

THE SCUTTLEBUTT



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COUNTING DOWN

USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION 17TH NATIONAL REUNION OCTOBER 20-22, 2014, SAN DIEGO, CA

See current status inside—page 3
Secretary@usscogswell.com
or call 760-889-2216

7 Seas Locker Clubs

Submitted by James L Smith

For today's Bluejackets they can't remember a time in their service when wearing civilian clothes off the ship and base was not allowed. But those of us who served on the USS Cogswell certainly can.

During my service on the Cogswell and the USS Hoel (DDG-13) I stopped many a time at the 7 Seas Locker Club which was located right in downtown San Diego.



As a new seaman apprentice I remember marveling at the size of the place and the fact that it was open 24/7, 365 days a year. Rent was \$7-\$8 a month if memory serves.

There is limited history online about the 7 Seas Locker Club, but it was located at 107 W. Broadway, but is long gone. The area now is a fairly high scale area, which means it has

(Continued on page 18)



USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

President:

Frank Wille (Officer 63-65)
11614 Hazelnut CT
Oregon City, OR 97045
503-342-6699
President@usscogswell.com

Vice President:

Mack Stringfield (EM 65-66)
9402 Crosby Way
Missouri City, TX 77459
832-715-8971
VPresident@usscogswell.com

Treasurer:

Orvil Williams (IC 64-68)
10512 South 36th Ave West
Colfax IA 50054-7516
(515) 674-3800
Treasurer@usscogswell.com

Secretary/Membership/Reunion Planner:

George Overman (RM 64-66)
P.O. Box 6098
Oceanside CA 92052-6098
760-889-2216
Secretary@usscogswell.com

ATTENTION!!

If you have not received an e-mail message from the Cogswell Association in the past month it is probably because we do not have your valid e-mail address on file. Please send us your current e-mail address if it has changed recently. Send current e-mail address to: Secretary@usscogswell.com

Newsletter article submission for review and editing:

James L Smith (QM 66-67)
jlsmediaservices@gmail.com
810-667-3023

WEBSITE:

www.usscogswell.com



NOW HEAR THIS SHIPS STORE NOW OPEN

NEW COGSWELL BALLCAPS!

Orvil Williams, your treasurer, has several Cogswell Association items for sale. These may include hats, shirts, and other items. However, due to the rapid changeover of this material we will not publish which items are available. For up to date information on which items are available please send an e-mail to Orv at Treasurer@usscogswell.com or give him a call at **(515) 674-3800**. We know he is standing by and waiting for the order. Orv also brings a huge selection of items for sale to each reunion.



President's Message Getting Underway

By Frank Wille (Officer 63-65)

We're just weeks away from the reunion in San Diego. Many things have changed since Cogswell was there. Come join us & take the tours to see what's new. There are two exciting tours for you to join. Besides the tours, we'll enjoy the opportunity to share sea stories once again. Every reunion, I learn something new about fellow members.

This newsletter contains several biographies of fellow shipmates. The best part of every newsletter is reading about Cogswell shipmates. Please let us know what is happening in your life. Drop us a line or send an e-mail. We want to know about you.



Lyna Low & Frank Wille

Be well and we hope to see you in San Diego.
Frank Wille

REUNION UPDATE (8/15/14) By George Overman

- We have a total of 78 people either signed up or have made hotel Reservations (with at least 6 more coming)
- We have 44 rooms of our 45 (now 50) room block reserved
No more 1st or 2nd floor rooms.
- We have 47 people signed up for the San Diego tour
- We have 52 people signed up for the Navy Base/Coronado tour
*55 Maximum passengers

I suggest that you get your hotel reservations made and send in your registration forms. If tours are filled when registration forms and payment is received a stand-by list will be created. A refund will be issued for anyone who cannot be accommodated on the tours.

Door prizes:

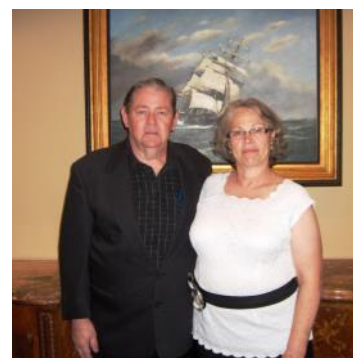
- ⇒ I have three books written by Jeff Noonan (58-61 FTG)
- ⇒ I have a whole case (12 bottles) of 2012 Andondrea Chardonnay from Don Libey's (HM 68-69) northern CA winery.

I would like to get a small number of other fine gifts we can use as door prizes at both the first nights reception and at the end of the banquet for turning in your evaluation. If you have something to donate please let me know.

Speaker:

- ◆ Pre-reception speaker (1600) Walt Dziedzic (Officer 59-62) The Collision at Sea presentation.
- ◆ Banquet presentation hosted by Jack Stevenson (Officer 53-56) is working on a presentation by the CO or XO of one of the San Diego based Littoral ships.

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT
U S S COGSWELL DD651 ASSOCIATION
JANUARY 31, 2014 TO JULY 31, 2014**



| | | |
|----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| JULY 31, 2014 | CASH ON HAND OR IN BANKS | \$16,452.71 |
| | DEPOSITS | |
| FEBRUARY 14 | | \$ 355.00 |
| MARCH 14 | | \$1315.00 |
| APRIL 14 | | \$ 404.00 |
| MAY 14 | | \$1935.00 |
| JUNE 14 | | \$1036.00 |
| JULY 14 | | \$ 464.00 |
| | TOTAL DEPOSITS | \$5,509.00 |
| | DEBITS | |
| POSTAGE | | \$ 13.95 |
| CORONADO HIST SOC (REUNION) | | \$ 50.00 |
| EVENT HELPER (REUNION INS.) | | \$ 185.39 |
| FRANK WILLE (CONDOLENCE CARDS) | | \$ 43.34 |
| REUNION AND NEWSLETTERE EXPENSE | | \$ 666.41 |
| | TOTAL DEBITS | \$ 959.09 |
| | TOTAL DEPOSITS + CASH ON HAND | \$21,961.71 |
| | MINUS EXPENSES | \$959.09 |
| | TOTAL | \$21,002.62 |
| | CASH ON HAND (Bank statement 7/31/14) | \$21,002.62 |

USS COGSWELL ASSOCIATION DATABASE STATISTICS as of 08/15/2014

Our database contains 3294 names total.

- Active = 265 (paid dues are current)
 ⇒ 125 Life Members
- Inactive = 5 (have not paid dues for more than two years—house cleaning of these inactive members)
- New = 2 (New members found who were mailed a membership form, waiting for return.)
- Reactivating = 0 (Need to be contacted (Inactive members who are reactivating their membership)
- No Interest = 668 (members who have indicated they have no interest in the Cogswell Association—some newly found who chose not to join)
- Deceased = 501 (known deceased shipmates—some newly found crewmembers)
- Not Located = 1858 (continues to be the largest number in database - we still need help locating. Largest part of decrease due to TCS locating efforts.

New members—February 01, 2014—August 15, 2014

| Last Name | First | City | State | Years Aboard | Rank |
|------------|--------|--------------|-------|--------------|-------------------|
| LANSING | DONALD | YAKIMA | WA | 59-60 | IC |
| GARCIA | JOHNNY | WINTERS | CA | 62-66 | SN |
| HOOKE | JOHN | TUCSON | AZ | 62 | SA |
| FINN | KEVIN | OZARK | MO | 61-65 | SM |
| JENSEN | MELVIN | VENTURA | CA | 61-62 | IC |
| OZKOSAR | OZKAN | CHEASPEAKE | VA | 69-70 | MM (Turkish Navy) |
| TELLEZ | PILAR | SANTEE | CA | FAMILY | N/A |
| WILLIAMSON | ROBERT | WEBSTER CITY | IA | 43 | *PO |

Known Deceased since February 2013

| Last Name | First Name | City | St | Years Aboard | Rank |
|------------|------------|--------------|----|--------------|--------|
| BARWINCZOK | JOHN (SKI) | AUBURN | NY | 51-52 | TE |
| DONLEY | GEORGE | SCHENECTADY | NY | 43-46 | TM *PO |
| DUNNE | FRANCIS | JAMAICA LI | NY | 53-54 | FT |
| FRENCH | HENRY | MCDONOUGH | GA | 60-62 | SN |
| GRAYSON | JACK | JACKSONVILLE | FL | 44 | FC |
| NELSON | DANIEL | DALLAS | TX | 43-46 | FC |
| OCHOA | RALPH | YUMA | AZ | 55-57 | MM |

*PO= Plankowner



JOHN (SKI) BARWINCZOK (TE 1951-1952)

John Barwinczok



52 MINUTES AGO

John Barwinczok, 83, of Auburn, passed away Thursday morning, July 17, 2014 at Upstate Hospital in Syracuse after a brief illness, while in the comfort of his family at his side.

