

Turner Times



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WEBSITE: WWW.USSTURNER.ORG

APRIL, 2009

Update on website address: You can now use either www.ussturner.org or www.ussturner834.org to get to the turner website.

“ . . . Georgia on my Mind ”

By Mike Mania '53-'54

“Georgia, Georgia, the whole day through. . .” That song has implanted itself in the forefront of my mind lately, keeping me focused on the state of Georgia, with Savannah being the focal point of my thoughts. Why? Because that is the city hosting the EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL TURNER REUNION! And what a reunion it will be. Without a doubt, it will be as great as any proceeding reunions put together by our fantastic reunion committee. So sit back, relax and read about the fun time you are going to experience this year in a city replete with copious amounts of some of the finest historic homes, museums and historic sites in the Southeast.

To start, the committee has arranged a wonderful tour to the MIGHTY EIGHTH AIR FORCE HERITAGE MUSEUM. This hallowed World War Two repository houses classic assorted aircraft, artifacts and amazing harrowing stories of men flying dangerous missions to preserve the freedoms we now enjoy. There are also countless photos to prove the validity of the narrations you will hear. It will be special and something not soon forgotten. Remember, this is not only a part of the MIGHTY EIGHTH AIR FORCE'S heritage, but yours and mine as well.

The remainder of the afternoon and evening will be your free time.

“ . . . Still in peaceful dreams I see, the road leads back to you. . . ” And you will want to take the road back to Savannah, Georgia in the future after you take the second TURNER tour through the city and surrounding areas.

This tour consists of a guided trolley bus ride through one of the largest National Historic Landmark Districts in the United States. It boasts of a living assemblage of eighteen and nineteen century historic quaint cottages, magnificent mansions and beautiful ornate ironwork done by long time departed talented journeymen ironsmiths. You will see charming squares and ancient cobblestone streets which are representative of more than two hundred and fifty years of proud history.

When you arrive on the scenic waterfront, you will soon find yourself on the cobblestone Factors Walk and River Street. Here you will see shops, taverns, restaurants and museums which have been converted from old cotton warehouses. A tour through either a museum or one of the historic homes is part of the agenda for this tour.

There will be a break for lunch on your own and shopping at the City Market, which is a four block restoration area and consists of extraor-

dinary gift and retail shops, choice restaurants, and the ART Center, a true community of working artists. Once again, you are free to spend the afternoon and evening as you choose.

Thursday, the last day of the reunion, will feature the business meeting in the a.m. followed by free time until 5:30 p.m. when at such time, picture taking for the TURNER Memory Book will begin. At 6:00 p.m., the cash bar will open, (walk please, no running, shoving or kicking) followed at 7:30 by the banquet and entertainment.

The next day will be given over to melancholic farewells and an unwanted exodus away from old friends and new friendships just recently made. However, the positive side is that we will be taking home so many more wonderful reunion memories to add to the ones we already have stored in our memory banks. They will never be forgotten.

As you may have noticed, those of us who will be attending this reunion will be experiencing an unusually large amount of free time in comparison to other reunions. This is due in large part to the sagging economy forcing a rapid and stunning rise in the cost of many of the tours. However, there is an upside to this.

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\$ SHIP'S STORE ¢

The following items can be ordered from Carl Ackerman, 7436 Daisy Cir., Macungie, PA 18062, Ph: (610) 398-0145. All items are postpaid. Please make checks payable to Carl L. Ackerman.

- ▶ Up-to-date rosters — \$5.
- ▶ Turner baseball caps embroidered with Turner logo — \$18.
- ▶ Mesh polo shirts embroidered with Turner logo. Colors: Red, White or Navy Blue. Sizes M to XXL. All sizes come with a pocket — \$45. Sizes 2XL to 3XL — \$50.
- ▶ Sweat Shirts embroidered with Turner logo. Colors: Navy Blue or Gray. Sizes M to XXL — \$50. Sizes 2XL to 3XL — \$55.
- ▶ DVD of 1961 Med Cruise photos — \$10.
- ▶ Diaries/appointment book (year-2009)— \$4
- ▶ Denim Shirts: Short sleeve, light blue with dark blue Turner Logo. Sizes M to XXL — \$50. Sizes 2XL to 3XL—\$55.
- ▶ Ship's patches: Both the Tiger and Double Eagle, 4" round with color embroidery. Also official Navy patch just like on the ball caps. Blue/gold lettering of "USS Turner DD/DDR 834" around gray destroyer profile. 3"H x 5"W. Cost is \$5 per patch.
- ▶ USS Turner History Plaques— wood and plastic - 8"x10" — \$30
- ▶ Turner Desk Clock- Mahogany simulated wood finish 4.5"X 5.5". Quartz clock movement. Laser etched brass plate w/ USS Turner history opposite clock face. Gold USS Turner name imprinted below clock. See clock photo bottom of column 3. — \$55

FROM THE OF THE PREZ

Hello Shipmates,

Turn Around. Turn Around. You probably remember that old saying meaning where has the time gone?

