



BISMARCK'S REMARKS

Special Memorial Edition
March 2009



George Stanley

March 16, 1949 - January 21, 2009

From the Guest Editor

As my parting gift to Stan, it is my pleasure to put together this special issue of *Bismarck's Remarks*. I hope you enjoy.

Fleet Captain Kevin Johnson
Guest Editor



Bismarck Remarks is published monthly. Submissions and comments should be sent to the following address:

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From the Captain:

As the Captain of the USS *Bismarck*, it was my honor to speak for the ship's officers and crew at Stan's memorial service. The members of the *Bismarck* are more than people with a common interest, we are a second family. And we are greatly diminished by the loss of one of our family members. Commander George Stanley joined the *Bismarck* in 1998, over 11 years ago. He got involved very quickly, joining Senior Staff as Deputy Chief of Operations within a year. He continued to serve in this position for 10 years under two Chiefs and under two Captains.

Stan also served as a duty manager at Peasants Orchard, the *Bismarck*'s beverage booth at the Ohio Renaissance Festival, until his health declined. He made sure correct inventory and stocking was done, and trained all new workers in all of the booth's procedures.

It was working at Peasants Orchard where I really got to know Stan. He taught me how to conduct a proper inventory of all supplies on the first weekend I worked. And it was fortunate he did, because I wound up being responsible for inventory the rest of the season!

Stan also volunteered for a variety of *Bismarck* projects. One of the more grueling projects was scanning in a large portion of the ship's mammoth photograph collection. Stan's most recent project included printing the new *Bismarck* ID badges, the newest batch of which were delivered just two months ago. The *Bismarck* rewarded Stan's constant hard work and willingness to volunteer by promoting him at a near-record pace.

Stan taught me - taught all of us - how to be better organized. To better document processes. To do that last minute "ops check." But Stan also taught us how to enjoy life and push our own boundaries. To many of us he was a friend, a teacher, and a father-figure. Stan loved to fly, and he loved to make each of us soar in our own ways.

In one case, Stan literally helped someone learn to fly. Because of his mentoring and support, Lisa (Barr) Johnson became a private pilot. She said she could have never made it without Stan's unwavering support. Knowing he was there on the ground, cheering her and having faith in her, got Lisa through her long-distance solo flights en route to receiving her pilot's license.

For all of these reasons, and for many more, it is the pleasure of the officers and crew of the USS *Bismarck* presented a one-year membership to Pat and Mike Stanley. The *Bismarck* also wrote a \$100 check to Hospice of Dayton in memory of George Stanley. As the ship's Captain, I had the additional honor of posthumously promoting Commander George Stanley to the rank of Captain. When I presented Pat with these new duty orders, I also have the honor of

presenting her with Stan’s last commendation, the one he never had a chance to receive, the Captain’s Citation.

The Citation reads “Let it be known to all persons that the officers of the USS *Bismarck*, NCC-1797-E, recognize Captain George Stanley, who, having served 11 years on-board the USS *Bismarck*, including 10 years as Deputy Chief of Operations, several years as RenFair duty manager, and for the constant work and dedication he has given the ship, even in his last few months, is hereby awarded The Captain’s Citation. Signed this 21st day of January, 2009, Fleet Captain Kevin Johnson, Commanding Officer, USS *Bismarck*, NCC-1797-E.”

George Stanley will be missed by all of us. And we will remember him always.

Fleet Captain Kevin Johnson



Commander George Stanley and Captain Kevin Johnson
July 2007

A Better Way of Living Your Life

From Lt. Commander Audra Blais,

I am not really a woman of many words. When I think about Stan, a million things indeed come to mind but one thing sticks out above the rest and I think that is where I will start.

I am a Doctor Who fan, and while Stan wasn't so keen on the new Who series, there is a quote from one of the companions, Rose Tyler, used to describe The Doctor and oddly it fits so well with the million thoughts running around in my head.

"The Doctor showed me a better way of living your life. You know, he showed you, too. That you don't just give up. You don't just let things happen. You make a stand. You say no. You have the guts to do what's right when everyone else just runs away..."