He was born on July 22, 1930 in Auburn to Steven and Anna Dushatinski Barwinczok and would have celebrated his 84th birthday this Tuesday. "Butch," as he was affectionately known by his friends in his youth, was a communicant of SS Peter and Paul Church. Prior to his retirement in 1987, John had been employed for more than 30 years as a quality control specialist for the U.S. Department of Defense. John was a very proud Navy veteran of the Korean War, having served our country honorably. He was a longtime member of the Korean War Veterans Association and was instrumental in the development of Veterans Memorial Park in Auburn, which honors local veterans of every war. John was also the current Commander of Korean War Veterans Association, Cayuga County Chapter 296, as well as past National treasurer; life

member of Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 1975; Knights of Columbus Council 207; Ancient Order of Hibernians; USS Cogswell DD 651 Association and American Legion Swietoniowski-Kopeczek Post. He was a past and active member of Finger Lakes Ski Club and American Society for Quality. In 2011, John was inducted into the New York Senate Veterans Hall of Fame in Albany for his accomplishments. He was an avid golfer and skier for many years. John's infectious smile and charismatic ways made you feel like an instant friend. He loved people and the feelings were reciprocated. He will be forever remembered and truly missed by all who were fortunate enough to know this special husband, father, brother, uncle, friend and comrade.

He is survived by his loving wife of 63 years, Virginia Scolaro Barwinczok of Auburn, daughter Louise (Bradley) Wilson of Sennett, brother Joseph Barwinczok of Auburn, as well as numerous nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

In addition to his parents, John was predeceased by sisters Mary Kreydatus, Anna Kimball, Tillie Antonik, Helen Kolczynski, Julia Jaskow, and Nellie Wicks; brothers Frank, Michael, Steven and William; and granddaughter Mildred Louise Wilson.

Calling hours are Monday from 4 to 7 p.m. at the Pettigrass Funeral Home, 196 Genesee St., Auburn. A Mass of Christian burial will be held Tuesday on John's birthday at 11 a.m. at SS. Peter and Paul Church, 136 Washington St., Auburn. Burial will be in St. Joseph's Cemetery, where full military honors will be accorded. Contributions may be made in John's memory to Cayuga County Veterans Service Agency Emergency Relief Fund, 95 Genesee St., 3rd Floor, Auburn, NY 13021.

DANIEL LYNCH NELSON

(FC 1943-1946)

Tribute & Message From The Family

NELSON, DANIEL L. was born December 2, 1922 in Stephenson, Mississippi to Roy and Kate Nelson and left this life August 3, 2014. Although a Mississippi native, Dan grew up mainly in the Birmingham, Alabama vicinity. Moving with his family to Sheridan, Arkansas in 1940, Dan completed his high school education there. He entered the U.S. Navy in early 1943, serving three years during WWII as a fire controlman aboard the USS Cogswell where he was involved in many of the Pacific military actions. At war end he enrolled in college and received a BS degree in business from the University of Arkansas. In 1950 he became an employee of Magnolia Oil Company (later known as Mobil Oil) for 33 years. With them he worked in various locations in Arkansas and Texas, and had a stint in Alaska during the construction of the Trans Alaskan Pipeline. Retiring in 1983 in Dallas, Texas, he continued an active life. He was a volunteer at Doctors Hospital and at Doctors Nursing Home. He also participated in activities sponsored by Lakeside Baptist Church involving mission work in Mexico City (8 trips) and the Rio Grande Valley (7 trips). For many years he participated in neighborhood crime watch and patrol activities. During the development and use of statin



drugs he was used as a test subject for several years. Preceded in death by his son, Daniel "Andy" Nelson; and parents, Roy and Kate Nelson. He is survived by his wife of 62 years, Iva Ring Nelson; grandchildren, Melissa Nelson, Maranda Nelson, Byanna Lackey; great grandchildren, Boston Wyatt, Shanell Wyatt; brother, James Nelson; and sisters, Dorothy Gartman, Virginia Herrington, Carolyn Henson. Funeral Service will be at 12:30 pm on Wednesday, August 6, 2014 at Restland Wildwood Chapel with visitation from 9:00 am to 12:00 pm prior to the service in the chapel. In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to Lakeside Baptist Church Mission Program.

A Message From Joe Marheineke

(FC 1943-1945)

June and I will be moving to a senior facility next week. We want everyone to know that we are doing fine. Unfortunately we cannot make the San Diego reunion because we do not travel much anymore.

We send our best wishes to the Cogswell crew.

Editors note: Joe of course was saddened by the death of his very special friend Dan Nelson. They reported aboard Cogswell on the same day in 1943 and were friends ever since. They have been to many of our reunions together.

CHARLES LYNN BAKER (BM/EO 60-63)

As reported to James L. Smith



Charles “Chuck” Baker, who served aboard the USS Cogswell in the early 1960s, had two parts to his Naval career that spanned 30 years. Chuck and his family were well traveled as a result of his service.

The first part of Chuck’s Navy service came aboard two destroyers, the USS Porterfield, DD-682 his first assignment out of boot camp. About eight months later he received orders to report aboard the USS Cogswell and a Porterfield shipmate warned him that the Cogswell was “jinxed.”

The Porterfield shipmate told Baker that the Cogswell had barely survived a recent 63-degree roll in a storm.

“I thought, that already happened and so it won’t happen again,” Baker said. Packing up his seabag and catching a liberty boat Baker headed to the mooring where the Cogswell was tied up with two other ships.

Reporting aboard the Cogswell quarterdeck about 1700 hours, Baker with his seabag on his shoulder suddenly felt the ship rocking and lurching and the mooring lines parted and crew members were running all over the Cogswell.

“I wondered what had I gotten myself into,” Baker said. As it turned out the engineering crew were working on the engines and fired them off not realizing the screws were engaged in reverse which cause the ship to pull against the lines. About 30 minutes later the ship was back tied up securely.

“I thought that Porterfield guy was right, but we never had problems after that.” During his time on the Cogswell Baker survived a couple typhoons, at least one of which resulted in second division being kept below for several hours because the topside was just too dangerous to venture out onto.

On the Cogswell, Baker made two West Pac cruises that included the usual stops in Japan, Subic Bay, Hong Kong and Kaohsiung. The Cogswell did some Formosa patrols as it sailed in and out of Kaohsiung.

A Boatswain’s mate striker, Baker enjoyed his liberty.

One time the Subic liberty call to Olongapo was cancelled due to some issues in the city and the captain put on parties every day on Grande Island, which he remembered fondly.

A sea detail helmsman, Baker remembers being at the helm of the Cogswell during storms and other critical times.

During one port visit in Hong Kong Baker recalled that another Cogswell shipmate, Dennis Gasper, who ran the paint locker, made a deal with a Chinese “trader” to sell him a five gallon can of grey paint. After lowering the paint to the man, Gasper could only look on as the man sailed away with the paint without paying. A quick trip with the ship’s whaleboat failed to find the “trader” in the Hong Kong Harbor fog.

A few days later the same man approached again and worked the same deal, but this time Gasper demanded payment before lowering the paint into the man’s boat. After taking payment, Gasper dropped the five gallon pail into the boat from the railing punching a hole in the bottom of the boat.

The Chinese man sailed as quickly as he could into the fog and Baker said he doesn’t know if the boat sank or if it made it to shore.

During another time, Baker and Bill Hicks a storekeeper spotted a very nice chrome tiller and bell on a captain’s gig on the ship tied outbound of the Cogswell. Both decided that the bell and tiller would look really nice on the Cogswell Captain’s gig.

About 2 a.m. Hicks climbed aboard the ship and into the gig. At one point in trying to remove the bell, it made a loud sound which brought a roving patrol. Using a prearranged signal, Baker alerted Hicks who ducked down inside the boat until the patrol passed. The bell and tiller were successfully transported onto the Cogswell where they were stashed away.

The next day, one of Hicks and Baker’s superiors summoned them to a locker in the forecandle and asked if they knew how the chrome tiller and bell had come to be aboard the Cogswell.

“They knew we were lying when we said we didn’t know.”

The other ship, which had already sailed, had reported the missing items and the superior said that if the two ships ever came in contact again, they would have to return the tiller and bell.

