

THE SCUTTLEBUT



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Special points of interest:

- 2004 reunion information
- Active membership on the rise
- Kermit Bengtson pictures
- John Barwinczok's memorabilia
- Mystery crewmembers
- Order Seattle reunion photo books
- New association members

116 Crewmembers Found!

We thought this should be the lead story in this edition of the Cogswell Association newsletter simply because of the success of two individuals in our midst. They serve as role models for the rest of the association.

After our reunion in Seattle last October, Cheryl Williams went home to Colfax, Iowa and recruited her daughter Alice Lincoln to help find missing Cogswell crewmembers. Before long George Overman was receiving a list of names weekly of former Cogswell DD-651 crewmembers who wanted a association membership form. Although the volume of newly found crewmembers has slowed down (garage sale season), the names continue to trickle in.



To date, of the 116 people who expressed a desire to join the association, 14 have returned their membership forms. Mark Coolidge was recruited to follow up with the remainder of our newly found crewmembers to make sure they send back their membership forms. It will be a grand accomplishment if we can get all the newly found crewmembers to join the association.

We are always looking for help to locate our missing crewmembers. If you would like to help in this effort, send an e-mail to George Overman at uss-cogswell@destroyers.org. We will take all the help we can get.

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

On 30 April 2003, our Cogswell local covert agent took a bus tour of the downtown area of Charleston in order to evaluate its suitability for the reunion. Using the alias "Biff Buffingtonne," our agent boarded the

"Charleston's Finest" bus at the Visitor Center, was underway at 10:30 and back at about 12:15. 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. Parking during the trip was just under \$5.00. The tour guide/driver is an enthusiastic and knowledgeable native which made the time

(Continued on page 8)

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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

Your association remains strong and viable. We have a healthy membership of active participants. Our treasury is sound with good management. Our newsletter is one of the best anywhere.

We're all recovering from a great reunion in Seattle and already plans are well underway for the May 2004 reunion in Charleston. Dick Keil (AKA: Biff Buffington) has reserved the hotel and begun investigating sites to visit. Imagine Biff in dark glasses riding the bus (so no one will recognize him) to the Hubble submarine. Biff says, ya'll come; you will have a great time.

I hope that many of you

have taken the opportunity to join the Tin Can Sailors association. They have a wealth of information which they share with members, they help the ship museums stay available, and their Web site is Cogswell's link to other destroyer sailors. TCS is having their reunion in Portland this August. Hope to see several of you there. If anyone would like information about the local area, please let me know and I'll give you some ideas of places to visit and sights to see.

Our Don Miller Locator system is functioning and we've located several new members. We want to give every former Cogswell crew member the opportunity to share in the association. My special thanks to

George Overman for coordinating this and Cheryl Williams and Alice Lincoln (Cheryl's daughter) for her efforts to locate crewmembers.

We have several crew members who are experiencing health problems. Please keep them in your thoughts and prayers. The best part of our association is the friends we have made and the camaraderie and fellowship we enjoy.

May you all continue to enjoy Fair Winds and Following Seas.

Frank Wille

**USS COGSWELL ASSOCIATION
DATABASE STATISTICS as of 07/01/03**

By George Overman

Our database contains 3273 names total.

- **Active** = 307—up 15 from last newsletter. (members current active with paid dues)
- **Inactive** = 142 - down 2 from last newsletter (have not paid dues for more than two years - search underway to ascertain interest) ***I COULD USE SOME HELP HERE!***
- **New** = 101—up 40 from last newsletter. (See front cover story). (New members found who were mailed a membership form, waiting for return.)
- **No Interest** = 179—up 12 from last report (shipmates who have indicated they do not have any interest in the Cogswell Association)
- **Not Able** = 13 - up 2 (shipmates who are unable to participate for various reasons)
- **Deceased** = 185—up 11. (known deceased shipmates)
- **Not Located** = 2342 (continues to be the largest number in database - we still need help locating.)

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

Last Name	First	City	State	Years Aboard	Rank	
CALHOUN	THOMAS	INVERNESS	IL	67,68,69	LTJG	
CARAMBIA	ANTHONY	HAMPTON	VA	68,69,70	MM3	
CREEL	GASTON	COLUMBIA	TN	58,59	CS3	
HIERLING	EDWARD	SILVER SPRINGS	MD	43,44	SK2	PLANKOWNER
KAHL	VIRGIL	KALAMAZOO	MI	65,66,67	E4	
KOHORST	MICHAEL	VAN WERT	OH	68,69	FN	
MARTIN	DARRELL	HORTONVILLE	WI	64,65,66,67	FTG3	
MESSER	HAROLD	CASSELBERRY	FL	45,46	BM3	
MORRIS	J W	EDGEWOOD	TX	66,67,68	SF2	
MULESKY	PAUL	SANTA ROSA	CA	65,66,67	FTG3	
NICKEL	MERLIN	MOUNTAIN HOME	AR	44,45	SOM3	
PAPENFUS	STEVE	PLEASANT HILL	CA	66,67,68	ET1	
RANDALL	GORDON	UPTON	MA	43,44,45,46	SN	PLANKOWNER
SCHUPBACH	GARY	CURTIS	MI	66,67	SN	
SEGARS	ELSTON	GILBERT	SC	51,52,53,54	MM3	
SHIPPEY	MARVIN	SALEM	OR	65,66,67	RM3	

Known Deceased since January, 2002

Last Name	First	City	State	Years Aboard	Rank	
BAKER	MORLEY	PRINCETON	WV	43,44,45	WT1	PLANKOWNER
BORDEAUX	JUDE			68,69	SN	
COLEMAN	THOMAS	PHILADELPHIA	PA	43	F3	PLANKOWNER
DERRICO	GEORGE			44	FA	
HOGENTOGLER	HOWARD			69	BM2	
LAWSON	RONALD	BANGOR	ME	51,52,53,54	FA	
MERRITHEW	EUGENE	WOODLAND	ME	51,52,53,54	BT3	
MONTGOMERY	BOBBY			55,56	FT3	
O'DONAL	CLIFTON	PORTLAND	ME	44	SF3	
OESTERLE	ORVILLE	KANKAKEE	IL	53,54	SN	
OVERKO	PETER	BOSTON	MA	43	SA	PLANKOWNER
SCHLICHT	EDWARD	EVANSVILLE	IN	51,52,53,54	RD2	
STRICKLAND	BENNIE	JACKSONVILLE	FL	43,44	SA	
WALSTROM	DONALD	PORTLAND	OR	65	ENS	



COGSWELL ASSOCIATION
THE SCUTTLEBUTT

As I read the January issue of the Scuttlebutt I noticed that the article by John Baross was about the Med. cruise with Cap't. Crenshaw which took place in the fall of 1952. I was on board the Cogswell at that time. I went to the cruise book I have and noticed that there was no photograph of John Baross. I then looked in the "Around the World" cruise book. Again I could not find his photo. I thought that I might remember him from his photo, but no luck. I tried to recall the incident, but could not. I do recall quite well the ECM shack, if I am correct it was on the 01 level between the #4 & #5 guns. I also remember at least three of the members of the ET gang, Bardusch, Beattie and Valluzzi. I also think I have a photo of myself and Bardusch on skis in the French Alps.

