

# THE SCUTTLEBUTT



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

Get all reunion details in the reunion brochure from  
Secretary@usscogswell.com  
or call 760-889-2216

### Typhoon

An excerpt from Jeff Noonan's book *The Long Escape*  
(FTG 58-61)



A few days after leaving Yokosuka, we were again slowly steaming back and forth between Formosa and mainland China. It was monotonous duty until one afternoon when we noticed that the sky had turned dark and ominous.

The Officer of the deck passed the word on the ship's speaker system that we should "Batten down all hatches and secure all loose equipment." There was some very bad weather on the horizon. We had seen storms before, of course, and we knew what to do. Each of us had certain areas to go to and make sure that everything loose was either put away or tied securely to something solid. We lowered all the hatches and made sure that all the doors were tightly closed. Then we went about our normal business, comfortable in the knowledge that we were living in an invincible environment.

I had the watch in the sonar shack that night from 4:00 p.m. until 8:00 p.m. Since the old sonar was useless in a storm like this, I spent a good part of the time on the bridge watching the storm come in. It was a typhoon and it seemed huge to my inexperienced eyes. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed continuously. The wind was pushing the rain so hard that it moved horizontally, driving at a speed that made it hurt when it hit your skin.

(Continued on page 16)

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**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](mailto:Secretary@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](mailto: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

### Reliving the past

By Frank Wille (Officer 63-65)

We all remember our days in San Diego aboard Cogswell. Hopefully, you remember it fondly. Now we have the opportunity to return to our old home port and relive those memories. Our upcoming reunion returns us to San Diego where we also held the 1999 reunion. Please make your reservations early to join us for this blast from the past. We'll have several exciting adventures in the area. For those of you who enjoyed the fire drill in Mobile, we'll try to find something to equal that - but no promises. We hope to be joined by a couple of our former Commanding Officers who live in the area.

We are continuing to find new members but the pace has slowed dramatically. We still welcome members willing to help us track down former crewmembers. If you are willing to help, please contact George Overman who will give you a manageable list of names.

This newsletter contains several biographies of fellow shipmates. We welcome stories about your time aboard Cogswell and your life afterward. Contact Jim Smith who is helping us with these great sea stories.



Lyna Low & Frank Wille

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

### Unofficial US Navy Certificates

[www.history.navy.mil](http://www.history.navy.mil)  
Submitted by Mack Stringfield (EM 65-66)

There are serious ones, humorous ones and unusual ones. But any sailor worth their salt will never rest until they have a scrapbook full of them.

They are the unofficial certificates that document where a sailor has been, what they have done, and most importantly, what they are - a Shellback or a Blue Nose or a Mossback or a Double Centurion. Or even a Goldfish or Sea Squatter.

On any noteworthy occasion - and perhaps on some that might be otherwise forgotten - somebody in the crew is sure to spend hours at a drawing board to create a memorable certificate, replete with salty language, drawings of mermaids and tritons and anchors and chains, and the signature of Neptunus Rex or some other high potentate. And forever after, the crew of that ship will treasure their copies as they treasure their rating badges.

Nowadays it's all in fun and without official

recognition. But mariners of earlier years, when it all began, were in earnest. As all sailors knew well, Neptune, god of the sea, was fickle. He played an important role in ancient rituals just as he does in today's initiations into the Orders of the Deep. At his slightest whim, Neptune, it was believed, might throw a storm into the path of a ship that would splinter her oars and spars like matchwood, or cast her onto the rocky coast.

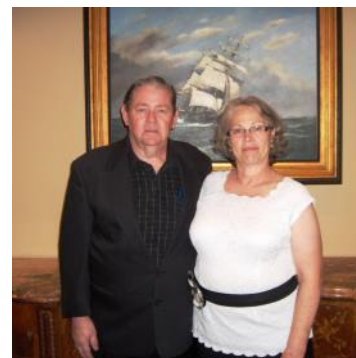
And that was when he was feeling playful. What would the dread deity bring to a crew if, Zeus forbid, they made him angry?

The superstitions of the sea provided for ways to stay out of that kind of trouble. In the earliest days, oxen and goats might be sacrificed to make the old man of the sea more favorably disposed. He could, under proper circumstances, become downright protective and benevolent.

Also, in those early rituals, the location of the rites had to be right. If every element surrounding the ceremonies was not just so, all Hades might break loose.

*(Continued on page 10)*

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT  
U S S COGSWELL DD651 ASSOCIATION  
JULY 31, 2013 TO JANUARY 31, 2014**



<b>JULY 31,2013</b>	<b>CASH ON HAND OR IN BANKS</b>	<b>\$16,988.06</b>
	<b>DEPOSITS</b>	
<b>AUGUST 13</b>		<b>\$45.00</b>
<b>SEPTEMBER 13</b>		<b>\$30.00</b>
<b>OCTOBER 13</b>		<b>\$0</b>
<b>NOVEMBER 13</b>		<b>\$10.00</b>
<b>DECEMBER 13</b>		<b>\$90.00</b>
<b>JANUARY 14</b>		<b>\$925.00</b>
	<b>TOTAL DEPOSITS</b>	<b>\$1,100.00</b>
	<b>DEBITS</b>	
<b>POSTAGE</b>		<b>\$57.85</b>
<b>Reunion</b>		<b>\$611.50</b>
<b>Newsletter</b>		<b>\$622.01</b>
<b>PO Box</b>		<b>\$124.00</b>
<b>Carbonite Backup</b>		<b>\$59.99</b>
<b>Tin Can Sailors</b>		<b>\$160.00</b>
	<b>TOTAL DEBITS</b>	<b>\$1635.35</b>
	<b>TOTAL DEPOSITS + CASH ON HAND</b>	<b>\$18,088.06</b>
	<b>MINUS EXPENSES</b>	<b>\$1635.35</b>
	<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$19,152.71</b>
	<b>CASH ON HAND (Bank statement 1/31/14)</b>	<b>\$16,452.71</b>

# USS COGSWELL ASSOCIATION DATABASE STATISTICS as of 02/01/2014

## *Our database contains 3294 names total.*

- Active = 262 ( paid dues are current)  
    ⇒ 125 Life Members
- Inactive = 1 (have not paid dues for more than two years—house cleaning of these inactive members)
- New = 7 (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 = 667 (members who have indicated they have no interest in the Cogswell Association—some newly found who chose not to join)
- Deceased = 495 (known deceased shipmates—some newly found crewmembers)
- Not Located = 1862 (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 15, 2013—August 15, 2013**

Last Name	First	City	State	Years Aboard	Rank
DONLEY	GEORGE	SCHENECTADY	NY	43-46	TM (PO)
HUME	ROBERT	MANTER	KS	59-60	PN
SHEFFIELD	PHILLIP	CEDAR BRANCH	MS	67-69	BT

### **Known Deceased since February 2013**

Last Name	First Name	City	St	Years Aboard	Rank
AMBERS	KENNETH	CHESIRE	OR	59-60	HT
O'LAGUE	RONALD	BRENTWOOD	TN	65	RD

PO= Plankowner





# Obituaries

## AMBERS



Kenneth M. Ambers

February 11, 1933 - December 21, 2013

Kenneth M. Ambers (USN HT-1 retired) of Cheshire, Oregon passed away December 21, 2013 from complications from a stroke he suffered on November 24, 2013. He was born February 11, 1933 in Hamberg, North Dakota to Lewis and Olga (Simonson) Ambers, the 6th of 11 children.