“It did look good on our gig,” Baker said. As far as he knew the two ships never came in contact again.

On another occasion, when the ship was tied up next to the USS Braine, a flagship, Baker and shipmate decided to make a midnight run to the neighboring ship to retrieve some newly painted brooms and swabs which were hung out to dry on

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GARY A PHILLIPS

(IC 65-68)

As reported to James L Smith

Following boot camp in San Diego in 1964 and IC school, Gary Phillips found himself aboard one of those mammoth hospital ships the SS Hope in Long Beach. It wasn't long before he found himself carrying his sea bag to a much smaller ship – The USS Cogswell.

For the rest of his enlistment, Gary called the Cogswell home including a period in which the Cogswell was high and dry in dry dock in Vallejo which was where he ended his Navy career in 1968. He left the Navy as a IC 3rd class.

As an Interior Communication electrician Gary was responsible for those wonderful sound powered phones, the gyro compass and other internal ship communications equipment, but perhaps the job that endeared them to all their shipmates was the responsibility of showing the movies on the mess decks.

That job paid the operator an extra 50 cents a movie, which in 1964 was a pretty tidy sum. In port it was the IC's job to find new movies and trade for old ones. In Vallejo it meant driving the captain's car from Vallejo to Treasure Island to make the exchange.

On occasion when the Cogswell was in possession of a particularly good movie it took some hard bargaining from another ship to wrest the movie from the Cogswell crew. Phillips served on the Cogswell with Cogswell Association members and fellow IC men, Pete Daggett and Orvil Williams.

On one of his two West Pac cruises, Gary recalled that the ship came under a brief attack from a small torpedo boat off the coast of Da Nang, but was either hit or repelled by gunfire from one of the Cogswell's 5-inch gun mounts. The attack occurred about midnight and just after he ended his watch.

During his cruises Gary was lucky enough to take some extended liberty in both Japan and the Philippines. While the ship was in Yokosuka, Gary took the train to Tokyo where he enjoyed the sights and sounds far from the ship.

In Subic Bay, he won a 2-day trip to Manila, but can't remember how he happened to win the trip. Gary and three other sailors flew from Subic to Manila, but first had to purchase civilian clothes as they were not allowed to wear uniforms in Manila. Because he couldn't bring the civvies back on the ship he had to leave them behind.

"We did a lot of sightseeing in Manila, it was a lot of fun," Gary said. In Manila he remembers a poignant trip to the military cemetery there where World War II soldiers were buried. He also remembers playing a round of golf or two in Subic as well.

While the small IC room might seem a comfortable place to work some of the maintenance work took members of the IC crew to very tight and hot places. To maintain the "sword", which provided the ships speed throughout the ship meant squeezing between the hull and a boiler in the engineering spaces.

"It was hotter than hell in there," Gary said.

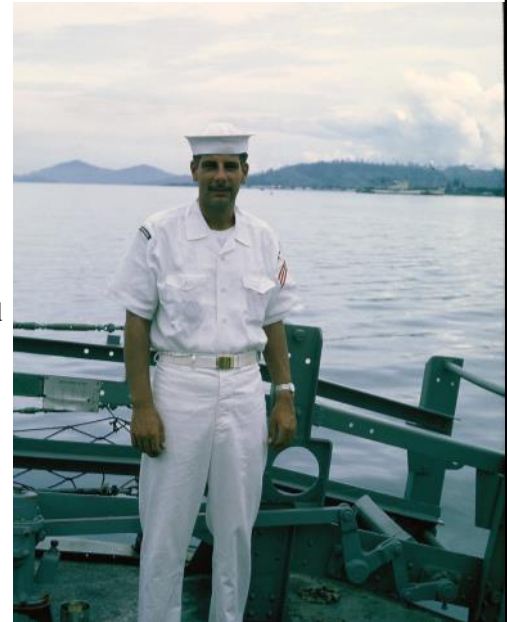
During maneuvers off Long Beach, Gary had to be helicoptered off the Cogswell to deal with an emergency case of appendicitis. Being lifted off the fantail in a small chair from a pitching deck was an experience that he has never forgotten.

Gary also remembers learning to play poker games which he believes were held in the electricians' shop near the aft berthing quarters.

During bad weather he remembered heading to the flying bridge to watch the green water come over the bow. "I always wanted to see how much spray would reach me up there."

Outdoor deck barbeques, especially those held far out at sea, were also fondly remembered by Gary.

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Memories from Sickbay

Don Libey HM1 (68-69)



Don Libey and his partner Andrea Stewart. *"She was the girl who broke my heart and caused me to enlist; 43 years later, she found me and we've been together for the last 12 years."*

During my ten years of active duty, I was aboard three WWII DDs and an LSD, all out of San Diego, and all with WestPac cruises. Looking back, I spent about eight years out of the US, including a tour at Naval Hospital Yokosuka and Naval Dispensary Yokohama, as well as time with the Marines in Viet Nam.

Nothing compares to the time aboard the DDs, especially Cogswell. There was just something more 'Navy' about the tin cans. And, there was also the wacky side of the Navy that we laugh about when watching such hilarious old films as *Operation Petticoat* and *Mr. Roberts*.

The Hospital Corpsmen aboard DDs were qualified as Independent Duty Corpsmen. They were trained to serve aboard ships without doctors and to provide all of the medical care for the crew members, both routine and, if necessary, combat related. We were the equivalent of today's Physician Assistants, licensed to practice medicine and surgery under the supervision of MDs. All of the destroyer fleet HMs were either First Class or Chief. There were only about 120 Independent Duty HMs in the entire Navy in the 60s.

Most crew members are not aware of the fact that DDs had all the equipment needed for a complete operating room to treat multiple injured. It could be set up quickly in the Ward Room using the table for operating and we carried all of the supplies and instruments for anaesthesia, abdominal and chest surgery, limb surgery, burn care, transfusions, and—yes—embalming. Most of the crew only knew the routine sickbay when they needed treatment for colds, flu, hangovers, suturing for lacerations sustained in bar fights, steam burns, those painful little burning problems that seemed to occur three to five days after leaving port that responded well to penicillin injections, and other minor ailments. But, we were trained and ready for the serious problems, too, if they happened; usually they did not.

But sickbay had a hidden side, as well, a side that was driven by human compassion as well as a little mischief. On every ship, whenever we deployed or went on extended maneuvers, there was a period of a week after leaving San Diego when "Doc" was called upon by a number of the older crew members, almost always Chiefs and, now and then, an older officer, to "get them through." This was a euphemism for dispensing a couple of shots of grain alcohol in the morning and evening to "steady their nerves" for a few days or until they were adjusted to being off the booze while at sea. The "Docs" *knew* their shipmates; they had their medical records and they were trained to observe. The serious and non-functioning alcoholics were always referred ashore for treatment, but the functional alcoholics only needed a few days to "acclimate" once again to life at sea and they would be fine, and the corpsmen took care of that process. How we did it is interesting.

We carried about twenty gallons total of grain alcohol, good old 190 proof, in locked compartments, both in sickbay and in our on-deck and below-deck medical storage lockers. It was used to make cough syrups and other prescription remedies: the old Brown's Mix when the cough was productive, and another cough suppressant the equivalent of Robitussin when the cough did not produce sputum. We also manufactured ETH, or Elixir of Terpin Hydrate for coughs and ETH with Codeine for uncontrollable coughing. And we manufactured aboard ship a variety of prescription mixtures, tinctures and elixirs containing alcohol as needed. All of this alcohol was controlled and inventoried. We would write and sign a prescription each time we dispensed alcohol and the Captain was required to countersign the prescriptions and verify the inventory records every month.

During the first day out of port, we made cough syrup for the month ahead. That batch, however, only had about a quarter of a gallon of alcohol instead of the full gallon called for in the recipe (we made it in five-gallon batches). We diverted three-quarters of a gallon of 190 proof alcohol to be used for early morning and late night visits to sickbay when a one-ounce paper cup of "nerve steadier" would be handed to each of the old hands stopping by who needed it. You had

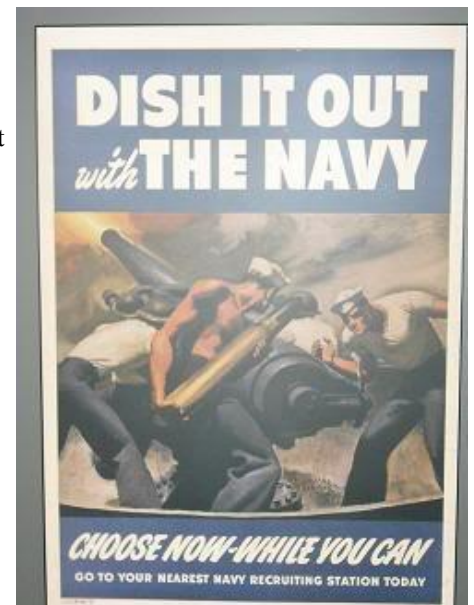


(Continued on page 16)

A Sailor's Thoughts: Some random and rambling thoughts accumulated from various quarters over the years. A bit of introspection from an "older" sailor.

