

Cogswell reunion attendees enjoyed delayed Washington hospitality in June

Better late than never the pandemic delayed reunion of the USS Cogswell DD-651 Association was held June 7-10 in Bellevue, Washington. Initially scheduled for September of 2020, the original reunion fell victim to restrictions related to the pandemic.

The delay had one fortunate side effect, as The Red Lion Hotel, the original site of the reunion, was repurposed for the duration of the pandemic so the reunion was moved to the nearby Bellevue Hilton, which honored the room rates and amenities originally planned at the Red Lion. One of those amenities was a daily breakfast buffet which was very popular.

It was a smaller than usual gathering with 39 attendees down from the normal 90-100 in most previous reunions. Despite the lighter attendance numbers those who attended, including two first time reunion attendees, had a wonderful time remembering their time of service aboard the ship. *(Continued on Page 11)*



Never forget—Missing Man Table

NULLI SECUNDUS

In this issue:

Association Info	2-8
TAPS	9-10
Darrell E. Martin bio	15
Senior Chief recalls service	17

AUGUST 2021

If real life mirrored the Navy	18
A Cogswell parable	19
IC Smith reflects on incident	20
John Steinbeck on destroyers	21
Cogswell website	22
Time for a laugh	23

Watch for 2022 Reunion details in your email

Reunion planner George Overman is working overtime in making arrangements for our next USS Cogswell DD-651 Association Reunion. Tentatively planned for late May, early June in the Orlando, Florida area, negotiations with Orlando and surrounding venues are underway in earnest.

Details will be firmed up, but not in time for this newsletter so keep watch on your email for updates and information.

By the February 2022 Scuttlebutt we will have all the information you need to make hotel and travel arrangements for our next reunion.

A message from President Frank Wille

The recent Cogswell reunion in Bellevue was quite successful. Attendance was limited because of the lingering cautions of COVID but those who attended really enjoyed themselves. We were one of the first groups to have a reunion after restrictions were eased. The hotel managers upgraded us from a Red Lion to a Hilton, without increasing fees. Another great reunion arranged by George Overman.

Thanks to our reunion team of Jim and Joan Smith, Alice, Selena, and Melissa who worked hard to ensure everyone had a good time.

Our banquet speaker provided interesting information about Naval aviation. It helped us understand what was happening on those "bird farms" we used to chase.

Your association was generous to members who had to cancel due to health reasons. With all of the uncertainty, we didn't want to penalize anyone. That's the benefit of a healthy organization. The reunion was conducted at near break even, thanks to our members.

Planning is underway for the 2022 reunion in Florida. See details in this newsletter.

Our association agreed to donate \$200 to the Tin Can Sailor association. This helps them maintain the many museum ships around the US. We hope the general public will benefit by learning about Navy ships when they visit these museum ships.

Wishing good health to all of you.

Frank Wille



Frank Wille, Zola Low, Lyna Low

NOW HEAR THIS! THE SHIP'S STORE IS NOW OPEN. NOW AVAILABLE NEW T-SHIRTS, SWEATSHIRTS AND BALL CAPS.

Selena Simmermann is the Ship's Store manager. She and husband Buddy have created some great new items. Her address is:

SK 67 Lake Cherokee,
Henderson, TX 75652.

To reach her by phone, call 903-263-1059.

Email: simmermann@sbcglobal.net

Hats, t-shirts and sweat shirts are available along with other items. Contact Selena for these items and she will mail them to you with just a small added shipping charge.

See Pages 7-8 for additional items.



Shipment of "NEW" stuff for the ship's store!

USS COGSWELL DD-651 ASSOCIATION CONTACTS

President:

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



Vice President/ Newsletter

James Smith (QM 66-67)
375 Davis Lake Road
Lapeer, MI 48446
810-338-3015
jlsmediaservices@gmail.com



Sec/Membership Reunion Planner:

George Overman (RM 64-66)
3784 Mission Ave. Ste. 148-
1016
Oceanside CA 92058
760-889-2216
Secretary@usscogswell.com



Director:

Alice Lincoln
10512 S. 36th Ave. W
Colfax, IA 50054
alice.lincoln@centurylink.com
515-419-6086



Director/Ship's

Store:

Selena Simmermann
SK 67 Lake Cherokee
Henderson, TX 75652.
903-263-1059.
simmermann@sbcglobal.net



“Sailors, with their built in sense of order, service and discipline, should really be running the world.” —Nicholas Monsarrat

ATTENTION!

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

Visit the Association Online

www.usscogswell.com

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
USS COGSWELL DD 651 ASSOCIATION
February 1, 2021 to August 1, 2021

Balance, Feb 2021	\$21,325
Income	
Dues	120
Donation	100
Ships Store	365
Reunion payments	3,066
Raffle	<u>640</u>
	4,291
Expenses	
Refunds	658
Ships Store	351
Reunion expenses	3,751
Assn Admin	462
Donation to TCS	<u>200</u>
	5,397
Balance, September 2021	\$20,220

Notes:

We were understanding and gave full refunds to members who had to cancel reservations for the reunion.

Thanks to our generous members, the reunion was close to break even.

USS COGSWELL ASSOCIATION

DATABASE STATISTICS as of 08/01/2021

- Active = 173 (paid dues are current) - 124 Life Members
- Inactive = 6 (have not paid dues for more than two years—house cleaning of these inactive members)
- New = 0 (New members found who were mailed a membership form, waiting for return.)
- No Interest = 567 (members who have indicated they have no interest in the Cogswell Association—some newly found who chose not to join)
- Deceased = 844 (known deceased shipmates—some newly found crewmembers)
- Not Located = 1713 (continues to be the largest number in database - we still need help locating)

New members— February 01, 2021—August 01, 2021

Last Name	First	City	State	Years Aboard	Rank
N/A					

Known Deceased since February 01, 2021

Last Name	First Name	City	St	Years Aboard	Rank
BECK	BENJAMIN	MOBILE	AL	61-62	RD3
MESSNER	STEPHEN	WILLOUGHBY	OH	58-59	OFFICER
PITZEL	GUY	LANGLEY	WA	65-69	STG2
RACHER	TERENCE	MESA	AZ	54-56	FTG3
WHITE	MYRON	BONDURANT	IA	64-68	FTG2

A letter from your editor

First, my apologies for this slightly AWOL August 2021 Scuttlebutt. I could list a number of reasons for it, but as we all learned in boot camp the proper response is “no excuse, sir.” In my long newspaper career I was known for not missing many deadlines so I take very seriously my responsibility to you and the Association to produce this document on time. I’ll do better in February 2022.

If not, you have permission to hold a mast and keel haul me or at least restrict my liberty.

With that out of the way let me just say what a great time we had at the Bellevue, Washington reunion in June. This newsletter has a story and several photos about that so I won’t belabor that here.

I was going through some old photos recently and came across photos taken by my family when we returned from our WestPac cruise in 1967. I’m sure that the photo of my family (which included my grandmother, aunt and uncle, cousins, mother, stepfather, younger brother and sister) would be similar to photos you may have in your memorabilia. Feel free to send them along and we’ll share them with everyone in coming newsletters.