If I recall correctly one of the reasons we stopped at ports like Argostoli, Salonica and Kavalla was to locate electronic equipment in Iron Curtain countries. Our first port of call after leaving the States was in the Firth of Fourth in Scotland. There, in the Firth were ships from many N.A.T.O. nations. From there the ships went North for war games. If my memory serves me correctly, the Cogswell was supposed to make a daylight torpedo attack on at least one of the ships. The ECM gear was supposed to knock out all the communications of the fleet and then we were supposed to make the attack. The attack was not successful, we were supposedly sunk while trying to make the attack [after all it was daylight]. I do believe that the ECM gear did do a good job of disrupting communications though. If any of the ET's are still around they could probably recall these incidents better. I know they were the only ones allowed in the ECM shack, and they never said what they were doing. I also recall the crazy maneuvers that all the ships were making. In particular I recall being on the fantail and watching the bow of an aircraft carrier heading towards us, fortunately they passed close to us, but no cigar.

There was also the article by Russell Crosby about an incident in 1966. That was well past the time I had been aboard. What interested me was his reference to a "used pair of gabardine blues". I left the Cogswell in the spring of '55. I recall eating in the mess hall and someone [I cannot recall who he was] asking me if I wanted to sell my tailor made blues. They had embroidery on the inside of the cuffs and on the back of the collar and a zipper on the left side of the jumper. I would have no further use for them so I said O.K. We settled on a price of \$35, [the price I had paid for them originally]. When I read the article I began to wonder. Could those be the same blues? Could they have survived that Long? One never knows.

Carl Scherr

1940's Pictures Provided by Kermit Bengtson

Kermit Bengtson (Cogswell 1944, 45, 46)

I was born in Boston in 1922 but moved as a small child with my parents to Seattle, where I grew up. My dad would take me to visit ships anchored in the harbor during Fleet Week, and that generated a strong interest in the Navy in me; I wanted to go to Annapolis. Not having either a perfect grade point or political connections this was impossible, so in Fall 1940 I enrolled in NROTC at the University of Washington while studying Chemical Engineering. A highlight was a summer 1941 cruise through the Inland Passage from Seattle to Alaska as far as Skagway aboard U.S.S. Kane, DD 235.

Our class was commissioned early, in February 1944, and I received orders to the Cogswell, joining her in Majuro after a slow trip westward from San Francisco on first a troop transport to Hawaii. After a two week layover there (very pleasant) a jeep carrier took me to the Marshalls, where I laid over again aboard the S.S. Arethusa, an old rust bucket anchored in the lagoon, until the Cogswell returned from operations. Quarters for a new Ensign were very cramped--for the first year two other officers and I bunked in a small annex just forward of Officers' Country and aft of the Chiefs' Quarters. Later, six of us shared a stateroom (?) with one drawer each for our belongings. Alan Shepard, newly out of Annapolis, bunked in that room at the same time I did. I had hoped to be assigned to Engineering, but became a deck officer and eventually First Lieutenant & Damage Control Officer. I was released to inactive duty shortly after Cogswell arrived in Boston in 1946, and rode the train all the way back to Seattle. I re-enrolled at the University for a while, and later taught chemistry and other subjects at Western Washington College in Bellingham, Washington. Newly married in 1951, the Navy recalled me to active duty aboard U.S.S. Stormes DD 780 in the Korean Theatre. Stormes saw combat there until early 1952, when with three other DDs we were ordered to sail to Norfolk via the Suez Canal, so I can say I traveled completely around the world courtesy of the Navy.

In May 1952 I became Commanding Officer, U.S. Naval Control of Shipping Office, Reykjavik, Iceland, a command having a complement of two officers and two enlisted men. The Office was a unit of the Iceland Defence Force based in Keflavik, a multi-service command. The year I spent there was a very unique experience in many ways.

In May 1953 I was again released to inactive duty, returning to Graduate School at U.W., and earning a Ph.D. in Chemical Engineering in 1957. Initial employment was with Kaiser Aluminum in their Research Department then located at Permanente, CA. However, things were not going well for Kaiser, so in 1958 I became Director of the newly established Center for Graduate Study at Hanford, located in Richland, Washington. I remained there until 1968 when I rejoined Kaiser at their Center For Technology then being established in Pleasanton, CA. I remained with Kaiser at the Center until retirement in 1985, and moved to Yucca Valley in 1992.



Chiefs receiving commendations, Jan 45.
Parmenter, Hopkinson, Piazza, McCreary, Fenton,
Begley, Bradley, McCabe, Chambers



C&R Gang: Doyle, Pollack, Court, Potts,
Stanek, Eberlein



Bengtson, Don Graybill, Jack Cogswell and Chief
Engineer Alfson



Back Row: Forrester, Keel, Davidson, Dodd, DuBois
Next: Dunnigan, Stuart, Dockins, Foody, Orlando,
Hanne, Ropke, Dela Rosa, ?
3rd Row: Driver, Spence, Dzubin, Delmas, Bertucci,
Eldeman, Phillips
Front: Smith, Codemo, Candio, Davis, Miller, Rogers,
O?, Bengtson, Sprowls, Spielman, Paradiso

Kermit's Pictures Continued



Chow on the deck during General Quarters,
October 25, 1944.
(Second battle of Philippines Sea)



Kneeling: Gregg, Cogswell, Hendrix, Corey, Diano, Gehling
Row 1: Alfson, Bengtson, Deutermann, Perley, Blair, Shelton
Row 2: Hughes, Trygg, Golder, G?ther, Reareley, Kelly
June 2944



Pulling USS Reno survivors
aboard in 1944



Bengtson & working party in front of Naminato
Wan Post Office.
Bengtson, J. Rizzo, M. Rizzo, Provonche, Farace,
Dougan, Ficken



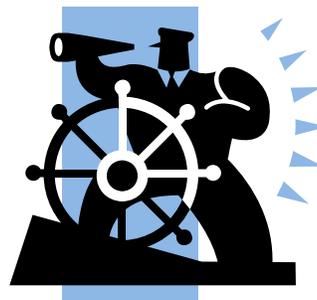
Transferring wounded man to carrier
which is fueling.
South China Sea, 1945



Bosworth, Jones, Elliot,
with Capt. Deutermann



Commendation mast, January 1945
Kaczmarek, Potts, Dees, Orlando, Dzwonkoski, Zimmer, ?,
Burk, Matson, Leffler



Kermit's Pictures Continued



Plain, Fierst, Little John, Doklausous(?) & ships band



Farace and model
1944



King Neptune and assorted members of his court



Capt. Deutermann cutting ship's birthday cake at first anniversary of ship's commissioning.
August 1944, Eniwetok Atoll



Capt. Perly in the pilot house, helmsman (Halpern) at right.



Ships band, 1945
Front: Ifland, Butera, Hegdahl, Wright
Back: Hook, Rech, Marheineke, Austin



Dr. Kelley, Charlie Hughes, Bob Golder, Trygg, Jack Diano,
Bengtson.
Mogmog Isle, Ulithi Atoll, 1944

We have many more pictures, which Kermit has donated to the Cogswell Association. They will eventually be posted on the Cogswell web page.

