

THE SCUTTLEBUTT



Full story page four



Inside this issue:

Association Contacts	2
President's letter	2
Database Statistics	3
On the firing line	4
More reunion information	4
Active Members from 60's	6
2004 reunion attendees	18
Treasurer's Report	18

Special points of interest:

- U.S.S. COGSWELL DD-651 on the firing line in Viet Nam
- 2004 reunion information
- Crewmembers planning on attending the Charleston reunion
- Active membership on the rise
- Renewing friendships after 58+ years
- New association members

10th USS COGSWELL DD-651 REUNION
 MAY 20-22, 2004
 CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA
 by Dick Kiel

The History of Charleston

Charleston was founded in 1670. It was originally called Charles

Town, named after King Charles II of England. The town quickly became a thriving seaport and was thus a target of the British during the Revolutionary War.

The city found itself under the control of the British during most of the war. After the occupation, the town changed its name to

(Continued on page 15)

USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

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Treasurers Report—Page 18

ATTENTION!!
Please send George your current e-mail address if it has changed recently. He is getting a lot of bounced messages. (bad addresses)



President's Letter

By Frank Wille

Let the New Year ring. 2004 promises to be another good year for the USS Cogswell DD-651 Association. We have a strong association with several new members and look forward to our reunion in Charleston this May.

The Don Miller Locator System has continued to find former Cogswell shipmates thanks primarily to Cheryl Williams and Alice Lincoln and their tireless efforts. George Overman is coordinating the program and we have mailed applications for membership to more than 120 prospective members. George needs help from the membership in contacting some of these people and contacting some members who have failed to renew their dues. Please contact George and offer to help make a few phone calls. You can agree to whatever number fits into your busy sched-

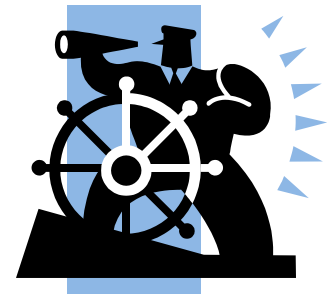
ule, just agree to help.

Dues notices will be going out soon. Please return them promptly. Our association is only as good as its membership. When members fail to keep their dues current, we have to send reminders and make phone calls to determine their status. Our dues are reasonable and there is no reason to wait. Be sure you get the next newsletter by returning your dues promptly.

May 20 thru 22, 2004 are the dates to remember. We will see you in Charleston. Be sure to make your hotel reservations. We are making commitments to the hotel & need to know how many people will be there. The Clarion hotel has hosted many other reunions and we can expect them to do an excellent job for us. A special negotiated rate of \$74, which includes a full breakfast, is a good price. Contact ship-

mate Dick Kiel if you have any questions. We are minimizing the organized activities in order to maximize opportunities for camaraderie.

Hope you enjoy the newsletter. Many thanks to George Overman for all his efforts to put the newsletter together. He is always looking for articles to include so if any of you have anecdotes to contribute, please send them to George. Captain Orlie G. Baird has been a valuable source of material and we thank him for that.



**USS COGSWELL ASSOCIATION
DATABASE STATISTICS as of 01/31/04**

By George Overman

Our database contains 3274 names total.

- **Active** = 314—up 7 (paid dues are current)
 Active members in remote regions of the world:
 Capt. Bruce Drake (69) - England (Active service)
 Donald Hewkin (55-56) - Pureto Princessa City, Palawan Philippines
- **Inactive** = 142 - no change (have not paid dues for more than two years)
- **New** = 107—up 6 (New members found who were mailed a membership form, waiting for return.)
- **No Interest** = 202—up 23 (shipmates who have indicated they do not have any interest in the Cogswell Association)
- **Not Able** = 13 - no change (shipmates who are unable to participate for various reasons)
- **Deceased** = 192—up 7 (known deceased shipmates)
- **Not Located** = 2299 (continues to be the largest number in database - we still need help locating.)

New members July 01, 2003—January 31, 2004:

Last Name	First	City	State	Years Aboard	Rank
Castro	Andrew	Port St Lucie	FL	65-66	CYN3
Fabian	John	Lockport	NY	66-67	SFP3
Hupp	James	Martinsville	IN	66-69	GMG3
Longcoy	Richard	Lansdale	PA	55-58	FT2
Miller	Gerald	Grants Pass	OR	68-69	BTFN (Oh-Oh, two Millers in Grants Pass!)
Pyle	John	Serwickley	PA	64-65	ENS
Riston	Joseph	Baltimore	MD	66-68	SFP3
Watley	Jerry	Bastrop	TX	65-67	DK3



Known Deceased since June, 2003

Last Name	First	City	State	Years Aboard	Rank
Bedell	James	Linden	MI	51-54	BT2
Godwin	James	Ashland	IL	66-67	ET2
Grant	Howard	Princeton	NJ	53-54	FN
Heater	Donald	Summerville	WV	52-54	FN
Matyas	Stanley	Glendale	WI	51-54	TM1
Nickel	Merlin	Mountain Home	AR	44-45	SOM3
Stephenson	Thomas	Dallas	TX	44-45	SN



The following article was provided by
Capt. Orlie G. Baird.
The pictures are copied directly from the article,
but the text is reformatted.

VIETNAM: A New Kind Of War

By Patrick Nagle - Photos by Bruce Moss

The Role Of A Tough, Old Destroyer

She's the workhorse of the fleet,
ready for a routine patrol or call to
shell the shoreline

THE WORKHORSES in any navy—the floating version of the “poor bleeding infantry” - are the destroyers. And even in the awesome world of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, the most modern of mass weapons, this holds true. Weekend Magazine’s team of writer Patrick Nagle and photographer Bruce Moss record what life is like aboard a typical workhorse off the shores of war-harassed Vietnam.

In the Vietnamese war, only a small portion of the giant U.S. Seventh Fleet is engaged in the hot tempo of head-on combat with the enemy. For most of the ships in the Gulf of Tonkin, the war is a steady round of routine patrols, keeping the shipping lanes open and protected to supply the land war on the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. The ships must also provide support for the land war - protection for amphibious Marine landings and gunfire for inland strikes.

So the destroyers - more than 25 of them - from the most modern guided missile ships like the Richard K. Turner, to the World War II refits like the U.S.S. Cogswell, are the workhorses of the fleet.

Off the major port of Danang, the destroyer Cogswell was doing this kind of leg work when photographer Bruce Moss and I joined her.

Cogswell was my kind of ship. She was a tough old can, built from keel to launch in four months of 1943 during the frenetic heyday of World War II shipbuilding. Inside she's all angles and I-beams and rivets, ready to raise a bruise on anybody

(Continued on page 10)

More Reunion Information

By Dick Kiel

Hotel

The Clarion Hotel Charleston Airport is located in North Charleston at Exit 209 from Interstate I 26. We have forty rooms reserved at \$74.00 per night plus 12% tax. Included is a full breakfast every morning. The web site address is www.clarioncharleston.com.

Rooms have a variety of bed sizes and amenities such as refrigerators and microwaves which are allocated on a first-come-first-served basis. The hospitality room is supplied with ice, cups and napkins and we will supply all drinks and snacks that we want. The distance to the downtown area is twelve miles.



The telephone number of the hotel is 843-572-2200. The address is 7401 Northwoods Blvd, Charleston, SC 29406. Golf is available and may be arranged through the hotel's activities director. There are restaurants and shopping within walking distance & the hotel has a restaurant and bar. Check in time is 3PM, but the hospitality room should be operational by 10 AM, Thursday 20 May 2004. For the shipmates who were station in Charleston years ago, the hotel area was mostly farm country when they were here!

Directions to the hotel

The hotel is located just off of a main artery and an interstate highway. It isn't easily accessible to casual travelers, which makes it a Mecca for military reunions.