Kenneth grew up in the Hamberg, North Dakota area farming until he enlisted in the United States Navy March of 1954 and retired September 30, 1974. He was stationed along the way on 10 ships mainly destroyers and submarine repair tenders. In 1966 he was on a ship in the gulf of Tonkin in the Vietnam war era. He married Valerie Ward of Vancouver, Washington April 3, 1960 and they had 2 sons. Along the way the Navy duty stations were at Hawaii, San Diego, Long Beach, Calif., Scotland

where there was at that time a submarine base, then Seattle, Washington, Guam, and Vallejo, Calif. After retiring, Kenneth and Valerie moved to So. Oregon, then Benton County and then moved to Cheshire, Lane County, Oregon. He was a past commander of the VFW post in Independence and also a past commander of VFW post #10639 in Junction City and up until his death had been a VFW member for 20 years. He was also a member of the Junction City Scandifest for the last 9 years and on Norwegian day he was the translator as his ancestors immigrated to the United States in the 1800's from Norway and their first language was Norwegian.

He is preceded in death by his son, Kai Ivan Ambers, his parents, and by 8 of his siblings. Survivors include his wife Valerie, son Jesse (Rhonda) Ambers of Elmira, Oregon, 2 granddaughters, brothers Judal and Alvern, and sister Clarice (Ambers) Fossen, all of Vancouver, Washington.

## Ronald Joseph O'lague

Ronald Joseph Olague, 67 of Brentwood, Tenn., died April 16, 2013.

Mr. Olague was a Veteran of the U.S. Navy. Mr. Olague was a retired contractor, and was a member of ClearView Baptist Church.

Mr. Olague was preceded in death by wife, Lilda Calhoun Olague; siblings, Benjamin Olague, Rosalie Dixon & Rosemarie Sanchez.

Mr. Olague is survived by daughters, Lisa (Jeremy) Salmon and Debbie; sisters, Joanne (Austin) O'Malley, Rosalinda Woodberry, Rosalyn (Howard) Adams & Lorraine (Stewart) Olague; grandchildren, Peter, Andrew, Anna & Elijah Salmon.

## MALCOLM W. ADAMSEN (BT/EQ 58-60)

As reported to James L Smith

Mike Adamsen, a Cogswell crewmember from 1958-1960, had a Navy career that came in two parts. The first from 1956-1960 and the second from 1982-1999 when he reenlisted into the Naval Reserves in a most unusual way.

Adamsen's second enlistment happened after his daughter asked him to accompany her to the Air Force recruiter to make sure she wouldn't make any mistakes. When the recruiter found out that Adamsen had served in the Navy he suggested that there was still time for him to re-enlist and complete a full tour.

At first he balked at the idea, but then his daughter asked him "if it is good enough for me, why isn't it good enough for you?" So Adamsen signed up. "My daughter got married and never went into the service, I signed up for six years," Adamsen said.

His second military stint was as an equipment operator in the SeaBees. He was called to active duty during Operation Desert Storm and served with Naval Mobile Construction Battalion 23 on Guam for six months. He was a boiler tender during his first Naval service. In his first Naval service his first duty assignment out of boot camp was aboard the USS John McCain DL-3. It was one of only three ships designated as destroyer leaders. Adamsen remembered goodwill port stops to New Zealand and Australia aboard the McCain. The Australia stop was the first visit by a US warship to the land down under since 1945. They made stops in Perth and Sydney. It was one of two WestPac tours he made on the McCain.

Almost as soon as he returned from the McCain's WestPac tour he was transferred to the Cogswell which was deployed almost immediately back to WestPac. The McCain was set to head to Pearl Harbor for its new home port. One of his vivid memories aboard the Cogswell was a 56-degree roll the ship made during a typhoon in the Formosa straits. Another storm related story happened while the Cogswell was in drydock in Yokosuka, Japan. A typhoon moved in while the ship was high and dry and the crew was living aboard the ship which was being supported by timber.

"There was not much holding us up," Adamsen said. "It was the scariest time, it was creaking and shaking. I'd rather be at sea. I never wanted to do that again."

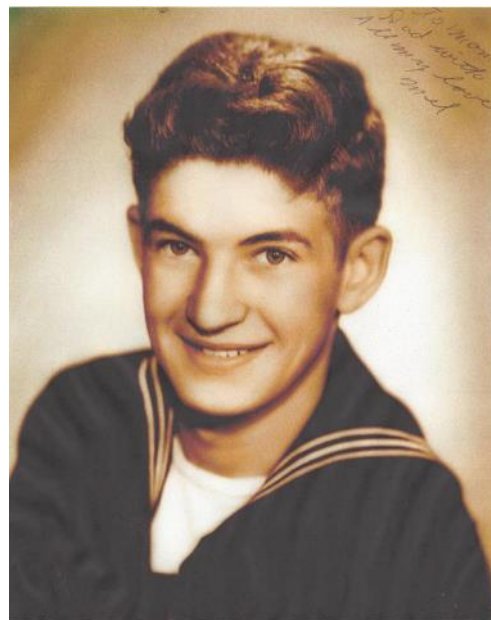
On August 1, 1958, off Johnston Island in the South Pacific, Adamsen and the crew witnessed a nuclear bomb test as part of Operation Hardtack, which was a series of 35 nuclear tests done by the U.S. Adamsen recalled being on deck during the early morning hours and facing away from the blast as instructed. The Cogswell was assigned to keeping Russian trawlers at bay from the test site. When the blast occurred Adamsen remembered the light was so bright you could see the bones in your hand through the skin like an x-ray. "You could feel the heat from it," he said. "It was a beautiful sight. We had to decontaminate the ship before we went back to port. You couldn't look at the blast because it would be like looking at the sun."

During another part of the cruise the single mast fell into the No. 1 stack while they

were cruising. "We had to head to Pearl Harbor and they installed a new tripod mast," he said.

In Subic Bay, Adamsen recalled attending cock fights, but can't remember if he won or lost any money there. As one of the new crewmembers, Adamsen was assigned to his stint as a mess cook. The cook gave him specific instructions to

*(Continued on page 13)*



## TONY EMMOLO (TE 54-56) As reported to James L Smith

WILLIAM KELLY

BEN LAURICELLA

DON BERTOLA

Tony Emmolo, who served aboard the USS Cogswell from 1954-1955, has never forgotten the view of a horizon full of warships during an early morning watch while the U.S. was supporting its ally Formosa (now called Taiwan), during some sabre-rattling with Communist China.

The U.S. Seventh Fleet was on hand to evacuate the Tachen Islands of thousands of civilians and military personnel as China was threatening to shell and then invade the islands in February 1955, according to news reports of the time. Five U.S. aircraft carriers and nearly 150 warships were on hand to make sure the Communist Chinese did not interfere with the evacuation.



