dig that no one could live through such

unforgiving devastation.

Firemen feel an unbreakable duty to their colleagues and for their families as well. For many it had turned from hope to an overwhelming need to find the remains and a sense of closure. More bodies and scattered remains were being discovered each day. A rhythm of discovery, freeing, marking and removing became routine after awhile.

I had made friends with a New York fireman named Jackie, a truckie from a ladder company in the Bronx. He was wearing a picture on his helmet, as many did, of his friend, also a fireman and the best man at his wedding just a year before. "He's in this graveyard somewhere," he said, rolling his eyes and looking down at his boots. There was no quick end, but a long journey of sorrow to end this nightmare.

After a few nights of sleeping on the floor of destroyed and abandoned buildings, we were glad to get some rest aboard the Navy hospital ship USS *Comfort*. It looked like a huge white cruise ship with a giant red cross on the side of it. She was docked within a few blocks of Ground Zero after being rushed to New York from Virginia when it was thought that thousands of injured people might need its care and equipment. When the massive numbers of injured didn't arrive, its mission changed to a staging and rehab area for the thousands of federal, state and local emergency workers who had mustered for the horrendous catastrophe. It was clean and there we got our first shower and hot meal in days.

After a few hours of rest we set out for the pile again. We

made our way around the Trade Centers and through some dark alleys on our way to Church Street. It was 3 a.m. Everything was covered in four inches of gray dust and ash. It was dark and creepy; unnatural I guess. Turning a corner into another narrow alley, we came upon a strange sight, not fitting for the moment.

A needed break

A chef, dressed in his white, buttoned cooking jacket and a hat that stood three feet in the air, had a makeshift grill and was fast at work cooking, as if it were dinnertime at the Waldorf. Before we got to him, he invited us in for a warm meal. This guy had been out there cooking, day and night for days, and he looked exhausted and in need of a shave. He filled our plates with grilled salmon and chicken, basted in the finest sauce I've tasted to this day. He pointed over his shoulder with his spatula to a small back door and told us to have a seat. We entered, filthy fire gear and all. Down a hall we went, lit by flashlights pointed at the ceiling. It was a bit cozy I must say. We found ourselves in a room full of maybe 50 to 60 firemen, mostly from New York, but many from all over the country.

Within minutes we were best of friends, joking and laughing, as the beer and fine eating gave everyone some much-needed tranquility. We were all from different places: Chicago, Miami, Detroit, small fire departments to large, yet we all were firefighters and were there for a common purpose.

I thought to myself, this is maybe the first time in American history that so many firemen from so many places came together for such a tremendous event. The New York guys were glad we had come, and we were honored that we could be there for them. The massive Victorian-style room was only lit with a few candles and flashlights, giving it a soft golden glow. It had a feeling of some sort of secret society meeting and we were all honored members. Within an hour we were back at the dig, but I will always remember that special time together.

Search winds down

By the seventh day, security had grown tighter, and large tractors and cranes were replacing the hundreds of emergency workers. Hope for finding survivors alive was gone. President Bush had visited to show his support and to mark the beginning of America's journey towards recovery.

We cleaned up back at the hospital ship *Comfort* and set out on foot to explore Manhattan. We had been secluded from the news for the most part and were interested to see what the world was up to. On almost every corner posters advertised for missing loved ones and pleaded for their whereabouts. Seeing this, gravity pulled at my heart more than anything I had seen so far. Some of the pictures were with families, and the missing mother or father, husband or wife, was circled. How sad and what a waste; what a senseless tragedy.

