

TERESA NEWTON-TERRES  
WITH JAMES H. PENCE



# MYSTERY OF THE MARIE

*My childhood tragedy that surfaced a Cold War secret*

BOOK ONE OF THE MYSTERY OF THE MARIE SERIES

60<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY EXPANDED EDITION

# MYSTERY of the MARIE

Memoir of my Childhood Tragedy That Surfaced a  
Cold War Secret

**60th Anniversary Extended Edition**

By  
Teresa Newton-Terres  
with  
James Pence

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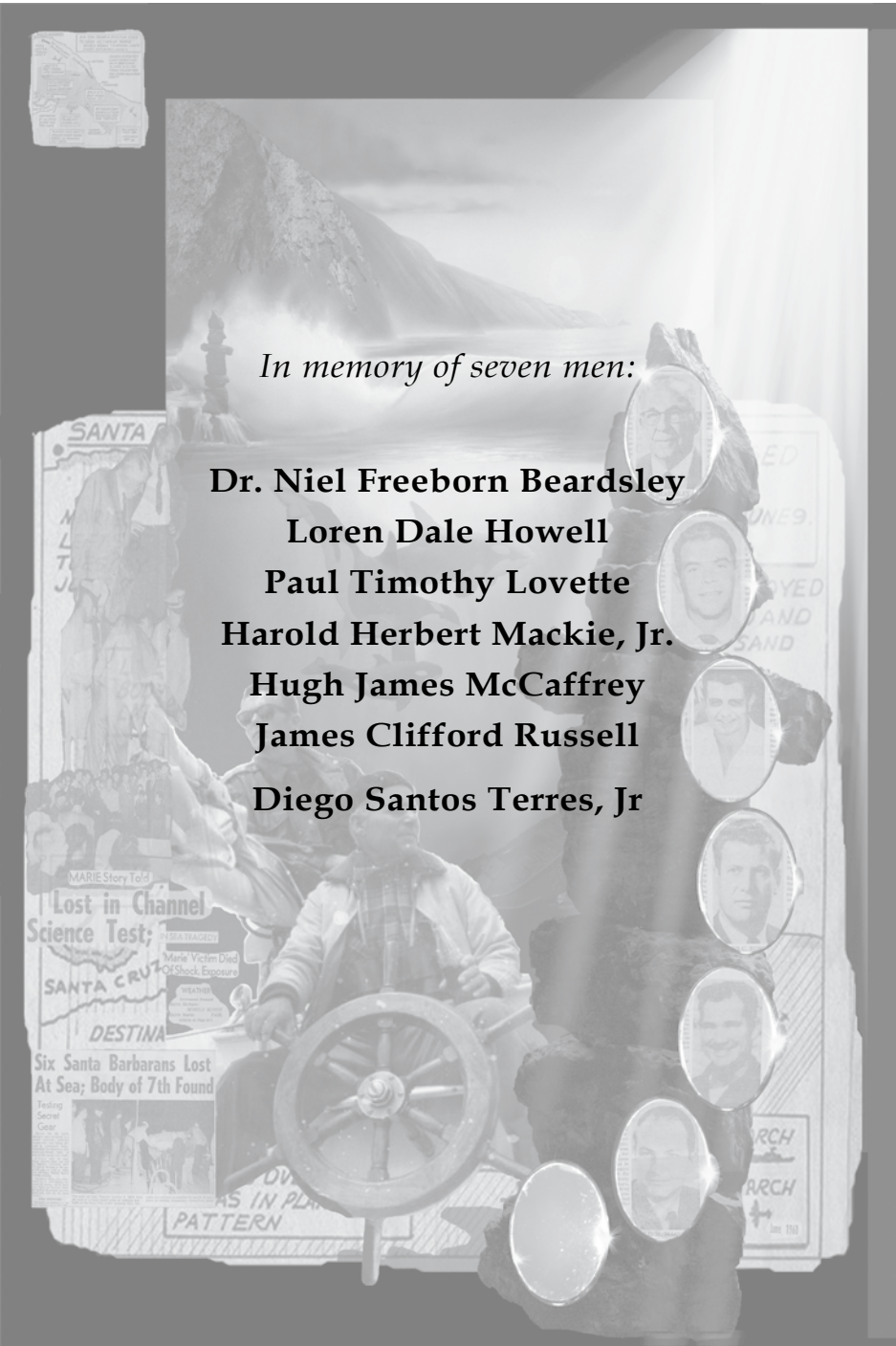
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Image of Diego S. Terres, Sr. at helm, author's archives.



*In memory of seven men:*

**Dr. Niel Freeborn Beardsley**

**Loren Dale Howell**

**Paul Timothy Lovette**

**Harold Herbert Mackie, Jr.**

**Hugh James McCaffrey**

**James Clifford Russell**

**Diego Santos Terres, Jr**

*Dedication:*

For my mother Marian. You showed me how to put  
my Trust In God.  
(Romans 8:28)

-Teresa Newton-Terres

For my lovely wife Laurel. You are my constant source  
of inspiration and encouragement.

- James H. Pence



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## A PERSONAL PREFACE *to the*

### 60th Anniversary Extended Edition

This **Mystery of the Marie 60th Anniversary Extended Edition** is offered to remember, honor and celebrate this true story at its 60th milestone. Included in the following pages are the original story, edited and updated, along with the first three chapters of the next part of the story.

Everyone has family secrets. Especially the “families” of government, industry, and education.

Join me on my quest as I surface details of my father’s disappearance and how along the way, I find my bearings in the stormy sea of life.

What is your unresolved childhood event or tragedy? Do you feel unanchored, adrift, or caught in a whirlpool of emotions and unanswered questions? Do you feel powerless to resolve the unresolved? Do you mistrust the authorities that are meant to provide you with security?