(Continued from page 1)

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.) Biff recommends 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.**

The Clarion Hotel Charleston Airport is located in North Charleston at Exit 209 from Interstate I 26. We have forty rooms reserved at \$79.00 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!



There will be more information about the 2004 reunion in the next newsletters or check online at <http://www.destroyers.org/uss-cogswell/>








































"Well," snarled the tough old Navy Chief to the bewildered Seaman. "I suppose after you get discharged from the Navy, you'll just be waiting for me to die so you can come and urinate on my grave." "Not me, Chief!" the Seaman replied. "Once I get out of the Navy, I'm never going to stand in line again!"

Rules for Gunfighting

Submitted by Joe Baer

USMC Rules for Gunfighting:

1. Be courteous to everyone, friendly to no one.
2. Decide to be aggressive ENOUGH, quickly ENOUGH.
3. Have a plan.
4. Have a back-up plan, because the first one probably won't work.
5. Be polite. Be professional. But have a plan to kill everyone you meet.
6. Do not attend a gunfight with a handgun whose caliber does not start with a 4.
7. Anything worth shooting is worth shooting twice. Ammo is cheap. Life is expensive.
8. Move away from your attacker. Distance is your friend. (Lateral and diagonal movement are preferred.)
9. Use cover or concealment as much as possible.
10. Flank your adversary when possible. Protect yours.
11. Always win. The only unfair fight is the one you lose.
12. In ten years nobody will remember the details of caliber, stance or tactics. They will only remember who lived.
13. If you are not shooting, you should be communicating and reloading.
14. Someday someone may kill you with your own gun, but they should have to beat you to death with it because it is empty.
15. And above all ... don't drop your guard.

Navy Rules For Gunfighting:

1. Go to Sea
2. Drink Coffee
3. Send the Marines

Farmer Dick

By George Overman

On a recent trip to Nebraska for a family reunion, I stopped by to visit a former Cogswell crewmember. Richard Lauk was the weapons officer aboard Cogswell 65-67. We met on Dick's farm near Lincoln and shared some "sea stories." I found it extremely interesting that Dick knew Capt. Baird before he reported aboard Cogswell. It just so happens that Dick was teaching at the ASW school in San Diego and one of his students was then Cdr. Orlie Baird. I am happy to report that Capt. Baird was a very astute student.

Dick said he would very much like to make it to the Charleston reunion, but it depends on how busy he is on his farm. I told him he just had to get more hired help.



Active members who served aboard in the 50's

ADAMS	JERRY	HENNESSEY	JOSEPH	STARE	DALE
ADAMSEN	(MIKE)	HEWKIN	DONALD	STAUTZENBERGER	EMERY
ALVAREZ	FRANKLIN	HOBBY	WELCH	STEVENSON	JACK
AMBERS	KENNETH	HODGES	JAMES	STORMONT	ROBERT
ARNAIZ	ROBERT	HOLDEN	DENNIS	STOWELL	HAROLD
ATKINSON	JAY	HOLMS	JAY	TITUS	LEROY
BACHELDOR	FREDERICK	HOSLEY	RAY	TOUSE	JAMES
BAILLEY	CHARLES	HOULE	EDWARD	VAN DRIGHT	EVERETT
BAKER	ROYAL	HOWELL	KENNETH	VERHOUGSTRAETE	KENNETH
BAKER	WALTER	JONES	DONALD	VILD	CHARLES
BAROSS	JOHN	JUBERT	CLAYTON	WALKER	GEORGE
BARWINCZOK	JOHN (SKI)	KANTARIS	JAMES	WEIS	FREDERICK
BELTZ	JOSEPH	KERBER	WAYNE	WHATLEY	THOMAS
BIASETTI	PHILIP	KIEL	RICHARD	WHISTLER	RODGER
BISCAN	JAMES	KING	JOHN	WHITEHEAD	WALTER
BIVINS	HENRY	LANZ	KENNETH	WIEDIGER	GARY
BLOUNT	CHARLES	LASSITER	LEON	WINTER	GEORGE
BOHANEK	PAUL	LILLIE	THOMAS	WITTER	HARRY
BOSE	NELSON	MARSH	EARL		
BOSSLER	THOMAS	MASON	JAMES		
BROOKS	RHODY	MATTHEWS	WALLACE		
BRUCE	THOMAS	MATYASZ	STANLEY		
BURRELL	RUDOLPH	McLELLAN	KENNETH		
BUTTGEREIT	ROBERT	MILES	MURRAY		
CADELL	FRANK	MILLER	DONNIE		
CARLIN	LEROY	MILLS	CORNELIUS		
CARLSON	WENDELL	MINIACI	ALDO		
CHAPMAN	JOHN	MITCHELL	ROBERT		
CLASEN	DONALD	MOBILIO	ARMAND		
CLIFTON	DUANE	MOLNAR	MICHAEL		
CONTRERAS	RAMON	MOORE	MARION		
COOK	ROSS	MOOREHEAD	LUTHER		
CORBIN	RICHARD	MURPHY	RICHARD		
CRENSHAW	RUSSELL	MURRAY	ARTHUR		
CUNNINGHAM	DAVID	NAKASHIMA	FRANK		
DEDEKE	LESLIE	NEE	THOMAS		
DUBERG	CARL	NOONAN	JOHN		
DUNBAR	RICHARD	NOVELLI	DANIEL		
DUNN	JAMES	NUNAMAHER	DONALD		
DZIEDZIC	WALTER	PARKER	ROBERT		
EICHMANN	CLARENCE	PASZKIEWICZ	(SKI)		
EMBICK	FRANK	PATTERSON	PETER		
EMMOLO	TONY	PATTERSON	ROBERT		
ERSTAD	HOWARD	PECK	DELBERT		
FLYNN	LLOYD	PECK	VERNON		
FOSTER	JACK	PEDERSEN	RICHARD		
FOUTS	DAVID	PHILLIPS	RONNIE		
FOXWELL	MILFORD	PLUMLEY	EARLE		
FRANKS	DENNIS	RACHER	TERRY		
FULLMER	JACOB	RAHN	WILLIAM		
GALLOWAY	NORMAN	ROBINSON	JACK		
GONZALES	RICHARD	ROLOFF	CHARLES		
GOWER	ROY	SAKALA	PETER		
GRANHOLM	JALMAR	SARACINO	DANIEL		
GUSTASON	ROBERT	SCHEMPP	LEONARD		
HANSEN	RUAL	SCHERR	CARL		
HARPER	VERNON	SCHLIEBE	DERALD		
HARTLINE	CARLTON	SEE	ALLESTON		
HATTON	LESTER	SEIBEL	GARY		
HAUSE	LEWIS	SHARPE	DONALD		
HAYES	ROBERT	SMITH	ROBERT		
HEALY	FRANCIS	SOLI	JOHN		
HEIDTMAN	WILLIAM	SOULE	ROGER		
HENDRICKSON	MERLIN	SOULERET	WILLIAM		
		SPIVEY	LEONARD		



Documents From Daughter of Bernie Strickland

U.S.S. COGSWELL

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D-

STATEMENT OF ACTIONS AND CAMPAIGNS PARTICIPATED IN

While attached to the U.S.S. COGSWELL (DD651) the below named man participated in the following actions and campaigns between 23 May 1945 and 2 September 1945.