As an interesting side note, I had duty our first night home after the cruise so was unable to join my assembled family in La Jolla until the next day.

When I left for our cruise in 1966 I had no idea what awaited me aboard a Navy destroyer. It turned into the adventure of a lifetime, one I repeated in late 1967-68 aboard the USS Hoel DDG-13. So many sights and sounds that I will never forget, that I frequently remember and will always cherish.

Most cherished are the lifelong friendships I made with the men I served with aboard both ships. I wouldn’t trade those experiences and friendships for any amount of money.

This December I will celebrate (that’s probably not the right word) my 74th birthday. It’s hard to believe I celebrated my 19th birthday aboard the Cogswell. What I wouldn’t give to celebrate one more aboard her decks.

As your reunion committee works hard to put together our next reunion in Florida, I want to encourage you again to make an effort to attend. This one will be in Florida and accessible by car to many of you on the east coast. I look forward to seeing many of you there.

This newsletter is only as good as the input I get from you, so don’t be shy. Send me an email at jlsmedi-aseservices@gmail.com or call me at 810-338-3015 and let’s talk.

May you have a safe and healthy fall and early winter. See you again in the Scuttlebutt in February. On time this time.



My family waiting for the Cogswell to return in 1967



Approaching the pier (photo credit my late mother)



My mother knew something early on about my future.

Items in the Cogswell Ship's Store



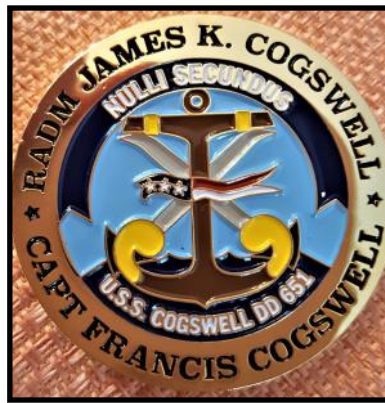
Embroidered cap (wear it for unexpected discounts at retailers)



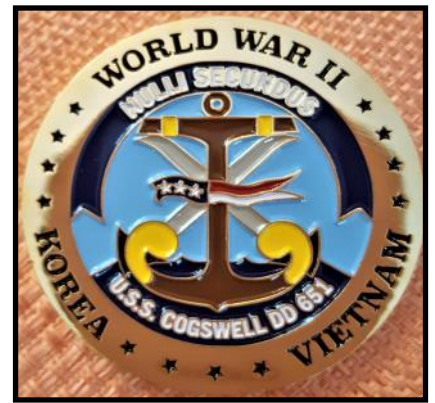
Carry bag (Not currently in stock— Selena is looking for a new supplier)



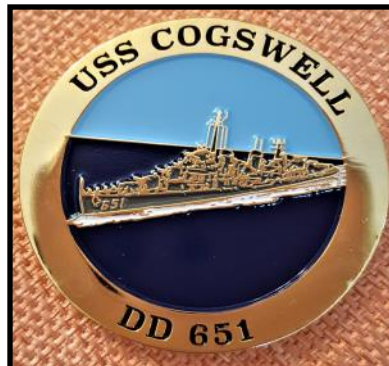
Carolyn Sessions models the new Cogswell blanket.



Front 1



Front 2



Common back

See next page for exciting new USS Cogswell plaque.

See Ship's Store ad on Page 2 for ordering information.

Our terrific new ship's store operator, Selena Simmerman has been working hard to create new items for sale. See page 2 and below for ordering information.

Use SHOP Drop Down Menu on Left to Browse or Use Search Beneath Cart On Right

Home Shop Our Story Contact Us Bulk Purchases

Shop > USS Cogswell 12" Laser Carved Wood Plaque



USS Cogswell 12" Laser Carved Wood Plaque

\$50.00 Free Shipping!

Special Instructions

QTY

1

Add to Cart

Navy USS Cogswell 12" Laser Carved Wood Plaque Laser Carved Wood Plaque Use our contact form or e-mail me at marge@precisionwoodcraftingok.com. Be sure to include a phone number and e-mail address in case I need to contact you.

<https://precisionwoodcraftingok.com/> To purchase contact Marge@precisionwoodcraftingok.com. Include an email and phone number in case they need to contact you.

McAfee SECURE

11:20 AM 1/11/2020

Tom Lamson (RM3 67-68) is one of the first Association members to purchase one of the custom designed 12-inch Cogswell plaques shown above. Selena has purchased three plaques for sale and one for the reunion auction. If you want one like Tom's you'll need to contact Precision Wood Crafting on your own. Use the web-site address above or email the company at: Jim@precisionwoodcraftingok.com. There is no charge for artwork and the price includes standard shipping. Tom said his plaque was \$45, but he received a \$5 discount, so \$40. Larger sizes are available. Contact them for the cost of the larger sizes.





TAPS



Myron Glenn White

Myron Glenn White died surrounded by his family on March 6, 2021 at his home in Bondurant, Iowa. He was 76.

Myron served as an FTG2 aboard the USS Cogswell DD-651 from 1964-68.

He was born July 29, 1944 in Monticello, Illinois. Following his graduation in 1962 from Bloomfield High School in Bloomfield, Iowa he attended Iowa State University for a year majoring in mathematics and chemistry.

It was during his service aboard the Cogswell he met the self-described love of his life, Charyl Sue Hugelback of Portland, Oregon. They were married on December 30, 1967 after a long distance romance of letters and four in person meetings.

After leaving the Navy he settled on the White family farm and formed White Brothers Dairy. They worked hard and struggled through hard times with his wife, and youngest brother Dale and his wife Jackie. During their 40 years of raising families and farming together they were ranked No. 10 for all Iowa dairies and received the Superior Quality Milk Award for more than 20 years and named to the 200 Bushel Club in 1994 with their highest ever yield of 266 bushels.

In 2010 Myron and Sue retired and moved to Bondurant near their youngest daughter where they enjoyed spending time with grandchildren, friends, neighbors and eating at Pizza Ranch.

A skilled and artistic welder, Myron was known for being a math whiz, an ornery sense of humor, embellished storytelling, hatred of crowds, love of good gossip, watching sentimental movies, swearing as an artform (wonder where he perfected that skill?) – a trait he passed on to his children and an unwavering work ethic – also passed onto his children.

Myron is survived by his wife, Sue, children, Susan, Aaron, and Kali, five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

He was cremated and was to be interred with military honors at West Grove Cemetery at a later date because as the family said: "He hated crowds."



Myron Glenn White

Terence Leigh Racher

Terence "Terry" Leigh Racher, who served aboard the USS Cogswell DD-651 from 1954-56 as an FT3, died February 17, 2021. He was 84.

He was born September 23, 1936 in Dresden, Ontario, Canada. Terry stopped by to visit with Cogswell shipmates at the Tucson, Arizona reunion in 2010.

Lifelong friends included high school friends, Navy shipmates and friends he made all over the world, including the islands of Yap, Rota, Saipan to China and Taiwan where he taught English. He loved to entertain with his guitar or tap shoes.

He loved playing music with his grandchildren in Mesa, Arizona where he made his home.

He was preceded in death by his parents, siblings, Donna, Dixie, Jimmy, Ted and Lloyd Racher and his loving son, Dan Racher.