I know what it is like to face life with unanswered questions, to feel caught in a torrent of emotions, not understanding why an event happened. I know what it’s like to live with the tension of accepting what I can’t change and having the courage to change what I can. My father was lost at sea when I was a child. There

was talk of a shipwreck, a submarine, and a kidnapping. This created in me unresolved questions and misplaced anger. As an adult, finding answers to my father's disappearance was the only item on my bucket list, which is why I went on a quest. I used my professional and personal skills to surface many answers which led to treasures along the way – lasting friendships, a documentary, a museum exhibit, and a commemoration. For all the questions that remain unanswered, I found a place of rest as I trust in God. That is why I wrote *Mystery of the Marie*!

The *Mystery of the Marie*, 60th Anniversary Extended Edition expands the original version, and weaves a more complete story tapestry to the government intrigue, captivating suspense, and brave crusader for truth.

Thank you for joining me on this journey.

May you enjoy the *Mystery of the Marie*, 60th Anniversary Extended Edition and share it with others so that together we surface the truth!

-Teresa Newton-Terres

“One of the strangest boating accidents  
of the 1960’s  
was the disappearance  
of the *MARIE*.”

Eugene Wheeler & Robert Kallman  
*Shipwrecks, Smugglers and Maritime Mysteries* <sup>1</sup>

## Preface

In June 1960, Santa Barbara stood still for several days after the *Marie*, a refurbished World War II landing craft, and the seven men aboard her failed to return from testing top secret equipment off Santa Cruz Island. The mystery of the boat's disappearance continues to this day, not least because it happened at the height of the Cold War.

Several of the men on the *Marie* were strong, capable outdoorsmen, skilled in the art of tracking—and survival. They were friends who began learning outdoor skills as young boys in scouting adventures, then honed those skills in the armed forces, and later assisted in one of America's most secret initiatives.

Solving the mystery of the *Marie* was the only item on my bucket list. It is a question I knew I had to answer because my father, Diego Santos Terres, Jr, was one of those men. He was the youngest engineer on the team, and helped design, build, and test a watertight casing that would take a top-secret device on its first underwater mission. He was Jimmy to his family and Jim to friends and colleagues.

To me he was Daddy.

My father was lost at sea when the *Marie* went down. I was only two years old when he disappeared. For most of my life, the question of what happened that day has surfaced and swirled like foam upon a wave. As far back as I can remember, there was talk of a Russian submarine and a possible kidnapping. Was the *Marie* tragedy a shipwreck? Or was something more sinister at work? What, exactly, happened that day? That question has also been floating on the minds

and hearts of seven families who lost their husbands and fathers.

In my desire to learn more, I embarked on a journey of discovery into seven men and the purposes for which they lived and died. One of those men was a scientist who participated in a top-secret project that hastened the end of World War II.

His presence on the *Marie* signaled that it was no casual mission.

When men lose their lives in service to their country, they deserve special recognition. The *Marie* shipwreck event is a story of seven men: Dr. Niel F. Beardsley, L. Dale Howell, Paul T. Lovette, Harold "Hal" H. Mackie, Jr., Hugh James "Jim" McCaffrey, James "Jim" C. Russell, and my father, Diego "Jim" Terres, Jr. These seven were ordinary men doing their job, and in the process made the ultimate sacrifice during a critical time in history, a time when nuclear war was an ever-present danger.

This story has been submerged beneath an ocean of secrecy for over fifty years. It is time for the *Marie* tragedy and its secret project to re-surface, to provide the surviving family, friends, community, and nation the opportunity to remember an event that shook Santa Barbara. It is time to honor the scientist, engineers, scuba-divers, and crew of the *Marie*—men who worked together, and died together.

The full story may never be known. Yet my search for truth revealed a Heavenly Father's goodness in operation. My journey began with what, I believed, was a simple question. What happened? Yet, I failed to realize the Goliath I stood before—giant issues that threatened to overwhelm me many times. Nevertheless, by taking on this Goliath, I found peace where I had frustrations, I gained courage serving things that matter most, and I became grateful where I once had a chip on my shoulder. Through an abundance of relationships, collective memories, and a crumbling wall of secrecy, at least part of the story surfaced.

And my appreciation of America's motto, "In God We Trust" grew.

## Part-I HARBORS



*FIG. 1: Diego Santos Terres, Sr. searching for his first born son, Diego S. Terres, Jr. His younger son, Albert Terres, stands behind.*



## CHAPTER 1:

### A Window To The Past

The handwritten note from my aunt Norma read, “Found this in the basement and thought you might want.”

Whatever was in the package I found on my front porch, it was old. The odor of mildew stung my nostrils as I opened the package and drew out a heavy book. The words *Scrap Book* were imprinted on the dark leather cover.

I assumed it held family memories. Aunt Norma was keen on slipping various family treasures my way.

I’d found the package on the doorstep of my home at Fort Shafter in Hawaii. I had zipped home early from a Project Management Institute (PMI) luncheon, but I didn’t have time to explore the scrapbook. I had a special goal for the afternoon.

Replacing my heels for flip-flops and skirt for shorts, I headed out the half-mile walk to the legendary Palm Circle, where the movie *Pearl Harbor* was being filmed. Earlier in the month, I had tried to get on as an extra, but the casting crew only wanted women who were nurses with white caps and uniforms.

I wanted to be one of the bodies floating in the harbor.

I was a licensed scuba diver and willing to cut my hair short and bob around dead in Pearl Harbor’s waters, but I couldn’t convince anyone to take a chance on me. So, today I was determined to do the

next best thing: be a fan in the crowd watching the filming. A rainbow brightened the sky as I headed toward the filming location.

"Simple wonders of the Rainbow State," I said to myself, smiling.

Thus, the scrapbook that would change my life sat unopened for a few more hours.

When I finally opened it, the first thing I saw was a small black and white photo of my grandfather. He wore a heavy coat and binoculars hung around his neck. He held a soda bottle in one hand and grasped the helm of a sailboat with the other. Standing behind my grandfather was Uncle Albert, my father's younger brother. Grandfather peered in one direction; Albert looked the other way.