<u>STRICKLAND, Bennie Eugene</u>	<u>830 09 12</u>	<u>S1c</u>	<u>V-6, USNR SV</u>
(Name)	(Service No.)	(Rate)	Classification)

23 - 31 May 1945.

As a part of Task Unit 94.18.16 escorted convey UOK 18 from ULITHI to OKINAWA.

1 - 26 June 1945.

In company with other destroyers performed radar picket duty to the north of OKINAWA. On 3 June was under enemy air attack, several enemy planes being knocked down by CAP and ships' gunfire. Two enemy planes made suicide attacks on formation, both missing. Under enemy air attack the night of 8 June. On 9 June enemy plane made suicide attack on formation, hitting and sinking the U.S.S. WM. D. PORTER. On 11 June, while again under enemy air attack, LCS 122 was hit by suicide plane, setting her afire and causing considerable damage, but not sinking her. One other enemy plane knocked down by ships' gunfire. On night of 16 June were under bombing attack by enemy planes while anchored in HAGUSHI Anchorage, bombs dropping close enough aboard to scatter fragments on ship. On 21 June while at anchor in KERAMA RETTO, anchorage was attacked by suicide planes, U.S.S. CURTISS and U.S.S. KENNETH WHITING suffering hits. On 26 June as a part of Task Unit 31.29.24 proceeded to LEYTE.

1 July to 15 August 1945

As a part of Task Force 38 and Third Fleet, took part in a series of air strikes against JAPANESE home islands (Tokyo Area - KURE-KOBE Area - Northern HONSHU - HOKKAIDO).

16 - 23 August 1945.

As a part of Task Force 38 and Third Fleet, steamed in general area southeast of HONSHU awaiting surrender developments.

23 - 26 August 1945.

Cleared Task Group 38.4 with other units and formed Task Group 35.1 as Support Force for the occupation of the TOKYO area. Continued to steam in general area southeast of HONSHU awaiting surrender developments.

27 August to 2 September 1945.

At 1130 on 27th passed O SHIMA to port and entered SAGAMI WAN. Task Group 30.1 (MISSOURI with ComThirdFlt) and Task Group 30.2 (DUKE OF YORK with Com BritPac) ahead of our group. Proceeded along westward side of SAGAMI Wan then east along north shore to avoid possible minefield and show the Japs ashore we were here in force and to stay. At 1430 anchored in SAGAMI WAN. Looming to the west was Mt. FUJIYAMA. At sunset the once "rising sun" of Japan set behind FUJI, a fitting symbol and climax to her setting sun of destiny as of this historic day. DesDiv 100 was assigned to Fire Support Group TG 35.3. Continued at anchor on the 28th and 29th and in Condition I throughout daylight in preparation for any act of treachery

U.S.S. COGSWELL
(DD651)

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

STATEMENT OF ACTIONS AND CAMPAIGNS PARTICIPATED IN

While attached to the U.S.S. COGSWELL (DD651) the below named man participated in the following actions and campaigns between June 11 to October 25, 1944.

21 and 22 September 1944, as a part of a Carrier Task Group took part in air strikes against Japanese held MANILA BAY area, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

24 September 1944, as a part of a Carrier Task Group took part in a second series of air strikes against Japanese held VISAYANS, PHILIPPINE GROUP.

10 October 1944, as a part of a Carrier Task Group took part in air strikes against Japanese Island of OKINAWA in NANSEI SHOTO.

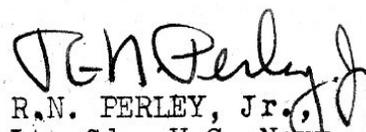
12 and 13 October 1944, as a part of a Carrier Task Group took part in a series of air strikes against the Japanese Island of FORMOSA and in the subsequent 2 days attacks by enemy planes on the task groups.

14 to 17 October 1944, as a part of a small task group protecting damaged ships retiring from FORMOSA took part in the defense of that group against enemy air attack, which lasted for a period of 3 days and nights.

19 to 24 October 1944, as a part of a Carrier Task Group took part in support air operations covering the assault and occupation of Islands in the VISAYANS, PHILIPPINE GROUP.

24 and 25 October 1944, as a part of a Carrier Task Group took part in air strikes against Japanese Fleet Units in the waters around the VISAYANS and in the waters East and Northeast of LUZON.

25 October 1944, as a part of a Carrier Destroyer Task Unit took part in surface action against Japanese Fleet Units in which a damaged CV and a CL were sunk.

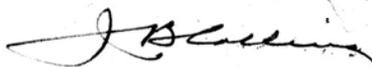

R.N. PERLEY, Jr.,
Lt. Cd., U.S. Navy,
Executive Officer.

U.S.S. COGSWELL

R-E-S-T-R-I-C-T-E-D

STATEMENT OF ACTIONS AND CAMPAIGNS PARTICIPATED IN (CONT'D).

31 into TOKYO BAY and in support of YOKOSUKA landings. There was no opposition and no fire against shore targets was necessary. On 31 August set normal condition of readiness. Assigned to radar picket stations in SAGAMI WAN. No evidence of unfriendly acts on the part of the Japs. Strong forces anchored in TOKYO BAY and ashore at YOKOSUKA. On 2 September 1945 anchored in TOKYO BAY with units of ~~including the U.S.S. MISSOURI~~, aboard which the formal articles of surrender of JAPAN to the ALLIES was signed by Japanese Foreign Minister Namoru Shigemitsu for Japan, Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, USN for the United States, and General of the Army, Douglas MacArthur, USA, for the United Nations.



J. B. COLLINS,
Lieut., USNR.,
Executive Officer.

My name is Old Glory.

I am the flag of the United States of America.

I fly atop the world's tallest buildings.

I stand watch in America's halls of justice.

I fly majestically over institutions of learning.

I stand guard with power in the world.

I stand for peace, honor, truth, justice and freedom.

I am confident. I am proud. When I am flown with my fellow banners, my head is a little higher, my colors a little truer. I bow to no one!

I am recognized all over the world. I am worshipped. I am saluted. I am

loved I am revered. I am respected. I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war for more than 200 years. I was flown at Valley Forge, on the battlefields of Shiloh and Gettysburg, San Juan Hill, in the trenches of France, in the Argonne and Belleau Woods, at Anzio, on the beaches of Normandy, in Berlin, on Okinawa, in Korea, in KheSan, over Saigon, and now in Baghdad.

I was there. I led my troops, I was dirty, battle-worn and tired, But my soldiers cheered me and I was proud.

I have been burned, torn and trampled on the streets of countries I have helped set free. It does not hurt for I am invincible.

I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and trampled in the streets of my own country. When it's done by those whom I've served in battle, it hurts.

Yet, when I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded comrades on the battlefield, when I am flown at half-mast to honor fallen comrades, or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their fallen son or daughter, I am proud.