From the airport, follow signs to I 526 East and I 26. From I 526, take the first exit to I 26 toward Columbia (not Charleston). Leave I 26 at Exit 209 staying in the right hand lane. At the light, pass straight thru the intersection at Ashley Phosphate Road. The Clarion parking lot is to the left behind a Waffle House and a Taco Bell, 140 feet past the intersection.

From I 26 heading toward Charleston take Exit 209, turn left to Ashley Phosphate Road. At the light on Ashley Phosphate Road,

(Continued on page 11)

Art Blain (68-69) forwarded this excerpt from a Romanian Newspaper. The article was written by Mr. Cornel Nitorescu and published under the title "C"ntarea Americii meaning "Ode To America" on September 24, 2002 in the Romanian newspaper Evenimentulzilei ("The Daily Event" or "News of the Day").

An Ode to America

Why are Americans so united? They would not resemble one another even if you painted them all one color! They speak all the languages of the world and form an astonishing mixture of civilizations and religious beliefs.

Still, the American tragedy turned three hundred million people into a hand put on the heart. >Nobody rushed to accuse the White House, the army, and the secret services that they are only a bunch of losers. Nobody rushed to empty their bank accounts. Nobody rushed out onto the streets nearby to gape about. The Americans volunteered to donate blood and to give a helping hand.

After the first moments of panic, they raised their flag over the smoking ruins, putting on T-shirts, caps and ties in the colors of the national flag. They placed flags on buildings and cars as if in every place and on every car a government official or the president was passing.

On every occasion, they started singing their traditional song: "God Bless America!" I watched the live broadcast and rerun after rerun for hours listening to the story of the guy who went down one hundred floors with a woman in a

wheelchair without knowing who she was, or of the Californian hockey player, who gave his life fighting with the terrorists and prevented the plane from hitting a target that could have killed other hundreds or thousands of people.

How on earth were they able to respond united as one human being? Imperceptibly, with every word and musical note, the memory of some turned into a modern myth of tragic heroes. And with every phone call, millions and millions of dollars were put in a collection aimed at rewarding not a man or a family, but a spirit, which no money can buy.

What on earth can unite the Americans in such a way? Their land? Their galloping history? Their economic Power? Money? I tried for hours to find an answer, humming songs and murmuring phrases with the risk of sounding commonplace.

I thought things over, but I reached only one conclusion...Only freedom can work such miracles.



Submitted by Carl Fairfield (61-63)

MILITARY WARNING LABELS (Real Military Warning Labels)

- "Aim towards the Enemy."
Instruction printed on US Rocket Launcher

 "When the pin is pulled, Mr. Grenade is not our friend."
U.S. Marine Corps

 "Cluster bombing from B-52s is very, very accurate. The Bombs are guaranteed to always hit the ground."
U.S.A.F. Ammo Troop Pamphlet.

 "If the enemy is in range, so are you."
Infantry Journal

 "A slipping gear could let your M203 grenade launcher fire when you least expect it. That would make you quite unpopular in what's left of your unit."
 Army's Magazine of Preventive Maintenance.

 "It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed."
U.S. Air Force Manual

 "Try to look unimportant; they may be low on ammo."
 Infantry Journal

 "Tracers work both ways."
U.S. Army Ordnance

 "Five-second fuses only last three seconds."
Infantry Journal

 "Bravery is being the only one who knows you're afraid."
 Col. David Hackworth

 "Any ship can be a minesweeper. ONCE!!"
Anon

 "Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do."
 Unknown Marine Recruit

 "Don't draw fire; it irritates the people around you."
 Your Buddies

 "If you see a bomb technician running like hell, try to keep up with him."
U.S.N. EOD Chief

ACTIVE MEMBERS WHO SERVED ABOARD IN THE 60'S

ALDER	ROSS
ANANIA	ROBERT
ANDERSEN	ROBERT
ARGUBRIGHT	STEVE
BAER	JOSEPH
BAIRD	ORLIE
BALL	JAMES
BARGHAAN	HERBERT
BLAINE	BRUCE
BOOCK	LEON
BRAZDA	ROGER
BRUSH	JAMES
BURNS	ALBERT
BYRD	PAUL
CALHOUN	THOMAS
CARAMBIA	ANTHONY
CASTRO	ANDREW
CHAFFINCH	GERALD
COOLIDGE	MARK
COTTRELL	G. WALTON
COURSER	THOMAS
CROSBY	RUSSELL
DAGGETT	PETER
DAVIS	MARION
DRAKE	BRUCE
EBERLE	RONALD
ECKERT	LARRY
EGAN	JOHN
EGGERS	GARY
FABIAN	JOHN
FAIRBANKS	JONATHAN
FAIRFIELD	CARL
FLANAGAN	TIM
FORBRICH	LOUIS (DICK)
GILL	ROBERT
HARDY	JAY
HARLAN	DANIEL
HELPAP	JOHN
HILL	BRENT
HOFFMANN	ZACKIE
HOLLAND	MORTON
HOLLAND	BRUCE
HULL	HARRY
HUPP	JAMES
KAHL	VIRGIL
KELSON	RAND
KIRKLAND	KENNETH
KITTREDGE	BRUCE
KOHORST	MICHAEL

KURCINIK	STEVEN
LAMSON	THOMAS
LANSING	DONALD
LAUK	RICHARD
LEARY	GLEN
LIBEY	DONALD
LONG	GAETON
LOYD	WILLIAM
LUKER	LARRY
MANDUFFIE	JAMES
MARTIN	RICHARD
MARTIN	DARRELL
McCARTHY	HARRY
MILLER	GERALD
MILLS	ORVAL
MOOG	DONALD
MORRIS	J
MOTTO	JAMES
MULESKY	PAUL
NEELY	GUY
NICHOLSON	RICHARD
NORMOYLE	HENRY
OSGA	ALBERT
OVERMAN	GEORGE
PAGE	DENNIS
PAPENFUS	STEVE
PASZKIEWICZ	ANTHONY
PHILLIPS	GARY
PIEZ	RAYMOND
PITZEL	GUY
PLACE	ROBERT
PYLE	JOHN
RAMSEY	JOHN
RANNEY	JAY
RAWLINGS	CHARLES
REED	JAMES
RIKARD	JOHN
RILEY	RONALD
RISTON	JOSEPH
ROLLINS	MAURICE
SCHNEIDER	JEFFERY
SCHUPBACH	GARY
SESSIONS	GALE
SEWARD	JOHN
SHELTON	JOHN
SHIPPEY	MARVIN
SLOTTJE	CHARLES
SMITH	IVIAN
STEELE	MARC
STEIGERWALT	LAMAR

TALLENT	JERRY
TRANHAM	DON
UNDERWOOD	CRAIG
WATLEY	JERRY
WHITE	STEPHEN
WHITE	MYRON
WHITLOCK	GEORGE
WILLE	FRANK
WILLIAMS	HOWARD
WILLIAMS	ORVIL
WILLIAMS	JOHN
WUJCIK	ROBERT



U.S. Cogswell DD-651 Homeward Bound 1945

Cogswell Returning Home By Bill Rose (45-46)

“Attached is a photo of the Cogswell when we returned home from the South Pacific after the war was over. I have never seen this photo in your collection.

Note the Japanese Rising Sun Battle Flag flying from the yardarm and the Homeward Bound Pendent.

IT was one foot long for every man aboard. When we docked it was cut up and every man got a piece of the flag. I still have my piece proudly displayed with the returning home photo.”