TONY EMMOLO

Emmolo, a TE-3 a rate that no longer exists, was on the 4 – 8 a.m. watch in the radio room when he stepped out on the deck for a smoke. The sun was just coming up over the horizon and what he saw next never left his memory. “I looked around and saw every ship you could possibly describe,” Emmolo said. “Battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers and destroyers and I asked myself, what the heck was going on? I’ve never forgotten the sight and often tell people the story of that morning when they ask me about my Navy days.”



Tony with his late wife Dorothy

Emmolo made remembers a fuel stop in Midway because part of his rate involved being the ship’s mailman so he picked up mail and dropped it off on the tiny Pacific Island enroute to Japan.

just one WestPac cruise with the Cogswell but

The show of force allowed civilian junks and boats to evacuate the islands in advance of the Chinese invasion without shots being fired between the U.S. and Red China. At the time the ongoing dispute between Nationalist China (Formosa, Quemoy and Matsu) and Communist China dominated the headlines. It also dominated what the Cogswell and other DESRON ships were involved in during that period.

During the time Emmolo was aboard the ship spent a lot of time on Formosa Strait patrols along with the USS Knapp (DD-653), the USS Ingersoll (DD-652), USS Ammen (DD-527) and other Fletcher class destroyers as part of DESRON 21 and DesDiv 212.

*(Continued on page 14)*



## Albert John Osga (FTG 62-64)

Al Osga here. I served on the USS Cogswell from October 21, 1962 to May 29, 1964. This is how it all started:

With three high school friends, I went to the Federal Building in downtown Detroit to join the Coast Guard. The CG recruiter told us that it would be three months before a recruit company would be forming, so we went next door to the Navy. The Navy recruiter said, "Great Lakes or San Diego"? This was October, so what do you think !!

On Friday, October 27, 1961 I was 19 years old, had never been on an airplane, had never been more than 300 miles from my birthplace, and had never seen an ocean. This was going to be the adventure of a lifetime.

The four engine propeller plane landed in San Diego after an all night flight from Detroit. Next stop was Receiving and Outfitting (R &O). Company 551 was quite a sight, marching to and from the mess hall in our civies with no hair and with a mattress cover (Navy term: fart sack) and a pillow cover tied around our waist.

From boot camp, I received orders for 24 weeks of FT "A" school. During this time I would sometimes hop a Greyhound Bus to San Ysidro with some friends and walk across the border to Tijuana (TJ). Was the Blue Fox for real? I had to find out. Quite a shock for a kid from the Midwest. The minimum drinking age was....are you tall enough to put money on the bar. Next came several more weeks of "C" school for the MK 63 system, then orders to the Cogswell. After boot camp, "A" school and "C" school...finally, I'm going aboard ship, the real Navy.



Al with wife Barbara and three granddaughters on the Cassin Young in Charleston—2009

One year from when I enlisted, I was standing on the fantail of the Cogswell at my special sea and anchor station, feeling the vibration of screws under my feet. We were getting underway for Panama. This was during "The Cuban Missile Crisis", my first time at sea. As we cleared Point Loma for the open sea, my main worry was not missiles, but..... will I be sea-sick?

It was during this time that I was assigned to mess cooking. I remember working in the scullery with the rolling, pitching, steam and slop. Not a pleasant combination for a mothball, but a memorable first time at sea!

When we returned to San Diego, I was assigned to mess cooking in Chief's Quarters. But, before my first day of that duty I went AWOL for three days. It was Thanksgiving weekend; I had the duty, but I was invited to spend the holiday with an FT "A" school friend. His family lived in Reseda, CA.....and he had a sister. So I went to Reseda. When I crossed the brow on my return to the Cogswell, I was immediately put on report.

I appeared for Captain's Mast before CMDR Moore, skipper of the Cogswell at the time. I was very fortunate. This kind and wise man gave me the benefit of a second chance. Being three days AWOL is no small thing and CMDR Moore could have made things very difficult for me. Instead, I was given a "verbal reprimand".

I appeared before CMDR Moore one more time. It was in Yokuska, Japan. I, together with two torpedo men, tried to take a table out of the EM Club. The Marine SP's caught up with us running across the parking lot with the table, tablecloth flapping in the breeze. We were going to take it back to the ship. I don't know how we were planning to get it past the quarterdeck. We were operating on "rum & coke" logic. One of the Torpedo men got away, but Dale Williams and I were caught. CMDR Moore allowed us to walk with just a chewing out. I am very thankful for a benevolent skipper. He must have recognized us for what we were, just some wacky kids raising hell.

I later served in two other destroyers out of San Diego, six months in USS Gurke DD783 and fourteen months in USS John A. Bole DD755.

Funny, how at the time, I was anxious to get out of the Navy and now I only think of it with fond memories and much pride.

# Years in Chambray Shirts

by Mike Hemming (Submitted by Tom Lamson RM 67-68))

This evening, I grabbed a shirt off the hanger that I had bought last summer made of chambray like our old dungaree shirts. The material sliding up my arms and across my back brought back memories of those shirts. I looked into the mirror to see an old face in a new shirt, not the young face in an old faded shirt I remembered. When we think of those days we mostly think of ourselves and shipmates in dungarees. As well we should, we spent far more time in chambray shirts than we did in dress canvas. Every working day in port and every day at sea for weeks on end we wore that uniform. We lived in it at sea, day and night, on watch or off.

Most of us slept in those shirts just kicking off our shoes to roll into an empty rack for some Z's.

The first real salty looking sailor I can remember was in a dungaree shirt. Not some starched, 'pole up his ass' Master At Arms surface skimmer puke type. This was a real sea going first class in a faded to almost white Kleenex soft shirt. Remember how nice that felt when they got like that? And how you tried to keep one going for one more cruise sealing tears and holes with masking tape on the inside as a quick sew job? I had two of those by the time I got married. This freaked my new bride out when she kept finding balls of soggy wadded up masking tape in the washer and wondered where they came from. My explanation made her shake her head in disbelief. Anyway, I wanted to look like that salty first class. I made first class and had shirts that were faded to near white but that was the only connection I had with him. My shirts were often torn and always stained with black engine grease and fuel oil. If they were the ones I stood still watches in, the nitercake for cleaning the stills had eaten huge holes in them. I came to realize while I might be at least a little salty, I would always look like 'Joe Shit the Ragman' in my most of my dungarees. But now forty years later, I remember myself looking like that first class, sharp and salty. Yeh, I know its selective memory, but it's my memory.

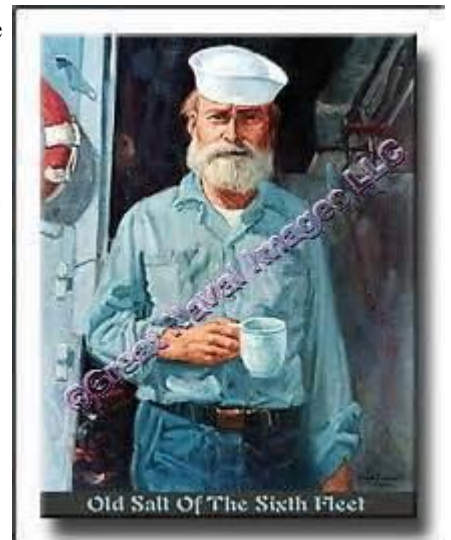
Those shirts were modified by us as needed, sleeves could be shortened for on deck working in hot tropical climes. Or they could be cut or torn completely off for at sea engine room watches. The cuffs unbuttoned and rolled back two laps to look cool. Or the sleeves rolled all the way up to the bicep if you didn't want to cut them off. They could be worn tails in or out, buttoned or unbuttoned as needed according to the temperature. The two button closed pockets could hold a wheel book and a couple of pens, if the owner thought he was important and could read and write. Otherwise a pack of cigarettes was about all that we carried. If you couldn't button it closed, you knew when you leaned over on below decks watch to check bilges, whatever was in the pocket would end up in the lower level.