I have slipped the bonds of Earth and stood watch over the uncharted frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon.

My finest hours are yet to come. To all who still love and respect me I continue to fly proudly.

I LIKE THE NAVY

by VAdm Harold Koenig, USN (Ret)

I like the Navy.

I like standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe the ship beneath me feeling like a living thing as her engines drive her through the sea.

I like the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the IMC and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I like the vessels of the Navy - nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries, sleek submarines and steady solid carriers.

I like the proud sonorous names of Navy capital ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea memorials of great battles won.

I like the lean angular names of Navy 'tin-cans': Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy mementos of heroes who went before us.

I like the tempo of a Navy band blaring through the topside speakers as we pull away from the oiler after refueling at sea.

I like liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even like all hands working parties as my ship fills herself with the multitude of supplies both mundane and exotic which she needs to cut her ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there is water to float her.

I like sailors, men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life. I trust and depend on them as they trust and depend on me - for professional competence,

for comradeship, for courage. In a word, they are "shipmates."

I like the surge of adventure in my heart when the word is passed "Now station the special sea and an anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port", and

I like the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pierside. The work is hard and dangerous, the going rough at times, the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea is ever present.

I like the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flit across the wave tops and sunset gives way to night. I like the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and join with the mirror of stars overhead. And I like drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that tell me that my ship is alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch will keep me safe.

I like quiet midwatches with the aroma of strong coffee - the lifeblood of the Navy - permeating everywhere. And I like hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed keeps all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

I like the sudden electricity of "General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations", followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transforms herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war - ready for anything. And I like the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad

in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I like the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them. I like the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones. A sailor can find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent can find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the torm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and messdecks. Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

Remembering this, they will stand taller and say:

"I WAS A SAILOR ONCE. I WAS PART OF THE NAVY & THE NAVY WILL ALWAYS BE PART OF ME."



Correction On Story in Last Newsletter

by Norman Galloway

I would like to clarify the story in the January 2003 newsletter, page 17. The pictures are of two different incidents, the first three pictures are damage received in Nov. 1959.

The last two were taken Aug. 3, 1958 in Pearl Harbor, when we docked to get the mast repaired, I guess I should say replaced. We were there until 12 Sept. when we departed for Mid-way.



Editor's Goof!

Destroyermen

Submitted by Tom Lamson

"...destroyermen have always been a proud people. They have been the elite. They have to be proud people and they have to be specially selected, for destroyer life is a rugged one. It takes physical stamina to stand up under the rigors of a tossing DD. It takes even more spiritual stamina to keep going with enthusiasm when you are tired and feel that you and your ship are being used as a workhorse. It is true that many people take destroyers for granted and that is all the more reason why destroyer men can be proud of their accomplishments.

*"destroyermen have always
been a proud people.*

I just "stumbled across" this in one of my "lost" files. I believe it is in San Francisco. I had dated it as April 1960.

Left to right, it is Prairie, Dixie, Cogswell, Ingersoll, Braine, Ammen and ????????.
Ross Cook ('59--'60)





Who do you suppose these two dapper men about town are? We think this was Hong Kong—late 60's

My Favorite Things

Submitted by Tom Lamson

Maalox and nose drops and needles for knitting,
Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings,
Bundles of magazines tied up in string,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Cadillacs and cataracts and hearing aids and glasses,
Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses,
Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the pipes leak,
When the bones creak,
When the knees go bad,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Hot tea and crumpets, and corn pads for bunions,
No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions,
Bathrobes and heat pads and hot meals they bring,
These are a few of my favorite things.

Back pains, confused brains, and no fear of sinnin,
Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinin,
And we won't mention our short shrunken frames,
When we remember our favorite things.

When the joints ache, when the hips break,
When the eyes grow dim,
Then I remember the great life I've had,
And then I don't feel so bad.

Pictures and other memorabilia submitted by john barwinczok



The Cruise of the Cogswell

It was August fifty-three
 When the Cogs put out to sea:
 'Twas the time that all of us had come to dread.
 We were going round the world.
 And as the waters by us swirled
 All were thinking of the trip that lay ahead.
 With friends and loved ones left behind
 Seven months seemed quite a grind,
 So our hearts on leaving Newport were quite sad.
 But Panama helped bring some cheer,
 And San Diego it was clear
 That there are things about a cruise that aren't so
 bad.
 Then Hawaii, too nice for words;
 Midway, without its Goony birds,
 And finally Japan - Our destination.
 The east went over with our men,
 At least these who had the yen,
 And by yen I mean both cash and inclination.
 The next few weeks far from heaven;
 Task Force nine five and seven seven
 Were keeping ships and men and taxes on the go.
 We had no moonlight on the sand.
 In fact for weeks saw no land
 Unless you count that dismal flyspeck, Ullung Do.
 Submarines, condition threes,
 Becoming guns and heavy seas,
 Fuel at night and pray it's not the Ashabula.
 Shift to blues and be inspected,
 Be worked to death then resuscitated
 Till you rue the day the ship left Honolulu.
 A day's work done, you hit the showers
 But find the ship's on water hours;
 Then you go to chow and find they're serving stew.
 It's raining out, the winds like ice,
 The movie's bad. you've seen it twice;
 You think you can't go on but yet, you do.

P. L. Murphy, Lcdr, USN, Executive Officer



Thanks for the Memory

I It was December eleven
 Or glory be to heaven
 We stand with Seventy seven
 Round Ullung Do
 We were winding up a tour
 In WESTPAC to be sure
 Soon we'd see no more
 of Ullung Do
 For thirteen weeks we'd steamed
 Or more like years it seemed
 And now we even dreamed
 Bout Ullung Do
 Now is no revelation
 You can't learn navigation
 Unless you leave your station
 On Ullung Do
 Soon we will be starting

(Continued on page 21)

Seamanship Test

One time during the underway watch the OOD decided to test a Chief Petty Officer's seamanship. "Chief, what would you do if the forward watch fell off the side of the ship?" "Easy, sir, I'd call 'Man Overboard' and follow the Man Overboard procedures." "What would you do if an officer fell overboard?" "Hmmm," The Chief said, "Which one, sir?"

Barber Shop

In a small town near Washington, DC, a barber opened his shop for business. A young enlisted Marine comes in to get a "high and tight". The barber asked the young Marine about his service, and a lot of small talk takes place. After the haircut is complete, the Marine opens his wallet and the barber said, "It's on the house Marine. Thanks for your service to this great nation." The next morning as the barber goes to open his shop, there is a box on his doorstep. In the box was a note of thanks and a "SEMPER FI" bright red T-shirt. That same morning a young Army G.I. comes in for a haircut. The same sort of story happens. They talk about the Army and other small talk. After the haircut is complete, the G.I. stands and reaches for his wallet. The barber says, "No thanks, son. It's on the house. Thank you for your service to our country." The next morning as the man is opening his barbershop, on the doorstep is a box with an Army ball cap and a thank you note. That same day, a Master Chief comes in for a haircut. He is decked out in his full dress blues. The barber is impressed and again, the same things happen...small talk about the service. When the Master Chief goes to pay, again the barber says, "Not required, Master Chief, it's on the house. Thanks for your service to this great nation." You guessed it, the next morning, as the barber went to open his shop, there on his doorstep ... Were three more Master Chiefs!