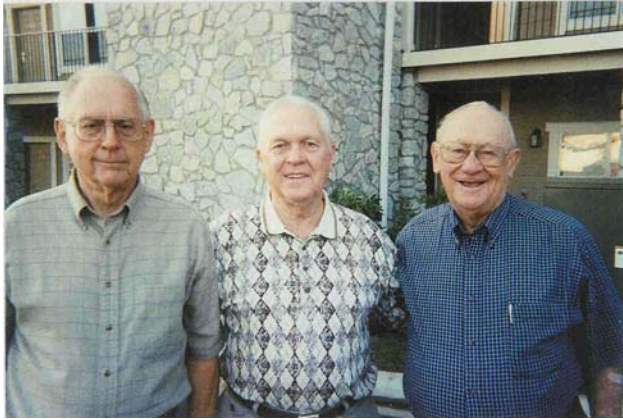


Friendships Renewed
Submitted by Joe Marheineke

"I think we informed you that late September, early October a mini-reunion was held at a Fairfield resort Branson, MO. I had arranged for a three-bedroom condo taking advantage of time share at the resort. Everything was first class and the Nelsons, Spells, June and I enjoyed several days together having much more time getting re-acquainted than the short time we had while in Seattle.

Enclosed is a photo copy of the three Firecontrolmen taken Feb or March 1945 when we had returned to Long Beach for ship overhaul after almost fifteen months in South Pacific. The color photo—same three shipmates and friends taken Branson, Oct 2003 some fifty-eight years later. God has been good to grant us long life and this opportunity to meet and enjoy each others company again. Now we anticipate meeting again in Charleston for the May 2004 reunion.

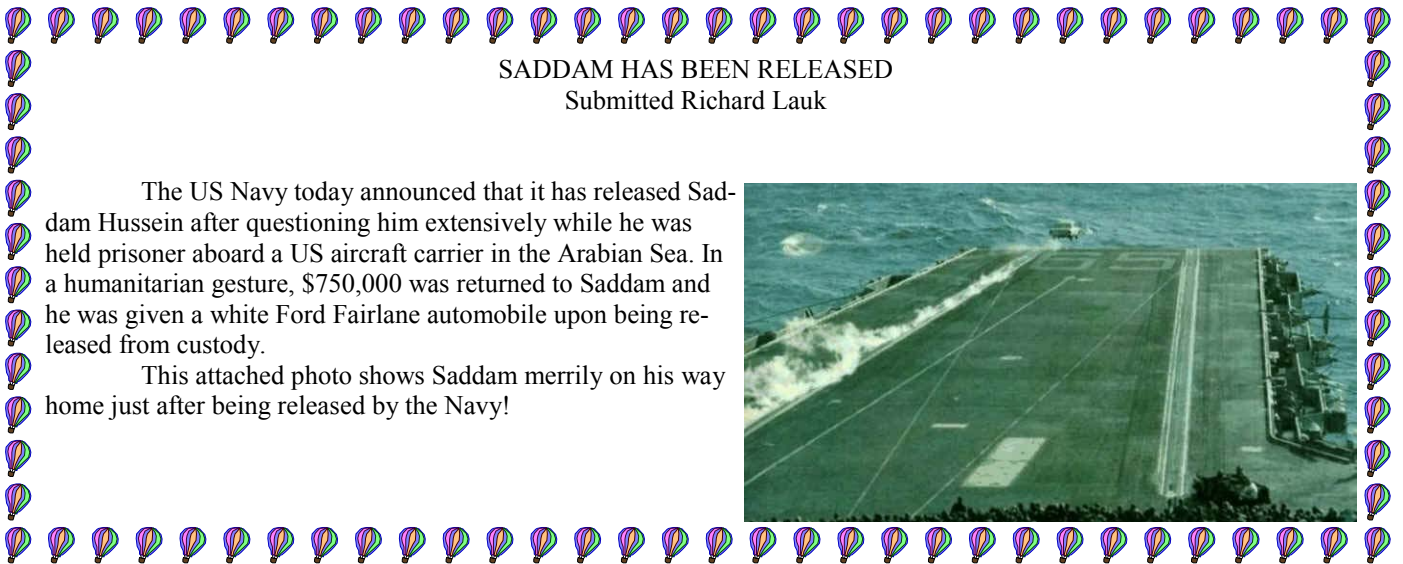
Spoke with Lowell Nienstedt earlier today. Had a very pleasant conversation. He seemed quite positive about joining us at reunion."



I wanted to make sure that we did not publish inappropriate pictures in our newsletter, I questioned Joe about what these sailors were drinking at the time—George.

"I'm sure you have heard of Long Island iced tea . Well the photo of liberty in Long Beach was taken many years before that became a popular drink so we were most probably sipping on Long Beach iced tea or a comparable soft drink. Heaven forbid three sailors, crew members of the Cogswell would go on liberty and consume anything stronger than soda pop . Surely you do not doubt the truth of this "story" ? So great that the three "old" buddies can still navigate and enjoy time together and reminisce over a drink about our times together as shipmates and friends almost fifty-nine years ago. This has been made possible because of the U.S.S. Cogswell reunions that brought us together after many years of lost contact with each other. Do hope that other crew members also have this opportunity to renew acquaintances .

Cheers ,Sante ,Nostrovia , und Gesund'heit to all.
Joe Marheineke '43-'45



SADDAM HAS BEEN RELEASED
Submitted Richard Lauk

The US Navy today announced that it has released Saddam Hussein after questioning him extensively while he was held prisoner aboard a US aircraft carrier in the Arabian Sea. In a humanitarian gesture, \$750,000 was returned to Saddam and he was given a white Ford Fairlane automobile upon being released from custody.

This attached photo shows Saddam merrily on his way home just after being released by the Navy!



Submitted by Tom Lamson (67-68)

Investment tips for 2003.
... for all of you with any money
left

.....
In the wake of the Exxon/Mobile deal and the AOL/Time Warner implode, be aware of the next expected mergers so that you can get in on the ground floor and make some BIG bucks. Watch for these consolidations in 2003:

1. Hale Business Systems, Mary Kay Cosmetics, Fuller Brush, and W. R. Grace Co. will merge and become: Hale, Mary, Fuller, Grace.
2. Polygram Records, Warner Bros., and Zesta Crackers join forces and become: Poly, Warner Cracker.
3. 3M will merge with Good-year and issue forth as: MMMGood.
4. Zippo Manufacturing, Audi Motors, Dofasco, and Dakota Mining will merge and become: ZipAudiDoDa.
5. FedEx is expected to join its! major com-



Al Baross (51-53) shared this story after the e-mail sent about Stanley Matyasz's death.

I served with Matyasz from the time we took the Cogswell out of mothballs till I had to get off as she was leaving on a trip, round the world as I remember. Being as I was head of the Fire Control Gang after the retreads from WW-2 got off and before we got a new crew as needed for the trip,

I had to work with Matyasz many times in the correcting the electrical circuits and sight alignment. We got along rather well but he could be a real funny guy. he was very interested in any kind of gun, from a pistol to the main battery, 5 inch, 38's.

Well it happened that I think it was one of Matyasz, strikers, had the Gangway watch as we tied up in Newport. This striker was also the dock watch so he was armed with a small carbine. It was very deep, low tide and our gangway was at a terrible down angle. The striker was directed that when a lady came to his station, he was to place his rifle against a Bollard, offer his arm to the lady and assist her in gaining access to the quarter deck on the Cogswell.

All went well for the first part of his watch, but enter, Matyasz. The striker and one of the officers wives were slowly descending the ramp. Matyasz had seen the gun against the Bollard and so he picked it up. The striker caught sight out of the corner of his eye and wishing to defend his carbine, in a loud voice, he said, "THATS RIGHT PUTT-PUTT, F**K AROUND.

The words no more then got out of his mouth when the lady turned her face directly to him, said nothing and to this day, I doubt if she ever told her husband. Needless to say, the striker was keeping a very low profile for a while. Only on the COGSWELL could some of these things happen.