It seems to me that I have just left our Reunion in St. Louis, Missouri, I turned around and here I am, writing to you about our next Turner Reunion in Savannah, Georgia!

This will be our second reunion in Savannah. Many of you will remember the first one which was held on September 12-16, 2001. Of course, that was one day after the tragic terrorist attacks on NYC and Washington, DC. In sorrow we came together. We had 142 shipmates and one guest pre-registered for the reunion. All air traffic was grounded and those who were able drove to Savannah to be with their Military Family. We had a total of 111 shipmates and guests attending. Remarkable!

It is my hope that we can surpass that number this year. So, let's all try. The schedule has changed slightly. Hopefully, this will be an encouragement to some. We will begin with our Buffet Dinner on Monday, September 14, 2009. On Tuesday we will visit the Mighty Eighth Air Force Museum. On Wednesday we will enjoy a city tour of Savannah and on Thursday, September 17 we will once again enjoy an evening together at our Banquet. Friday, September 18 will be farewell again.

Once again, I thank all my fellow officers who keep things running all year. As you know, my term as your President will be ending and I will be turning the Presidency over to Roy Turcotte for the next two years. I have appreciated the honor of serving as your President and will continue to help in any way I can.

I am hoping to see you all in Savannah, September 14-18, 2009.

Bernie Sciarpelletti

Navy Chief

The old crusty Chief Petty Officer noticed a new lookout one day and barked at him to get over here.

'What's your name?' was the first thing the Chief asked the new guy.

'John', the new guy replied.

The Chief scowled, 'Look, I don't know what kind of bleeding-heart, liberal, pansy-ass stuff they're teaching Sailors in boot camp today, but I don't call anyone by their first name. It breeds familiarity and that leads to a breakdown in authority. I refer to my Sailors by their last name only—Smith, Jones, Baker—that's all. I am to be referred to only as Chief. Do I make myself clear?'

'Aye, aye, Chief!'

'Good! Now that we got that straight, what is your last name?'

The new guy sighed and said, 'Darling. My name is John Darling, Chief!'

'Okay..... John, here's what I want you to do...'

From: signal10@bellsouth.net
Subject: William Barnwell
 Looking for William Barnwell MM2 who I served with on the Turner from 1964-1966. If you know, please email me!

Desk Clock a great gift !



Continued from Page 1
“...Georgia on my Mind”

With very little effort, you can put together your own package of mini tours very easily once you arrive in the city. Savannah and the surrounding area is a tourist's sightseeing paradise. It offers a broad range of sightseeing options including some of the finest historic homes, museums, historic sites in the Southeast plus Civil War forts and English Regency house museums.

If you are interested in the ARTS, there are six different centers for art, culture and design. Do you have an eye for historic homes? You came to the right city. There are many located throughout Savannah that proudly boasts of historical prominence. One such home is the birthplace of Juliette Gordon Low, the founder of the Girl scouts. Another is the Mercer-Williams House which is one of Savannah's most historic mansions. This was the former home of Jim Williams, the antique dealer immortalized in “Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.” And while you are about it, stop by the Green-Meldrim Mansion. This was General Sherman's Civil War headquarters.

There is a list of historic sites and forts almost as long as your right arm and a list of museums equal to the length of your left arm, all certainly worth the effort to visit and enjoy.

And, while you're in an historic mood, don't forget to stop by some of the local historic cemeteries! Yes, I said cemeteries. Even if the surroundings in such a place give you the shivers and a body full of goose bumps, you will be glad your visitation allowed you to experience a bit of Savannah's unique history firsthand. Each cemetery serves as a final resting place for many of Savannah's most fascinating former citizens and residents. Each one is situated amid incredibly scenic surroundings.