Seattle 2002 Reunion Pictures

If you missed out on the 2002 reunion in Seattle (a wonderful reunion) there is still a chance to experience this event. Mark Coolidge created a photo book of the reunion, which contains pictures taken in "full dress" at the banquet and the other activities experienced by the members during the reunion. Marks's "connection" did an excellent job on this book, which is reasonably priced. He has both hard copy (book \$20.00) or a CD (soft copy \$10.00) available for purchase. You can contact Mark direct at: markcoolidge@msn.com or 206-365-4449

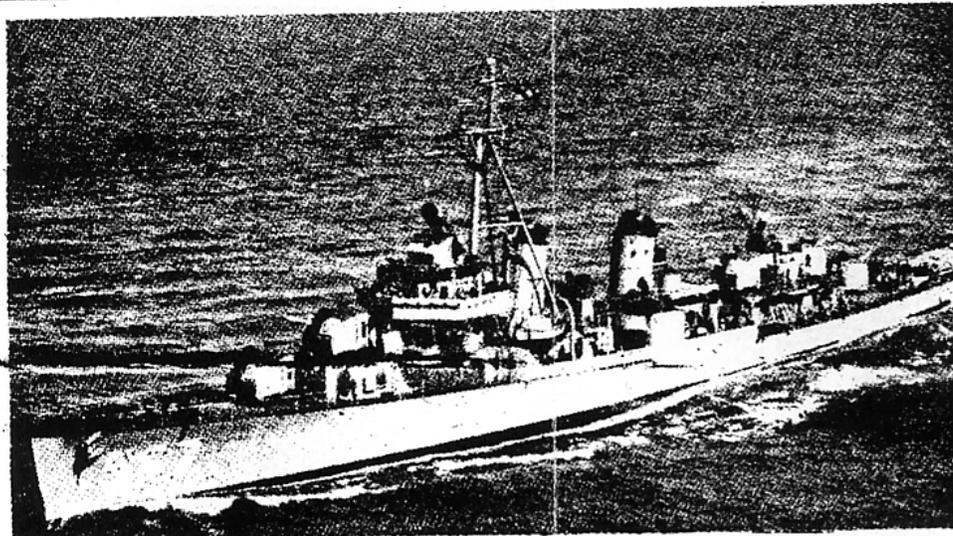


Sunbeams

By Henry Bosworth

12/17/81

The QUINCY
SUN
QUINCY, MASS



THE JINXED USS William D. Porter looked something like this when an uninvited visitor rudely came to call. Earlier, the Porter had one of the most embarrassing experiences in Naval history.

Sarsaparilla And A Jinx

It was a name out of the long-ago past.

But, who could ever forget it!

The William D. Porter, a hard-luck or jinxed ship if there ever was one. Her story is a "believe-it-or-not" out of World War II.

It all came back the other day when the phone rang and the voice on the other end said:

"My name is Dean Slough. I was on the destroyer William D. Porter during the war and we are trying to get a reunion together."

He said he knew I had written a couple articles about the Porter some years ago and wondered if he could get copies of them for the reunion.

I had written the articles in 1950 when I was a reporter for The Patriot Ledger. They were about two incidents that happened when my ship, the destroyer Cogswell was with the Porter. One of them is almost unbelievable, but it actually happened.

It goes back to November, 1943 — and we were in Norfolk, Va. I had the signal watch that night and our skipper, Commander Harold Deuterma said to me:

"I'm expecting an important message sometime tonight. It might be only one word — sarsaparilla. If it comes wake me up immediately."

"Sarsaparilla?" I asked myself as he strode from the bridge, "Wonder what that's all about?"

It wasn't too long before the battleship USS Iowa reached out of the inky darkness with a flashing signal light.

Three dots, dot dash, dot dash dot and so on until the flickers spelled out S-A-R-S-
I-L-L-A.

I notified the skipper and the message was relayed to two other destroyers, one the Porter, the other I forget.

Whatever else "sarsaparilla" meant, it told us to get underway. At midnight, the Iowa and her three escorts slipped quietly out to sea under cover of darkness while Norfolk, Va. slept unconcerned.

A couple of days later — the 15th I believe — the small convoy was "somewhere" off the Azores heading for Africa.

It was a mysterious trip. No one told us but we could tell something was up. Something big.

I was on the bridge with the other Cogswell signalmen. It was a peaceful day — until the silence was shattered by a booming cry: T-O-R-P-E-D-O!

And there it was — a torpedo — streaking through the water toward the Iowa.

The Iowa was warned by emergency flag hoists and a talk-between-ships telephone. She managed to turn to avoid the torpedo which passed harmlessly to her stern.

General quarters sounded and the Cogswell crew raced to their battle stations. Torpedomen stood eagerly by the depth charge racks as we prowled the area looking for the German submarine's periscope and attempting to make underwater sonar contact.

But we couldn't locate the sub. Then we learned there was no sub to locate.

CONT'D

Continued on page 20

Saesaparilla And A Jinx

The torpedo was not from a German sub. It had been fired — accidentally from the William D. Porter.

The division commander who was in charge of the escorts with his flag aboard the Cogswell sputtered, fumed and sputtered some more when the awful truth reached us in a message of humiliation from the embarrassed Porter.

Why the rage, I thought to myself, a civilian at heart? After all, it didn't hit the Iowa.

But the raging commander knew something that we didn't know at that particular moment.

On the Iowa was Harry Hopkins, Admirals Leahy, McIntire and Cook; Generals Marshall, Arnold, Handy, Somervell and Watson according to Hopkins' own private papers made public after the war.

Not only that but with them was Admiral Ernest King, the fleet commander.

So our division commander had plenty to rant, rage and roar about.

But he still had one more — and a much bigger — reason. Someone else was aboard the Iowa.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a passenger on his way to Oran, then to secret dates in Cairo and Teheran with Chiang Kai-Shek, Stalin and Churchill.

And that was what sarsaparilla was all about. We later turned the Iowa and her valuable human cargo over to another division of U.S. destroyers one day out of Africa. The Cogswell and Porter headed for Bermuda where we parted company.

The Porter remained to await a Navy board of inquiry to determine how the hell an American destroyer happened to fire a torpedo at an American battleship carrying the President of the United States.

The Cogswell headed for the Panama Canal, the West Coast, Pearl Harbor and the big show in the Pacific.

Slowly we moved across the South Pacific as part of the famed Third and Fifth Fleets from the Marshalls, to Truk, Saipan, Tinian, New Guinea, Guam, the Philippines, the China Sea, Formosa, the Bonins and so on.

Forgotten was the poor Porter.

Now it was June, 1945 and we had taken Okinawa, the vital springboard to the Japanese homeland.

The Cogswell was assigned to radar picket duty with other destroyers between Okinawa and Japan. Our job was to make contact with Japanese planes approaching from the Japanese homeland and alert our ships and land forces at Okinawa for an air raid.

On June 10 we moved out of the harbor to take our picket station a few miles off Okinawa. Then another destroyer got underway to join us as our picket partner for the day.