In the pre-poop suit navy, you were supposed to have an iron-on crow on the left sleeve. The crows that peeled off after five washings if you didn't sew them on to boot. I never had them, but I did write '1st class' on my sleeve after getting a ration from an Orion puke for being out of uniform. I knew I was a petty officer, my shipmates knew it, what did I care if some skimmer knew or not? You were supposed to have your last name over the left pocket. Most of us didn't. Again, your shipmates knew it and the last thing you wanted was a tender MAA being able to read it. If he didn't have you cornered with your cumshaw items why give him the advantage of knowing your name if you had running room? Did you ever borrow a shipmate's shirt with his name on it to pull off some nefarious naval crime on a surface craft?

One time I found in the rag bin a piece of shirt that had an ESSO gas patch on it. I cut the patch off and glued it onto my shirt with a 'B' inked onto it.

When we reach that silver submarine tied at the golden pier in the sky, the uniform of the day will be washed to a faded almost white Kleenex soft chambray shirt and Seafarer dungarees. That's how I want to spend the rest of forever. Finally, I will look like that real first class.

Hell, I'll even iron on a crow and stencil my name over the pocket if that's what it takes for admission



*(Continued from page 3) Unofficial US Navy Certificates*

The location of the ship had an effect on how acceptable the honors to Neptune were. A rite performed off certain capes (for instance, those with temples on them) would work best.

And finally, the apprentices had to be instructed in the behavior that was acceptable and unacceptable. As a later Ancient Mariner discovered to his grief, the rulers of the deep frown on anyone who kills an albatross. There were dozens of such strictures - and woe betide the sailor, no matter how green, who transgressed just one.

As previously stated, an ox or a goat was normally sacrificed to appease the sea gods. But not always. Jonah,

for example (as our Bible experts recall), was dropped over the side when the crew of the ship on which he was a passenger decided he had brought on the storm that threatened to wreck them. It worked. The storm stopped, Jonah was picked up by a passing whale, and the ship sailed on.




Even as late as the 17th century, when no one (well, hardly none) believed in Neptune or other marine deities any more, initiation into the mysteries of the deep could be a rough process. According to a writer of the time, apprentices "who pass certain places, where they have never passed," undergo various penalties - for example, to

*(Continued on page 17)*

# Navy Speak 101 (The Navy Department Library)

<p>DEAD HORSE</p>	<p>British seaman, apt to be ashore and unemployed for considerable periods between voyages, generally preferred to live in boarding houses near the piers while waiting for sailing ships to take on crews. During these periods of unrestricted liberty, many ran out of money so the innkeepers carried them on credit until hired for another voyage. When a seaman was booked on a ship, he was customarily advanced a month's wages, if needed, to pay off his boarding house debt. Then, while paying back the ship's master, he worked for nothing but "salt horse" the first several weeks aboard.</p> <p>Salt horse was the staple diet of early sailors and it wasn't exactly tasty cuisine. Consisting of a low quality beef that had been heavily salted, the salt horse was tough to chew and even harder to digest.</p> <p>When the debt had been repaid, the salt horse was said to be dead and it was a time for great celebration among the crew. Usually, an effigy of a horse was constructed from odds and ends, set afire and then cast afloat to the cheers and hilarity of the ex-debtors.</p> <p>Today, just as in the days of sail, "dead horse" refers to a debt to the government for advance pay. Sailors today don't burn effigies when the debt is paid but they are no less jubilant than their counterparts of old.</p>
<p>DEVIL TO PAY</p>	<p>Today the expression "devil to pay" is used primarily as a means of conveying an unpleasant and impending happening. Originally, this expression denoted a specific task aboard the ship as caulking the ship's longest seam.</p> <p>The "devil" was the longest seam on the wooden ship and caulking was done with "pay" or pitch. This grueling task of paying the devil was despised by every seaman and the expression came to denote any unpleasant task.</p>
<p>DITTY BAGS</p>	<p>Ditty bag (or box) was originally called "ditto bag" because it contained at least two of everything: two needles, two spools of thread, two buttons, etc. With the passing of years, the "ditto" was dropped in favor of "ditty" and remains so today.</p> <p>Before World War I, the Navy issued ditty boxes made of wood and styled after foot lockers. These carried the personal gear and some clothes of the sailor.</p> <p>Today the ditty bag is still issued to recruits and contains a sewing kit, toiletry articles and personal items such as writing paper and pens.</p>
<p>DOG WATCH</p>	<p>Dog watch is the name given to the 1600-1800 and the 1800-2000 watches aboard ship. The 1800-2000 four-hour watch was originally split to prevent men from always having to stand the same watches daily. As a result, sailors dodge the same daily routine, hence they are dodging the watch or standing the dodge watch.</p> <p>In its corrupted form, dodge became dog and the procedure is referred to as "dogging the watch" or standing the "dog watch."</p>
<p>DUNGAREES</p>	<p>Webster defines dungaree as "a coarse kind of fabric worn by the poorer class of people and also used for tents and sail." We find it hard to picture our favorite pair of dungarees flying from the mast of a sailing ship, but in those days sailors often made both their working clothes and hammocks out of discarded sail cloth.</p> <p>The cloth used then wasn't as well woven nor was it dyed blue, but it served the purpose. Dungarees worn by sailors of the Continental Navy were cut directly from old sails and remained tan in color just as they had been when filled with wind.</p> <p>After battles, it was the practice in both the American and British Navies for captains to report more sail lost in battle than actually was the case so the crew would have cloth to mend their hammocks and make new clothes. Since the cloth was called dungaree, clothes made from the fabric borrowed the name.</p>