The headline above the photo read, "Search on for *Marie* Victims."

I flipped to the next page and then the next as I read other headlines: "Six Santa Barbarans Lost at Sea; Body of 7<sup>th</sup> Found," "Testing Secret Gear," "SECRET MISSION," "Six Feared Victims of Shark Pack."<sup>2</sup>

I glanced over more pictures and maps. One had a photo of my father. His dark eyes looked directly at me as if he were trying to tell me something.

Grandmother never spoke about my father or the shipwreck.

As I turned the pages, it slowly dawned on me that this scrapbook was her attempt to understand the tragedy that took her son.

The heavy tropical air felt thick and I found it difficult to breathe.

The scrapbook was part of grandmother's personal effects, willed to her surviving son, my Uncle Albert. My father was her firstborn, but because he was no longer living, Grandmother's assets were distributed equally between my uncle, my three brothers, and me. Most notable of those assets was what our family called "the Goleta property," a block of stores with two apartments on the second floor, in Old Town Goleta.

After Grandmother's death, the Goleta property was sold and the proceeds distributed among her heirs. My share later helped pay my college expenses.

"It will all be yours one day," Grandmother told me many times

as I played with her collectables and personal things, dressing up in her clothes, jewelry, high-heels.

She gave many of those possessions to me while she was alive: Spanish combs, white lace mantilla, crocheted bedspreads, a steamer trunk, a spindle rocking chair and dresser that had traveled from Spain, and her treasured lace maker.

I cared for these things because, even when I was young, I felt a sense of responsibility toward family treasures. Now, perhaps Grandmother's greatest treasure had been entrusted to me.

At first, I saw the scrapbook as a connection to my identity that my father couldn't provide. I didn't realize it was also a pathway that led to the secrets of the shipwreck that changed the course of my life. I have grappled with where to begin telling this story. Some might argue it began when my father and his friends began scuba diving in the waters off Santa Barbara. Others might say the story began when dad and mother took leave from Navy duties to marry and honeymoon at the family's cabin in California's Sierra Nevada Mountains. Still others will argue this story began with Pearl Harbor and our nation's transformation to peace time after World War II, or even that the story began with a California Cultural History Project. For me, the story began the day my eyes scanned the images and artifacts preserved in my grandma's—mi abuela's—scrapbook. That moment was like the first light of a new dawn.

## CHAPTER 2:

### Memorial

When people ask me what my mother died of, I say, a broken heart. It would be natural to assume that I was talking about the death of my father. That assumption would be wrong.

The man who broke my mother's heart did so many years after my father's death.

Mother checked into an assisted living facility after calling me and saying, "Get that man out of my life. I should have listened to you and never married him."

Sadly, she learned that even if you are married for only a year, you can't just tell your spouse to leave your home if he doesn't want to. I initiated divorce proceedings on my mother's behalf, trying to remove this man from her life. Twice she had to appear before a judge. At her first appearance, she needed one of my brothers to escort her by the arm. But despite all this man had done to her, she wouldn't say a word against him.

"If you can't say anything good, don't say anything at all," mother said afterward.

Thus, the court ruled that he could stay in Mom's condo.

When word reached me in Hawaii, I prayed about how to handle this situation. I wanted to help her understand she didn't need to lie or embellish her testimony. She only needed to tell the truth.

A second court date was set.

At her second court appearance, Mother needed a walker, a nurse, and two of my brothers to escort her. The results were better this time. The man was given thirty days to vacate the premises. However, it was a hollow victory. By the time mother's condo was vacated and returned to order, her health had so declined that she never returned.

When I received the call about her death on July 6, 2002, I can't say I wasn't prepared. I had hoped she could hold on for three more days, when I planned to fly for the seventh time in six months to San Francisco to stay with her. Instead, my husband Ken and I were now on an airliner, traveling to her funeral.

The head flight attendant gave us drinks after we boarded and settled into our seats. I noticed her nametag, *Teresa Fernandez*. I wasn't in a talking mood and didn't mention that my name was also Teresa, and my Grandmother Terres' maiden name was Fernandez. However, in time our paths would cross again.

I took a deep breath as I sank back into my seat. Ten months had passed since the September 11 attacks, and I felt like I was living in a war zone. Every military command center in Hawaii was on high alert. This meant that as we came and went from our home on Fort Shafter or Ken's work at Camp Smith, soldiers, barricaded behind sand-bag bunkers and fortified housing, aimed machine guns at us. Ken knew what it felt like to have people aiming weapons at him, but the experience was new for me. Because we were also subject to search, getting out of Fort Shafter and to the airport tried everyone's patience.

Airport security was also high and searches of our vehicles, luggage, and carry-on bags were routine. Traveling by air had once been pleasant; now it was characterized by suspicion.

\*\*\*\*

As our flight got underway, I thought of the last time my mother, three brothers, and I had been together. It was the weekend of the Old Town Goleta Cultural History Project.<sup>3</sup>

I had made calls to my family alerting them to a historical collection effort that was underway. That's why Grandmother's scrapbook about

the shipwreck had been sent to me.

Sometime earlier my dad's cousin, Beatrice, called me. "My uncle Diego built Goleta up and you need to get involved. I think Laura Funkhouser, director of the project, lives in your grandparents' old apartment in the center of Old Town." Old Town Goleta is nestled in the valley between the ocean and Pacific Coast Mountains on the north side of Santa Barbara, California.

Beatrice was a retired Santa Barbara school teacher and self-appointed standard bearer for the building guidelines that preserved Santa Barbara's splendor. The beauty of red-tiled roofs, white stucco walls, low profiles, and turquoise trimming—standards established after the town was demolished in the June 1925 earthquake—contributed to the city being recognized today as America's Riviera.