"DD579" remarked one of the newer signalmen, peering at the approaching destroyer through a long glass.

"Hell, that's the Porter, the William D. Porter," one of the older hands shouted.

And, sure enough, it was. We hadn't seen her since we left her quite embarrassed in Bermuda nearly two years before.

The Cogswell and Porter moved into picket position about 500 yards apart.

It was June 10, 1945. Another rather quiet day like the one in November, 1943 until suddenly, it happened.

A Japanese Kamikaze plane came high out of nowhere, and was zooming down on the Cogswell.

Down plunged the plane, down, down, onto the — Porter! — It opened a gaping hole along her waterline. For some reason, the suicide pilot changed his mind in the final few seconds and picked the Porter instead of the Cogswell as his target.

Tiny LSMs hurried to the vessel's side and took off the 350 or so survivors.

Three hours later, the stricken Porter rolled over on her side. Her bow shot up like the grasping hand of a person drowning and then she slipped into her watery grave.

"They sent us to the Aleutians after the Roosevelt incident so we couldn't get into any more trouble," Slough laughed as we reminisced by phone the other day.

And, as we discovered, it really is a small world after all.

He was calling, he said, from "Quin-see", Ill. "You mean Quin-zee," I corrected. "That's the way it's supposed to be pronounced.

We both laughed and hung up.

Well, we can laugh now. But it wasn't very funny back then.

John Barwinczok material continued

(Continued from page 17)

To old CONUS we'll be darting
And weed feel no pain at parting
With Ullung Do
Here's to the old familiar faces
The new one who'll replace us
And the wide and empty spaces
Round Ullung Do
It's going to be over
Ullung Do
It's so long Magistrate
See you at the Golden Gate
If Jehovah grants your fate
To leave Ullung Do
Ganymede its been a pleasure
you're a memory we will treasure
Keep the small boys taking pleasure
Round Ullung Do
So we'll go home and relax
But let us face the facts
We ere here to beat the tax.... not Ulling Do.

P. L. Murphy, LCDR, USN
Executive Officer

May 29, 1997

Dear Jim:

I was a plank owner when the Cogswell was commissioned Aug. 17, 1943 in Boston.

Went all the way with her to Tokyo Bay and back to Boston. Got off in January, 1946.

She was quite a ship--involved in every thing out there from the Marshall Islands invasion to radar picket duty off Okinawa. We missed Iwo Jima as we were back in the states for repairs.

We chased a Japanese convoy up through the Bonin Islands off Iwo and Chichi Jima in July or August, 1944, made a torpedo run on a Japanese cruiser and credited with sinking it, along with a couple of other cans.

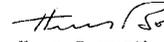
At that time we were also credited with being the closest surface ship to Japan since the war started. If we had kept going that night we would have been in Tokyo Bay in the morning.

I am enclosing a copy of a story I wrote for my newspaper regarding the incident with FDR and our association with the the William D. Post. Thought you might be interested in my recollections of the two incidents.

Good luck in keeping the memory of the Coggs alive.

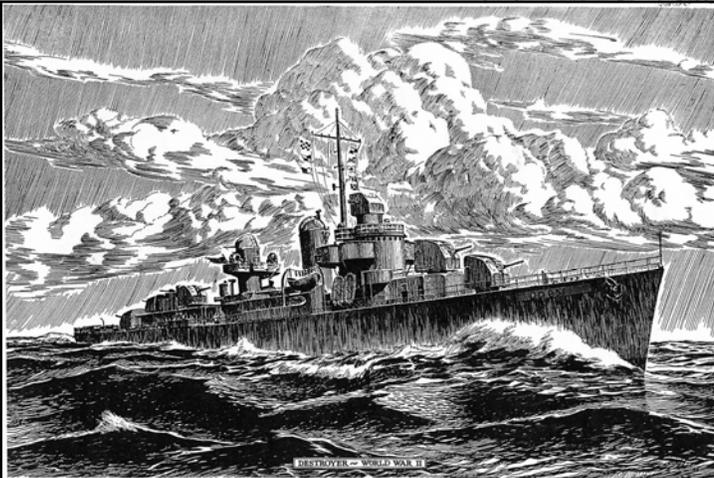
P.S. I'm sure you know that Alan Shepherd was an ensign on the Coggs near the end of the war.

Sincerely,



Henry Bosworth

Publisher



Typhoon Cripples Third Fleet

Among them, the destroyers Spence, Hull, and Monaghan had earned 30 WWII battle stars, from Pearl Harbor to the Philippine Sea. As part of the Third Fleet, they had the Japanese on the run and in disarray by late 1944. But these three warships were about to face their fieriest and final battle. As the fleet prepared for the invasion of Luzon, Philippines, on Dec. 17, an approaching storm hindered refueling efforts.

The U.S. ships moved northeast to evade the tropical disturbance, which was only 300 miles to east, then changed course again to the southwest. But the storm - now reaching typhoon strength and only 150 miles away seemed to be stalking them. With winds topping 110 knots and monstrous waves pitching them back and forth, the ships were helpless.

Planes and vehicles broke free of lashings, tossed into piles like discarded toys. The three destroyers were especially vulnerable. With fuel bays near empty, their massive guns and ammunition made them dangerously top heavy. With every broadside, the Hull, Spence and Monaghan were thrown on their sides. Seawater rushed in, shorting out electricity and

(Continued on page 23)

EVENTS AS THEY HAPPENED 25 JUNE - 18 DECEMBER 1958

- 25 June—Departed San Diego, California, enroute Pearl Harbor.
- 1 July—Arrived Pearl Harbor.
- 8 July—Departed Pearl Harbor, enroute Johnston Island.
- 10 July—Arrived Johnston Island.
- 1 August—Departed Johnston Island.
- 3 August—Arrived Pearl Harbor.
- 12 September—Departed Pearl Harbor, enroute Midway.
- 15 September—Arrived Midway.
- 15 September—Departed Midway, enroute Yokosuka, Japan.
- 23 September—Arrived Yokosuka, Japan.
- 10 October—Departed Yokosuka, enroute Kaohsiung, Taiwan.
- 14 October—Arrived Kaohsiung, Taiwan.
- 16 October—Departed Kaohsiung, enroute Boko Ko.
- 16 October—Arrived Boko Ko (Pescadore Islands).
- 17 October—Departed Boko Ko, enroute Taiwan Patrol.
- 11 November—Departed Taiwan Patrol, enroute Kaohsiung, Taiwan.
- 12 November—Arrived Kaohsiung, Taiwan.
- 14 November—Departed Kaohsiung, enroute Okinawa.
- 16 November—Arrived Okinawa.
- 18 November—Departed Okinawa, enroute Subic Bay (Carrier Ops.)
- 25 November—Arrived Subic Bay.
- 26 November—Departed Subic Bay, enroute Yokosuka, Japan.
- 1 December—Arrived Yokosuka, Japan
- 6 December—Departed Yokosuka, Japan, enroute Midway.
- 10 December—Arrived Midway.
- 10 December—Departed Midway, enroute Pearl Harbor.
- 13 December—Arrived Pearl Harbor.
- 13 December—Departed Pearl Harbor, enroute San Diego.
- 18 December—Arrived San Diego, California.