# Navy Speak 101 (Cont'd)

 <p>ENSIGN</p>	<p>The name given the Navy's junior most officer dates to medieval times. Lords honored their squires by allowing them to carry the ensign (banner) into battle. Later these squires became known by the name of the banner itself.</p> <p>In the US Army the lowest ranking officer was originally called "ensign" because he, like the squire of old, would one day lead troops into battle and was training to that end. It is still the lowest commissioned rank in the British army today. When the US Navy was established, the Americans carried on the tradition and adapted the rank of ensign as the title for its junior commissioned officers.</p>
 <p>FATHOM</p>	<p>Fathom was originally a land measuring term derived from the Anglo Saxon word "faetm" meaning literally the embracing arms or to embrace. In those days, most measurements were based on average sizes of parts of the body such as the hand or foot, or were derived from the average lengths between two points on the body. A fathom is the average distance from fingertip to fingertip of the outstretched arms of a man, about six feet.</p> <p>Even today in our nuclear Navy, sailors can be seen "guesstimating" the length of line by using the Anglo Saxon fingertip method; crude but still reliable. And every housewife measuring cloth today knows that from the tip of her nose to the tips of he fingers of one outstretched arm equals one yard.</p>
 <p>GEEDUNK</p>	<p>To most sailors the word geedunk means ice cream, candy, potato chips and other assorted snacks, or even the place where they can be purchased. No one, however, knows for certain where the term originated; there are several plausible theories:</p> <p>In the 1920s a comic strip character named Harold Teen and his friends spent a great amount of time at Pop's candy store. The store's name was the Sugar Bowl but Harold and company always called it the geedunk for reasons never explained.</p> <p>The Chinese word meaning a place of idleness sounds something like "gee dung."</p> <p>"Geedunk" is sound made by a vending machine when it dispenses a soft drink in a cup. It may be derived from the German word "tunk" meaning to dip or sop either in gravy or coffee. Dunking was a common practice in days when bread, not always obtained fresh, needed a bit of "tunking" to soften it. The "ge" is a German unaccented prefix denoting repetition. In time it may have changed from getunk to geedunk.</p> <p>Whatever theory we use to explain geedunk's origin, it doesn't alter the fact that Navy ople are glad it all got started!</p>
<p>GUNDECKING</p>	<p>In the modern Navy falsifying reports, records and the like is often referred to as "gundecking." The origin of the term is somewhat obscure, but at the risk of gundecking, here are two plausible explanations for its modern usage.</p> <p>The deck below the upper deck on British sailing ships-of-war was called the gundeck although it carried no guns. This false deck may have been constructed to deceive enemies as to the amount of armament carried, thus the gundeck was a falsification.</p> <p>A more plausible explanation may stem from shortcuts taken by early midshipmen when doing their navigation lessons. Each mid was supposed to take sun lines at noon and star sights at night and then go below to the gundeck, work out their calculations and show them to the navigator.</p> <p>Certain of these young men, however, had a special formula for getting the correct answers. They would note the noon or last position on the quarterdeck traverse board and determine the approximate current position by dead reckoning plotting. Armed with this information, they proceeded to the gundeck to "gundeck" their navigation homework by simply working backwards from the dead reckoning position.</p>



(Continued from page 7) MALCOLM W. ADAMSEN

remove the eyes from the potatoes and then put them in the auto-peeler. Adamsen thought it would be easier to just let the auto peeler remove the skin and eyes, but when the cook found that by doing that Adamsen had turned 200 pounds of potatoes into a half bucket full of peeled spuds.. “What was left was the size of a silver dollars,” Adamsen said. “The cook took me down to the fireroom and told “Pop” Lord, “don’t ever let the sonofabitch back in my mess decks again” so I got fired off the mess decks, but I paid dearly for it.” “Pop” Lord gave Adamsen some extra time in the bilges doing some extra cleaning.

Before joining the Navy, Adamsen worked on the Great Northern Railroad out of Great Falls, Montana, so it was natural that he would return to the railroad when he was discharged. He started with the Union Pacific Railroad in the engine service in Denver and then later moved to Cheyenne where we rode the Cheyenne to Green River route, a trip of about 300 miles through some very beautiful country. He started out as a fireman and ended his career as an engineer. In the early days of his railroad career, the different railroad “rates” pretty much stayed to each other. “Conductors didn’t eat with engineers, engineers didn’t eat with firemen, they would not sit at the same table,” Adamsen said. “It’s not that way anymore.” “Some of those old hoppers (engineers) were meaner than sin,” he said.

One of his vivid railroad memories was a trip where the engineer of the train, he was a fireman at the time, threw the throttle open and Adamsen timed the mileposts whipping by and determined the train was traveling at 103 mph, including through some curves. “You could hear the gravel banging off the side,” he said. Did he suggest the engineer slow down? “You didn’t tell those old heads anything,” he said.

He retired from the railroad in 2000 after 44 years of service. Before he retired he brought all his children and grandchildren to the train engine and gave them a turn at the throttle.

Mike and Dorothy Adamsen married in 1961 and have two daughters, Wendy, in Fruitland, Idaho, where Mike and Dorothy live and daughter Kelly, who lives in Titusville, Florida. The couple has six grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

The couple is planning on attending the reunion in San Diego later this year.

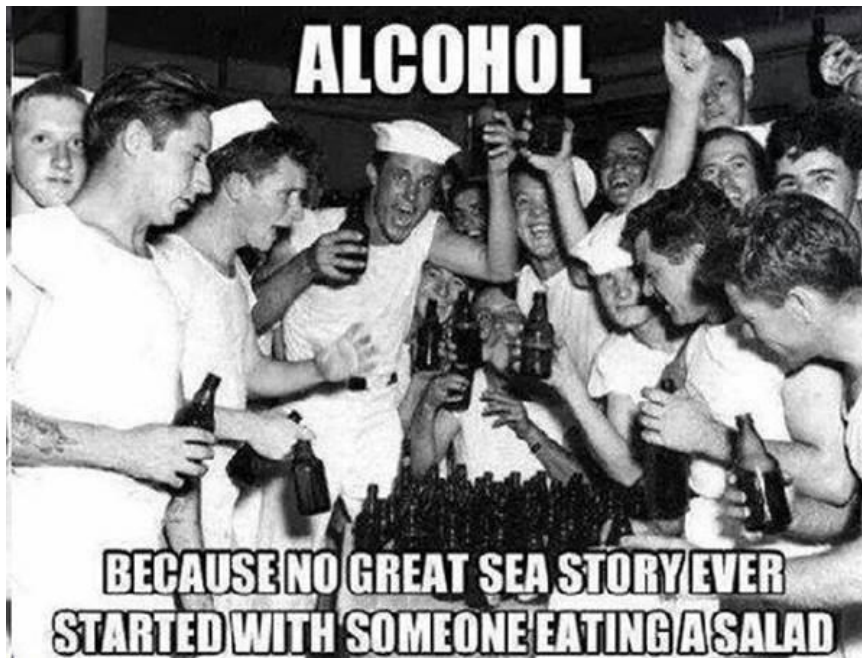
(It wouldn't be the same without you two)

Editors note: Mike is our Taps player at the banquet and we all sincerely appreciate him sharing his talents with us.