I called and introduced myself to Laura Funkhouser. As Beatrice thought, Laura was living in the apartment on Hollister where my father grew up. Laura told me, "We're locating Goleta's Old Town folks and recording their stories before they are lost."

She explained that time was of the essence if her team was to be able to capture the tales from a humble working-class community that lived in Old Town. In 1959 Goleta was said to be the fastest growing city on the Pacific west coast, but then growth stalled and passed over Old Town.

Developers were now trying to label Old Town as "blighted." They wanted to demolish it and erect a large strip mall, not considering the town's uniquely historic heartbeat that traced directly back to the Chumash Indians.

I didn't need any more persuasion. I wanted to help with the project.

After reviewing Grandmother's scrapbook, I contacted my Aunt Norma and asked her to send any other family items of interest she had. Soon I was opening more family history: four carousels of slides and two metal boxes containing twenty-four 8mm film canisters. A few labels caught my eye: Family trips to Spain 1950, 1954, 1968; Goleta buildings; Beach Days; Family Gatherings; and Teresa Dancing.

My free time quickly became consumed with compiling a composite of the films and images that would serve the Cultural History Project. My composite included a twenty-minute film, with scenes of Old Town buildings my grandfather built; Goleta's first Magnolia Parade, filmed from my grandparent's balcony in the 40s; WWI & WWII memorial dedications at the school my father attended; the first Chamber of Commerce actions; and gatherings at the beach.

Dr. David Russell, a Professor of Oral History at UCSB, volunteered to conduct interviews, so I spearheaded a Saturday family gathering that included time for recording memories about my grandparents and life in Old Town Goleta.

"Please compile a list of the participants, a brief bio, and a sentence telling what they are interested in hearing from the others," Dr. Russell requested.

I did that, but no one in my family mentioned the shipwreck.

When the day came for the family interview, we gathered at the Community Center. I displayed the scrapbook about the shipwreck along with other memorabilia.

No one flipped through any of the scrapbook's pages.

The interviews progressed along an expected path until one question came from out of the blue. Interviewing a panel of five people from the older generation, the professor asked, "Why do you think Goleta stood still as if placed in a time capsule since the 60's?"

The panel members looked at each other and had no input to offer.

Dr. Russell moved on to another question.

My mind lingered on the question.

*Could the shipwreck of the Marie have stalled the progress of the town?  
Was I the only person who wondered about that?*

I knew that the tragedy took my father, the oldest child of the Diego Terres, Sr. family. But in preparing for the Cultural History Project I learned that the shipwreck also claimed the only son of Goleta's first mail carrier. I also knew that the Raytheon-based project team operated from an office that was located across from the Santa Barbara airport,

less than one mile down the road from Grandmother and Grandfather's apartment and the Cultural History Project interviews.

*Surely the professor knew about Goleta, my father, and the shipwreck.*

\*\*\*\*

The flight attendant's voice broke into my thoughts. "Please return to your seats and prepare for landing."

After touching down in San Francisco, Ken and I made a quick stop at my mother's condo. Order had been restored to the two-bedroom, one-bath unit. I picked up a box of clean bedding and one of Mother's photo albums, and then we headed out of the city and up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains to our family's cabin.

Mother was four when she helped my grandfather build the cabin. She loved to tell about the time he cut pumice boulders for the cabin's fireplace. "Folks driving by slowed to watch me carrying those huge boulders."

In 1932, my grandfather was given one year to clear the land and build a structure before he could get a permit for the cabin in the National Forest. Originally it was tiny, but over the years it had been expanded to 400 square feet, nestled on a third of an acre in a historical community of cabins. What space the cabin didn't have, its wrap-around deck did.

As Ken drove, I reflected on recent events. Working with the history project had made me more inclined to ask Mother about her memories, and she was delighted to share them. The next time she visited me in Hawaii, we looked at Grandmother's scrapbook together.

I asked her about a newspaper photo that showed three women waiting in the Coast Guard's office the first night when they searched for survivors. "What are you doing here?"

"Knitting," said mother. "Do you remember the salmon-colored sweater with the cable pattern edging the cuffs and buttons? You wore it to threads in your dance classes."

I remembered it well. I had found the sweater in a bag in the garage. It was soft. It was also perfect as a warm-up sweater for dancing.



Back then, the movie *Flashdance* with its tattered clothing style was the rage, and I enjoyed Mom's sweater until it was threadbare. I knew she had knitted it, but I didn't know it helped calm her mind while people searched for my dad.

"That was the only thing I ever knitted," said Mom. "Busy hands are happy hands." It wasn't the first time I had heard her use that expression.

"Later, you came across a sweater that reminded you of it and bought it for me," I reminded her. "That one is still on my shelf."

I told her about one of my oldest memories. "I was pulled by an arm and it was dark outside and inside," I said. "We went into a home down the block, where the girl with curly red hair lived. People were whispering. I knew something was up, and to this day the memory has stuck."

"Most likely it was the early hours when our neighbors helped me escape the paparazzi," she said. "It took all I had to take care of you four kids. So, when the search dragged on..." her voice tapered off. "Finally, our neighbor drove me and you kids the ten-hour drive up to the cabin."

Ken and I were drawing close to the base of the mountain, so we stopped for gas and switched seats. He knew I loved the winding two-lane road leading up to the cabin, so he let me drive the last leg of our journey.

\*\*\*\*

We planned to hold Mother's memorial in a mountain meadow. My oldest and youngest brothers, Jim and Don, lived in California and had arrived earlier. They were in charge of locating a suitable meadow for the memorial. It took longer for my other older brother, Rick, to fly in with his wife and daughter from the Middle East, where he worked in the oil industry. Additionally, my daughter Dete flew in from Washington, D.C. Uncle Albert and his new wife Lynda soon arrived, along with other family and friends.