While Stan was no Doctor, he was a very kind, smart and caring person. He took the time to get to know me, befriend me, and help guide me through the good times and the bad. He wouldn't let me give up these past few years when my life was going through a rough patch. Stan just gently nudged me in the right direction and showed me better ways of dealing with things. He was a cheerleader for me as well. He would be so happy and proud of things like my grades in college, and when I would finish projects of various sorts. On the flipside, he would also attempt to push me beyond what I thought I could do at times. Honestly, it frustrated me tremendously, but you know what? It showed me I could do way more than I ever dreamed. He expected more out of me, and because of that, now I do as well.

It was all very strange to me at first because at no time in my life has anyone actually shown that much care and concern about me. As time went on, I thought of Stan not only as a friend, but as a father of sorts. I never really knew my father so to have someone as kind and caring as my friend and mentor, I felt completely blessed. I can say without a doubt I am better person for meeting George Stanley. I can only hope that he knows how grateful I am to him. He will always be near and dear to me and I will truly miss him.



Stan encouraging us to climb to new heights
RenFair 1999

Memories from others in Fleet:

From Fleet Admiral Andy Sams, Fleet Commander, SFC Q1:

I will truly miss him. He was at just about every Bismarck event that I was able to attend and many fleet events too! He was always a joy to talk with and always had a positive spirit! My condolences and all those at Starfleet HQ go out to his family and all those that knew his gregarious personality

He was one that “lived” the Star Trek spirit!

From Admiral Anthony Scott, Chief of Finance, SFC Q1:

I wish to extend my deepest condolences to you on the passing of George (Stan). I wish that I had something profound to say about him - but I don't. All I can say is that I considered Stan to be a friend, someone who always seemed willing to help others, and was genuine. I can always remember him having a smile on his face when we would meet up at conventions or other activities that would sometimes seem to be contagious.

Sometimes rank just doesn't matter - people do.

From Debra Henderson, Commanding Officer, USS Brightstar:

On behalf of the USS *Brightstar*, you and Stan's family have our heartfelt sympathy. Stan will continue on as the USS *Bismarck*'s guardian angel.



Stan at Millennicon 1999

Obituary

George F. "Stan" Stanley, age 59, of Lebanon, OH passed away on Wednesday January 21, 2009 at Hospice of Dayton after a lengthy battle with cancer. He was born March 16, 1949 in Cincinnati, OH. He was preceded in death by his parents, Cedric A. Stanley and Helen (nee: Parkin) Stanley of Lebanon, OH. He is survived by this wife of 37 years, Patricia Stanley (nee: Beaver), his daughter, Karen Meece (Stanley), son, Michael T. Stanley, son-in-law, Jerry W. Meece Jr., grandson, Jerry (Tre) W. Meece III, and granddaughter, Tristin S. Meece, all of Lebanon, OH.

He was a 1967 graduate of Lebanon High School and attended Ohio University and Wright State University. A proud member of the United States Air Force, Sgt. Stanley served his country from 1970 to 1974 as a Flight Simulator Training Instructor at Chanute Air Force Base, IL. As a computer systems engineer, he worked as Manager of Research Computer Facilities for Wright State University School of Medicine at Fels Research Institute in Yellow Springs, OH and the Cox Heart Institute in Kettering, OH at the Kettering Medical Center. George was a Systems Engineer for thirteen years with The Singer Link Company Flight Simulation Division at Wright Patterson Air Force Base. He ended his career as an independent Computer Systems Consultant and Software Trainer.

Stan was a beloved husband, devoted father and grandfather and faithful friend. He loved life and filled his with a myriad of interests. He was a private pilot for over 40 years and enjoyed sail boating and radio control aircraft as hobbies. An accomplished musician, he played piano and taught himself to play guitar, banjo and mandolin. Following his father's death he took over operations of Shaker Hill Arabian Horse Farms in Lebanon, OH and was the proud owner of the prize winning stallion, Such-A-Commotion, showing successfully at many horse shows in the tri-state region. He was a former member of the Dayton Microprocessor Association, the Dayton Pilots Club and was an active member of the USS Bismarck, a regional non-profit, community service club.

Visitation was Friday, January 23, 2009 from 5-8:00 PM with memorial service immediately following all at the Oswald-Hoskins Funeral Home, Lebanon, OH.



He loved to fly with family and friends



Stan always had a story to tell. Always.



Stan and his RenFair team



Stan the Piano Man

High Flight

By Pilot Officer Gillespie Magee

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds – and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of – wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wing along, and flew
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew –
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untresspassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.