Submitted by Michael Moore

- ◆ A sailor will walk 10 miles in a freezing rain to get a beer but complain mightily about standing a 4 hour quarterdeck watch on a beautiful, balmy spring day.
- ◆ A sailor will lie and cheat to get off the ship early and then will have no idea where he wants to go.
- ◆ Sailors are territorial. They have their assigned spaces to clean and maintain. Woe betide the shipmate who tracks through a freshly swabbed deck.
- ◆ Sailors constantly complain about the food on the mess decks while concurrently going back for second or third helpings.
- ◆ Some sailors have taken literally the old t-shirt saying that they should "Join the Navy. Sail to distant ports. Catch embarrassing, exotic diseases."
- ◆ After a sea cruise, I realized how much I missed being at sea. We are now considering a Med cruise visiting some of my past favorite ports. Of course I'll have to pony up better than \$5,000 for the privilege. To think, Uncle Sam actually had to pay me to visit those same ports 50 years ago.
- ◆ You can spend two years on a ship and never visit every nook and cranny or even every major space aboard. Yet, you can know all your shipmates.
- ◆ Campari and soda taken in the warm Spanish sun is an excellent hangover remedy.
- ◆ E5 is the almost perfect military pay grade. Too senior to catch the crap details, too junior to be blamed if things go awry.
- ◆ Never be first, never be last and never volunteer for anything.
- ◆ Almost every port has a "gut." An area teeming with cheap bars, easy women and partiers. Kind of like Bourbon St., but with foreign currency.
- ◆ If the Guardia Civil tell you to "Alto," you'd best alto, right now. Same goes for the Carabinieri, gendarmes and other assorted police forces. You could easily find yourself in that port's hoosegow. Or shot.
- ◆ Contrary to popular belief, Chief Petty Officers do not walk on water. They walk just above it.
- ◆ Sad but true, when visiting even the most exotic ports of call, some sailors only see the inside of the nearest pub.
- ◆ Also under the category of sad but true, that lithe, sultry Mediterranean beauty you spent those wonderful three days with and have dreamed about ever since, is almost certainly a grandmother now and buying her clothes from Omar the Tent maker.
- ◆ A sailor can, and will, sleep anywhere, anytime.
- ◆ Do not eat Mafunga, ever!
- ◆ Yes, it's true, it does flow downhill.
- ◆ In the traditional "crackerjack" uniform you were recognized as a member of United States Navy, no matter what port you were in. Damn all who want to eliminate or change that uniform.
- ◆ The Marine dress blue uniform is, by far, the sharpest of all the armed forces.
- ◆ Most sailors won't disrespect a shipmate's mother. On the other hand, it's not entirely wise to tell them you have a good looking sister.
- ◆ Sailors and Marines will generally fight one another, and fight together against all comers.
- ◆ If you can at all help it, never tell anyone that you are seasick.
- ◆ Check the rear dungaree pockets of a sailor. Right pocket a wallet. Left pocket a book.
- ◆ The guys who seemed to get away with doing the least, always seemed to be first in the pay line and the chow line.
- ◆ General Quarters drills and the need to evacuate one's bowels often seem to coincide.
- ◆ Speaking of which, when the need arises, the nearest head is always the one which is secured for cleaning.
- ◆ Three people you never screw with: the doc, the paymaster and the ship's barber.
- ◆ In the summer, all deck seamen wanted to be signalmen. In the winter they wanted to be radarmen.
- ◆ Do snipes ever get the grease and oil off their hands?



(Continued on page 12)

“The Living Ship”

By James L. Smith (QM 66-67)

To the non-sailor a warship may appear to be a large hunk of floating steel. To the uninformed a destroyer might appear to be a lifeless waterborne killing machine.

But don't tell that to sailor who lives aboard her. For the sailor knows that his ship is much more than a machine. It is his home, it is his profession and for a period of time – his life.

The sailor loves her like a second mother and will defend her honor with the same vigor he would his first. He and his shipmates will at times curse her for the trouble she causes, but let someone outside the family curse her and he will throw down and defend her.

From the time she first stirs to life at her commissioning until she finally comes to rest at the end of her life she embraces each and every sailor who steps aboard.

Her galley will feed him, her spaces will bed him and the head will relieve him. In turn, the sailor will tend to her every need. He will scrape and paint her, grease and fuel her, steer and aim her and generally give as good as he gets.

In her bowels the sailors will feed her and keep her healthy and from her bridge the sailors will steer and guide her to safety – and danger. They will sail with fleets of friends and battle with enemies and while they love the sea, they look forward to the rest of a pier.

Together they will share fair and foul weather and visit exotic ports. Together they will make history and memories and like a first love, the sailor will never forget her, even when she is scrapped or sunk.

At times she will belch, fart and make more noise than a popular sports bar on a football Saturday. There will be days that she is quiet and compliant and days she is obstinate and noisy. At times a sailor will hate her and other times he will love her and it will appear that she feels the same way about him.

For a sailor is welded to his ship almost as tightly as her deck plates to her frame.

At sea she is like a great metal horse. Even with the mechanical reins in the hands of her sailors a ship will sometimes buck and rear and threaten to exert her will on an angry sea. But like that great well-trained horse, she will almost always respond to the gently prodding of the reins and walk, trot, cantor and gallop like she's told.

When her days are over and she is returned to her lifeless condition or worse, the sailors who once sailed her will never think of her as anything but a long lost friend. The bond they shared from the days they lived and toiled on her will keep them as friends for as long as they live.

After all, they each gave some of the best years of their life to each other.

“A hunk of steel,” “lifeless” - Not a chance.



(Continued from page 11) Moore

- ◆ Never play a drinking game which involves the loser paying for all the drinks.
- ◆ There are only two good ships: the one you came from and the one you're going to.
- ◆ Whites, coming from the cleaners, clean, pressed and starched, last that way about 30 microseconds after donning them. The Navy dress white uniform is a natural dirt magnet.
- ◆ Sweat pumps operate in direct proportion to the seniority of the official visiting.
- ◆ Skill, daring and science will always win out over horseshit, superstition and luck.
- ◆ We train in peace so that in time of war the greater damage will be upon our enemies and not upon ourselves.
- ◆ "Pride and professionalism" trumps "Fun and zest" any day.
- ◆ The shrill call of a bosun's pipe still puts a chill down my spine.
- ◆ Three biggest lies in the Navy: We're happy to be here; this is not an inspection; we're here to help.
- ◆ Everything goes in the log.
- ◆ Rule 1: The Captain is always right. Rule 2: When in doubt refer to Rule 1.
- ◆ A wet napkin under your tray keeps the tray from sliding on the mess deck table in rough seas, keeping at least one hand free to hold on to your beverage.
- ◆ Never walk between the projector and the movie screen after the flick has started.
- ◆ A guy who doesn't share a care package from home is no shipmate.
- ◆ When transiting the ocean, the ship's chronometer is always advanced at 0200 which makes for a short night. When going in the opposite direction, the chronometer is retarded at 1400 which extends the work day.

If I had to do it all over again, I would. Twice. When I sleep, I often dream I am back at sea.