### Mikes train!



I've sure gotten old!  
I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that Make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore.  
Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92.  
Have lost all my friends. But, thank God I live in Florida , I still have my driver's license.  
(Kinda sounds like WTD)



(Continued from page 8) TONY EMMOLO

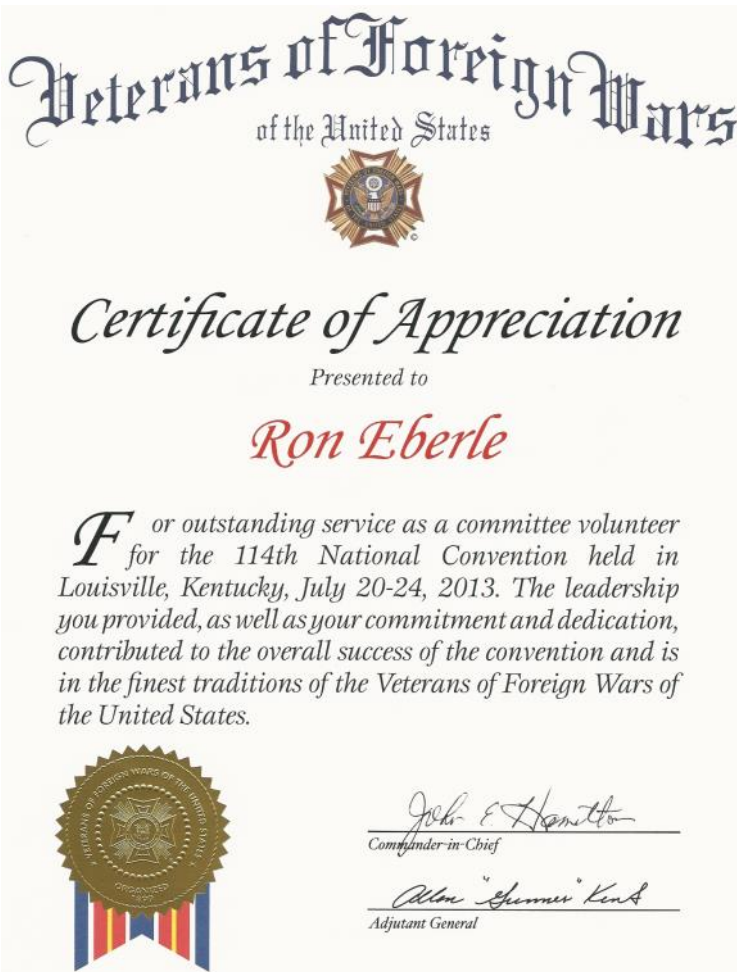
A Brooklyn, NY native, Emmolo hung out with shipmates from the Big Apple aboard the Cogswell. Because of the USS Cogswell Association, Emmolo located one of his shipmates and friends, Benny Lauricella, a Cogswell cook, on the association website and visits him annually in Saratoga Springs. Both are hoping to make the next Cogswell Association meeting in San Diego. "After I found his name on the website, I wondered if he would remember me when I called and he was so happy to hear from me, he couldn't believe it," Emmolo said.

After enlisting, Emmola went through boot camp at Bainbridge, Maryland, and his first duty station was the USS Gilbert Islands CVE-107, a small escort carrier. During training exercises on the carrier near North Carolina in Cape Hatteras an area known to sailors for its vicious storms, Emmolo said he looked at the destroyers escorting them taking on water and bouncing around like a cork during a storm. "Little did I know that I would end up on one," Emmolo said. Fortunately, he never suffered from seasickness, but remembers a night trying to make his way to the radio shack on the Cogswell during a heavy storm. "I came out of the berthing hatch and was walking along the main deck and I got hit by water than came over the deck and so I headed back down to change clothes," Emmolo said. "To avoid the weather I went to the 01-deck, the next deck higher, to get to the radio shack and sure as hell I got drenched again. So I had to go on duty with wet clothes."

When people ask him to describe what it's like to be on a destroyer he has a simple answer. "When you are walking on a destroyer you sometimes walk three seconds uphill and then you walk three seconds downhill," he said. "He also remembers being lulled to sleep by the sloshing of the fuel tanks underneath his rack." Emmolo remembers a shipmate who never seemed to eat, but had a strong attraction of a certain drink. He once told the thin shipmate that "if it wasn't for the olives in your Martini, you'd starve to death." Soaking wet the guy weighed about 120 pounds.

After his Navy service, Emmolo returned home and started work in the New York City sewer department, but later left to work as a carpenter for a construction company. Later he successfully passed a city test as a New York City Construction Inspector, a position that he held for 18 years before taking an early retirement. He continued to work as a construction consultant until just a couple years ago.

He married Dorothy in 1960. Dorothy died in March 2012 after the couple had been married 52 years. The couple raised three children, daughters, Terranne and Karen and son, Anthony. Emmolo, who lives in Valley Stream, NY, has four grandchildren. Interestingly, Emmolo's son, Anthony, lived for a time in Taiwan and Japan, more out of a desire to travel than following in his father's Navy footprints. Tony's son is a fine artist who was intrigued by Asian art and spent a lot of time with Masters he met. He also taught English to Asian students.



"Member Focus"  
Flotilla 86 Quarterly E-Newsletter

Lewis G. "Mike" House

A former Navy man, Mike is a twenty year member of the Flotilla and represents the "epitome of Semper Paratus". Mike's twenty year tour covers every phase of mission support to the United States Coast Guard as well as most important education of the civilian recreational boating public in the State of New Jersey. One of Mike's first assignments was issuing uniform and clothing allowances for the incoming Recruits. He later became a certified recruit instructor. Mike taught the Boat Crew Duties course for almost 13 years and conducted guided tours of the Training Center for almost as many years.

Mike was twice selected as the Flotillas' Auxiliarist of the Year for his devotion to duty in support of Coast Guard and Flotillas' missions. Just a few of his milestones are: Flotilla Commander, Vessel Examiner, Qualified Coxswain and crewman. Mike actually stood as Crewman aboard a Coast Guard small boat. Mike has also been a Recreational Boating Safety Instructor, held numerous Flotilla Staff Officer Positions including; Vessel Examiner, Human Resources, and Secretary and Records at the Division and Flotilla level.

Mike House's 20 year dedicated tour of service to the United States Coast Guard, United States Coast Guard Auxiliary and the nation gives new meaning to the declaration; "Volunteer Lifesavers". We thank you for 20 years of outstanding service, Flotilla 86 exists and prospers today because of the leadership of shipmates like you.

# “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.



## Navy Birthday

<http://www.military.com/navy-birthday>

Forwarded by Roy E Wyckoff (TM 67-69)

The U.S. Navy traces its roots back to the privateers that were employed to attack British commerce in the early days of the revolution. On October 13, 1775 the Continental Congress, established a small naval force, hoping that a small navy would be able to offset the uncontested exercise of British sea power.

The early Continental navy was not expected to take on the British navy for control of the seas. This small naval force was designed to work with privateers to wage tactical raids against the transports that supplied British forces in North America. To accomplish this mission the Continental Congress purchased, converted, and constructed a fleet of small ships--frigates, brigs, sloops, and schooners. These navy ships sailed independently or in pairs hunting British commerce ships and transports like prey, avoiding whenever possible fights with Royal Navy men-of-war.

The Continental navy faced several obstacles both during and after the revolution – mostly political and economic. Two years after the end of the war, the money-poor Congress sold off the last ship of the Continental navy, the frigate Alliance.

In the 1790's Europe began to relax many mercantile commercial restrictions and the U.S. trade and the shipping industry expanded accordingly. However, as the number of U.S. ships increased so did the possibility increased attacks by the European powers and pirates. In March 1794 Congress responded by calling for the construction of a half-dozen frigates. And, once again, the United States had a navy.

Although the Continental navy was later dismantled, October 13, 1775 remains the U.S. Navy's official birthday.