We held Mother's memorial outdoors, in a place our family now calls "Marian's Mountain and Meadow." It was an intimate ceremony

attended by special family and friends. Beautiful morning light rose above the mountain in the distance, and the warm colors danced across the grassy meadow encircled by tall pine trees. As we gathered, someone read Psalm 23 and the Lord's prayer.

We scattered mother's ashes on the far side in the heart of the meadow wildflowers.

She loved the cabin, and had spent her summers there as a child. I couldn't think of a more suitable place to honor her life and spread her ashes. She worked there while Dad was deployed with the Navy on the USS Yorktown. And she had brought us kids here to play each summer and winter. We had all crossed this meadow on horseback riding and backpacking adventures into the Emigrant Basin of the higher Sierra Mountains.

When the ceremony was complete, we quietly piled into the four-wheel-drive vehicles in which we had arrived. Back at the cabin, I noticed some of Mother's ashes lingering on my brother Jim's pants.

"Mom always was on my butt!" Jim said as he brushed away the ashes.

\*\*\*\*

That afternoon one of my cousins said, "Aunt Marian would want us to take care of the cabin business."

I groaned inwardly. This was a moment I'd dreaded.

The family cabin was under the jurisdiction of estate laws and Mother's trust. As the co-executor of the trust, along with Ken, Mother gave me the freedom and authority to do whatever I believed wise.

There was one small problem.

At that time, no one knew that Mother had named Ken and me as co-trustees. I didn't want to be disrespectful to my brothers by springing this detail on them before other family. So, I avoided the issue.

"Mother's estate business, including the cabin, will not be conducted today," I said. "We will just have to contend with the details as best we can later."

For me, at least, the cabin had always been an emotionally-charged place. I always felt that I couldn't clean enough, or paint enough, or get

my brothers to help enough to please my mother. I preferred the power and passion of the Pacific Ocean to the babbling brooks and lakes near the cabin. But on this day, I didn't want my frustrations with Mother or the quaint brown and green trimmed cabin to overshadow her memory.

\*\*\*\*

After a dinner of Mother's cabin chili beans, my brothers built a bonfire and we circled around the campfire and burned the wooden box that had held her ashes.

"I was prepared for mother's death," said my brother Don.

It is what Don didn't say that reminded me of a recent interview I saw on TV.

"When you lose a parent when you are young," a well-known star of Charlie's Angels said, speaking of her own father's loss, "anyone you love from then on you see die a thousand deaths as a shield for your heart."

Although our mother's death had been expected, what remained unspoken was that none of us were prepared for the loss of our father.

## CHAPTER 3:

### Change of Command

“What can they say but no?”

I had encouraged Ken to pursue the command of the National Guard Professional Education Center (PEC) back in his home town of Little Rock, Arkansas. Command of the PEC was the most prestigious assignment in the National Guard Bureau. Founded in 1974, the PEC was the National Guard’s premier training and conference center.<sup>4</sup>

Every year, upwards of 30,000 people came from all over the country to learn there. Ken had applied for the command twice before and been denied.

Prior to this, the Army had moved my husband, Colonel Kenneth H. Newton, between Washington DC, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Arkansas, in California where I had met and married him after he rotated in from a tour near the Berlin Wall, and our current assignment: Hawaii.

While we lived on Ft. Shafter, Honolulu, Ken worked at Camp Smith, located in the hills above Pearl Harbor. He was the senior National Guard Bureau liaison to the Commander in Chief of the Pacific as an account manager and the NGB State Partnership coordinator between courtiers like Mongolia and Alaska, Guam and Philippines.<sup>5</sup>

I worked as a project management professional, serving a litany of projects and teams in a variety of industries. The work week kept us both busy, but the weekends were busier.

Ken and I played like never before in Hawaii, scuba diving, snorkeling, surfing. We chased balls around various golf courses. We bounced between a few churches where people show up in the island's traditional "Aloha" gear of flowered comfortable clothes and flip flops. I even befriended a group of retired teachers who accepted me into their dance classes of traditional Spanish and Flamenco classes, followed by coffee hour at a local bakery. We traveled regularly to the mainland for work and to visit friends and family. We were building a life worth living as empty nesters, and were planning to retire in Hawaii.

But, although he'd been denied twice before, the third time was a charm for Ken. He was offered the PEC command—a job offer he couldn't refuse.

Even though I had encouraged him to pursue the command, I had mixed emotions. I preferred the idea of retiring in Hawaii, but I knew that our destiny lay in the PEC command. That understanding didn't make it any easier as I anticipated moving to Arkansas.

In Hawaii, my personal and professional life had headed in a positive direction for almost five years. On the island, weekends were laid back and carefree. Life on the mainland would be much different. On the other hand, we would be close to our children and other relatives, something we hadn't enjoyed for some time.

Ken had two children from a previous marriage. I had a daughter, also from a previous marriage. The grandchildren would be *ours*. In Arkansas, we'd be near Ken's family, and mine would only be a quick flight away. After living in Hawaii for so long, that would be a blessing. However, proximity to family came with increased responsibilities. It was going to be a different situation for us all.

For our farewell party, I decided to host a fiesta/luau. My fiesta/ luaus weren't Spanish, Mexican, or Hawaiian. Rather, they were a melting-pot of American families, friends, and fun. In the military, and especially overseas, gatherings and celebrations fill the void created by separation from family members. Most of our neighbors had an entertainment specialty such as Valentine's parties, Christmas cookie exchanges, wine tastings, and so on.

My specialty was the *Hawaiian Fiesta/Luau*.

Ever since we'd arrived on the island, we had hosted a yearly fiesta/luau around the May 5<sup>th</sup> Cinco de Mayo festivities. I rarely could be with my family in Santa Barbara for my hometown's summertime Old Spanish Days festival. Instead, I brought my hometown food, music, dancing and children's laughter into my life. And it made my heart sing.