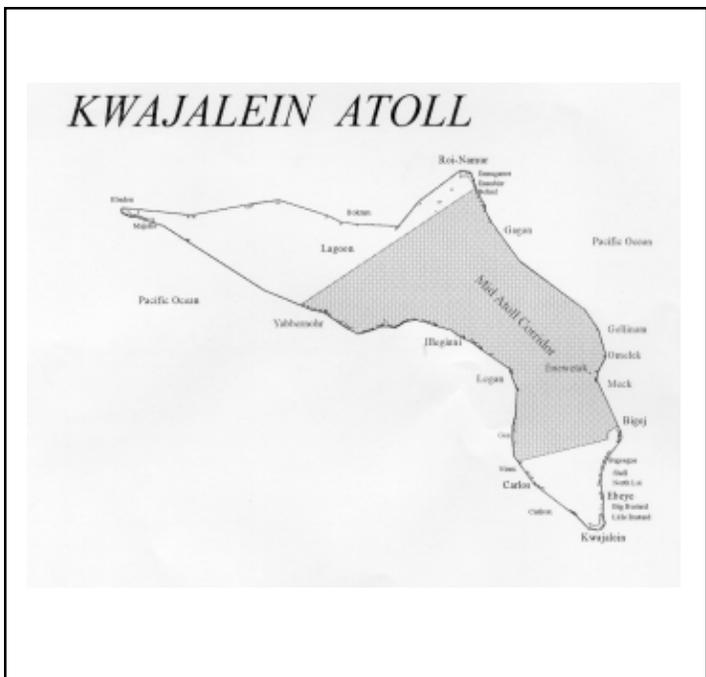
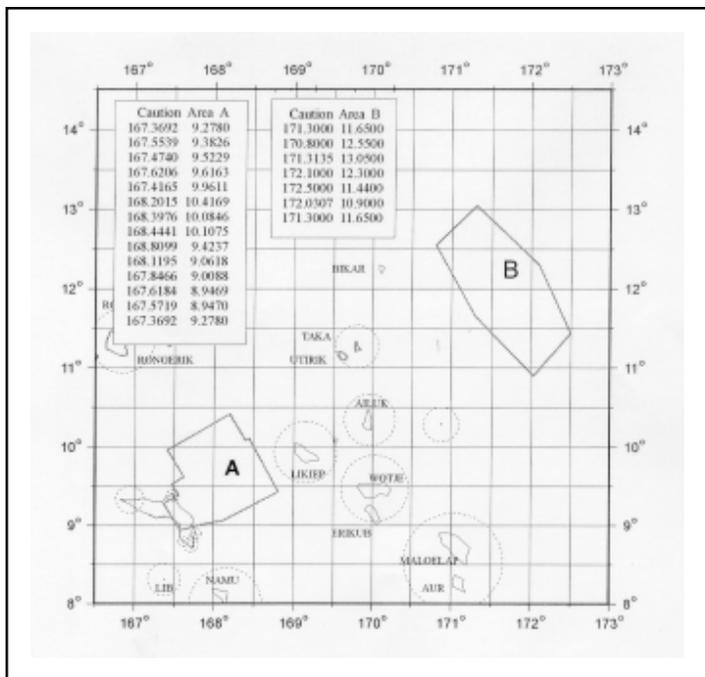
We went to a small park near a busy intersection on the lower eastside. Thousands of somber, tear-filled people, at all hours of the night, drifted through the shrine in honor of the thousands lost. Candles, cards and quotes covered the fences and walkways. A guitarist was playing John Lennon's "Imagine" and many people from all walks of life, rich and poor, races and cultures, had gathered to listen. We were all in this together. Many were calling on God's grace and praying openly, dismissing any question of political correctness.

We stayed out all night, for the city was unusually quiet but still alive. People were so friendly and inviting, with never any ice to be broken in conversations. A homeless woman looked up at me while standing on a corner waiting to cross. She asked where we were from, and I told her southern California. She held up an artificial flower to me and said, "I just wanted

(See ROI, page 12)



(Photo courtesy of Space Imaging)



Range operation scheduled for Friday

From the Command Safety Office

A range operation is scheduled for Friday, Sept. 20. Caution times are 12:01 p.m. through 9:01 p.m. Friday.

In conjunction with this operation, a caution area will exist within Kwajalein Atoll, defined by the area bounded on the north by Boked Island on the east reef and Yabbernohr Island on the west reef, and bounded on the south by a line drawn north of Bigej Island on the east reef to a point at latitude 08 54.2N, longitude 167 45.8E, then to a point at latitude 08 52.8N, longitude 167 45.8E, and then to a point north of the high tide mark on Ninni Island on

the west reef.

Bigej Island, including the inner reef, is specifically excluded and is not a part of the mid-atoll corridor. All mid-atoll corridor islands are designated as sheltered islands. Additional areas specified outside the mid-atoll are designated as caution areas. See maps above.