(Continued from page 1) *TYPHOON*

Soon the waves were far higher than the ship as we drove into and over them. From the bridge, it was awesome to see the huge waves ahead of us and the ship's bow raising, raising, and then raising some more, to finally go over the waves and dive into the liquid valleys behind them. Often the ship didn't recover fast enough and we drove straight into the next wave's body. When that happened, green water from the wave broke over the top of the bridge and we found ourselves looking into a maelstrom through the bridge windows. I was amazed every time that the windows held and the ship surfaced again.

The ship was almost 400 feet long, but at times, it seemed as if it were standing on end as it ran down the far side of these immense waves. Then it would surface and ride the crest of the next huge wave like some sort of massive surfboard before the wave would come crashing over us. Words can't describe the awe that sights like this inspire. It makes one realize that man is really a puny creature in the physical world. In this storm, even a huge steel beast like *Cogswell* seemed tiny and helpless.

But the ship drove on through the gloom as if it couldn't be bothered by Mother Nature—as if it were impervious to all of this.

We were about halfway through our routine north to south cruise between China and Formosa. As I stood behind the bridge, I overheard the Captain tell the OOD to head directly south so we could get out of the straits between the two land masses as rapidly as possible. Out in the open sea, it would be easier for the ship to handle the storm, he said.

I got off watch and, very carefully, made my way back to my berthing compartment. This was a delicate process, because there was no way to go from the bridge to the after living compartments, except going topside. So I carefully went aft, holding onto lifelines and any available solid objects as if my life depended on them, while water drenched me through and through. I was a happy young sailor when I finally was able to get inside the ship.

After I arrived in our living compartment, we sat around for a while gabbing; then at 10:00 p.m., as usual, the lights went out and we went to sleep. I was in a top bunk and, like most of us, I had tied myself off loosely to one of the stanchions that the bunks were mounted to so that I wouldn't fall out if the ship took a bad roll. It rolled plenty and I was very happy that I was tied in. But finally I fell asleep.

Then all hell broke loose.

I found out later that the ship had hit a large wave and the bridge had lost control of the rudder. With the rudder loose, the ship had turned broadside to one of those huge waves and had literally rolled over onto its port side!

I woke with the breath knocked out of me, having been thrown into the stanchion beside me. I was hanging there with the stanchion across my middle and the bunk on my right, staring down at the stack of bunks that had been across the passage to the left of me.

Slowly—oh so slowly—the ship righted itself, then it slammed over the other way and I was hanging from the strap that I had tied myself with. Then again, the ship stabilized before slamming us in the other direction. This continued, slamming us back and forth, for what seemed hours, but must have been just minutes. The din was deafening. All kinds of alarms were going off. Sailors were yelling. The ship's speaker came on, warning us to stay below decks and keep all doors and hatches closed.

Somehow I got out of my bunk and down to the deck. I saw Bob trying to get the lights on, but there was no power, just the emergency red lights. For the first time in my life, I wondered, *Am I going to die here?*

Then slowly, very slowly, a kind of calmness came over us. The ship had righted itself and after a few more heavy, slamming, rolls, it seemed to have stabilized. (I found out afterward that the Bos'n on Watch in the after-steering, immediately above the rudder, had taken control of the rudder and was steering us on a course that was being directed over headphones from the bridge.)

We milled around, all a bit confused, and no one knowing quite what to do, or expect, next.

Then the bridge passed the word over the speakers for "All hands muster in your living quarters. Division Leading Petty Officers, report any missing people to the bridge immediately!"

We did that and soon were able to report that "Fox Division is all present and accounted for, Sir," to the bridge.

But we were the lucky ones. Soon we heard the awful announcement, "Man overboard! Man overboard!" That was followed by a long pause, then: "Leading petty officers, if you have people who can get topside safely, send them to assigned stations with binoculars, battle lanterns, and sound-powered phones. Make sure they can tie themselves to the superstructure. We think that there are at least three men in the water and we're searching for them. When people are on station, report to the Bos'n of the Watch on the phones. Be very careful."

We made plans rapidly. I got my gear and, dressed as if for a Montana blizzard went up to my director and lashed myself to it before I reported in to the bos'n. Rick was adjacent me, lashing himself to his director. I could see Bob, a bit aft of me and one deck lower, tied to his torpedo tubes. He was already scanning the water with his light and binoculars moving synchronously across the blackness. I followed suit and we could see several others doing the same. This went on for hours.

The seas didn't lessen. Tied to our equipment, we were regularly inundated by the ocean as the ship drove through the storm. I had to move the rope that tied me off several times, because it was bruising my ribs and tearing at my skin. Bob, being lower, had it even worse than me. But we all stayed on station, searching the water for our shipmates.

Before it became light, we heard an announcement that one of the missing people had been found aboard ship and was safe. He had been in a secluded supply material bin and had been knocked unconscious by flying material, but he was going to be fine.

Then, in what I firmly believed was a miracle, just after first light we spotted another person still swimming on the side of a huge wave. We all aimed the light from our Battle Lanterns at him and the Captain carefully maneuvered the ship as close as possible. This went on for what seemed like hours while the man desperately swam, just managing to stay afloat, but not making headway against the waves.

The deck force tried to get a boat into the water to go out after him, but before they could get it launched, the Captain got close enough, and one of the gunner's mates was able to shoot a line close enough that the man in the water was able to grab it. The deck crew began carefully pulling him toward the ship as the rest of us played our lights over him and the fierce water between us.

(Continued on page 17)



(Continued from page 16) **TYPHOON**

Somehow, we got that guy aboard, to huge cheers from everyone watching.

That left one missing man. We never found him.

Sometime after dawn, the seas seemed to subside as the typhoon moved off. The clouds broke and eventually, the sun came through. With the light came the realization that our ship was badly damaged. From where I was, I could look down the port side and see bent and broken grey steel everywhere. Some of the lifeboat racks and one of the ship's small boats were missing. One of the three-inch gun mounts was dislodged from its foundation and was tilted wildly to the side, being held in place by electrical cables. Bulkheads were bent as if they had been punched in by a giant hand. The ship was moving through the water, but it was obviously not in any condition to do much.

Still we kept steaming in circles, steering from the after-steering station, looking for the lost sailor.

Eventually, other ships, including an aircraft carrier with search planes, came to our assistance and took over the search. We had seen no sign of the sailor. He was someone that I had not known well. He had been working in the ship's laundry, apparently with the door open to dissipate the laundry's heat, when the ship rolled over. The laundry was on the port side, and the water must have filled the space immediately, sucking him out with it when the ship righted. I sincerely believe that he could not have survived that hell, that tremendous force of water in that small space, for more than a few seconds—at least that is what I have always hoped. We never found any sign of him, nor did any of the other ships that searched for him over the next weeks.

The ship was badly crippled. We had no choice but to proceed very slowly to a shipyard. So we made our way to Sasebo, Japan, steering from after-steering and steaming very slowly. When we finally reached Sasebo, it was a relieved and very humbled crew that tied that ship to the pier. Somehow we were not the same people that had just left Japan a couple of weeks before. Death and near-death have a way of chastening even the most incorrigible among us.

This inport period was like no other that I have seen, either before or after. We were all working almost around the clock, trying to repair what we could. We on the fire-control crew had a major job before us: the storm had caused major misalignments of all elements of the ship's defense systems, from radars to directors to gun mounts to torpedo tubes, and it was our job to realign everything. This was a huge undertaking that had to be accomplished at night when the ship was cool and still. It was slow and painstaking work, done in a complicated process that not many sailors understood fully. Chief Evans took it on himself to work with me on this since I had no experience or training in it.