On the day of the big event, we set up tables and covered each with a bright red and black tablecloth. This would be our fifth fiesta, and our neighbors' children were looking forward to the annual event. Some of the children helped make tissue-paper flowers, stuff piñatas, fluff the girly skirts, and fill confetti eggs. Other children prepared an act for the floor show. With over 100 people expected to attend, Ken and I had a routine that was more like organized chaos.

The evening began with three candy-filled piñatas for both kids and adults. Next came a pot-luck dinner, which featured my grandmother Terres' *paella* as the main course. After that came the floor show.

On this final Fiesta, the show began with a parade of little beauties swirling their skirts. The teen girls had helped them dress-up in frilly old dancing costumes and added a finishing touch of red lipstick. After they swirled their skirts to a lively music piece, I led them in a ribbon-like formation behind me. Then I seated them around the outline of the makeshift stage. Next, a mock bullfight commenced as sounds of *España Cani* announced the matador's entrance. Swishing a black and red cape, a neighbor with a flair for a bullfighter's role came onstage. The bull, played by a group of boys huddled under a blanket with one of their fathers in front wearing a bull's head, plodded into the arena. The addition of the father was strategic. Over the years I had learned that, left to themselves, boys will try to steal the show and kill the bullfighter.

The floor show continued as a family of children sang. Next a group of youths presented a precision break-dance to a Latin beat. My Spanish-dancing friends and I followed up by dancing *Seviallans* (a

dance my grandparents probably danced), and then we got everyone up dancing in a Conga line.

For the grand finale we distributed dozens of confetti eggs and everyone crushed them over each other's heads as an endowment of new life and prosperity.

In the midst of the fun, I stopped. *What would the folks in Arkansas think of my fiestas?*

Shortly after our farewell fiesta, we left our Hawaii home. We sent one car and our household belongings off on a two-month boat journey to our new home in Arkansas. In the meantime, we lived out of suitcases.

After we closed the door on our island bungalow, we checked into a hotel where we could wake to the sunrise over Diamondhead and Waikiki's crystal blue waters. Not long after, Ken's Hawaiian finale melody floated through the air waves as Kona winds began swirling up a tropical storm we boarded an airliner and headed to Arkansas.

\*\*\*\*

I recovered from our whirlwind move in a hotel room on one side of Little Rock, Arkansas while Ken went off to the National Guard Professional Education Center (PEC) to prepare for the traditional Change of Command ceremonies.

The first time I set foot on PEC was for what I understood used to be called a "ladies luncheon" but had now been renamed the *Family Program Luncheon*.

I felt uncomfortable, but tried to at least look the part. My make-up was fresh. My hair, that I had grown long to fit in with the Hawaiians, was now in a neat bun. I knew how to sit at a head table, with my legs and feet pointing in the right direction. And I was wearing a new, white outfit.

I pointed to the decoration on the head table—a bird in a cage—and said to the person sitting beside me, "I feel like that bird."

More than fifty men and women were at the event. My stomach churned when they asked me to say a few words. I should have assumed they would ask me to speak, but I wasn't expecting it. Public speaking

has always unnerved me. I wanted to inspire and impress; I felt like a blabbering bimbo.

"I don't know you, but thank you for what you have done and will do. I am honored to be here, and I hope I get to know each of you personally," I said, and then sat down.

But that wasn't the worst part of the luncheon.

*They named me the Family Program Leader.*

That evening, I gave Ken a rundown. "They named me the Family Program Leader," I said. "I thought I was the Commander's spouse. Keep a pretty face. Host a gathering or two. Cheer on the Commander. Eat chocolate bon bons. Family Program Leader is a role that has serious responsibilities."

I had strong reservations about the responsibilities the title implied, and I feared people's unrealistic expectations. I was a professional with years of experience running my own business. When the PEC command was awarded to Ken, my business went into limbo. I enjoyed working with men in a project-oriented world. I found comfort in the well-outlined structure of a good plan. Even my fiestas were organized on my terms and my timing.

I was raised with three brothers and a busy, widowed mother. I had learned a few hostess tips and tricks over the years, because I was observant. And I liked acting in school, so I found some comfort in playing "the role" of the good wife. But I was not at all looking forward to leading the Family Program, whatever that entailed.

\*\*\*\*

The next day a traditional Change of Command ceremony took place. It was April 2003 as Colonel Kenneth Harold Newton became PEC's 11<sup>th</sup> Commandant.

I was seated in the front row and during the ceremony I would stand to receive a presentation of flowers from Ken, a symbol of his respect and gratitude for the service I would offer in this command assignment. Our children and grandchildren sat in the row behind me.

In a half circle of seats were military, civilian, staff, families and special guests.



Three leather high-backed office chairs sat before us in an open space. These seats would soon be filled by the guests of honor: the outgoing commander, the incoming commander (Ken), and their boss, who had flown in from Washington D.C.: Ken's friend, Colonel Nuttall.<sup>6</sup>

Military traditions always touch my heart and soul. In such ceremonies, the participants share in a historical milestone that marks a link in a legacy's chain. After the parade of the honored guests comes a prayer, then the U.S. flag is marched in, followed by the national anthem and pledge of allegiance. During the ceremony, Ken would be handed a flag, symbolic of the responsibilities that were changing hands.

My emotions soared as I was reminded of where I fit in the context of America and its military, why I make the necessary sacrifices, and in whom I put my trust—not man, but God.

\*\*\*\*

After the ceremony, we went back to our hotel, packed up our things, and moved into our Arkansas home. I smiled when I opened the front door of our large townhome. Although it looked small and humble from the outside, the front door opened into an expanse of glass, a rock fireplace, and wood beams above and around an inner atrium. In the distance, I could see the ninth green of a golf course beyond the living room. It wasn't Hawaii, but it had a unique beauty all its own. The home was not new to us. We bought it over ten years earlier when we lived here under a different assignment. We kept the townhome in hope that Ken might someday get the PEC command.