Survivors include his wife of 21 years, Linda Kay Racher, his daughters, Jayme and Trish, two special stepsons Scott and Randy Montague, 13 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

A celebration of his life was scheduled for a later date.



Terence Leigh Racher

Benjamin Clyde Beck

Benjamin Clyde Beck, who served aboard the USS Cogswell DD-651 as an RD3, died August 29, 2021 after a long battle with cancer. He was 80.

A native and current resident of Mobile, Alabama, Beck was born August 15, 1941.

He served aboard the Cogswell in 1961 and 1962.

Clyde, as he was called, loved his Alabama football, spending time with his family and dancing on every occasion. He also enjoyed traveling and working outside in his garden.

A graduate of Jacksonville State University, he worked for many years in banking and in construction.

Survivors include, his wife of 57 years, Madeline, daughter, Michelle, two granddaughters and a sister.

A memorial service was held September 2. Memorial donations were requested to St. Jude Children's Research Hospital.



Ben "Clyde" Beck



TAPS

(continued)



Stephen Alan Messner

Stephen Alan Messner, who served as an officer aboard the USS Cogswell DD-651 in 1958-59 died November 26, 2020. He was born June 12, 1934.

Following his graduation from Hiram College in Ohio in 1956, Steve joined the U.S. Navy and did three months OCS training in Newport, Rhode Island. During his time aboard the Cogswell as a Ltjg he served mostly as the Navigation Officer.

“Steve loved going to sea and the traditions,” said his family. “He said he had salt water in his veins.”



Stephen Alan Messner

Following his Navy service he worked in product design as well as marketing and sales in the family business, Standard Signs, Inc. in Cleveland, Ohio. The company’s product – the Lumacurve Airfield Sign, continues to guide pilots on numerous airport runways across the United States.

Not wanting to retire, in 1996, Steve served as a volunteer Program Manager of the Lutheran Metropolitan Ministry “Friend to Friend” program for 17 years. He recruited, trained and mentored volunteers to visit incarcerated men and women, giving them friendship and hope.

After a move to a retirement community around 2015, Steve met several men who also served on Navy destroyers. The “tin can” sailors met for lunch and these times were enjoyed by Steve. His family also said his life was marked by his love of Jesus Christ, his family and relationship-building.

He and his wife of 59 years, Barbara, attended the Cogswell reunion in San Antonio and had a wonderful time telling and listening to great “sea stories.” He is also survived by a son, daughter and two grandchildren.

“So sad to learn of Steve’s passing,” said Frank Embick who served aboard the Cogswell with Steve. Frank remembers a night in San Francisco while the ship was in dry dock at the City by the Bay when Steve’s parents took a group of them to the Hungry I Nightclub to see Jonathan Winters. “Wonderful memories.”

Guy Pitzel

Guy Pitzel, who served aboard the USS Cogswell DD-651 from 1965-69 died April 3, 2021. He was 75.

Although Association records show Guy as an STG2, in the 1966-67 cruise book he was listed as an FTGSN assigned to Fox Division. He was an active member of the USS Cogswell DD-651 Association until 2017.

Guy was born in Hibbing, Minnesota, the youngest of 12 children. At the age of 12, he built his first telescope and entered the State science fair.

It was the beginning of a lifelong passion for astronomy and the first of many hand-made telescopes.

At 17, he left for Renton, Washington where he lived with his brother Frank to finish his senior year in high school. He was the high school photographer and merged his love of astronomy and photography by taking pictures of the moon and Halley’s Comet.

After his freshman year at the University of Washington, he joined the Navy, but returned to finish his degree in physics under the GI Bill.

During his junior year, he met Margaret “Peggy” and they married in Portland, Oregon. They were married nearly 50 years.

After 25 years with Boeing, Guy retired and moved with Peggy to his beloved Whidbey Island, Washington. A lifelong learner, Guy had many hobbies and loved to read math, astronomy and physics books. He was also a Ham radio enthusiast and despite physical limitations from his heart disease and diabetes, constructed a giant pulley system to raise a 150-foot radio tower on his property.

He was past president of the Island County Amateur Radio Club. He loved working in his well-stocked woodshop.

Later he moved to Issaquah, Washington to be closer to his children and grandchildren.

Survivors include his wife Margaret “Peggy,” two daughters, four grandchildren and his beloved dog Murphy.

A military funeral was planned for a later date at Tahoma National Cemetery.



Guy Pitzel

(Reunion, continued from Page 1) Opening day registration concluded with a brief welcome meeting headed by President Frank Wille. A Missing-In-Action remembrance of military personnel who never returned from war was held as is our custom. That was followed by a light supper prepared by Alice Lincoln and her merry band of helpers and a silent auction handled by Selena Simmermann and her sister, Melissa Davis that helped raise money to defray the cost of the reunion. Selena and Melissa are daughters of longtime Association member Gale Sessions. Many wonderful items were donated by Association members.

The first two nights included nightly gatherings of shipmates and their wives in the hospitality room where old acquaintances were renewed and many sea stories were told. As always the traveling “Cogswell Museum” was on hand with many artifacts and documents from the ship’s 27 years of service.

For those familiar with our “traveling museum” it includes many artifacts including some from the ship’s christening and special dispatches from World War II. The Association owes a debt of gratitude to our Secretary and Reunion Planner George Overman for his un-failing work to keep, transport and display these special items.

On Tuesday, most of the attendees boarded a tour bus for a long day of attractions. Our friendly bus driver narrated an interesting travelogue of the greater Seattle area and safely delivered us to the Museum of Flight near the Boeing plant where the group spent two hours touring the sprawling facility which was open only to our group. The museum is normally closed on Tuesday. The museum tour replaced the original tour stop of a Boeing factory tour. It was a very special time for sure.

When we left the museum an unplanned stop was made at a new Vietnam Veterans’ Memorial just outside the museum grounds where we posed for photos under a B-52 which is the centerpiece of the memorial.

Following that spontaneous, but special stop we headed to downtown Seattle for a visit to the Pike’s Place Market, probably best known for “fish throwing” and fine seafood restaurants. Tour members were on their own for a couple hours of shopping and eating at the market. The narrated bus tour continued on our way back to the hotel.



Cogswell veterans pose at Vietnam War Memorial at Museum of Flight



Gale Sessions poses under B-52 at Vietnam War Memorial

For the first time, there was no planned tour for Day 3 of the reunion so shipmates split off in groups and enjoyed a day of sightseeing on their own. Some went to the Seattle Zoo, others took a ferry to other parts of the greater Seattle area and a few just stayed around the hotel enjoying each other’s company.

On the last night of the reunion, our traditional banquet was held in the hospitality room preceded by photo taking of all attendees. A poignant digital remembrance was aired remembering the 25 members who died since the last reunion including the playing of TAPS. A wonderful dinner was enjoyed, followed by speaker Dave Cable.

Mr. Cable told his personal story of tragedy and triumph as a Vietnam War fighter pilot with 100 missions flown. He talked about landing on an aircraft carrier, but the most dramatic part of his talk revolved around a

(Continued on Page 12)

(Continued from Page 11) bombing mission that he was involved in that ended in the loss of six Navy aircraft when they were hit by missiles fired from North Vietnam bases. The night of May 19, 1967 was burned into his memory. One of the lost pilots ended up as a POW, but at least two of the pilots were never heard from again.