Liberty was non-existent for our crew during that inport period. My time was spent working, sleeping, and eating in a never-ending cycle. My director had a circular metal shield around it that had been badly bent in the storm. The shipyard cut the bent metal away and replaced it. After that, it was my job to get it cleaned, sanded, and painted. There were also some minor problems with my radar, caused by the physical shock of the storm. Luckily, the water had not reached any of the electronics, so I spent the days fixing the damage and the nights working with the Chief on the battery alignment.

But we got it all done. Like humans have done since time began, the men of the *Cogswell* rose to the emergency and did the job. We had a day of rest on Thanksgiving that year, but we were all so exhausted that we just ate turkey and slept.

By the middle of December, the ship was again ready for sea. We left Sasebo and steamed north to Yokosuka, where we were to have more repair work done and take on supplies. We would be inport over the Christmas and New Year Holidays for some much-needed rest and relaxation.

(Continued from page 10) *Unofficial US Navy Certificates*

be dropped "from the yardarm into the sea."

Such are the origins of the granddaddy of all seagoing ceremonies: the shellback initiation when a ship crosses the Equator, in which "pollywogs" (sailors who have not previously crossed the Line) become "shellbacks" (fit subjects of King Neptune).

The colorful tradition and ceremonious rituals survive, but anything dangerous or demeaning is prohibited by Navy regulations today.

This is a list of "Unofficial" certificates:

<i>Antarctic Circle</i>	<i>Arctic Circle</i>
<i>Blue Nose</i>	<i>Caterpillar Club</i>
<i>Century Club</i>	<i>Deep Dive Diploma</i>

<i>Decommissioning</i>	<i>Deep Dive Diploma</i>
<i>Double Centurions</i>	<i>Emerald Shellback</i>
<i>Frozen Stiff</i>	<i>Golden Dragon</i>
<i>Golden Shellback</i>	<i>Goldfish Club</i>
<i>Great Lakes</i>	<i>Icelandic Domain</i>

<i>Mossback</i>	<i>Neutron Owners Certificate</i>
<i>Northern Domain of the Polar Bear</i>	
<i>Order of Magellan</i>	<i>Order of the Ditch</i>
<i>Order of the Nuclear Navy</i>	
<i>Order of the Rock</i>	<i>Order of the Square Rigger</i>
<i>Panama Canal</i>	<i>Persian Excursion</i>
<i>Plank Owner</i>	<i>Pollywog</i>
<i>Realm of the Czars</i>	<i>Red Nose</i>
<i>Royal Domain of the Emperor Penguin</i>	
<i>Royal Experiment of Guinea Pigs at Bikini Atoll</i>	
<i>Royal Order of Whale Bangers</i>	
<i>Safari to Suez</i>	<i>Sea Squatters</i>
<i>Shellback</i>	<i>Spanish Main</i>
<i>Suez Canal</i>	

If any of our crewmembers hold these certificates we would like to display them at the reunion. Mack Stringfield, VP, will be in charge of this effort and all materials must be sent to him via e-mail or snail mail at the addresses listed in the contacts section on page two of this newsletter.

## Tin Can Sailors Events

TCS has regular Bull Sessions, annual reunions, and Field Day sessions aboard historical vessels. More information can be obtained from the TCS web site: <http://www.destroyers.org/> or call (800) 223-5535 Monday—Friday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Eastern time. This gives Cogswell crewmembers the opportunity to hook with up other Cogswell crewmembers and possibly meet other sailors you served with in the past aboard other “Tin Cans”.

### March 1, 2014

Jacksonville Bull Session, Holiday Inn Express, Jacksonville Beach, FL

Tin Can Saiolor’s web site is being updated with new events. For additional information visit [www.destroyers.org](http://www.destroyers.org)

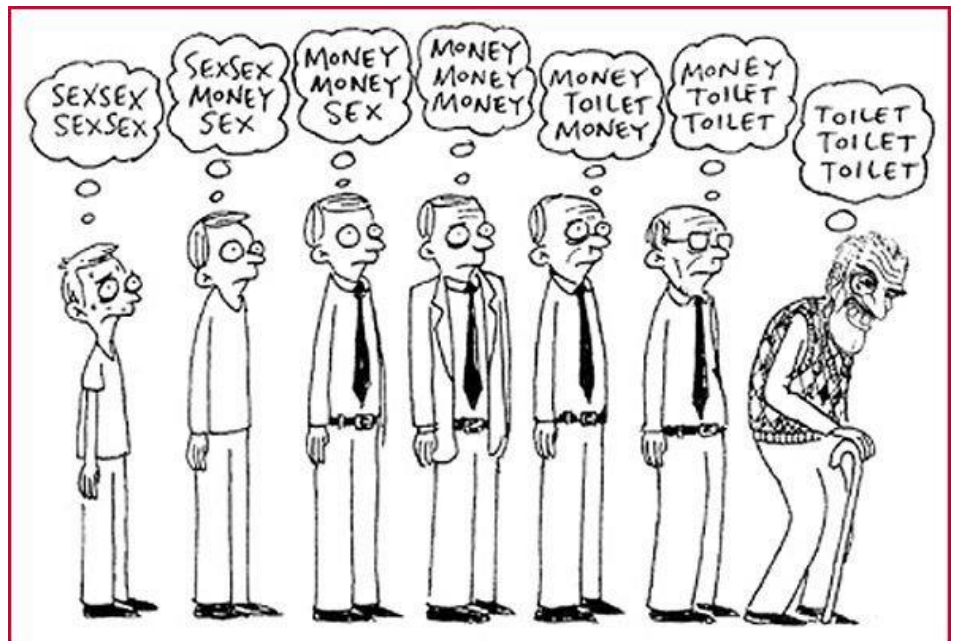
### The Dzedzic’s Boating in Europe

I guess it’s another one of Walt’s crazy ideas. You will have to ask him. At least he wore his Cogswell sweatshirt.



Submitted by Clyde Beck  
(RD 61-62)

Must be from personal  
experience!



USS Cogswell Biography/"sea" stories project

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Cogswell years \_\_\_\_\_  
Rate & rank \_\_\_\_\_ Other duty stations \_\_\_\_\_ Spouse  
name \_\_\_\_\_ How long married \_\_\_\_\_ Children \_\_\_\_\_ City where you live  
now \_\_\_\_\_ Birth hometown \_\_\_\_\_

Favorite Cogswell memory (the one you tell all your family and friends at parties):

(Use back of paper for more room)

Give me a little information on your after Cogswell career, children, church, travel, hobbies and generally what makes you tick and smile (use additional sheets if necessary):

After I collect these sheets I will start writing up the biographies/sea stories, but I will undoubtedly have questions so I need a number to reach you. Also if you have e-mail give me that address so I can send you the finished work for correction and editing.

Thanks,

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*Editor's note: Jim used this sheet beginning at the Tucson reunion to gather some of the stories in this edition. Please feel free to fill this out and send it to Jim through e-mail or the address indicated. We want your bios and sea stories.*

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