Memories

Submitted by Lowell Nienstedt

Dear George:

.....enclosing a copy of Tom's son Lane's letter to me and below is Lane's address: and phone number. If you use any of this in the Scuttlebutt, I think Lane would like to receive a copy of the Scuttlebutt.

Lane: B. Stephenson
1309 Bayou Woods Drive
College Station, TX 77840
Phone: (979)693-541.2

Many thanks to Cheryl Williams of Colfax, Iowa for helping me to learn about Tom Stephenson, SK3c of Richardson, Texas who worked with me in 1945 in the "S" Division



Lowell, Tom's wife Pauline, and Tom Stephenson

on the Cogswell. Tom was a true gentleman and we became good friends. We kept in sporadic touch for several years but



Tani Nienstedt, Tom & Pauline Stephenson

as so often is the case, living and working in our own "little worlds", we let friendships with people once important to us slip away.

When flying to Honolulu in 1979 we, had a lay-over at the Dallas-Ft. Worth airport. Tom and Pauline spent a couple of hours with us between planes, which was the first and

last meeting with Tom since 1945. When I later joined the Cogswell Association I vowed to reunite with Tom but couldn't find him. The only clue I had was my memory that he used to speak of his son Lane. Cheryl Williams found Lane's whereabouts and phone number.

Unfortunately, I learned that Tom and Pauline had each passed away in 1993. I had taken photos at the airport which I sent to Lane. He sent me a nice letter of appreciation which I am enclosing a copy of with the photos. Some of Tom's ship-mates in



Lowell Nienstedt & Tom Stephenson

1944/45 may recognize Tom and wish to be informed.

January 26, 2004

Dear Mr. Nienstedt,

Thank you for the photographs of my parents with you and your late wife. I will add them to my collection of favorite photos of my folks.

Also, I really appreciated your call - only sorry I couldn't forward it to my Dad. He would certainly have enjoyed talking to you again. He was extremely proud to have served in the Navy and treasured the friendships he made during his time aboard the Cogswell.

Thanks also for the information regarding the Association contacts. I even checked about the Association's Web site.

It was great talking to you, and, again, thanks.

Sincerely,
Lane Stephenson

(Continued from page 4)

who doesn't watch when she rolls.

But her engines are good and her lines are clean. When she takes the bone in her teeth and cranks up over 25 knots, she drives cleanly into the swell and you really get the feeling you are part of the sea, not just a raft on top of it.

The Cogswell's skipper, Cmdr. Orlie Baird, a quiet Minnesotan with a master's degree in communications and executive officer Lt. Cmdr. Paul Byrd, an Indiana aeronautics engineer, are living examples of the navy axiom that dry-landers are great sailors. They work perfectly as a



U.S.S. Cogswell shells a close-in target north of Danang at the northern end of South Vietnam. White smoke on coast is an exploding white phosphorus shell known as a Whiskey Papa, which marks the target area.

team, handling 250 men, 2,100 tons of ship and a mission that calls for 24-hour-a-day vigilance.

In the sticky tropical blackness of our first night aboard, we were running a patrol outside Danang harbor, guarding more than 20 deep-sea freighters anchored with cargoes for the war effort. The radars and lookouts watched every junk and fishing boat that came by. All it would take would be one suicide sampan or P.T. boat loaded with dynamite to turn the harbor into a fireworks display.

Suddenly a series of flares lit the harbor. And the radios started crackling. Two U.S.A.F. Starfighters had collided in mid-air. The pilots had ejected over the harbor.

The destroyer bore in and night was turned to day by flares while the captain ordered an all-hands watch for survivors. But the ditched pilots were retrieved by a patrol boat from the harbor command, so the Cogswell about-faced and went back to her picket patrol. All night long she cov-

ered the harbor entrance, running parallel to the swell, rolling as much as 40 degrees each way at six knots' speed.

Next morning we were called in close to shore by the U.S. Marines~ also a component of the Seventh Fleet - to provide gunfire support for patrols in the hills north of Danang.

The call-went down: "All hands secure general quarters. Man the battle stations." The bells sounded and the crew scrambled to position. Flak jackets and steel helmets were donned as we steamed into position.

Then we sat - the old army game of "hurry



Danang Harbor, the area is guarded by Cogswell. As the sun sets, a sailor reads mail from home. Freighters carrying cargo for war effort light up the background

up and wait" - for aching hours in known Viet Cong territory and well within mortar range while communications contact was established with the Marines.

Through this period, Cmdr. Baird watched and waited, keeping the strain of his watch to himself. He had to watch the shore for possible enemy fire. And he had to watch the milky water- not the safe blue of the South China Sea - a color that indicated we were in very shallow water.

With the ship so close in there was no way to keep moving.. We had to anchor, but a break-away link in the anchor chain was laid out on the deck. At the first sign of trouble a sailor would hit that link with a sledgehammer, the anchor would drop free and we could scoot.

"We've got to be here when we're called," the skipper said. "The Marines may need support in a hurry. But I just can't go ahead and shoot without the right communications. There are friendly villages between here and the target. And

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 4)

turn left and turn left again at the next light. The Clarion parking lot is to the left 140 feet past the turn, behind a Waffle House.

From I 26 headed west toward Columbia, take Exit 209 at Ashley Phosphate Road staying in the right hand lane. At the light, pass straight thru the intersection. The Clarion parking lot is 140 past the intersection to the left behind a Waffle House and a Taco Bell.

Restaurants in the area

The Clarion has its own restaurant and bar, but four others are nearby:

Ruby Tuesdays
Sticky Fingers
Olive Garden
Hooters

Tours

There is a downtown area tour of Charleston aboard the "Charleston's Finest" bus at the Visitor Center. The cost for seniors is \$16.50. The bus has very large windows and seats 23 passengers. There is only one downtown tour daily by this particular tour company - at 10:30 AM. Parking during the trip was just under \$5.00. The tour guide/driver is an enthusiastic and knowledgeable native which made the time pass all too quickly. All of the major homes and historic sights were pointed out with their historical significance. (Example: The house where Ensign John F. Kennedy lived circa 1942.) I recommend the tour for the serious tourist interested in seeing the downtown area without the hassle of driving. The bus continues on to plantations for an additional charge after its return to the Visitor Center but those tours are not particularly recommended.



The Charleston Visitor Center has many trips that originate there. There are walking tours, more tours of the plantations and sundry others. Additionally, there is a 39 minute movie about the city shown at the center (\$1.50 for seniors), a gift shop and pamphlets/brochures galore. Across the street is the Charleston Museum for really serious sightseeing with a replica of the submarine Hunley in front. Also across the street is the Managault House (used by the USO during WWII). During May 2004, reservations are recommended.

Charleston Finest Tours:
Telephone 843-577-3311
E-mail jogowdy@charleston.net
Web site www.historictoursofcharleston.com.

Other sighting seeing & tours

- Sight seeing ideas: The biggest attraction in Charleston is Charleston itself. With walking shoes one can see homes, streets, churches and graveyards dating back 200+ years.
- Navy - USS Yorktown, USS Laffey, USS Clamagore are open for tours at Patriot's Point in Mount Pleasant. Cost is \$13. The website is www.state.sc.us/patpt.
- Civil War - CS Hunley -first submarine to sink an enemy ship. Recommended only for the most avid Civil War buffs. Located at the former Navy Base. Fort Sumter Tour -located about 1/2 mile in Charleston's harbor. The tour takes close to three hours due to the boat trip and time at the fort. Recommended for Civil War historians and aficionados. CSA Galleries - This store sells Civil War memorabilia and is located at I 26 near exit 213 on Mall Drive. Civil War devotees may and shop or browse.
- Charleston - The Visitor's Center on Meeting Street has tours starting there all through the day. Tours to the plantations from there are not particularly recommended. Plantation tours may be taken by private automobile that allows one to have more flexibility. However, there is more to see IN Charleston than there is at the plantations.
- House Tours - The Nathan Russell House is one of the most popular sites opened to visitors. It is located on Meeting Street below Broad Street. While you're there, tour St Michael's Church on the corner of Broad and Meeting Streets. Metered parking is available on Broad and is very accessible on Saturdays. (Parking on many streets is limited to residents only.) The Edmondston- Alston House on East Battery has Civil War connections. See where Robert E. Lee viewed the bombardment of Fort Sumter and where the Union Army was later headquartered. Parking is available near the Battery or on Broad Street. House tours are currently \$7.00 per person; St Michael's is free.