WESTPAC CRUISE 1958

- 25 June—WESTPAC CRUISE commenced.
- 10 July-1 August—Operation Hardtack—Johnston Island.
- 2 August—Enroute to Pearl Harbor. Welcomed palm tree aboard.
- 3 August-12 September—In Pearl Harbor Shipyard for repair of mast.
- 15 September—(2nd Division crowned softball champs), at Midway received orders to proceed to Yokosuka, Japan.
- 15 September—Lost 16 September as result of crossing International Date Line.
- 23 September—In Yokosuka went into dry dock for repairs.
- 27-29 September—Typhoon Ida swept through Japan. Ship gave generously to homeless people.
- 4 October—Ship was host to 40 orphans and school children.
- 10 October—Received news of 30 days extension of WESTPAC tour. Orders were received to proceed to Taiwan Patrol. Chaplain Thompson came aboard for the trip to Kaohsiung.
- 14 October—Arrived Kaohsiung.
- 16 October—Sailed for Boko Ko and patrol in the Taiwan Straits.
- 31 October—Las Vegas Day, the Ugly Man Contest, and contributions totaled over \$900.00. This was given to the United Fund.
- 31 October-8 November—Typhoons Kathy, Lorna and Marie raged the main. We got tired of sandwiches, too!
- 10 November—Received word that COGSWELL was scheduled to depart for stateside the 6th of December.
- 13 November—Trip to Hong Kong was canceled.
- 14 November—Sailed for Buckner Bay with USS AMMEN. New member aboard, the Ugly Duck.
- 15 November—First time since 1 July, joined the rest of Division 212 at Buckner Bay.
- 18 November—Off on Carrier Operations and Subic Bay.
- 25 November—Arrived in Subic Bay for short rest.
- 26 November—Sailed for Yokosuka, Japan and voyage repairs.
- 3 & 4 November—Ship's party at Kanko Club. We'll never forget them.
- 6 December—Homeward bound!
- 10 December—Two Wednesdays, as a result of crossing International Date Line.
- 11 December—Arrived Midway, refueled, made preparations for full power run. COMDESDIV 212 came aboard for trip to Pearl.
- 11 December—Completed full power run successfully.
- 13 December—Arrived Pearl, refueled, set sail for San Diego.
- 18 December—1000—WESTPAC CRUISE over! Ship and crew welcomed home. Christmas leave commenced and stateside liberty granted.

(Continued from page 21)

flooding engine rooms. Tragically, all three destroyers sank, trapping most of the crew.

Of 250 crewmen aboard the Monaghan, only six survived, only 24 of 325 from the Spence, and 62 of 250 on the Hull. Mother nature had unleashed her full might on the Third Fleet, Claiming 790 lives, damaging 21 ships (nine out of action) and destroying 150 planes.



Fleet Adm. Chester W.

Ninitz said the Typhoon, "represented a more crippling blow to the Third Fleet than it might be expected to suffer in anything less than a major action." Veterans who lost their lives in the typhoon of 1944 had stood up to everything the Japanese had thrown at them, and came away victorious But they were helpless against this ocean fury.

ton, using some musical notes scribbled on an envelope and humming the changes he wanted to Norton. The notes on the envelope came from an early version of "Tattoo," a call that readied soldiers for bedtime roll call.

Other brigades heard the revised call and began using it. Soon it was popular throughout the Union Army. It didn't reach the South until 1863.

There also is disagreement about the origin of the title. One version is that the name stemmed from an old drum call, three solitary "taps" that signaled lights out. Another is that the title of the earlier bugle call, "Tattoo," derived from "tap toe," or the shutting of taps for the evening at taverns.

Several versions of words have been put with the music. One of the more popular verses is:

*"Day is done,
gone the sun,
from the hills,
from the lake,
from the skies.
all is well,
safely rest,
God is nigh."*

Taps

By Alyson Hudson

It is 24 musical notes, a simple yet powerful composition that has churned emotions and evoked tears of pride and grief for more than a century.

Created during the Civil War in 1862, taps is the bugle call that lays veterans to rest and signals the end of the day for military personnel here and around the world.

Officially adopted for military funerals in the U.S. Army Infantry Drill Regulations in 1891, the music came from an earlier bugle call, called "Tattoo," that signaled the end of the day. Stories abound about how it originated.

Master Sgt. Jari A. Villanueva, who as a bugler at Arlington National Cemetery sounds taps frequently, said a popular legend is that a Union soldier found his son, a member of the Confederate army, shot in a field. He looked in his pocket and found notes to taps and had it played at his burial.

"It's a nice story," said Villanueva, who has researched the music's origins for 14 years. "But it's completely fake." He said taps originated with Union Gen. Daniel Adams Butterfield of the 12th Regiment of the New York State Militia.

Butterfield was not pleased with a formal-sounding bugle call that signaled lights out. Butterfield worked with bugler Oliver Wilcox Nor-

A famous rendition of taps was by U.S. Army Band Sgt. Keith C. Clark at the conclusion of John F. Kennedy's burial at Arlington National Cemetery in 1963. It was famous for a flaw -- a cracking of the sixth note. TV commentators attributed it to emotion, but Clark later said that cold weather and lack of warm-up time had affected his performance. Strangely, in the weeks that followed, other buglers inadvertently missed the sixth note at ceremonies at the cemetery. "We all thought that it must be psychological," Clark recalled.

It was Villanueva's idea to have a "Taps" exhibit at Arlington National Cemetery's visitors center, which opened May 28, 1999. The cemetery draws more than 4 million visitors a year. Villanueva was honored for his efforts and is currently working on a book, "Day Is Done -- the History of Bugle Calls in the United States With Particular Attention to Taps." He hopes to finish it

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next year. "When I sound taps at a funeral and people say 'Thank you,' I always say 'It is my honor' instead of 'It's my pleasure,' " said Villanueva.

He said his most memorable experience was when he sounded taps at a service last year in Oil City for an 18-year-old airman who was killed by a drunken driver. The young man had just finished basic training and was on his way to his first station when he was killed. "The room was filled with all his old classmates -- as soon as the first couple notes started playing, people started crying," said Villanueva. "That's the kind of effect it has."

West Mifflin High School senior Julie Mutmansky is sounding taps at Soldiers & Sailors Memorial Hall's Memorial Day service at Calvary Cemetery today. "Every time is memorable ... it's always important, always emotional," said Mutmansky, whose uncle served during the Vietnam War. "My uncle was the first person close to me who died," she said. "I heard them sound taps at his funeral -- there's deep association for me."

"Oliver Norton once said [about taps] how the memories echo and linger in your heart," said Villanueva. Years after the Civil War, Villanueva said, Norton went to Gettysburg to the site of Little Round Top. He took his bugle to the top of the hill and started to sound taps. "Norton said that veterans came running up the hill as soon as the notes echoed through the valley. People crawled up crying, saying 'Play it again, play it again,' " he said. "After all those years, the memories came flooding back."

REMEMBER THOSE LOST AND HARMED WHILE SERVING THEIR COUNTRY