Those listening to his talk could hear the still simmering emotions of Mr. Cable from that experience.

Following the talk, Mr. Cable led a Welcome Home presentation of Vietnam Appreciation pins to all the Vietnam War veterans in attendance at the banquet. Each veteran in attendance received letters of thanks from two American Presidents for their service during the Vietnam era.

All too soon the night and reunion ended and plans are underway for our next reunion in the Orlando, Florida area in 2022.



Melissa Davis At the auction table



This photo is a little blurry, but then so were most of the folks that were in this late night hospitality room photo. Blame the beer and wine. Selena Simmermann is in the foreground taking the photo.

More photos from Cogswell reunion 2021



A group of Cogswell sailors and spouses visit the Seattle zoo.



Reunion attendees visit Pike Place Public Market



Museum of Flight opens for Cogswell shipmates and spouses

More reunion photos Page 14

Moments to Remember from Reunion 2021



Frank Wille accepts Presidential certificate from Dave Cable



Cogswell banquet room—2021



Gale Sessions receives his Vietnam Appreciation Certificate



Another happy hospitality room group

Those who attended the 2021 reunion will receive a complete photo book that includes many more great pictures taken by Chuck and Bettie Baker, George Overman and Buddy and Selena Simmermann. Thanks to all of them for recording for posterity our time in Bellevue/Seattle. If you weren't able to attend, please consider making plans to attend our next one. Time is drawing short and you are missed when you are not there.

Well, at least you are talked about when you are not there.

Darrell Martin remembers

Cogswell service taught lessons both good and bad

What started as a high school dream of serving on a nuclear submarine was torpedoed when Darrell Martin failed a required eye exam just three days after Darrell Martin's graduation from high school in South Beloit, Illinois.

Darrell was born in Beloit, Wisconsin, but was raised in South Beloit, Illinois in a city divided by the state line.

It was no surprise that Darrell signed up early for military service, he enlisted in the U.S. Naval Reserve while still a junior in high school.

"South Beloit was a small patriotic community filled with veterans of World War II and Korea," Darrell said. His high school class was 50 students.

Darrell remembers he was sworn in at 10:30 p.m. the night before his 17th birthday.

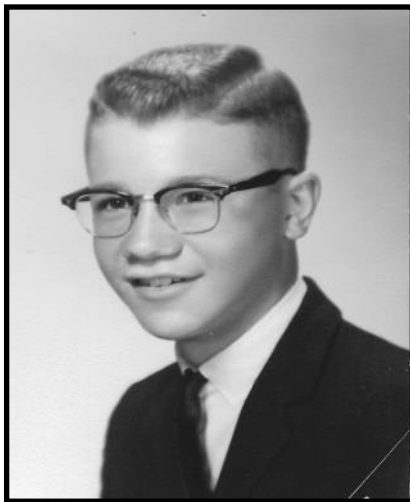
"I went to bed a civilian and awoke a sailor," Darrell said.

In the summer between his junior and senior year in high school Darrell went to boot camp at Great Lakes Recruit Training Command.

The following spring he enlisted in the U.S. Navy as a "Polaris Electronics Seaman Apprentice."



Darrell E. Martin - Master Chief



Darrell Martin—high school photo

In a whirlwind of events at the end of his senior year, he graduated on June 1 from high school, packed his sea bag on June 2 and travelled to Chicago on June 3.

The next day at the Armed Forces Induction Center, he failed the required test for submarine duty. He was discharged from the USNR and sworn in the USN as a "high school Seaman Apprentice" and put on a plane to Washington, D.C.

On June 5, he started a period of three months general duty at Anacostia Naval Air Station while awaiting orders to an "electronics school." That meant either ET, AT or FT.

"After three months of cleaning EM and CPO clubs, parking cars for Officer Retirement Ceremonies and other assorted chores, I finally received orders to school at Bainbridge, Maryland for Fire Control Technician (FT).

Midway through my 26-week FT school, Darrell's class time was shortened to 18 weeks.

It was upon graduation from that school that Darrell would begin his lifelong connection to the USS Cogswell DD-651.

"I received orders to the USS Cogswell on the West Coast, while all but one of my classmates were assigned East Coast ships," Darrell said. The strange journey had taken Darrell from RTC Great Lakes, to FT School in Bainbridge, Maryland and then to San Diego, California for sea duty.

Before heading to San Diego to report, he spent Christmas in Illinois with his family and fiancé.

Following the Christmas holiday he reported aboard a nearly deserted USS Cogswell around 8 p.m. New Year's Eve, which was Thursday, December 31, 1964.

Due to the holidays, the ship was manned by a bare bones crew and would remain that way until the following Monday when the 0800 All-Hands muster occurred.

"My time on the Cogswell was a time of growth, learning and disappointment but it shaped my attitude and future leadership style," Darrell said. "While most of the Cogswell's Officers and Chiefs were great role models, I had one Division Officer and later a Master Chief which were the opposite." **(Continued Page 16)**



Darrell Martin—Cogswell service

(Continued from Page 15) The disappointments that shaped Darrell included an experience with a “boot Ensign” his division officer.

Mark Coolidge, Myron White and Darrell were all FTGSNs who came aboard around the same time with the same “time in rate” and all going for 3rd Class. The three sailors were ordered to report to the mess decks to take advancement exams, but as the exams were being distributed, it was discovered that there was no exam for Darrell.

“I discovered my division officer had not ordered one for me,” Darrell said. “My fellow shipmates passed the exam and were promoted to Third Class Petty Officer. I had no idea why I was not recommended for advancement and had no previous indication of a problem. When I asked the Ensign the reason. He just laughed and gave no further answer. I vowed that I would never blindside another person and affect their career in such a manner.”

Sea duty changed his future plans.

“I came to the Cogswell ready to make the United States Navy my career,” Darrell said. “After seeing what effect a life at sea and being deployed for extended periods of time had on family life, I was forced to change my mind.”

Near the end of his first WestPac cruise, but after he had purchased silk in Japan for her wedding dress, his high school sweetheart and fiancé broke off the engagement.

One of his not-so-fond memories occurred when shipmate Mark Coolidge convinced Darrell in Japan to get a “hot bath and massage.”

“The hot tub was fine but during the massage I misspoke and regretted it for more than a week,” Darrell said. The woman was walking on his back and said “I do a good job, you pay extra?”

“I responded ‘I thought I was paying for a ‘good job,’” Darrell said. “After she finished her walk I couldn’t walk erect for a week.” **(Editor’s note: I think we can all see where the miscommunication may have occurred)**

Between his two WestPac cruises the Cogswell went to the Portland Rose Festival. That event resulted in several short whirlwind romances. The only exception was Myron Glenn White who found his future wife, Sue, and the couple had many happy years together. **(See obit Page 9)**

In May 1967, after his second WestPac deployment on the Cogswell, his USN enlistment was over. Darrell chose not to re-enlist in the USN and before his 21st birthday was transferred to the Naval Reserve. In July 1967 Darrell passed the Second Class exam and was promoted to FTG2.