(Continued on page 12)

Shopping

- The Market -on Market Street is a covered market stretching three blocks wherein vendors sell nearly everything you'd want. People seem to like to visit the area judging from the crowds it attracts. Horse-drawn carriage tours depart from the area. Parking is usually difficult by 11 AM.
- King Street Antiques - for three blocks north of Broad Street, King Street is festooned with antique stores for the serious browser. Actual purchases are not recommended.
- Charleston Place/Saks - Charlesto~ Place is a hotel with about sixteen shops on its ground floor off.ofthe lobby. Saks is across the street on King Street. Both are on Market Street.

Restaurants

- Seafood is a favorite in Charleston. Hyman's Seafood on Meeting Street just south of the Visitor's Center is popular. The Crab House on James Island has a good reputation and Hank's on Hayne Street, near Market Street is good, but pricey due to its location. Many of the downtown restaurants catering to the out-of-towners are somewhat expensive.
- While some may dismiss the Olive Garden as just a chain restaurant, its convenient location may make it a good choice for some. 82 Queen on Queen Street is a convenient place to stop after a tour of antique shops for a light lunch or a bowl of she crab soup.

Plan of the Day(s)

Thursday, 20 May 2004

1000 - Open hospitality room

1200 - Sign-in desk manned.

Get nametags, raffle tickets, pay dues, and receive banquet tickets.

Friday 21 May

0700- 0930 Breakfast at Clarion

Saturday 22 May

0700-0830 Breakfast at Clarion

0830 Business meeting

1800 Gather in Hospitality Room.

Pictures as desired

1900 Dinner in Atrium Room.

Guest speaker(s) TBD

Sunday 23 May

Breakfast

Checkout of hotel

(Continued from page 10)

I'm not going to take a chance on squeezing off a round against innocent people."

The communication problem continued. At one stage, the war went back 100 years while two veteran signalmen conversed with wig-wags from the beach to the ship. All the high-priced radios were useless.

On the beach, the Marines didn't seem to



All hands share a can of ice water. Mission was carried out in intense heat.

need any help. A patrol of them passed, followed by about a dozen gamboling children. And when the observation post jeep came down on the sand, it was surrounded by a crowd that stayed most of the afternoon. We were so close to shore we didn't need binoculars to see the unwarlike antics on the sand.

But there was trouble up the mountain. The forward observation post had spotted a Viet Cong staging area and a camouflaged bunker. A radio channel came through and, in three noisy hours, Cogswell squeezed off more than 150



Exhausted crew sleep on deck. They are on 24 hour alert, and sleep when possible

rounds of high explosive and "whisky papa" (white phosphorus) shells.

"Whisky papa is rough stuff," said Cmdr. Baird. "It explodes and burns and throws off smoke and flames. It can demoralize an enemy pretty quickly. We can also use it to mark targets for high explosive salvos.

"Today we're lucky. We'll be able to see some of the targets. They're so close in. Our main job in these fire supports is harassment. We keep throwing shells in on them. And it keeps them moving. Keeps them split up. They hear the shells whistling and banging. They can't get together in big groups because they know we could drop one on them and do real damage. And we can get out lots of it - about one every 15 seconds."

Each salvo spews out a dirty orange fire-ball and a muzzle concussion that rattles your eardrums. On the bridge there was only the noise



Cmdr. Orlie Baird, skipper of Cogswell, and his operations manager, Lt. Tom Moore in action

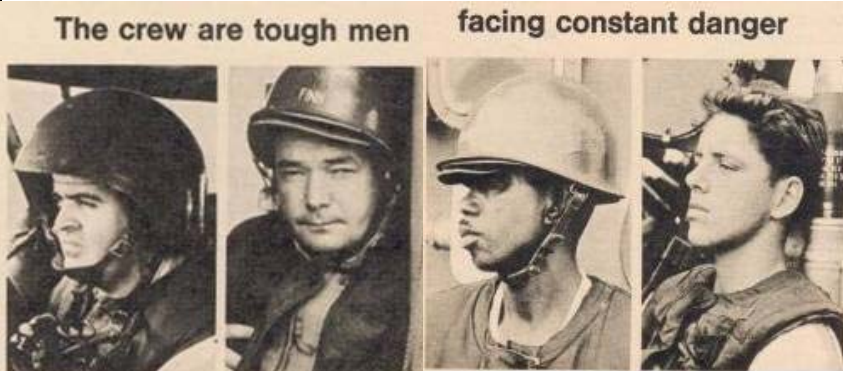


COMBAT Information Centre is crowded hole where 18 men operate radar, microphones, loudspeakers and make all calculations for the salvo. Every several seconds, a five-inch gun goes off over their heads.

(Continued on page 14)

(Continued from page 13)

to put up with. But down in the information centre - where Paul Byrd led a crew that did all the calculations for the shots - it was like something out of Dante's Inferno.



The crew are tough men facing constant danger
DURING ATTACK. Everyone is involved (left to right) commissary officer, two signalmen and an artificer.

There were 18 men crammed into an area about the size of a cheap hotel room. Surrounding them were radars, microphones, loudspeakers and pure, un-air-conditioned heat. About once every 15 seconds, a five-inch gun went off over their heads. And everywhere, the smell of smoke, sweat and gunpowder.

But their shooting brought the comment "outstanding gunnery" from the observation post.

That night, as we steamed back to sea and our patrol line, we listened to Beethoven's beautiful Fifth Piano Con-

certo played by George Szell via the wardroom tape recorder. Hands rubbed itchy chins where new beards were sprouting, thanks to the relaxation of the fleet rules against "hirsute facial adornment."

There had been a mail run that day so letters and magazines were spread out all over the wardroom. There was some discontent that there was no new copy of Playboy. But there were plenty of other new magazines to read. And for a dinner treat we had homemade cookies shipped from the U.S to operations officer Lt. Tom Moore.

There was some good-natured bickering between Paul Byrd and the junior officers over what movie would be shown that night. The universal feeling was that they were all bad. We settled on Jerry Lewis in *The Patsy*. It lived up to expectations.

After the movie I wandered down to the mess deck to talk to the sailors. Things were not so idyllic. But they never are. On this particular day word had been passed that all seamen due to leave the service in January 1966, would have their terms of service extended until at least July of next year.

The U.S. Navy does not use a draft; all the men are volunteers. So when a guy wants to get out, he really wants to get out, because he had to ask to join in the first place.

But the reaction was not as violent as I expected. There are lots better ways to make a living than working for the U.S. Navy, where some ratings' salaries are less than the standard welfare payments in New York City. There is a raise in the works which will ease the squeeze a little and it seemed to balance the bad news of the extension.

The sailors thought it was rough but they figured there was a reason for it.

"What the hell," said a Negro seaman, "they must need us here. Maybe in six months we can get it all done with. President would like that."

Fleeting Flame

Catching the fleeting burst of flame as it spurted from the gun muzzle at the exact instant of firing was more luck than good planning, according to Staff Photographer Bruce Moss, who took this week's cover while covering the Seventh Fleet in South Vietnam.



The guns go off.