In order to ensure clearance of non-mission support personnel from the mid-atoll corridor by the window opening time, Kwajalein Police Department island clearance procedures will begin at approximately 7:30 a.m. Tuesday, Sept. 17, and continue until evacuation has been accomplished. Egress of all

air and sea craft will be required when requested by authorized clearance personnel. Subsequent to lagoon clearance, the hazard area will be in effect until mission completion.

In the event of a mission slip, the caution times and areas will be in effect for the following days:

- 12:01 p.m. through 9:01 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 21.
- 12:01 p.m. through 9:01 p.m. Sunday, Sept. 22.

Questions regarding the above safety requirements for this mission should be directed to the Command Safety Office, range safety officer, 51910.

Correction

In our report of the During the Labor Day Fishing Tournament we misspelled the names of Sharmayne Agbayani, Dalbert Delacruz and Danny Manning. The *Hourglass* regrets the error.

Got an opinion?

Write a letter to the editor. Keep your verbage to less than 300 words, and keep your comments to the issues. Letters must be signed. We will edit for AP Style and, if you exceed the word limit, space. Limit yourself to one letter every 30 days.

Send your letter to:

The Hourglass, P.O. Box 23, Local; or jbennett@kls.usaka.smdc.army.mil.

Sister all grown up but still fearless ...

(From page 2)

she was thoroughly pleased with her results and the thrill of imminent danger.

I watched in horror as Becky caught the seat of her pants and her ponytail in the barbed wire fence, fighting wildly to free herself from the oncoming billy, and that defiant look on her face giving way to one of indignation.

"Stay away from me you dumb ol' goat or I'll knock you into tomorrow," she lashed out at him, still tangled in the fence and just sort of suspended there, with both little fists in the air. At the last possible second before impact, the billy goat decided he had made his point and retreated

around the corner of the barn.

Strangely, it was much later before I realized that I was the only one who had panicked. Our Dad calmly walked over and freed my sister from the barbed wire fence and returned to his coffee cup. Mom busied herself trying to salvage what was left of Becky's clothes and her ponytail. Except for a big smile of bravado from our brother, no one else had moved. They continued to churn the ice cream freezer, rock in the shade and visit.

My sister is 50 now and still fearless, but she has learned you don't have to go out looking for trouble ... that most times it will find you.

Classified Ads and Community Notices

CAFÉ PACIFIC



Lunch

Sat Cajun roast chicken ★
Bean and cheese burritos
Beef Stroganoff
Grill: Filet of fish sandwich

Sun Eggs Florentine ★
Honey-glazed ham
Sunday-fried chicken
Grill: Brunch station open

Mon Brunch station open ★
Corned beef and cabbage
Pineapple chicken

Tues Baked potato bar ★
Roast turkey
Swedish meatballs
Grill: Bacon, tomato and cheddar

Wed Spinach and cheese turnovers ★
Meat and cheese lasagna
Honey-barbecued chicken
Grill: Italian meatball sandwich

Thur Spicy Oriental noodles ★
Crispy-fried chicken
Spaghetti with two sauces
Grill: Hot Reuben sandwich

Fri Stuffed acorn squash ★
Braised Salisbury steak
Fish and chips
Grill: Philly steak sandwich
★*This symbol denotes the Wellness menu*

Dinner

Tonight Stir-fry to order ★
Yankee pot roast
Glazed Cornish hens

Sat Vegetable chow fun ★
Pizza
Spaghetti with two sauces

Sun Fajitas to order ★
Pork carnitas
Mahi mahi empanizado

Mon Tofu vegetable stir-fry ★
Beef noodle casserole
Glazed roast chicken

Tues Sesame pasta and vegetables ★
Grilled pesto mahi mahi
Beef Bourignon

Wed Pasta pesto casserole ★
Marinated sliced sirloin
Shoyu chicken

Thur Eggplant Parmesan ★
Keoki's pot roast
Sweet-and-sour chicken

Fri Stir-fry to order ★
Kal Bi short ribs
Grilled ham steak
★*This symbol denotes the Wellness menu*

HELP WANTED

The following on-island positions are open with Raytheon. For more information or to submit a resumé or application, call HR employment, Alan Taylor, 54916, unless otherwise noted.

INVENTORY MANAGEMENT SPECIALIST, Supply Dept. Require strong organizational and computer skills, working knowledge of Excel, Word and Access. Duties include accepting, tagging, documenting and recording receipts of government property assets, assisting in processing and documenting excess government property, conducting inventories and providing written and oral reports as requested by the property administrator. Call Larry Roberts, 56330, or Tony Smith, 53412.