Navy Speak 101 (The Navy Department Library)

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| HE KNOWS THE ROPES | When we say someone knows the ropes we infer that he knows his way around at sea and is quite capable of handling most nautical problems. Through the years the phrase's meaning has changed somewhat. Originally, the statement was printed on a seaman's discharge to indicate that he knew the names and primary uses of the main ropes on board ship. In other words, "This man is a novice seaman and knows only the basics of seamanship." |
| HORSE LATITUDES | The words of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "Idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" well describe a sailing ship's situation when it entered the horse latitudes. Located near the West Indies between 30 and 40 degrees north latitude, these waters were noted for unfavorable winds that becalmed cattle ships heading from Europe to America. Often ships carrying horses would have to cast several overboard to conserve drinking water for the rest as the ship rode out the unfavorable winds. Because so many horses and other cattle were tossed to the sea, the area came to be known as the "horse latitudes." |
| IN THROUGH THE HAWSEPIPE | Sometimes we hear an old chief petty officer claim he came into the Navy through the hawsepipe and it makes one wonder if he is referring to some early enlistment program. Actually, it was an enlistment program of sorts; it means a person is salty and savvies the ways of the sea because he began his nautical career on the lowest ladder of the deck force. A hawsepipe or hawsehole, incidentally, is a hole in the bow of the ship through which the anchor chain runs. |
| JACOB'S LADDER | A jacob's ladder is a portable ladder made of rope or metal and used primarily as an aid in boarding ship. Originally, the jacob's ladder was a network of line leading to the skysail on wooden ships. The name alludes to the biblical Jacob reputed to have dreamed that he climbed a ladder to the sky. Anyone who has ever tried climbing a jacob's ladder while carrying a seabag can appreciate the allusion. It does seem that the climb is long enough to take one into the next world. |
| KEELHAUL | To be keelhailed today is merely to be given a severe reprimand for some infraction of the rules. As late as the 19th century, however, it meant the extreme. It was a dire and often fatal torture employed to punish offenders of certain naval laws. An offender was securely bound both hand and foot and had heavy weights attached to his body. He was then lowered over the ship's side and slowly dragged along under the ship's hull. If he didn't drown -- which was rare -- barnacles usually ripped him, causing him to bleed to death. |

Navy Speak 101 (Cont'd)

| | |
|----------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| KNOT | <p>The term knot or nautical mile, is used world-wide to denote one's speed through water. Today, we measure knots with electronic devices, but 200 years ago such devices were unknown. Ingenious mariners devised a speed measuring device both easy to use and reliable: the "log line." From this method we get the term "knot." The log line was a length of twine marked at 47.33-foot intervals by colored knots. At one end of fastened a log chip; it was shaped like the sector of a circle and weighted at the rounded end with lead. When thrown over the stern, it would float pointing upward and would remain relatively stationary. The log line was allowed to run free over the side for 28 seconds and then hauled on board. Knots which has passed over the side were counted. In this way the ship's speed was measured.</p> |
| LOG BOOK | <p>Today any bound record kept on a daily basis aboard ship is called a "log." Originally, records were kept on the sailing ships by inscribing information onto shingles cut from logs and hinged so they opened like books. When paper became more readily available, "log books" were manufactured from paper and bound. Shingles were relegated to naval museums -- but the slang term stuck.</p> |
| MASTER-AT-ARMS | <p>The master-at-arms rating is by no means a modern innovation. Naval records show that these "sheriffs of the sea" were keeping order as early as the reign of Charles I of England. At that time they were charged with keeping the swords, pistols, carbines and muskets in good working order as well as ensuring that the bandoliers were filled with fresh powder before combat. Besides being chiefs of police at sea, the sea corporals, as they were called in the British Navy, had to be qualified in close order fighting under arms and able to train seamen in hand-to-hand combat. In the days of sail, the MAAs were truly "masters at arms." The master-at-arms in the US Navy can trace the beginning of his rate to the Union Navy of the Civil War.</p> |
| MIDSHIPMEN | <p>"Midshipmen" originally referred to the youngsters aboard British Navy vessels who were in training to become naval officers. Their primary duties included carrying orders from the officers, quartered in the stern, to the crew, quartered in the fo'c'sle. The repeated scampering through the middle part of the ship earned them the name "midshipmen" and the nickname "middle." Naval Academy students and Navy Reserve Officer Training Candidates are still called midshipment because, just like their counterparts of old, they are in training to become officers in the sea service. It is interesting to note that mids (the term middle went out of use only recently) back in the days of sail could begin their naval careers at the ripe old age of eight.</p> |

(Continued from page 9) GARY PHILLIPS

During stops in Hong Kong Gary recalls heading to the floating restaurants in Aberdeen and the Peak tram that took you to the highest point above the bustling Asian city.

Gary was born in Southern California and grew up in Hermosa Beach. After classes in junior college he got a job at Northrop's Aircraft Division in Hawthorne, California. Not wanting to end up in the Army, Gary left Northrop where he was in shop floor control and enlisted in the Navy.

After his tour of duty was over he rejoined the company where he worked in Production Control and later in the Master Scheduling Department where he worked until his retirement in 1995.

In addition to a long career, Northrop was also where he met his wife, Mary. The couple will have been married 43 years in September 2014. Following their retirement they decided to relocate from Southern California to Idaho. They rented for a year to make sure they could handle the major weather change. The weather didn't pose a problem and the couple had a home built in Meridian, Idaho which is near Boise.

Before settling down in Meridian, Gary and Mary made a lot of excursions in a travel trailer. The couple's son, David, and daughter-in-law, Sarah live in nearby Nampa, Idaho.

North to Alaska

By George Overman

One of the things on my bucket list when I retired was to take the Alaska Marine Highway ferry from Bellingham WA to Skagway AK. Well this item came to fruition recently when I left CA on this nearly month long trip. Planning for this journey began almost a year in advance as the ferries get booked well in advance during the summer months. I booked my trip in October 2013.

I originally considered taking my motorhome on the ferry, but after reviewing the costs of this endeavor I decided against. So, I left the motorhome in WA state and put my tow car on the ship. Of course I knew there would be a couple of folks I wanted to stop and visit along the way, and one very important person who was going to store my beast until I came back from AK.

My first stop was a visit with Don & Arlene Miller (MM 56-60) in Grants Pass OR. Don and Arlene live in a beautiful house adjacent to a very nice golf course. (Living large) Don took me for a ride to the club house in his personal golf cart. Later we went out to dinner with another friend of theirs and had a very nice time. The picture is of me, Arlene & Don on their back porch.



My second stop was breakfast with Frank Wille (Officer 63-65) near Oregon City OR. Frank found a Holiday Inn near where he lived so I had room to park the beast. Again, we had nice conversation and a wonderful buffet breakfast. They even had biscuits and gravy! By the way Frank was my OC division officer for a portion of 1965. He must have been OK because we still talk with each other!

And lastly, the parking place for the beast for almost three weeks. I approached Jay Atkinson (BT 57-59) several months before, knowing he had some kind of farm in the area where I would board the ferry. Jay lives in Maple Valley WA. We emailed a few times and spoke on the phone and finally got it all figured out. When I showed up at the "ranch" Jay and his son Jay both helped me get parked, leveled up and hooked up to electric to keep the batteries charged. I even have a new doggy friend named Diesel. Of course, it always helps to keep dog treats handy. I failed to get a picture of the Jays, so I had to use something I had in the file. This is Jay and his wife Nancy taken at our Boise reunion. I'm still trying to get Jay and his wife to come to the San Diego reunion.



After leaving the Atkinson spread, I headed for Bellingham to board the ferry. Three days in Wrangle AK, two days in Juneau AK, and three days in Skagway AK.. Raining and cold nearly the entire time. However, I DID IT! Then there was the three day drive back from Skagway to the U.S. border over roads that need a lot of work. It was roughly 1600 miles to the border. I picked up the motorhome and headed back to Southern CA. Now I have to plan my next adventure.

If anyone is interested in stories and pictures of this trip let me know and I can give you a webpage address to explore.

(Continued from page 10) Libey

to get your sh*t together by the end of the week however, because we would not carry anyone past that point. And we did not tolerate sneaking bottles of booze on board. We knew when that happened. Well, some of the time we knew. Truthfully, we probably seldom knew, but we were alert.

Other times during cruises, especially during the Christmas Holiday, the “Doc” would have a little party of an evening, usually in sick bay. Generally, we would invite the senior cook, a buddy in supply, the yeoman, the Chief Master at Arms, and others of our “connections.” “Cookie” brought some cookies and grapefruit sections and juice in big cans from the galley and we made punch using “surplus” grain alcohol. Usually a small Christmas tree was constructed out of wire and cotton balls and carols were sung, punch was drunk, and cookies were enjoyed and everyone got a bit mellow. I remember at least four Christmases at sea and all were appropriately celebrated.

Other sickbay pastimes included a weekly game of blackjack for cash on the operating room table with four guys playing while sitting on medical examining stools. One night, repeated yells of “Hit Me!” must have floated up through the ventilators because I got a message from the Captain whose quarters were above sick bay and he said, “Doc, check out what’s going on below. There’s a fight somewhere and someone may be hurt. I can hear a bunch of guys yelling “Hit Me” but nobody’s falling down.” The game quickly broke up after that.