We entered our townhome, with nothing but suitcases, my laptop and a rental car. Our furniture wouldn't arrive for another month. It had been years since we last had to "camp out" in a house, but we had done it in the past. We blew up an air mattress and placed it against one wall in the master bedroom.

The doorbell rang.

"Hey Newtons." Our friends Steve and Lana Russell stood grinning at the front door when Ken opened it. Steve reached out and placed a set of car keys in Ken's hand. "It's yours until your car comes

from Hawaii.”

Soon the doorbell rang again. Larry and Sherri Sims stood holding a box. “Thought you may need these until yours come in.” They placed the box on the kitchen counter.

Inside, I saw pots, pans, dishes, silverware and a coffee pot with a filter and bag of coffee. “See you,” they said as they retreated.

Next, Philip Lipsmeyer, the man who had hired Ken for a starter job at PEC thirty years earlier, stopped by. Ironically, after the Change of Command ceremony he was under Ken’s command.

“You remember Philip Lipsmeyer,” Ken said to me as he followed Philip out the door. The two returned shortly with two folding chairs and a table.

“The campsite’s shaping up,” Ken said.

I tried to look as though I shared his enthusiasm, but I didn’t. As if a month without furniture weren’t enough, I began having nightly sweats as menopause set in.

As we lay in bed that night, trying to go to sleep, a distant siren blared a tornado warning.

It was going to be a long month.

## CHAPTER 4:

### Raytheon

The months passed and we settled into our new life which, I must admit, had its perks. Ken arrived home one Friday evening with an invitation I couldn't refuse. I had grown used to his regular travel, usually for face-to-face meetings with his bosses in Washington D.C. Sometimes, however, he traveled to different places around the country. This time, he was planning to attend a workshop offered by the Harvard Business School in Boston, MA.

"Why don't you join me," Ken encouraged. "You could enjoy exploring the Freedom Trail by day, and we can dine together each night on seafood."

I sorely missed the crystal blue comforts of Hawaii, and I was emotionally exhausted because my new life had little routine. Our household goods had arrived months earlier and the boxes were long put away. I had begun upgrading areas of the townhome and bought new furniture and accessories. On top of that, I was still trying to wrap up my mother's life in California. Clearing out and selling her condo was no easy task, and neither was dealing with her husband as she died two weeks shy of the finalized divorce. Moreover, I had reestablished some professional connections on the mainland and in Arkansas and was trying to make a difference in the PEC's Family Program.

In short, I needed a break.

"That sounds wonderful," I said, but I knew that I couldn't hide from my burdens indefinitely. The next chance I had, I got on the Internet to discover for myself what I might find in Boston.

One of the articles in Grandmother's scrapbook had a photo of Raytheon officials from MA, standing stiffly as they looked at the hatch-covers recovered from the *Marie*.<sup>7</sup>

I Googled *Raytheon and MA* and a selection of links filled the screen. I clicked through to the Raytheon website, which listed offices in Waltham, a western suburb of Boston.

I poked around the site for historical information about Raytheon. They listed some corporate milestones: "The first commercial microwave oven, miniature tubes for hearing aids, the Fathometer depth sounder, the mass production of magnetron tubes, early shipboard radar, the first successful missile guidance system, a space communications system, mobile radio telephones, the first combat-proven air defense missile system and Terminal Doppler Weather Radar."<sup>8</sup>

*Did my father die helping develop one of these?*

I searched for a safety record but didn't find anything.

I also wanted to discover who the man at the top was. When I found a bio for Mr. William Swanson, the Chairman of the Board and CEO, I discovered that he and my father had three things in common: they graduated from the same school (California Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo), same program (Engineering) and they both started their careers with Raytheon Santa Barbara, located on Hollister in Goleta.

A tingle ran up and down my spine.

The men on the *Marie* were involved in a Raytheon-related project.

*There must be someone at the headquarters who could meet with me and tell me what happened.*

The news articles in Grandmother's scrapbook were confusing. I needed someone to help me unravel this mystery. Mr. Swanson might not have time to meet with me, but perhaps he knew someone who would.

*How could I arrange a meeting with someone so important and so busy?*

At that time, the National Guard Professional Education Center's

Family Program was organizing a charity golf tournament and one of my responsibilities was helping find corporate sponsorships. I wasn't comfortable with the task, but since Raytheon had a building at the Little Rock airport, I thought maybe I could accomplish two things at once: obtain Raytheon's sponsorship for the Charity Golf Tournament and get information about the *Marie* tragedy.

On the website, I found a contact number for Raytheon HQ.

I didn't have much time to set up a meeting with Raytheon in Boston. I worried about what to say and how to tell someone about a charity event I knew little about or a shipwreck I knew even less about.

I had worked with company executives and military leaders and knew that they all relied on administrative assistants who were usually very approachable. The following Monday, I called the contact number and asked for the name and office number of Mr. Swanson's secretary. They gave me the contact information for a lady named Ms. Moore.

I called Ms. Moore's number.

"Ms. Moore," a pleasant voice answered.

"I just found out that I will be in Boston this week. How would you recommend that I attempt to get a meeting with Mr. Swanson?" I asked.

"Well, you can send a letter or e-mail to him through me, and I can see what I can do to help you," she said. "Mr. Swanson has a pretty busy schedule," she added.

I took a long deep breath as I hung up the phone. There was no time for a letter, so I decided to draft an e-mail.

All that day I wrestled with what to say. I wanted to make a good impression but I also wanted Raytheon to act. *Why didn't I simply state that I was interested in meeting with Mr. Swanson to discuss the potential for Raytheon's sponsorship in a National Guard Charity Golf Tournament? Then I could casually add that I also had a personal interest in meeting with him.*

I tried to consider Mr. Swanson's perspective. I remembered a section from my project management training on how to get people to comply with needs. I got out a blank worksheet and scribbled in responses to see what might germinate. I believed I had to pique

Raytheon's interest. Perhaps they would be interested in knowing more about who was approaching them (friend or foe). They might also be interested in positive media and innovation as their website suggested.