“The experiences and lessons learned while on the Cogswell served me well in life as well in the military,” Darrell said. “I was fortunate to advance to E9, mentor some fine Petty Officers, Chiefs, and Junior Officers. I had the responsibility of being the “Command Master Chief” of a Unit consisting of over 150 enlisted personnel and reporting directly to three Unit Commanding Officers over the years.”

Darrell was also privileged to sit on three Selection Boards in Washington, D.C. for E7 Advancement and for E8/E9 Advancement.

His final assignment was working for the Admiral of “Naval Reserve Readiness Command Region Thirteen” at Great Lakes, Illinois.

“I feel a sense of accomplishment in the number of people who advanced in the USNR under my guidance during my 30 ½ years in the military,” Darrell said.

During his military career, Darrell saw the advancement of Weapons Systems from rudimentary to the most sophisticated. From vacuum tubes to integrated computer circuits, from stand-alone mechanical analog computers filling a room to ship-board digital computers controlling an entire ship’s Weapons Systems encompassing Gun, Missile, and Underwater Weapons.

After his 1967 discharge from the Cogswell, Darrell enrolled in college as an “Accountancy Major” at Northern Illinois University where he met his future wife, Karen. With antiwar sentiments high in the fall of 1969, Darrell left school disgusted with the antiwar campus violence and cancelled classes by instructors encouraging students to attend the antiwar protests.

Darrell went to work for the Wisconsin Telephone Company as a lineman. He was promoted to Splicing Technician 14 years later and returned to evening classes in college. In 1984 he graduated with a degree in Computer Science. He was promoted to a management position and relocated to Milwaukee, Wisconsin from Illinois to start his Information Technology Career as an Applications Programmer/Analyst.

After 23 years with the company, Darrell was “selected” to participate in the corporate downsizing of Ameritech, the parent company of Wisconsin Bell. He went on to work in the banking, insurance and manufacturing sectors as an IT employee, retiring December 31, 2012.

Darrell, 75, and his wife Karen, to whom he has been married more than 51 years, have three wonderful children and six grandchildren aged 4 to 18.



Darrell and Karen Martin at the Bellevue reunion

A Senior Chief remembers the good and bad old days

(Editor's note: The author of the following is unknown. It was provided by Walt Dziedzic who is a frequent contributor to the newsletter. Hope you enjoy it.)

The military experience made us the ethical persons we are and gave us a great sense of understanding of the people around us. Like it or not it gave us an experience we will never forget.

Occasionally, I venture back to NAS, Meridian, where I'm greeted by an imposing security guard who looks carefully at my identification card, hands it back and says, "Have a good day, Sr. Chief".

Every time I go back to any Navy Base it feels good to be called by my previous rank, but odd to be in civilian clothes, walking among the servicemen and servicewomen going about their duties as I once did, many years ago.

The military is a comfort zone for anyone who has ever worn the uniform. It's a place where you know the rules and know they are enforced - a place where everybody is busy, but not too busy to take care of business.

Because there exists behind the gates of every military facility an institutional understanding of respect, order, uniformity, accountability and dedication that becomes part of your marrow and never, ever leaves you.

Personally, I miss the fact that you always knew where you stood in the military, and who you were dealing with. That's because you could read somebody's uniform from 20 feet away and know the score.

Service personnel wear their careers on their sleeves, so to speak. When you approach each other, you can read their name tag, examine their rank and, if they are in dress uniform, read their ribbons and know where they've served and for enlisted, how many years service they have served to date.

I miss all those little things you take for granted when you're in the ranks, like breaking starch on a set of fatigues fresh from the laundry and standing in a perfectly straight line military formation that looks like a mirror as it stretches to the endless horizon.

I miss the sight of troops marching in the early morning mist, the sound of boot heels thumping in unison on the tarmac, the bark of drill instructors and the sing-song answers from the squads as they pass by in review.

To romanticize military service is to be far removed from its reality, because it's very serious business -- especially in times of war.

I miss the salutes I'd throw at officers and the crisp returns as we criss-crossed with a "by your leave sir".

I miss the smell of jet fuel hanging heavily on the night air and the sound of engines roaring down runways and disappearing into the clouds. The same while on carrier duty.

I even miss the hurry-up-and-wait mentality that enlisted men gripe about constantly, a masterful invention that bonded people more than they'll ever know or admit.

I miss people taking off their hats when they enter a building, speaking directly and clearly to others and never showing disrespect for rank, race, religion or gender.

I miss being a small cog in a machine so complex it constantly circumnavigates the Earth and so simple it feeds everyone on time, three times a day, on the ground, in the air or at sea.

Mostly, I don't know anyone who has served who regrets it, and doesn't feel a sense of pride when they pass through those gates and re-enter the world they left behind with their youth.

I wish I could express my thoughts even better about something I loved -- and hated sometimes.

Face it guys - we all miss it...Whether you had one tour or a career, it shaped your life.



Home Port - San Diego

If Real Life were like the Navy

(Unfortunately I forgot who sent this to the Scuttlebutt)

Run all the pipes and wires in your house exposed on the walls.

Repaint your entire house every month.

Sleep on the shelf in your closet. Have your spouse shine a flashlight in your eyes, three hours after you went to sleep and mumble "Sorry, wrong rack".

Renovate your bathroom: Build a wall across the middle of your bathtub and move the showerhead down to chest level. When you take showers, have someone use and flush the toilet repeatedly, make sure you shut off the water while soaping.

Put lube-oil in your humidifier instead of water and set it to HIGH.

Don't watch TV except movies in the middle of the night. Have your family vote on which movie to watch then watch a different one.

For former engineers: Bring your lawn mower into the living room and run it all day long, simulating proper noise level.

Have someone under the age of ten, or the paperboy, give you a haircut with sheep shears.

Once a week blow compressed air up through your chimney making sure the wind carries the soot onto your neighbor's house. Ignore his complaints.

Get up every night at around midnight and have a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on stale bread. (Optional is canned ravioli or cold soup).

Make up your family menu a week ahead of time without consulting the pantry or refrigerator.

Set your alarm clock to go off at random times during the night. At the alarm jump out of bed and get dressed as fast as you can, making sure to button your top shirt button and tuck your pants into your socks. Run out into the backyard and uncoil the garden hose.

Once a month take all major appliances completely apart and then reassemble them.

Make coffee using eighteen scoops of budget priced coffee grounds per pot, and allow the pot to simmer for 5 hours before drinking. If someone cleans the coffee pot, yell at them.

Invite at least 85 people you don't really like to come and visit for two months. Don't leave the house for the first month. Then take all but eight of them out binge drinking for three days. Make the other eight stand watch over the house while you're out.

Have a fluorescent lamp installed on the bottom of your coffee table and lie under it to read books.

Raise the thresholds and lower the top sills on your front and back doors so that you either trip or bang your head every time you pass through them.

Every week or so, throw your cat or dog into the swimming pool and shout "Man overboard port side!" Rate your family members on how fast they respond.

Run into the kitchen and sweep all the pots/pans/dishes off of the counter onto the floor then yell at your wife/husband/kids for not having the place secured for sea.