WAITPERSONS and BARTENDERS, Yokwe Yuk Club. Part time/casual. Must be able to work flexible hours, including some Friday nights until midnight and some Saturday nights until 2:30 a.m. Both positions require friendly and efficient customer service and cash-handling skills. Previous experience in food and cocktail service preferred. For further information, call HR, 54916, or the Yokwe Yuk Club, 58909.

YOUTH NIGHT SUPERVISOR, Community Activities. Part time. Looking for responsible and fun-loving adults to work two weekend nights or more per month at the Youth Center. Job duties include supervising youth, enforcing policies, coordinating various activities and keeping the center a hip place to be. A criminal history background check is required. Call Erika, 53331.

PIANO PLAYER, Yuk Club. Casual for Thursday through Saturday evenings. Call Andrea, 58909.

DENTAL ASSISTANT, Dental Clinic. Casual. Crimi-

nal history background check required.

Raytheon off-island positions are updated weekly in the Career Opportunities Book at the HR counter, Bldg. 700.

LOST

DIVING MASK and snorkel at volleyball court at Emon Beach. Call 54567.

RUNNING SHOES at Emon Beach. Reward offered. Return to Qtrs. 126-B or call 52293.

FOUND

SNORKEL at Emon Beach in mid-August. Call 53693.

SCOOTER in yard of Qtrs. 123-C. Call 51815.

SERVICE OFFERED

FREE FIRE PREVENTION consultation, tips and home/BQ inspection from 30-year firefighter veteran. Call Mike, 52137W or 54526H.

PATIO SALES

SATURDAY, 7-a.m.-?, Qtrs. 452-A. Multi-family sale.

SATURDAY, 7-9 a.m., Qtrs. 451-A (in back). Clothes, kitchen appliances, household items.

SATURDAY, 7-a.m.-noon, Tr. 635. Infant/toddler/adult clothes, toys, vacuum cleaner, beach/patio chairs, Kwaj-condition bike, Weber grill, plants and pots, storage cubicles. No early birds.

SATURDAY, 7:30-10:30 a.m., Qtrs. 129-B. Kid's clothes, household items, plastic storage bins.

SATURDAY, 1-3 p.m., Qtrs. 135-F. Household goods, toys, clothes, shelves.

SATURDAY, 3-6 p.m., Qtrs.126-C. Towels, clothes,

Vet's Hall Member Appreciation Party



All members and a guest are invited Sunday, Sept. 29, 5 p.m., at the Vets' Hall. Live entertainment by The Zooks and DJ Rich Feagler. Members free; guests, \$5. RSVP to Laurie, 52577, or at the Vets' Hall, no later than Sept. 25



Classified Ads and Community Notices

Christian Women's Fellowship



is hosting a welcome back tea
Monday, Sept. 23, 2 p.m.,
at the REB. Learn to play
Bunko and meet other
Christian ladies on island.
Questions?
Call Lora, 54186.

**Roi residents:
To make an
appointment for
the Roi Salon,
call 53319.**

videos, games.

SATURDAY, 4-6 :30 p.m. and MONDAY, 8-11 a.m.,
Qtrs. 411-A.

MONDAY, 6-10 a.m., Qtrs. 454-B (back entrance).
Movies, \$5 each; CDs, \$5 each; T-shirts, \$2 each;
shorts, \$3 each; pants, \$5 each.

MONDAY, 7 a.m.-?, Tr. 630. Household items, patio
furniture, clothes, kitchen items, computer, plants.

MONDAY, 7 a.m.-noon, Qtrs. 436-B. Pots and pans,
household items.

MONDAY, 8-11 a.m., Qtrs. 406-A. Multi-family sale. No
early birds.

MONDAY, 9 a.m.-?, Qtrs. 460-A. Bookshelves, cloth-
ing, carpet. No early birds.

FOR SALE

23' CENTER CONSOLE boat with twin Honda 50 hp
outboards, less than 50 hours, everything in excel-
lent condition, with aluminum/stainless trailer,
prime boathouse and many extras, over \$25,000
invested. Reasonable offers considered. See at boat
lot #80, or call 51161.