One of the Corpsman’s responsibilities was inspecting the “quality and quantity” of the food served in both the mess decks and the Ward Room. That was an express requirement of the Regulations of the Bureau of Medicine (BUMED). Food inspection was one of my favourite duties. Every evening, I would amble up to the Ward Room Galley where I would have a plate or two of whatever was being prepared by the Stewards for the Officer’s evening meal. The Stewards always passed the nutritional inspection and almost always the sanitation inspections, as well. Those fellows sure could cook. It’s good to be the Chief Steward’s friend.

Then there was the Supply Officer on one of the ships (I won’t mention which one) who delighted in giving me a bunch of lip every time I found problems with sanitation in the galley or the laundry or other spaces that were under his division.

Now, you have to remember that whenever the HM reported aboard a new ship, the first person he reported to was the Captain. We were considered to be his Medical Department and actually acted as the Medical Department Head. We attended Evening Reports every night with all of the Division Officers and had a private and confidential meeting every day—in port or at sea—with the CO to report on the health and welfare of the crew and the sanitary condition of the ship. When I came aboard each ship every Captain said the exact same thing: “Doc, I want the cleanest, healthiest DD in the squadron; sanitation and health are your problems.” And I would reply, “You got it, Captain. Just leave me alone, back me up, and I’ll get you a 4.0 squadron inspection.” And I would. And every Captain left me alone to do my job. Which is the reason, I found out later, why I was never assigned shore duty; I was the “fixer” for the squadron destroyer Captains when it came to sanitation, nutrition and medical readiness. They talked among themselves and passed me around from ship to ship, and I’d clean them up and square away the medical readiness. They were *never* going to let me escape those old Fletcher Class tin cans.

Anyway, this supply officer and I did not get along and he was becoming a real thorn in my side. He was young, a reserve j.g., single and arrogant. And then we went into Olongapo in the Philippines where we spent the better part of ten days on liberty. The young lieutenant sampled the delights, apparently several of them. Three days out of Olongapo and he was itching. Using the old wooden tongue blade and flashlight exam, I checked out his nether regions and there the little critters were, running back and forth through the brush. I smiled and said, “Lieutenant, I’m going to have to shave every hair from your body in order to get rid of these.” He went to the Ward Room an hour later a *totally* bald young man, from his feet to his head; there wasn’t a hair left on his body. He was made by his fellow officers to take his meals in his stateroom for a week where he was to reflect on the proper decorum of an officer of the line. He never gave me any problems after that and we lived in harmony. Now and then, he would drop by sickbay with a box of geedunks. Nice kid.

Again, most of the shipmates were not aware of it, but I never held sick call at a specific time. Sickbay was open and available 24 hours a day. While a fairly small space, it had a good operating room table with a very comfortable mattress. There was a small urinal for lab samples and a large fresh water sink for surgical scrubbing, and a small, well-stocked refrigerator with a decent choice of cheeses, fruit and soft drinks alongside the supply of vaccines. There was a comfortable desk and two chairs, lots of medical books and other literature and, of course, excellent lighting. So, with all of the needed creature comforts present, I always lived in sick bay and slept on the operating room table. It was my own stateroom. And, if someone was sick during the night, all they had to do was knock and I opened up and took care of them. Life was large.

This always required making the sick bay space a bit more comfortable. One of the first things I would always do when going to a new ship was to carpet the sick bay. This stunt was pulled off on three different destroyers. I would take my HM striker, usually an apprentice, and while we were in port at 52nd Street we would leave the ship and go to the minesweeper docks and select a likely-looking minesweeper for harvesting the carpet. Going aboard, we would announce to the Officer of the Deck that we were Base Sanitation coming aboard to inspect the galley. Then my striker and I would head for the Ward Room. On a minesweeper these were about the size of sick bay and were always carpeted and kept nice and clean. We would announce to the OD that we had found an infestation of roaches and that we would have to remove the carpet in order to treat the Ward Room that evening and we would be

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16) Libey

back later with the spray. We then cut out the minesweeper's Ward Room carpet, rolled it up, departed the ship, and headed back to our destroyer. We then glued down the carpet in sick bay and trimmed it to fit perfectly and had a soft and comfortable sick bay/stateroom for the duration. One of the COs came through sickbay on an inspection, looked at the carpet and said, "Nice carpet, Doc. I wish I had one of those for my quarters." I used to chuckle when we were at sea, thinking about some poor minesweeper CO coming in the next morning and wondering, "Where the hell is my carpet?"

Now and then, always at sea, a special request would come from the Old Man, and on almost every ship. Usually they would ask that I come to their quarters and I would hustle up and stand tall. Sometimes we were on airplane guard, or we were shelling the coast of Viet Nam and the Captain had been on the bridge for days. He was tired. Each CO that asked, requested for the same thing: something to keep them awake. That was Dexedrine in those days. So, I'd go back to sick bay and make the Captain a few large gel capsules containing sugar and a good dose of granulated stool softener, essentially placebos. He would swear me to secrecy, take his "upper," and the next day he would swear he felt 100% better, was full of energy, and wide awake. Hopefully, he was also more regular. We did what we could.

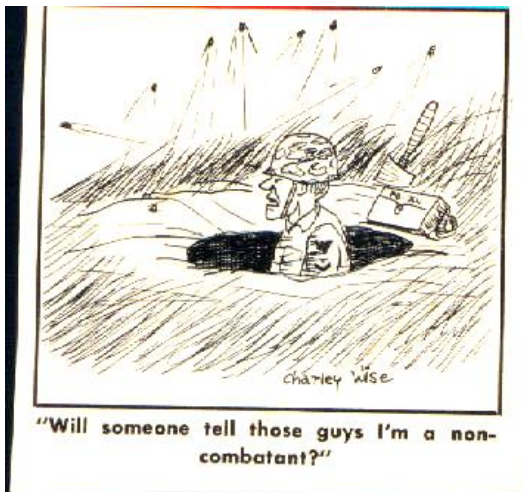
And then there were the roaches. Most of you never got to really see the roaches, only a glimpse of a few each day. One of my jobs was to control the roach population by spraying all of the food preparation spaces, all of the berthing spaces, and all of the sanitary spaces (heads), almost nightly. We used Malathion as the roach control spray, a chemical that has since been shown to be fairly toxic to humans in small amounts. We used *gallons* of that stuff every week.

The roaches lived and bred behind the lagging on the bulkheads. The lagging was, of course, made of asbestos, another delightful product of our past. You would go into the garbage locker or the main galley on the mess decks at, say, 0300, when it was dark and quiet. You'd stand in the dark and listen to the sound of scurrying roaches and then, suddenly, turn on the overhead lights . . . and there they would be . . . thousands of indestructible roaches running around in the bright light trying to get back to the dark behind the lagging. And, the galley would then be well-sprayed with Malathion, and the roaches would thrive on the stuff and develop their immunity to super-strength levels . . . and I'd do it all over again the next night. All over the ship. And, during the day, when you were all turned to, I'd spray your sleeping compartments once every week. Good old Cogswell has long ago been scrapped somewhere in Turkey, and I guarantee you those roaches are *still there and still alive and doing well!*

There are a hundred stories . . . every one unique and most still produce a smile with the memory. I remember specific people on specific ships, their illnesses, minor surgeries I did, the ones we had to highline off to another ship with more medical capabilities, the ones we took in the launch ashore in Viet Nam for emergency surgery. Lots of memories; all mostly good. It was all a long time ago. Now, at age seventy-one, retired in Florida, swimming every day and enjoying a great life, I would go back to sea in a heartbeat on a destroyer, if I had a heart that was in any kind of condition to do so. It was exciting and they were good days. And we were *tin can* sailors.

Biography

Don Libey is a former HM1 (reserve HMC) who was aboard Cogswell in 1968-1969. He was on active duty for ten years, leaving the Navy in 1970. He became a licensed Physicians Assistant and specialized in cardiac surgery. He then became a Public Health Administrator and assisted in developing the Trauma Center System across the U.S. with four other ex-Navy Public Health professionals. He left the medical field in the 1980s, completed his Masters Degree in Ancient Oriental Literature and became a professional Intermediary, buying and selling middle-level corporations. He retired in 2010. He has 17 published books and he produces several brands of fine wine in Sonoma County, California and lives in Ocala, Florida.





changed a lot for our day. It appears that it was there for sailors during World War II, Korea and Vietnam and all the times in between, but likely lost its mission when Admiral Zumwalt relaxed the rules about civvies being kept by enlisted personnel on ships in the 70s.