Put the headphones from your stereo on your head, but don't plug them in. Hang a paper cup around your neck on a string. Stand in front of the stove, and speak into the paper cup "Stove manned and ready." After an hour or so, speak into the cup again "Stove secured." Roll up the headphones and paper cup and stow them in a shoe box.

Every other night sit in a chair in front of the furnace and/or water heater getting up hourly to walk around the house to make sure it isn't on fire.

Do laundry once a week, keeping the dirty laundry in a bag at the foot of the bed.

Disassemble and inspect your lawn mower every week.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, turn your water heater temperature up to 200 degrees. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, turn the water heater off. On Saturdays and Sundays tell your family they use too much water during the week so no bathing will be allowed.

Raise your bed to within 6 inches of the ceiling so you can't turn over without getting out and then getting back in.

Make your family qualify to operate each appliance in your house (i.e. dishwasher operator, blender technician, etc).

Have your neighbor come over each day at 5 am, blow a whistle so loud Helen Keller could hear it, and shout "Reveille, Reveille, all hands heave out and trice up."

Have your mother-in-law write down everything she's going to do the following day then have her make you stand in your backyard at 6 am while she reads it to you. **(Continued on Page 19)**



Bang your head and ankles at the same time

A Cogswell parable

(With thanks to Walt Dziedzic)

One day, while an old retired sailor was cutting the branch off a tree high above a river, his ax fell into the river. When he cried out, the Lord appeared and asked, "Why are you crying?"

The sailor replied that his ax had fallen into the water and he needed the ax to supplement his meager pension. The Lord went down into the water and reappeared with a golden ax.

"Is the your ax?," the Lord asked.

The sailor replied, "No."

The Lord went down in the water again and came up with silver ax.

"Is this yours?" the Lord asked.

Again, the sailor replied "No."

The Lord went down in the water and returned with a rusty old ax. "Is this yours?, the Lord asked.

The sailor replied "Yes."

The Lord was pleased with the sailor's honesty and gave him all three axes to keep, and the destroyerman went home happy.

Sometime later the sailor was walking with his woman along the river bank and his woman fell into the river. When he cried out, the Lord again appeared and asked him, "Why are you crying?"

"Oh Lord, my woman has fallen into the water!"



Cameron Diaz

The Lord went down into the water and came up with Angelina Jolie. "Is this your woman?," the Lord asked.

"Yes," cried the sailor.

The Lord was furious. "You lied! That is an untruth!"

The sailor replied, "Oh forgive me Lord. It is a misunderstanding You see, if I had said "no" to Angelina Jolie, you would have come up with Cameron Diaz. Then if I said "no" to her you would have come up with my woman. Had I then said "yes",

you would have given me all three. And Lord, I am an old man not able to take care of all three women in a way that they deserve, that's why I said yes to Angelina Jolie."

And God was pleased.

(The moral of this story is: Whenever a US Navy sailor (especially a Cogswell vet) lies, it is for a good and honorable reason, and only for the benefit of others!



Angelina Jolie



Rusty ax

(Continued from Page 18) Submit a request to your father-in-law requesting permission to leave your house before 3 PM.

Empty all the garbage bins in your house and sweep the driveway three times a day, whether it needs it or not. Announce, "Now sweepers, sweepers, man your brooms, give the ship a clean sweep down fore and aft, empty all trash cans over the fantail".

Have your neighbor collect all your mail for a month, read your magazines, and randomly lose every 5th item before delivering it to you.

When your children are in bed, run into their room with a megaphone, shouting that your home is under attack and ordering them to their battle stations.

Post a menu on the kitchen door informing your family that they are having steak for dinner. Then make them wait in line for an hour. When they finally get to the kitchen, tell them you are out of steak, but they can have dried ham or hot dogs. Repeat daily until they ignore the menu and just ask for hot dogs.

Place a podium at the end of your driveway. Have your family stand watches at the podium, rotating at 4 hour intervals. This is best done when the weather is worst. January is a good time.

When there is a thunderstorm in your area, get a wobbly rocking chair, sit in it and rock as hard as you can until you become nauseous. Make sure to have a supply of stale crackers in your shirt pocket.

Sew the back pockets of your jeans on the front.

Every couple of weeks, dress up in your best clothes and go to the scummiest part of town. Find the most run down, trashiest bar, and drink beer until you are hammered. Then walk all the way home.

Lock yourself and your family in the house for six weeks. Tell them that at the end of the 6th week you are going to take them to Disney World for "shore leave". At the end of the 6th week, inform them the trip to Disney World has been cancelled because they need to get ready for an inspection, and it will be another week before they can leave the house.

Grandpa's Hat

In the February 2021 Scuttlebutt we reported the death of Capt. Fred Kraft. His son, Chris Kraft assisted us in getting information on his father for the obituary and we in turn sent him information that he was not aware of about his Dad. He sent a photo of his father's Cogswell ball cap with the following note: "My 14 year old son has been wearing this lately. I was glad to be able to give him much more insight as to his grandfather's duty on the Cogswell!"



Many Thanks!

I.C. Smith chimes in on Flying Fish incident

In the February 2021 Scuttlebutt the tale of the near sinking of the USS Flying Fish SS-229 by the Cogswell during World War II struck a chord with Ivian "I.C." Smith. IC Smith had an interesting and unique Naval career that included a very short stint aboard the USS Cogswell. Just to quickly review the February article, the story revolved around an Oct. 9, 1944 incident in which it was alleged that the Cogswell dropped several depth charges on a U.S. submarine. The incident was outlined in both a book "The Conquering Tide" by Ian Toll and the extensive Cogswell history document put together by John Barwinczok and later by Association Secretary George Overman. In dispute was whether the Cogswell every received the correct recognition signal from the submarine.

IC wrote after reading the article:

I too, read the account of the encounter between the *Cogswell* and the *Flying Fish* in Toll's excellent book, the second of his Pacific War trilogy. I just finished reading the third of the series, *Twilight of the Gods*, and it's the best of the three. If one wanted to learn about the Pacific War in WWII, those three would serve as the single source one needed.

But the (*Flying Fish*) account certainly seems plausible. While aboard the *USS Razorback* (SS 394), we played war games from time to time and even though the *Razorback* was a WWII submarine that had been modified, it still competed quite well with the then modern sonar's of the fleet. I recall one incident off the coast of San Diego, during a war game "Red Cloud" (as I recall), the conditions were favorable to subs due to stormy weather, rain, etc. This caused layer of fresh water that essentially minimized the ability of sonar to "see through" the layers and detect the sub. As a result, we were able to penetrate the screen of the destroyers, sneak up on the carrier (*Kitty Hawk* ?) and fire off a red flare that signaled "gotcha!" So I can understand why ships during wartime would be prone to shoot first and ask questions later.

I'm not familiar with the codes used between the *Cogswell* and *Flying Fish*. I was in the conning tower (my General Quarters assignment was the TDC computer) when such conversations took place but I seem to recall that they were often so garbled that one couldn't understand what was being transmitted. On one such day, one of the *Razorback's* officers took an electric shaver, played it over the microphone and played havoc with the ship's sonar.