DISHWASHER with delay start feature, \$150 or best
offer; mini-blinds for 400-series, all the same color,
one year old, \$30. Call 52073.

60' PICKET FENCE, \$225 or best offer; two 10' x 40'
tarps with poles, as is, \$100 or best offer; three cubic-
foot freezer, \$200; full-size bed/box spring, \$125.
Call 53244 or 57304.

SUNBEAM HEPA air cleaner, model 2587, with one
replacement filter, perfect for BQ or similar size room,
\$40. Call 54200.

PANASONIC five-CD/DVD player with 18 DVD movies,
\$550 firm; Panasonic 480-watt theater system, \$300
firm. Call 53348W or 52686H.

JACKSON ELECTRIC guitar with hard shell case, \$600;
children's white bedroom furniture, dresser, TV stand,
bookcase, all for \$150; Panasonic VCR with remote
and Philco 25" TV with remote, \$150 for both. Call
54553.

TWO TRICYCLES, \$75-\$200. Call 53578 and leave a
message.

55-GALLON aquarium with stand and accessories,
\$800; wakeboard with bindings and tote bag, \$600;
large plants, \$25 each; 12' x 15' beige carpet, \$65; men's
rollerblades, size 12, \$10. Call 52295, before 8 p.m.

PICNIC TABLE and four benches, \$25. Call 54691.

27" PANASONIC TV, built into cabinet, \$100. Call
52573.

Racquetball Tournament



**Sunday and Monday,
Sept. 29-30**

**Male and female
competitors of all skill
levels invited to compete.**

**Registration deadline is
Sept. 27. Fee is \$10.**

**Sign up at Community
Activities, 53331.**

Classified Ads and Community Notices

DISHWASHER, excellent condition, \$200; kid's 12-volt ride-on car, new, \$300. Call 54579 or 57175 and leave a message.

COUNTRY KITCHEN table with six chairs and chair pads, \$50; changing table, \$5; bookshelf, \$2; small entertainment center, \$10. Call Jane, 52379.

DOG and CAT grooming items: Clippers with five blades, brushes, stand, blowdryer, potions, shampoos, conditioners, how-to book. Call Lauren, 55558.

KENMORE VACUUM CLEANER, 12 amps, upright, with Hepa filter, \$145; Kenmore water distiller, \$35; scanner, new unopened in box, \$70. Call 52674.

PCS SALE. Scuba and snorkel gear; two TVs; stereo tuner/amp with five-CD changer, dual-cassette deck and speakers; ceiling fan/light; two fans; 10-piece cooking set; Braun multi-tool food processor; patio storage chest; large glass table with parasol stand; chairs; couch covers; large plants. Call 55054.

GEMEINHARDT FLUTE, excellent condition, \$200. Call 52398, evenings.

LARGE POTTED ficus tree, great for shade, we will move for you, \$75; green vertical blinds for patio doors on new housing, \$15. Call 51388.

TWO NAVY canvas folding director chairs, like new, \$30 for both; six black Inkjet cartridges for Epson Stylus color 500 printer, also compatible with 400, 500, 600, Photo, Photo Ex and Photo 700; two color S020097 Epson Stylus 200, 500 cartridges, paid \$133, will sell for \$50. Call 52504.

FLOWERS, all kinds, at Qtrs. 472-A. Call 52324, anytime.

COMMUNITY NOTICES

MASONIC FELLOWSHIP meets tomorrow, 7 p.m., in the Yokwe Yuk Kabua Room. All Master Masons welcome.

DUE TO a swim meet Monday the family pool will be closed until 2 p.m. Family swim will be 2-6 p.m.

FAMILY POOL will be open tomorrow, 3:30-6 p.m. (Special hours).

FAMILY POOL hours of operation are: Sunday and Monday, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.; Tuesday, 3:30-6 p.m.; Wednesday, 3:30-5 p.m.; Thursday, 3:30-6 p.m.; Friday, 3:30-5 p.m.; Saturday, closed.

CUB SCOUT meeting is Sunday, Sept. 22, 1-3 p.m., at the Bowling Center. Boys need to be in uniform and wear socks. Questions? Call Steve, 52517, or Marti, 53466.