Driven by desire and the clock's countdown before my blastoff to Boston on Wednesday, I scribbled out a message on a notepad, pounded it out on my keyboard and sent it off. It seemed like a simple connection to get my foot in the door. As it turned out, it was more like a crazy idea I believed would hook the "big fish."

When Ken returned from PEC, I showed him what I had written and sent. I felt like a kid holding out a valentine for her parent.

The Commandant shook his head and took a deep breath. "You tend to try too hard," Ken said as he continued into the master bedroom to remove his uniform.

"So, you think I oversold my ideas?"

"This makes you look like an unrealistic dreamer." Ken was direct. He was used to dealing with soldiers. "Focus on one thing and build rapport. Shipwreck or fundraising."

My heart sank. I thought I had been so clever.

Did Ken hear me say that I already sent it out? It wouldn't be the first time that I had to swallow my pride, backpedal while holding my head high and acting as if I had everything together. I choked back tears and wished I had run it by him the night before. I knew that Ken was consumed with his work, and burdening him with mine wasn't wise. However, the fundraising activity that weighed on me *was* his business.

My thumb shot up to press on one tooth that protruded slightly, my "Terres tooth" as Grandmother called it. She had taught me to do this, just as her mother had taught her, and I had taught my daughter. "The slight pressure will help to move the tooth into alignment," she used to say. Alignment notwithstanding, I also found focus and comfort by putting pressure on that tooth.

Now what? I wanted to go hide somewhere.

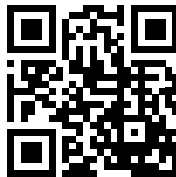
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## About the Authors



**TERESA NEWTON-TERRES** is an author, speaker and Project Management Professional. Lately, Teresa is best known as the author of a hot aerospace cold case story, the MYSTERY OF THE MARIE: memoir of my childhood tragedy that surfaced a Cold War secret. Raised on the West Coast, educated in the Mid West, and served students at the University of California at Santa Barbara for ten years before she fell in love with an officer and a gentleman. At that time, her love affair serving projects and project teams began, too. Thus, Teresa's memoir began as a simple treasure hunt project. Teresa feels most alive when she is by the ocean, in the mountains, in view of the Arkansas river, putting for par, and with her family and grandchildren in AR, CA, FL, HI, MO, Ireland and Spain building a legacy that matters.

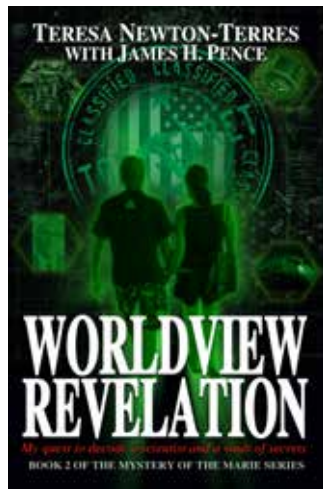
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**JAMES H. PENCE** is a man of many talents. He's a performance chalk artist, singer, speaker, published author, editor & collaborator, and in all his spare time he teaches karate, writing, and art to home schooled children. Jim has been called a "Renaissance man," but he prefers to be known simply as a follower of Jesus Christ and a storyteller. Jim is the author or co-author of over ten books.

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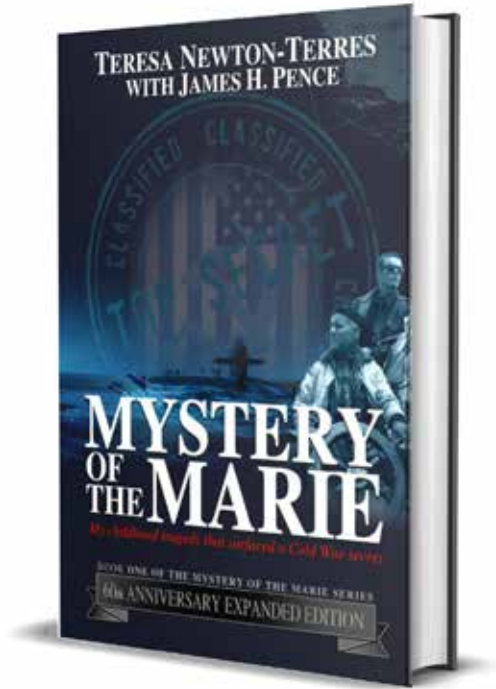


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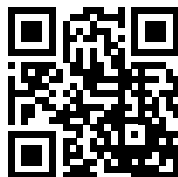
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She grew up in the shadow of a mystery. Will new information lead her to a peace she never thought possible?

Teresa Newton-Terres never knew her dad. Losing him when she was only two, she lived with unresolved grief for almost fifty years. But when a dusty scrapbook hidden by her grandmother lands on her doorstep, she plunges into an abyss to uncover the story.



In 1960, an eminent physicist and six other men including Newton-Terres' father left on a covert Raytheon-related underwater communications experiment. They never returned, and their converted landing craft, *The Marie*, vanished. After learning only four bodies were recovered and her father's not among them, Newton-Terres kept a flicker of hope alive.

In a passionate search that exposes black-ops secrecy and classified red tape, this courageous book reveals how a U.S. defense project coverup still has lasting repercussions for all the affected families.

Showcasing careful forensic research and impeccable attention to detail, Newton-Terres offers a deep dive into her fearless quest for the truth and the inner joy she found.

*Mystery of the Marie: My childhood tragedy that surfaced a Cold War secret is a page-turning memoir that connects a national news event to an intimate personal story. If you like government intrigue, captivating suspense, and brave crusaders for truth, then you'll love Teresa Newton-Terres and James H. Pence's inspiring account.*

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