"Fortunately I was able to borrow a set of headphones," Moss explains. "After the word 'Fire' was given, there was a brief silence followed by three scarcely audible beeps. On the third beep I pressed the button on my camera, hoping the shutter would go off before the concussion reached me and blurred the picture. Had I waited until I actually saw the blast it would have been too late to record the billowing sheet of flame."

(Continued from page 1)

Charleston. Note: Approximately one-third of the war was fought in South Carolina.

Less than a century later, the town found itself witnessing the beginning of another war. Often referred to as “the recent unpleasantness,” the Civil War of 1861-1865 started in Charleston Harbor with the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Much of the town was damaged and eventually surrendered to the Union forces.

Reconstruction after the war, the depression of the 1930s, boll weevils and earthquakes have all taken their toll on the city. Not until World War II did town recover economically. “Too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash,” was an expression to describe the times. It is ironic that Charleston’s



buildings that remain today were left standing because the funds were not available to replace them with newer buildings as was done in places such as Boston or New York. Those buildings and the tourists that visit them each year are a major factor in Charleston’s economy today.

The Cold War also had its impact on the city. Beginning in the 50s the Navy expanded its presence, as did the Air Force. Much of the Navy has left now and the shipyard, established in 1902, has closed. Some of the slack caused by the departure of the Navy has been taken up by education. The Medical University of South Carolina, The Citadel and the College of Charleston are just three of the institutions in the city. The port of Charleston is also a major factor in the economy.

Container cargo ships can be seen everyday along the Cooper River as they off-load and load.

Historians might argue about what was the major factor in the development of the city. Wars and economic pressures would be high on a list. Some experts might say that without air conditioning the town would be half of its present size. An entomologist might say that were it not for mosquitoes driving plantation owners into town during long-ago summers to be near salt water, there wouldn’t be as many grand homes to see. It sounds like a topic for a reunion discussion.

TRAGEDY ON THE COGSWELL, NOVEMBER 18, 1959, WEST PAC TOUR, AUGUST 15, 1959 TO FEBRUARY 1, 1960. LTJG NELSON BOSE.

THIS WAS MY FIRST TOUR ABOARD THE COGSWILL HAVING REPORTED ABOARD IN FEBRUARY OR MARCH OF 1959, FROM OCS, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. I KEPT A DAILY JOURNAL OF THIS TOUR. AS EVERY DESTROYER SAILOR KNOWS THERE IS VERY LITTLE PRIVACY ON A “CAN” AND IT WAS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT UP IN OFFICERS COUNTRY, AS A VERY JUNIOR OFFICER I HAD A TOP BUNK IN A TWO MAN COMPARTMENT, OR CHUBBY HOLE, OVER MY BUNK RAN A VERY HEAVY I-BEAM AND SOME AIR DUCTS, THE I-BEAM WAS LARGE ENOUGH THAT I COULD USE THE INSIDE CHANNEL AS A SHELF AND I KEPT SOME PRIVATE THINGS THERE, PHOTOS OF MY WIFE, AN EAR OF CORN, THIS JOURNAL AND A COUPLE OTHER SMALL ITEMS.

IN NOVEMBER 59, THE HANCOCK AND DESDIV 212, WHICH CONSISTED OF THE COGSWELL, INGER-SOL, BRAINE, AND AMMEN, WERE ASSIGNED TO BE PART OF A LARGER TASKFORCE MADE UP OF THREE CARRIERS, THE KERSARGE, MIDWAY, AND HANCOCK, A CRUISER, THE USS BREMMERTON CA130, A SECOND CRUISER, I CAN’T RECALL, AND THIRTEEN DESTROYERS, 18 SHIPS IN ALL. THIS TASK FORCE WAS OPERATING BETWEEN SUBIC BAY AND OKINAWA, THE CARRIERS CONDUCTED AIR

(Continued on page 16)

(Continued from page 15)

OPERATIONS AND THE DESTROYERS WERE KEPT BUSY PLANE GUARDING , CHANGING STATIONS AND FORMING DIFFERENT FORMATIONS, SOMETIMES AT NIGHT. THE TASKFORCE HAD BEEN AT SEA FOR ONLY A COUPLE DAYS AND HAD A COUPLE GOOD DAYS, QUIET DAYS AND THEN THE SEAS GOT HEAVY AND ROUGH ENOUGH THAT THE AIR OPERATIONS WERE CALLED OFF AND A DAY OR TWO LATER THE HEAVIES WERE SENT TOWARD BUCKNER BAY, AND THE DESTROYERS WERE SENT WEST TOWARD TAIWAN TO ESCAPE TYPHOON "FRIDA" WHICH WAS BUILDING AND CAUSING ALL THE ROUGH WEATHER, WE WERE ABOUT 200 MILES FROM THE MAINLAND AND WERE HEADED FOR THE LEE SIDE OF TAIWAN FOR PROTECTION. ALL THE DESTROYERS WERE TRAVELING IN A FORMATION IN TWO LINES HEADED DUE WEST. THE COGSWELL WAS LOW ON FUEL AND HAD ARRANGED TO MEET THE NEXT MORNING WITH A TANKER IN THE AREA. THE BALLAST HAD BEEN BLOWN FROM OUR FUEL TANKS DURING THE NIGHT IN PREPARATION FOR MEETING THE TANKER AT SUNRISE, WE WERE RIDING A LITTLE HIGH, THE SEAS WERE HEAVY AND WE WERE RUNNING AT 20 KNOTS.. AT ABOUT 0350 JUST AFTER THE WATCHES HAD BEEN CHANGED THE COGSWELL TOOK A ROLL TO STARBOARD OF ABOUT 37 DEGREES AND WHEN SHE RIGHTED SHE CONTINUED THE ROLL TO PORT AND ROLLED ALMOST 60 DEGREES, AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS ROLL THE SHIP SEEMED TO ALMOST BE ON HER SIDE AND THE SPLIT SECONDS WHICH FOLLOWED SEEMED LIKE MINUTES AS WE WAITED FOR HER TO COME BACK, THE PORT HOLE WAS OPEN AND SEA WATER WAS SHOOTING IN, THE STREAM AS BIG AS THE OPENING, SHE SHUDDERED PHYSICALLY, THOSE OF US IN COMBAT , LOOKED AT EACH OTHER WITH WIDE EYES, WONDERING WAS SHE OR WASN'T SHE GOING TO COME BACK, WE WERE SLAMMED AGAINST THE BULKHEADS, THE FLOOR WAS FLOODED, WE LOST POWER IMMEDIATELY, SOMEONE CALLED OUT THE DEGREE OF THE ROLL AND FINALLY SHE BEGAN TO RIGHT HERSELF. THE DEPTH OF THE ROLL HAD TORN OFF ALL THE STANCHIONS AND CABLES ON THE STARBOARD SIDE, RIPPED OPEN ONE OF THE 3" 50 GUN TUBS, ALL THE LIFERAFTS WERE STRIPPED AWAY, AND TWO SEAMAN WERE WASHED OVERBOARD. ONE, WHO'S NAME I CANNOT RECALL WAS IN AN ENGINE ROOM AND HAD BEEN UP ON DECK TAKING A BREAK, HE WAS WASHED OVER THE SIDE, HE HAD MANAGED TO HANG ON TO A STANCHION BUT WAS TORN AWAY FROM THAT AND INTO THE SEA, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT HE LANDED ON ONE OF THE INFLATABLE RAFTS WHICH HAD BEEN TORN AWAY FROM THAT SIDE AND LANDED IN THAT RAFT AS IT WAS INFLATING, HE WAS PICKED UP BY THE USS AMMEN ABOUT 20 MINUTES LATER. THE AMMEN WAS FOLLOWING US

(Continued on page 20)

Forwarded by Tom Lamson (67,68)

A Destroyer man's Thought!.....