I also remember they had some kind of machine that would mechanically roll the neckerchief so it looked like an “old salt” and not some green sailor. They also had souvenir stuff available for purchase as well. As I recall we referred to that as “snake rolled” and we would carefully lift it over our heads and under our jumper flap so that it would stay in shape for as long as possible.

As I recall in addition to the lockers you could rent, they offered a number of services that including tailoring and cleaning of uniforms and a restaurant. Among the photos I found online about the Seven Seas includes a rather risqué one that includes a nude woman and a sailor and was apparently one of the advertising signs for the Seven Seas.

The neighborhood around the Seven Seas, although inviting for a young single sailor, was a little rough around the edges as I recall. The businesses including tattoo parlors and “dance” establishments.

With the shore patrol lurking everywhere, it just made sense to stop at Seven Seas as soon as possible to change out of the dress uniforms and try (not always successfully) blend in with the civilian population.

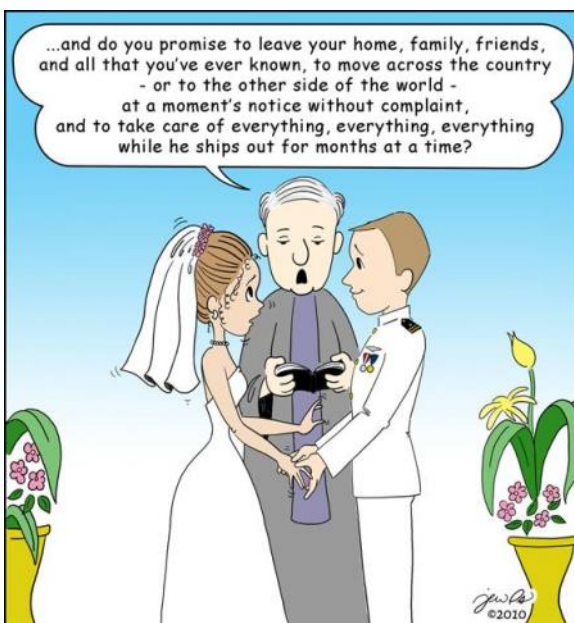
Once in town I remember killing time at a Pacific Beach apartment that a bunch of us rented and then when that place got too crowded, owing to the many renters heading to an all-night downtown theater where more than likely I slept the night away instead of watching the movie.

At that time anything was better than returning too early to the ship.

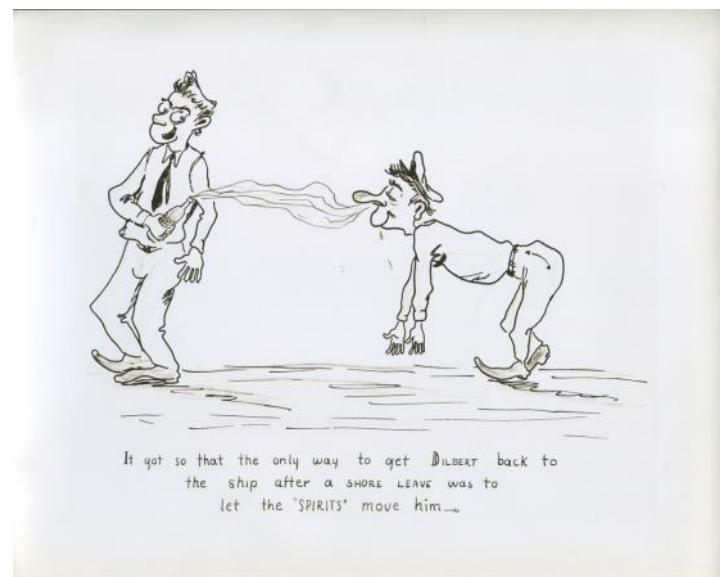
After a night or a weekend away on liberty it would be back to the Seven Seas to get back in uniform and then back to the ship on a city bus. Sometimes my weekend liberty took me home to Los Angeles. I was one of the fortunate ones who grew up near San Diego.

But the Greyhound bus trip was long, unless you caught the express and I usually didn't get home to La Crescenta until 11 p.m. on a Friday and of course, had to start the trek back home Sunday night. It was a lot of work and time for just a weekend away.

It would be interesting for all of us to remember our experiences in San Diego (the ones we can tell in front of our wives and family) for future newsletters. Please feel free to send those recollections to me via my e-mail at jlsmediaservices@gmail.com.



The Scuttlebutt



August 2014

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(Continued from page 8) Baker

the Braine.

“Money was tight and we couldn’t buy things, but the flagship could,” Baker said. They hid the brooms and swabs in a storage room on the Cogswell. A search by the master at arms and a division officer off the Braine failed to turn up the missing items.

Baker enlisted in the Navy in October 1959 as a “kiddy cruiser” and was discharged off the Cogswell in March 1963. He married his wife, Bettie in Winnemucca, Nevada in 1963. Two of their four children were born in Winnemucca the other two were born in Idaho. For the next six years Chuck worked as a civilian in the mining and construction field in Nevada and Idaho.

It was an odd twist of fate that brought Baker back into the Navy. While working in a gold mine out of Winnemucca his boss picked up him on his job and told him that the FBI was at the office waiting for him. The FBI was there to find out why Baker had failed to register with the draft board after he left the Navy.

“He had kind of a beady eye look and asked me a thousand questions,” Baker said.

As it turned out Baker had wondered why he never received his official Navy discharge and the FBI agent explained they were holding it until they investigated his draft status. As it turned out, Baker had registered at a draft board in Idaho and the FBI had been looking for his registration out of a California office. Baker drove the agent to his house and showed him his draft card and that ended his “most wanted status” with the FBI.

One day while making a trip to his union office in Idaho and finding it closed for lunch he walked to a nearby Navy recruiting office to see if they could help him get his final discharge papers. While there they asked him what he was doing for work and when they found out he was in construction they successfully motivated him to reenlist as a Seabees.

His work in Idaho had him drilling holes and fighting three foot snow drifts and when the recruiters told him he would likely be going to Vietnam he had just one question.

“Does it snow in Vietnam?” he asked. When they said it didn’t snow there he said: “Maybe I ought to go.”

When he left the Navy in 1963 he was a seaman and the recruiters told him he would go back in as a third class petty officer.

Baker found himself back in the Navy and fairly soon on his way to Vietnam as part of the Mobil Construction Battalion 133 during two 9-month tours. His first tour was in Phu Loc, which was I Corps, working on a main highway between the DMZ and Saigon, a road called QL-1. He came home for a six month training and then returned to the Delta area where he worked with a 13-man Civic Action Team (CB Team 133-07) training construction skills to former Viet Cong fighters who voluntarily surrendered.

As part of his duties he taught the dozen or so former Viet Cong soldiers how to construct school houses out of concrete blocks.

During his time in country his camps came under fire twice in I Corps and once in the Delta. He earned the Navy Combat Ribbon for that action.

His family, back home in Gulfport, Mississippi saw a little action as well. While Baker was in Vietnam his wife, Bettie and four children had to ride out Hurricane Camille.

Besides his Vietnam duty, Baker, who retired as a Senior Chief Equipment Operator in 1993, served stints in Japan, Guam, Hawaii, Italy, San Diego, Port Hueneme, the Naval Air Station in Fallon, Nevada, Colorado Springs, La maddalena Sardinia Italy and Washington DC.

The Navy also helped him obtain his high school diploma which he didn’t have when he enlisted back in 1959. He obtained his high school diploma at the Army-Navy Academy in San Diego at the urging of his Division officer.

Later, after he retired in 1993 he went back to college and obtained and associates degree in cabinet making and woodworking.

Baker, 72, a native of San Diego was raised in cities around California and moved to Jerome Idaho when he was in Jr. High School. The San Diego Cogswell reunion will be his third reunion.

After retiring from the Navy and obtaining his associate’s degree, Baker went to work as a Transportation Manager with Brown and Root Services out of Houston. He spent four months in Haiti working on army camps.

Later with Kellogg, Brown and Root, Baker worked as a transportation manager in Kuwait and spent a little time in Iraq. He also worked for the Idaho Department of Labor and retired from that agency in February 2012.

Bettie, who also retired in February 2012, had obtained a Masters Degree in social work and worked with families and children in child protection and also as a mental health counselor.

Although none of his four children followed him into the service, one son came to visit Chuck on a Naval Base in La Maddalena off the Northern tip of Sardinia Italy after he graduated from college. He ended up working on the base with his commercial recreation management degree and continues to work for the Navy in Washington DC.