Incidentally, the *Razorback* is now moored along a pier in North Little Rock, AR on the Arkansas River. It holds the record for the longest serving submarine in history, combined with its service with both the U.S. and Turkish fleet. It destroyed a Japanese destroyer with a "down the throat" torpedo shot (bow to bow) and was at Tokyo Bay for the surrender. Also, arguably the most damaging spy this country had during the Cold War, John Walker, served aboard the *Razorback*, though I hasten to add, he left before I went aboard.

It's a great story that certainly adds to the history of the *Cogswell*.



USS Flying Fish

Speaking of Navy books

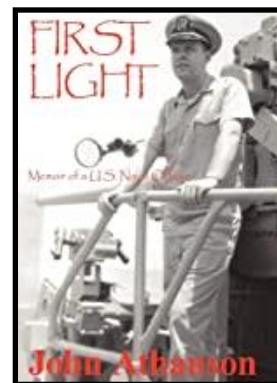
IC Smith suggested reading the 1946 C. Vann Woodward book "The Battle for Leyte Gulf.," which has a mention of the USS Cogswell in the chapter called "The Battle of Cape Engano." The Cogswell, the Ingersoll and the Caperton participated in a torpedo attack against a 2,400-ton Terutuski class destroyer.

Your newsletter editor thinks one of the best and most riveting books on destroyer battles is "The Last Stand of the Tin Can Sailors," by the late James D. Hornfischer. Hornfischer's "Ship of Ghosts", "Neptune's Inferno: The U.S. Navy at Guadalcanal", and "The Fleet at Flood Tide: America at Total War in the Pacific, 1944-1945" are also great reads.

Another recent read by the newsletter editor was "First Light: Memoir of a U.S. Naval Officer" by the Cogswell's own John Athanson (Officer, 67-69). It was a good read about his long and distinguished Naval career. Purchased on Amazon.

Another decent read is "Unsinkable" by James Sullivan. The book tells the World War II story of the USS Plunkett DD-431 through the lives of five of its crew.

If you have a suggested Navy book, please contact the editor.



John Athanson book

John Steinbeck wrote glowingly of destroyers in World War II

During WWII, the great American writer John Steinbeck served as a war correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune and at one time was stationed aboard a US Navy destroyer. Unfortunately, it was not possible to find the name of the destroyer. One of his dispatches describe his impressions and description of life aboard a U.S. Navy destroyer.

"Destroyer" by John Steinbeck

A destroyer is a lovely ship, probably the nicest fighting ship of all. Battleships are a little like steel cities or great factories of destruction. Aircraft carriers are floating flying fields. Even cruisers are big pieces of machinery, but a destroyer is all boat. In the beautiful clean lines of her, in her speed and roughness, in her curious gallantry, she is completely a ship, in the old sense.

For one thing, a destroyer is small enough so that her captain knows his whole crew personally, knows all about each one as a person, his first name and his children and the trouble he has been in and is capable of getting into. There is an ease on a destroyer that is good and a good relationship among the men. Then if she has a good captain you have something really worth serving on.

The battleships are held back for a killing blow, and such a blow sometimes happens only once in a war. The cruis-



John Steinbeck—war correspondent



USS Cogswell DD-651

ers go in second, but the destroyers work all the time. They are probably the busiest ships of a fleet. In a major engagement, they do the scouting and make the first contact. They convoy, they run to every fight. Whenever there is a mess, the destroyers run first. They are not lordly like the battleships and the men who work them are seamen. In rough weather they are rough, honestly and violently rough.

A destroyerman is never bored in wartime, for a destroyer is a seaman's ship. She can get under way at the drop of a hat. The water under fantail boils like a Niagara. She will go rippling along at thirty-five knots with the spray sheeting over her and she will turn and fight and run, drop depth charges, bombard, and ram. She is expendable and dangerous. And because she is all these things, a destroyer's crew is passionately

possessive. Every man knows his ship, every inch of it, not just his own station."

Walt (Dziedzic) sez

Walt sez: Here's a nautical bit o' tid! (Take heed, there WILL be a test!) From whence came the terms Port and Starboard.

A possible derivation of these two words goes back to the early days of sailing ships. There was a certain kind of vessel which had a "steering board" suspended over the side of the ship which acted as a rudder.

The steering board was suspended over the right hand side of the vessel and so this side became known as the "steering board side" which was eventually abbreviated to starboard side.

When these vessels came into the harbor, it was safer to berth with the left hand side of the ship against the pier, thus avoiding damaging the steering board. The left hand side of the ship thus became known as the port side.

Tin Can Sailors - A group worth joining

For those who love destroyers (and who wouldn't?) The National Association of Destroyer Veterans is a group you should consider joining. They publish a great quarterly newsletter and offer announcements of coming events of interest to anyone who has served aboard a destroyer. TCS supports museum ships across the country and membership offers free or discount admission to most of them. Field days offer a chance to work on a museum ship and Bull Sessions offer one-day opportunities to meet with other tin can sailors. To join call (800) 223-5535.

A membership also comes with free or reduced admission to many of the museum ships that are supported by donations from the Association.

To find coming events such as TCS reunions or Bull Sessions, go to destroyers.org or For more information on any event, see The Tin Can Sailor newspaper or call the office at (508) 677-0515.



Tell us your stories

Just a reminder that this is your newsletter. If it is going to be of interest to you we need to hear from you about what you want to read and hear about. Many of you have been very helpful, but others have been silent. We realize that you may be silent because you are happy or satisfied with the direction and content of the newsletter. If not, please let us know what you would like to read and hear. We all share a common experience, but within that common experience are many, many different stories, please don't keep yours a secret. Even if you don't think you are a writer, let us help you put your story together. Easiest way to do that is to contact Jim Smith at jlsmidiaservices@gmail.com or on his cellphone (810) 338-3015 and tell him your stories.

Teed off

An old Navy Chief walks up to the bar at the golf course and the bar tender asks him what he wants to drink. In a raspy voice he croaks out that he'd like a beer. The bar tender asks why his voice is so raspy. Chief replies that he sliced his drive into the rough on number seven hole so he's over there looking for his ball and spots a white spot under a cows tail when she moved her tail. He goes over and holds the cows tail up and sure enough the white spot was a golf ball. but it was a Titleist 4 and he was playing a Wilson 3. He drops the tail and continues looking for his ball.

A woman appears and says she drove her ball over here and if he happens to see it would he let her know. He asks her what kind of ball she is playing and she said that it is a Titleist 4. "Well, he said, I didn't know what to tell her so I just walked over to that cow and lifted her tail and pointed and said, Does this look like yours? Then she hit me in the throat with a 9-iron"

Check out the Cogswell website

If you haven't checked out the new USS Cogswell DD-651 Association website do yourself a favor and try it out.

usscogswell.com

George Overman did the association proud with his design of the new website. There are many new features including photos and videos.

You can also see the latest information on reunions and visit and read past newsletters there. Let us know what you think. (And thank George if you get a chance)

Oldy but goody

A pirate walked into a bar, and the bartender said....*"Hey, I haven't seen you in a while. What happened? You look terrible."*

"What do you mean?" said the pirate, *"I feel fine."*

"What about the wooden leg? You didn't have that before.."