I might be satisfied ashore,
if I had never seen,
The big waves top the foc'sle,
and race off white and green;

If I had never felt the wind,
or heard the lightnings hurled,
Or watch the storm clouds blowing down
God's wide expanse of world;

If I had never served the flag,
or known the big guns' roar,
Or worn the Navy blue, I might
be satisfied ashore.

-unknown



Submitted by

Don Peirce (43-44 Plankowner)

Starting with the young man leaning on his sea bag. Wally Rudd; Emil Barta; Leonard Shepherd, and me. Jaunty positioning of hat! Emil and Shep have both passed away. Picture was taken at the Naval Amphibious Base on the strand @ Coronado, California. We had just returned from participation in Operation Olympic - Japan. We were all Regular Navy and had just received our 30 day leave papers. We were four happy warriors going home! Upon our return to duty we were assigned to different Underwater Demolition Teams and participated 'together' in but one operation which was the retrieval of Marines lost to a rip tide accident off Oceanside in a practice invasion when Amtrak's were swamped. I believe in the spring of 1946. I went on, with my Team, to participate in Operation Crossroads @ Bikini. The only one I ever connected with after the war was Len. Shepherd who came from Midlands, Texas. He visited with me at my home. Wally Rudd is still alive but we never seem to connect as we have attended different reunions over the years. I think Wally came from Oregon. Emil, I believe, was from California. We were a feisty crew!

It's a Small World (Excerpt)

Submitted by Murray Miles (LT 53-55)

...”I had a ‘gee what a small world this is’ surprise last week. I went to a funeral at Arlington National Cemetery for a friend. In walked Carl Duberg. Carl Duberg was executive officer of Cogswell for most of my two years aboard. He left shortly after I did in June 1955 and he became a 1610 CRYPTOGRAPHY DUTY OFFICER. For the next twenty years or so he was a good friend and colleague of the officer who died.”

“From Cogswell I reported to ADM Rickover and spent the following 24 years in his headquarters. For the last 13 of these years I reported directly to the ADMIRAL and was responsible to him for excellence in control of radiation and radioactivity in the nuclear navy.”

(OK, I won't make any jokes about a glowing career! - Ed.)

Horses: *The tribal wisdom of the Dakota Indians, passed on from generation to generation, says that, "When you discover that you are riding a dead horse, the best strategy is to dismount."*

In the Government sector, more advanced strategies are often employed, such as:

1. Buying a stronger whip.
 2. Changing riders.
 3. Appointing a committee to study the horse.
 4. Arranging to visit other countries to see how other cultures ride horses.
 5. Lowering the standards so that dead horses can be included.
 6. Reclassifying the dead horse as living- impaired.
 7. Hiring outside contractors to ride the dead horse.
 8. Harnessing several dead horses together to increase speed.
 9. Providing additional funding and/or training to increase dead horse's performance.
 10. Doing a productivity study to see if lighter riders would improve the dead horse's performance.
 11. Declaring that as the dead horse does not have to be fed, it is less costly, carries lower overhead and therefore contributes substantially more to the bottom line of the economy than do some other horses.
 12. Rewriting the expected performance requirements for all horses.
- And of course.....
13. Promoting the dead horse to a supervisory position.

Two old retired navy chiefs were traveling across country to attend a Navy Reunion and they pull up to a gas station.
Attendant: "How may I help you?"
Old Chief: "Please fill it up."
The other Old Chief: "What did he say?"
Old Chief [yelling]: "He was asked what we wanted and I told him to fill it up."
Attendant: "So, where are you heading?"
Old Chief: "To Las Vegas to attend a Navy Reunion."
The other Old Chief: "What did he say?"
Old Chief [yelling]: "He asked where we're going? I told him we're going to a Navy Reunion."
Attendant: "It sure is a nice day for a drive."
Old Chief: "Yes, it's been quite pleasant."

The other Old Chief: "What did he say?"
"Old Chief [yelling]: "He said it's good weather."
Attendant: "Where are you coming from?"
Old Chief: "We started our trip from Bandera Texas."
Again the other Old Chief: "What did he say?"
Old Chief {yelling}: "He asked where we're from and I said Texas."
Attendant: "I spent two years in the Navy. The Chief that I worked for was a complete 'ahole.' He sure screwed me over so I didn't make the Navy a career."
Again the other Old Chief: "What did he say?"
Old Chief [yelling]: "He says he thinks he knows you."

***Must have been Blaine and Burns!!*

USS Cogswell DD-651 Association 2004 Reunion Attendees

This is a list of confirmed/tentative attendees at the Charleston reunion. Please let me know if you are planning on attending, I will add your name to the list. Someone may just decide to come to the reunion if they see your name on the list, either to renew friendships such as the story by *Joe Marheineke*, or to get even for something you may have done to them many years ago! This list will be updated on the Cogswell Association web site as new names are added.

Mike Adamsen (58-60)
 Jack Barlow-Butcher (43-45 –PO)
 Al Baross (51-53) *Tentative*
 Art Blain (68-69)
 Thomas Bossler (53-56)
 Al Burns (66-68)
 Pete Daggett (63-66) *Tentative*
 Dick Dunbar (58-61)
 Walt Dziejdzic (59-62)
 Frank Cadell (56-59)
 Ron Eberle (66-68)
 Don Ebert (45-46)
 Larry Eckert (63-66)
 Howard Erstad (52-54)
 David Fouts (59-61)
 Jay Hardy (61-64)
 Merlin Hendrickson (53-56)
 Joseph Hennessey (54-56)
 Ed Houle (59-62)
 Dick Kiel (57-58)
 Steve Kurcinik (61-65)
 Leon Lassitter (52-55)
 Tom Lillie (57-60)
 Joe Marheineke (43-45)
 Don Miller (56-60)
 Woodie Miller (45-46)
 Orval Mills (61-65)
 Don Moog (66-69)
 Dan Nelson (43-46)
 Fred Orlando (43-46 – PO)
 George Overman (64-66)
 Al Paradiso (43-46 – PO)
 Ray Piez (64-67)
 J.R. Robinson (58-60)

Bill Rose (45-46)
 Carl Scherr (52-55)
 Sterling Spell (44-46)
 Jack Stevenson (53-56)
 Robert Stormont (58-59)
 Jim Touse (51-55)
 Frank Wille (63-65)
 Orvil Williams (65-68)
 Ed Winslow (44-46)
 Ernie Ziemba (59-62)

Treasurer's Report By Orvil Williams

FINANCIAL STATEMENT USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION

JUNE 01, 2003 TO January 20, 2004

JUNE 1, 2003	CASH ON HAND	\$14,261.76
	DEPOSITS	
JUNE 03		\$ 30.00
JULY 03		\$.00
AUGUST 03		\$.00
SEPTEMBER 03		\$200.00
OCTOBER 03		\$ 50.00
NOVEMBER 03		\$.00
DECEMBER 03		\$125.00
	TOTAL DEPOSITS	\$405.00
	DEBITS	
JUNE 03 TIN CAN SAILORS DONATION		\$ 200.00
AUGUST 03 NEWSLETTER		\$1000.00
JANURARY 03 MERCHENDISE		\$ 192.50
	TOTAL DEBITS	\$1392.50
Cash on hand 6/01/02		\$14,261.76
+ Deposits		\$ 405.00
Total		\$14,666.76
-Debits		\$ 1392.50
	Cash on hand 01/20/04	\$13,274.26

THE SEABAG.....

Submitted by Walt Dziedzic

[This story originally appear in print as The Submariner's Seabag by Bob Dex Armstrong]

There was a time when everything you owned had to fit in your seabag. Remember those nasty rascals? Fully packed, one of the suckers weighed more than the poor devil hauling it.