The Bakers, who live in Jerome, Idaho, have a son and daughter who also live in Jerome and another daughter living in Lincoln, Nebraska. They have four granddaughters, two great grandsons and a great granddaughter.

For fun, Bettie and Chuck have a camp sight in Island Park, Idaho which is 25 miles outside of West Yellowstone, Montana. They keep the second home there from late June until October. They also love to travel the U.S. or ATV in the mountains of Idaho.

**USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION
MAY/JUNE 2016 REUNION
EASTERN TIME ZONE**

Your executive committee made a preliminary selection of five cities for our May/June 2016 reunion. We are saying May/June because it will depend on where the reunion is held and other factors. (hotel rates, etc.)

After the five original cities were selected, they were contacted for information that we could use to narrow down our choices to three cities. Based on this information, the following three cities made the finalist list. However, it is up to our “active” members to vote their choice for the 2016 reunion.

Please look at all the information provided by each city and make your decision. You can mail this form back, or send an e-mail to Secretary@usscogswell.com with your choice. You may also wait until the reunion in San Diego. If you are present, we will have the information, which was provided by the CVB’s, available for review. You may vote by filling out this form after you review the information, but not later than Tuesday night, October 21. We will announce the winner at our banquet on Wednesday evening, October 22. Select **ONE** and **ONLY ONE** city. If more than one city is marked, or a **name is not listed**, the ballot will not be counted. If you think that your vote does not count, past selections have been decided by a run-off vote because of a tie between two cities.

(Please do NOT contact anyone at the listed CVB’s) The cities are *listed alphabetically*.

Name: _____ (Required)

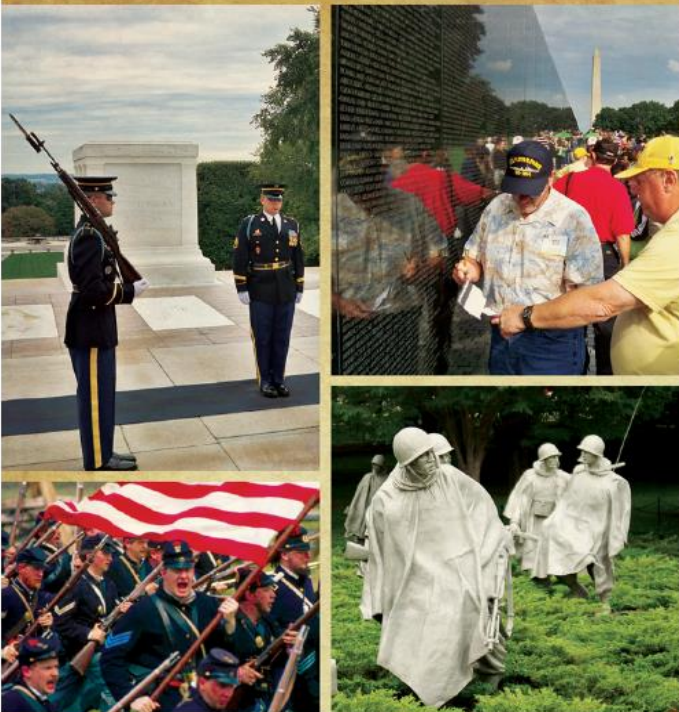
My vote for the 2016 reunion:

- Fairfax County VA (west of Wash D.C.)
- Kissimmee FL (Orlando area)
- Norfolk VA

Initials: _____

If returning by mail send form to:
USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION
PO BOX 6098
OCEANSIDE, CA 92052-6098





Fairfax County looks forward to welcoming

The USS Cogswell (DD-651) Association for your 2016 reunion

While you're here, you'll enjoy all of the great attractions of the National Capital area, including:

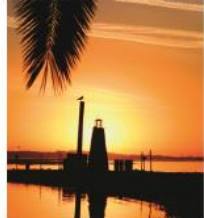
- The US Navy Memorial and Naval Heritage Center
- The US Navy Museum
- Arlington National Cemetery
- The World War II, Korean War, and Vietnam Veterans Memorials
- George Washington's Mount Vernon Estate and Gardens
- The Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Steven F. Udvar-Center
- The US Capitol & The White House
- The International Spy Museum
- Incredible shopping, championship golf courses, great entertainment, and outstanding dining

plus easy access, great hotels at great rates (\$ 89.00 - \$ 99.00), new Metrorail service, and much more!

Visit Fairfax stands ready to be of service to your group!



Fairfax County, Virginia
Connect with America



EXPERIENCE Kissimmee FLORIDA

Welcomes the USS Cogswell DD-651 Reunion

Kissimmee looks forward to saluting the Former Crew Members of the USS Cogswell DD-651 during their upcoming 2016 reunion. Make sure you are there to reconnect with friends and family, share the great stories and create new memories you'll enjoy for years to come.

Reunion Hotels

Kissimmee has a variety of hotels that offer great rates, hospitality rooms large enough for all, banquet and meeting space, and flexible contract concessions.

Kissimmee hotel rates per room, per night over May 2016 (ex. Memorial Day Weekend)

- **Ramada Gateway**
\$44 Inn Rooms
\$59 Tower Rooms
- **Park Inn by Radisson**
\$69 Per Night
- **Holiday Inn Orlando SW**
\$89 Includes Breakfast for 2
- **Radisson Resort**
\$99 includes Breakfast for 2



Fun in Central Florida

- **Theme Parks**
Walt Disney World®
SeaWorld®
Universal Orlando®
- **Excitement for Everyone**
Chocolate Kingdom Factory Tour
Airboat Rides & Lake Excursions
Old Town Entertainment District
Forever Florida Coach Safari
Nearby Kennedy Space Center
- **Dinner Shows**
Capone's
Medieval Times
Sleuth's Mystery Theatre
Pirates Dinner Adventure
- **Transportation**
Easy access to Orlando International Airport and major Central Florida highways and interstates



Reunion T-Shirts for Everyone

Everyone registered for the reunion and staying overnight at the host Kissimmee hotel will receive a commemorative reunion t-shirt including spouses, children and grandchildren.



MilitaryReunionsinKissimmee.com

Secure your next military reunion. Contact Jadeine Shives, Senior Sales Representative and Military Specialist today.
407-742-8255 • jshives@ExperienceKissimmee.com



NORFOLK, VA WANTS USS COGSWELL DD651 ASSOCIATION REUNION IN 2016!

Why Norfolk in 2016?

Conveniently situated in Southeastern Virginia, Norfolk is the cultural, financial and entertainment heart of the Virginia waterfront.

- Only hours from two-thirds (2/3) of the U.S. population.
- Norfolk International Airport (ORF) serves flights from hundreds of cities daily; non-stop services to 24 hubs; airport located 8 miles from downtown. Airlines include: American Airlines, Delta, Southwest, United and US Airways.
- The new Amtrak station is located in downtown Norfolk with direct routes to Richmond, Washington DC, New York City and Boston.



Norfolk's Military Attractions & Historic Sites

- The Armed Forces Memorial
- Cannonball Trail
- American Civil War Trails
- Fort Norfolk
- Hampton Roads Naval Museum
- The MacArthur Memorial
- Nauticus & Battleship *Wisconsin*
- Victory Rover Naval Base Cruises
- Naval Station Norfolk
- The Norfolk History Museum at Willoughby- Baylor House
- Spirit of Norfolk

Staying with us is Reunion Friendly

- Over 5,000 hotel rooms citywide available along with a wide variety of meeting and off-site event venues
- Room rates range from \$79 - \$149
- Complimentary parking offered at certain hotel properties
- Complimentary hospitality suite
- Airport shuttle provided at airport hotel locations
- Complimentary banquet space

Convention & Visitor Bureau Services

- Assist in securing lodging and hotel accommodations
- Provide itineraries for tours and activities
- Identify unique off-site event venues
- Coordination of welcome letters from city officials and dignitaries
- Recommend local vendors
- Complimentary information table or educational materials for members
- Coordinate site tours with Norfolk partners



Melissa Hopper

232 East Main Street | Norfolk, VA 23510
phone: 800-368-3097 | fax: 757-622-3663
email: mhopper@visitnorfolktoday.com
web: visitnorfolktoday.com



**USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION
PO BOX 6098
OCEANSIDE CA 92052-6098**

***We're on the Web:*
www.usscogswell.com**

Email: Secretary@usscogswell.com



Bath Maine, 1943—650 Caperton,
651 Cogswell, 652 Ingersoll, 653 Knapp.