GIVE PAM JOHNSON a happy send-off on her challenging, but exciting venture for a spot on the Olympic judo team tonight, 6 p.m., at Emon Beach pavilion #1. Bring a potluck dish to share and your own beverages. Paper and plastic goods provided. Questions? Call Heather, 53573.

POTABLE WATER system will be flushed through Sept. 30. If you experience discolored water, open the faucet and flush the service line for several minutes. If the problem persists, call 59081.

KWAJALEIN SCUBA Club monthly meeting is Wednesday at 7 p.m. in CAC room 6. A constitutional change to raise dive orientation fees is up for a vote. Members are encouraged to attend.

OKTOBERFEST



Oct. 6

**German feast
with all
the fixings!**

*Tickets on sale
Sept. 16 and 23,
9 a.m.-1 p.m.,
on Macy's Porch.*

*Sponsored by
American Legion Auxiliary*

Roi-Namur

Chili Cook-Off

Oct. 20

Details to follow



**Marshallese Word
of the Day**

Inne = Yesterday.

See you at the movies!

Saturday

The Matrix (1999, R)

A computer hacker discovers the world he lives in is an illusion created by computers that have enslaved humanity. He joins a group of rebels trying to overthrow the virtual reality regime. (Keanu Reeves) (136 minutes)

Yokwe Yuk Theater, 7:30 p.m.

Lord of the Rings: Fellowship of the Ring (2001, PG-13)

J.R.R. Tolkien's epic fantasy follows the courageous but diminutive hobbit Frodo, who must destroy an evil ring before the world is consumed by the Dark Lord Sauron. *C Building, 7 p.m.*

Sunday

Black Friday (2000, R)

Note move change

A former military leader returns home to find his family has been taken hostage by terrorists in his custom-built mansion. (Gary Daniels)

Yokwe Yuk Theater, 7:30 p.m.

Gone in 60 Seconds (2000, PG-13)

A legendary car thief must return to a life of crime to bail out his brother, who is in trouble with a gang boss. The thief has three days to steal 50 cars to pay off the debt or his brother dies. (Nicolas Cage) *C Building, 7 p.m.*

Monday

The Matrix (1999, R)

Yokwe Yuk Theater, 7:30 p.m.



(Photo by Dan Adler)

Schoolyard Silence

Boy Scouts, from left to right, Robby Aldes, Ross Butz, Marshall Moore and Ben Ouder Kirk prepare to raise Old Glory to half-mast Wednesday morning at the elementary school to commemorate Sept. 11. The high school held its own ceremony Thursday morning that included music from the Kwajalein Pipes and Drums Corps as well as the Pledge of Allegiance.

Roi firefighter sees nation come together ...

(From page 7)

to do something, anything, for those poor people."

It became so clear to me that the attack was on all of us, either rich or poor, of color or white, we were all family for that unforgettable week, and all in this together.

I'm very proud of America, her people, and all her success and glory, but I am even more proud of the way we have

handled this attack. We haven't been throwing rocks at Muslims and blowing up mosques, but have made sure that everyone is treated fairly and with respect. Our fine military has gone after the few people responsible for this unspeakable act of violence while protecting the innocent with different beliefs.

God bless America.

(Dale Brown has been with the Roi Fire Department for about three months.)

WEATHER
Courtesy of Aeromet

Tonight: Partly to mostly cloudy with isolated showers.

Winds: West-southwest to west-northwest at 6 to 12 knots.

Tomorrow: Partly sunny with isolated showers.

Winds: West to west-northwest at 5 to 10 knots.

Temperature: Tonight's low 79°
Tomorrow's high 88°

September rain total: -1.83"

Annual rain total: 78.68"

Annual deviation: 14.36"

Call 54700 for continuously updated forecasts and sea conditions.



Sun • Moon • Tides



	Sunrise/set	Moonrise/set	High Tide	Low Tide
Saturday September 14	0639/1850	1311/0009	0900, 3.4' 2200, 4.0'	0310, 2.1' 1450, 2.2'
Sunday September 15	0639/1850	1408/0104	1130, 3.1' 2250, 3.1'	0530, 2.4' 1710, 2.5'
Monday September 16	0639/1849	1502/0200	0020, 4.0' 1350, 3.4'	0740, 2.1' 1920, 2.3'
Tuesday September 17	0639/1848	1553/0254	0150, 4.3' 1440, 3.8'	0840, 1.6' 2020, 1.9'