The damn things weighed a ton and some idiot with an off-center sense of humor sewed a carry handle on it to help you haul it. Hell, you could bolt a handle on a Greyhound bus but it wouldn't make the damn thing portable. The Army, Marines and Air Force got footlockers and we got a big ole' canvas bag.

After you warped your spine jackassing the goofy thing through a bus or train station, sat on it waiting for connecting transportation and made folks mad because it was too damn big to fit in any overhead rack on any bus, train and airplane ever made, the contents looked like hell. All your gear appeared to have come from bums who slept on park benches.

Traveling with a seabag was something left over from the "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" sailing ship days. Sailors used to sleep in hammocks. So you stowed your issue in a big canvas bag and lashed your hammock to it, hoisted it on your shoulder and in effect moved your entire home and complete inventory of earthly possessions from ship to ship. I wouldn't say you traveled light because with one strap it was a one-shoulder load that could torque your skeletal frame and bust your ankles. It was like hauling a dead linebacker.

They wasted a lot of time in boot camp telling you how to pack one of the suckers. There was an officially sanctioned method of organization that you forgot after ten minutes on the other side of the gate at Great Lakes or San Diego. You got rid of a lot of issue gear when you went to the SHIP.. Did you ever know a tin-can sailor who had a raincoat? A flat hat? One of those nut hugger knit swimsuits? How bout those roll your own neckerchiefs... The ones the girls in a good Naval tailor shop would cut down and sew into a 'greasy snake' for two bucks?

Within six months, every fleet sailor was down to one set of dress blues, port and starboard undress blues and whites, a couple of whitehats, boots, shoes, assorted skivvies a peacoat and three sets of bleached out dungarees. The rest of your original issue was either in the pea coat locker, lucky bag or had been reduced to wipe down rags in the engineroom. Underway ships were not ships that allowed vast accumulation of private gear.

Hobos who lived in discarded refrigerator crates could amass greater loads of pack rat crap than fleetsailors. The confines of a canvas back rack, side locker and a couple of bunk bags did not allow one to live a Donald Trump existence. Space and the going pay scale combined to make us envy the lifestyle of a mud hut Ethiopian. We were the global equivalents of nomadic Monguls without ponies to haul our stuff.

And after the rigid routine of boot camp we learned the skill of random compression packing... Known by mother's world-wide as 'cramming'. It is amazing what you can jam into a space no bigger than a breadbox if you pull a watch cap over a boot and push it in with your foot. Of course it looks kinda weird when you pull it out but they never hold fashion shows at sea and wrinkles added character to a salty appearance. There was a four-hundred mile gap between the images on recruiting posters and the actual appearance of sailors at sea. It was not without justifiable reason that we were called the tin-can Navy.

We operated on the premise that if 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness', we must be next to the other end of that spectrum... We looked like our clothing had been pressed with a waffle iron and packed by a bulldozer.

But what in the hell did they expect from a bunch of jerks that lived in the crews hole of a 2250 Sumner Class can. After a while you got used to it... You got used to everything you owned picking up and retraining that distinctive aroma... You got used to old ladies on busses taking a couple of wrinkled nose sniffs of your peacoat then getting up and finding another seat...

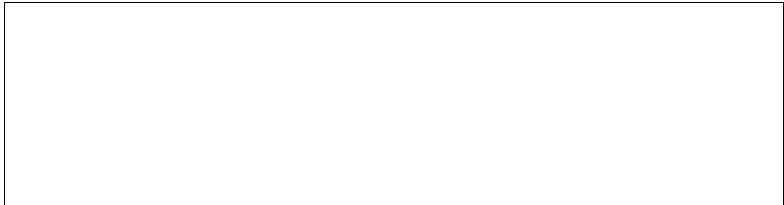
Do they still issue seabags? Can you still make five bucks sitting up half the night drawing a ships picture on the side of one of the damn things with black and white marking pens that drive old master-at-arms into a 'rig for heart attack' frenzy? Make their faces red... The veins on their neck bulge out... And yell, "Jeezus H. Christ! What in god's name is that all over your seabag?" "Artwork, Chief... It's like the work of Michelangelo... My ship... Great huh?" "Looks like some damn comic book..."

Here was a man with cobras tattooed on his arms... A skull with a dagger through one eye and a ribbon reading 'DEATH BEFORE SHORE DUTY' on his shoulder... Crossed anchors with 'Subic Bay 1945' on the other shoulder... An eagle on his chest and a full blown Chinese dragon peeking out between the cheeks of his butt. If anyone was an authority on stuff that looked like a comic book, it had to be this E-7 sucker.

Sometimes I look at all the crap stacked in my garage, close my eyes and smile, remembering a time when everything I owned could be crammed into a canvas bag. Maturity is hell.



USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION
PO BOX 28597
SAN DIEGO CA 92198



www.destroyers.org/uss-cogswellgswell

(Continued from page 16)

ASTERN, HE HAD SUFFERED SOME MAJOR DAMAGE TO HIS ARM WHERE HE HAD BEEN HANGING ON. THE OTHER MAN WAS RICHARD BALL, WHO WAS IN THE 1ST DIVISION, HE WAS ON WATCH AFT AND PLUGGED INTO A REAR 5" MOUNT, HE OBVIOUSLY WAS WASHED OVER THE FANTAIL, HIS SOUND POWERED PHONE LINE WAS FOUND ATTACHED TO THE MOUNT, HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN, WE SEARCHED FOR HIM FOR TWELVE HOURS, WE CONCLUDED HE HAD BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS IN THE PROCESS AND NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO SAVE HIMSELF. HE WAS IN MY 1ST DIVISION, PROBABLY 19 YEARS OLD AT THE TIME. I CAN STILL RECALL THE LETTERS I WROTE TO HIS MOTHER AND HIS SWEETHEART, THEY WERE GOING TO GET MARRIED WHEN HE RETURNED, I WAS 23 AT THAT TIME, HIS MOTHER AND SWEETHEART BOTH CAME TO MEET THE COGSWELL WHEN WE ARRIVED BACK IN SAN DIEGO THE NEXT FEBRUARY.

I NOTED IN MY JOURNAL FOR THAT DAY AFTER THE DAMAGE THE SHIP HAD SUSTAINED AND THE LOSS OF LIFE, "THERE WAS CONCERN WRITTEN ON THE FACES OF EVEN THE MOST SALTY OF THE CREW. WE HAD BEEN TRYING TO EVADE THE TYPHOON AND HAD BEEN UNABLE TO REFUEL WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE HEAVY ROLLING, THE COGSWELL TOOK QUITE A BEATING TODAY AND SEEMED TO HESITATE AFTER THAT 60 DEGREE ROLL FOR A FEW SECONDS BEFORE RIGHTING HERSELF. THE SEAS CALMED TONIGHT ENOUGH SO WE WERE ABLE TO FUEL AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT THIS AFTERNOON, THE SEA WAS ANYTHING BUT BEAUTIFUL TODAY."

A BOARD OF INQUIRY WAS HELD RIGHT AWAY AND AFTER THERE WAS TALK OF A SEISMIC WAVE, AND A FOLLOWING SEA. I THOUGHT IT HAD TO DO WITH BALLAST.

I RECALL THAT LATER WE WE LINGERED IN THAT AREA WHERE THIS INCIDENT OCCURRED FOR A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR SEAMAN BALL, A CHRISTIAN BURIAL SERVICE WAS HELD, WREATHS WERE TOSSED AND HE WAS GIVEN A PROPER BURIAL AT SEA.

THAT'S WHAT I RECALL OF THIS INCIDENT, I KNOW THERE ARE OTHER COGSWELL CREWMEMBERS WHO WOULD RECALL THAT DAY AND IT IS PROBABLY AS VIVID IN THEIR MEMORY AS IT REMAINS IN MINE TODAY.