



Mike Casella & Steve Henry

**Stephen Carl Henry  
STS3(SS)**

**Blue 1968-1972**

**October 7, 1949 – December 29, 2011**

**ETERNAL PATROL December 29, 2011**

STEPHEN HENRY Stephen Carl Henry, 62, of Las Vegas, passed away Dec. 29, 2011. He was born Oct. 7, 1949 in New York and was a 37-year resident of Nevada. He served in the [U.S. Navy](#) as a sonar technician during the [Vietnam War](#) and was a bouncer and bartender. He received National Defense Service Medal Meritorious Unit Commendation on USS LAPON. He was preceded in death by his mother, Dolores Ellen Henry. Stephen is survived by his father, Carlyle Henry; and sisters, Anita and Barbara. There will be a remembrance gathering 5-9 p.m., Wednesday, Jan. 11, at Double Down Saloon, 4640 Paradise Road, #3, Las Vegas.



**Stephen Carl Henry , STS3(SS)**




Hull#	Ship's Name	Rate/Rank	Years	Special Duties
<a href="#">SSN-661</a>	Lapon	STS3(SS)		Meritorious Unit Commendation
<a href="#">SSBN-655</a>	Henry L Stimson	STS3(SS)	1968-72	

Submitted by Mike Casella, SN(SS) B 69-71, 655 Assoc Life Member, USSVI Groton Base

It was October 1969, I just graduated from Sub School with orders to report to The Henry L Stimson - Blue Crew, stationed in Groton. I was born and raised in Kittery Maine, 20 years old, and in general feeling pretty uneasy/uncertain about things. I do not specifically remember when we met but Steve Henry from Comack LI came into my submarine life. We immediately hit it off. My earliest memory was - in the barracks,

before my first patrol. Henry asked me to join him and 2 other shipmates who were going to Providence and get tattoos. I remember saying 'no thanks', he called me a sissy and then proceeded to 'give me the business'. They all went and got their tattoo's.

To this day I regret not going.

We were complete opposites, however that invitation started our friendship that lasted until he passed away December 29, 2011. On patrol, we stood watches on the planes, mess cooked together, slept across from each other in the lower-level racks, and our friendship continued on. I was discharged from active duty in April 1971, Henry had one more patrol but we stayed in touch.

After his discharge in 1973, he went home to Comack, then headed west to find a job in Las Vegas. We continued to speak on a regular basis. In 1990 after having hounded me so much, he convinced me to visit him. He ran a bar off the Strip and worked mid-nights. Casino workers flocked there after their afternoon shifts ended. So, for the next 21 years, I visited sometimes 2 or 3 times a year, seeing Las Vegas from his or their point of view. It was an eye opener.

At one of our last visits, he said to me - *'Casella I am going to die soon, I am going to write on this cocktail napkin - I'd like you to spread my ashes in the Piscataqua River along The Portsmouth Navy Yard, my sisters will send you my ashes'*. (He loved that my father/both grandfathers/friends' fathers all worked on the Navy Yard)

*I said 'of course Henry, I'd be honored'*. After he passed and forgetting we agreed to this, one night I got a call from his sister who said - *'Is this the Mike who served with our brother Stevie Henry on a submarine? Did you really agree to spread Stevie's ashes in the Piscataqua River along The Portsmouth Navy Yard? We have a cocktail napkin that says you will. Will you still do this?'*

*Yes, I am. Yes, I did and Yes, I'd love to'*, I said.

They sent me his ashes via US Mail. The morning of April 15, 2012, Henry and I went to 7:30 mass at St. Mary of Annunciation, Melrose, MA. I had already rented a barge in Kittery; later that morning, Denise, a longtime pal, and I spread his ashes as we floated in The Piscataqua, along the Navy Yard. Denise took a video and we sent it to his sisters.

Barbara, Anita, and I to this day, still communicate. We have met them twice while visiting in Las Vegas. Henry was the brother I never had.