"Well," said the pirate, *"We were in a battle, and I got hit with a cannon ball, but I'm fine now."*

The bartender replied, *"Well, OK, but what about that hook? What happened to your hand?"*

The pirate explained, *"We were in another battle. I boarded a ship and got into a sword fight. My hand was cut off. I got fitted with a hook but I'm fine, really."*

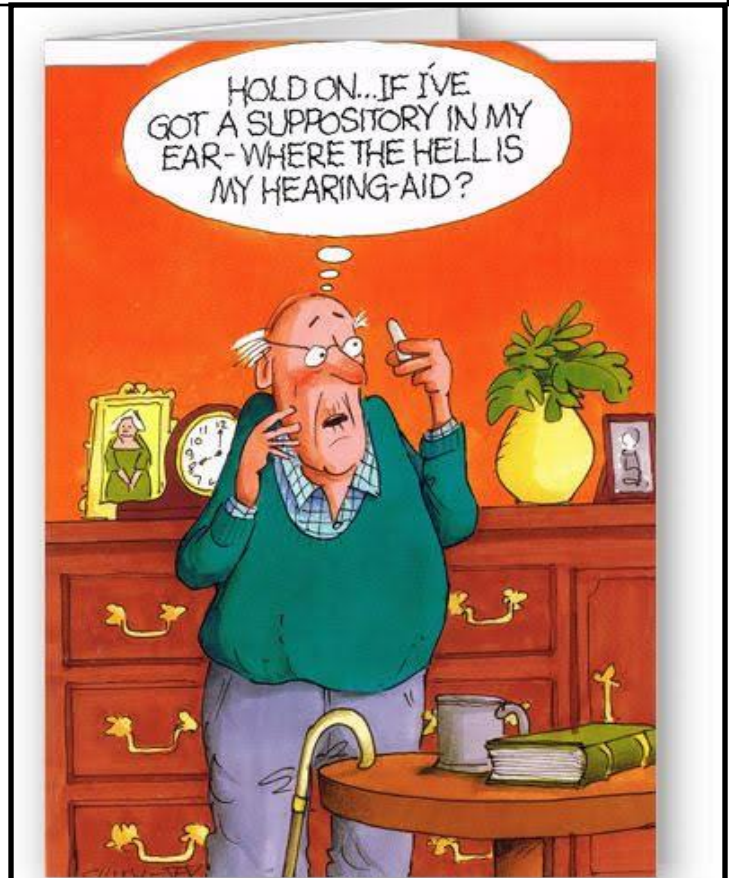
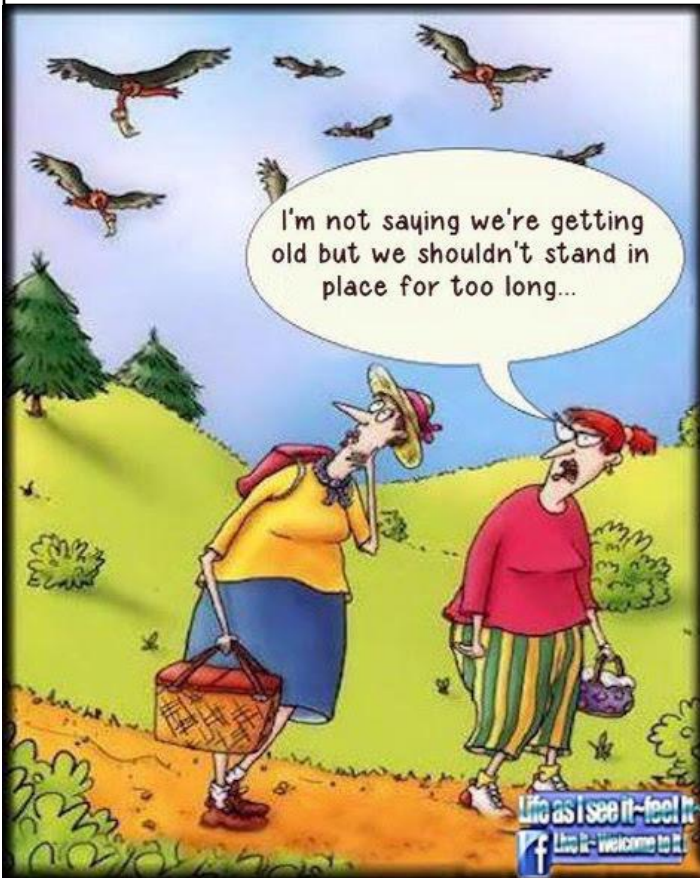
"What about that eye patch?"

"Oh," said the pirate, *"One day we were at sea, and a flock of birds flew over. I looked up, and one of them shit in my eye."*

"You're kidding," said the bartender. *"Can you lose an eye just from bird shit?"*

"It was me first day with the hook."

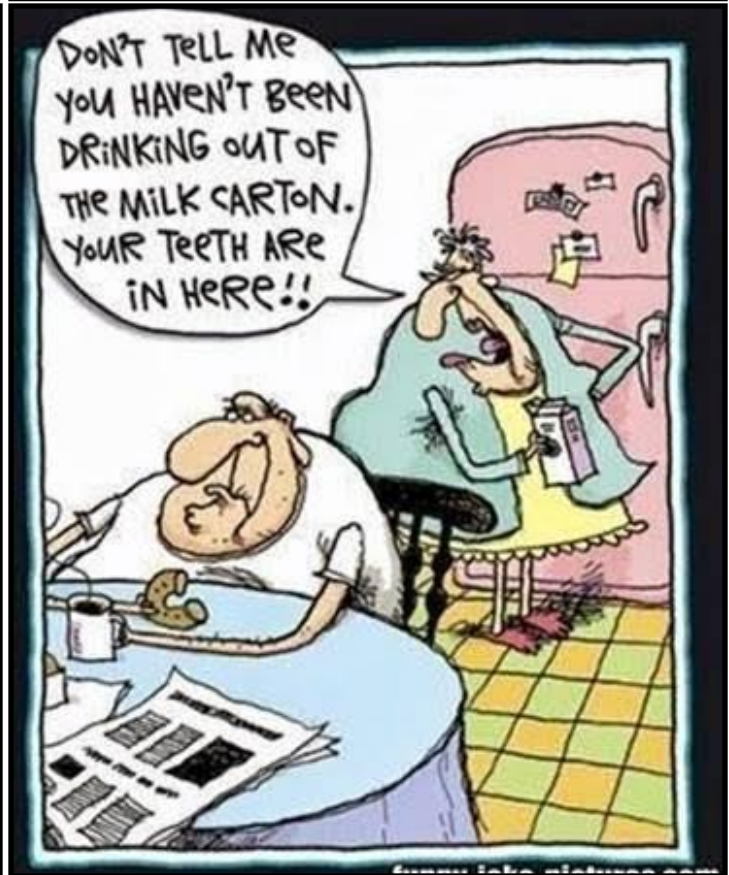
Time for a laugh



Wedding vows should include....

"Do you promise to always help him find his stuff that is right in front of him"

because you will be doing that forever.



USS Cogswell DD-651 Association

3784 Mission Ave. Ste. 148-1016
Oceanside, CA 92058

Visit the website:
www.usscogswell.com

Email:
secretary@usscogswell.com