To find out the names of some of the famous people who sleep in peaceful, silent repose in these ceme-

teries and to get the names and locations of the forts, historic houses and museums, I suggest you call up this Savannah link on your computer: <http://www.savannah.com>. Then click on any of the appropriate links. It's so easy. Just do it. Let's make this Savannah reunion one of the very best despite the shape of the economy. We can do it. Remember, “. . . just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.” And yours, too, I hope. I'll see you in Georgia in September.



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Captain P. Southard Passes Away

Captain Southard was the recipient of the following military awards: Silver Star, Meritorious Service Medal, American Defense Service Medal, American Campaign Medal, European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign, Asiatic-Pacific Campaign W/5 Stars, World War II Victory Medal, China Service Medal, Navy Occupation Medal, and National Defense Service Medal W/Star.

The Real Story of How World War II Ended

After the commissioning of the USS MYLES C. FOX (DDR-829) in March 1945 at Boston Naval Shipyard, I wrote a letter to Emperor

Hirohito of Japan. I told him that I was Executive Officer of the USS LANG (DD-399) which had sunk three of his destroyers in the night action of Vella Gulf in August 1943. I was now coming back in a new Radar Picket Destroyer to sink more of his ships, shoot down his planes, and assist in the bombardment and landing on the shores of Japan. If he was real smart and carefully analyzed the future of Japan, he would immediately surrender to the United States of America.

And do you know what happened? As the MYLES C. FOX was steaming to Wake Island in the Pacific Ocean as part of a large carrier task force, en route to the invasion of Japan, Hirohito surrendered. It wasn't the A-Bomb--he had received my letter. (*Tongue in cheek?? [M. M.]*).

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The Seabag

Sometimes I look at all the crap stacked in my garage, close my eyes and smile, remembering a time when everything I owned could be crammed into a Canvas Bag.

Maturity is Hell



OUR TURNER TIMES

WHAT WE REMEMBER ABOUT OUR TIME ON BOARD

The Seabag

There was a time when everything you owned had to fit in your seabag. Remember those nasty rascals? Fully packed, one of the suckers weighed more than the poor devil hauling it. The damn things weighed a ton and some idiot with an off-center sense of humor sewed a carry handle on it to help you haul it Hell, you could bolt a handle on a Greyhound bus but it wouldn't make the damn thing portable.

The Army, Marines and Air Force got footlockers and we got a big ole' canvas bag. After you warped your spine jackassing the goofy thing through a bus or train station, sat on it waiting for connecting transportation and made folks mad because it was too damn big to fit in any overhead rack on any bus, train and airplane ever made, the contents looked like hell. All your gear appeared to have come from bums who slept on park benches. Traveling with a seabag was something left over from the "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" sailing ship days. Sailors used to sleep in hammocks. So you stowed your issue in a big canvas bag and lashed your hammock to it, hoisted it on your shoulder and in effect moved your entire home and complete inventory of earthly possessions from ship to ship.

I wouldn't say you traveled light because with one strap it was a one-shoulder load that could torque your skeletal frame and bust your ankles. It was like hauling a dead linebacker. They wasted a lot of time inboot camp telling you how to pack one of the suckers. There was an officially sanctioned method of organization that you forgot after ten minutes on the other side of the gate at Great Lakes or San Diego.

You got rid of a lot of issue gear when you went to the SHIP. Did you ever know a tin-can sailor who had a raincoat? A flat hat? One of those nut hugger knit swimsuits? How bout those roll your own neckerchiefs... The ones the girls in a good Naval tailor shop would cut down and sew into a 'greasy snake' for two bucks. Within six months, every fleet sailor was down to one set of dress blues, port and starboard undress blues and whites, a couple of whitehats, boots, shoes, assorted skivvies a peacoat and three sets of bleached out dungarees. The rest of your original issue was either in the pea coat locker, lucky bag or had been reduced to wipe down rags in the engine room. Underway ships were not ships that allowed vast accumulation of private gear. Hobos who lived in discarded refrigerator crates could amass greater loads of pack rat crap than fleet sailors.

The confines of a canvas back rack, side locker and a couple of bunk bags did not allow one to live a Donald Trump existence. Space and the going pay scale combined to make us envy the lifestyle of a mud hut Ethiopian. We were the global equivalents of nomadic Monguls without ponies to haul our stuff.

And after the rigid routine of boot camp we learned the skill of random compression packing known by mother's world-wide as 'cramming'. It is amazing what you can jam into a space no bigger than a breadbox if you pull a watch cap over a boot and push it in with your foot. Of course it looks kinda weird when you pull it out but they never hold fashion shows at sea and wrinkles added character to a salty appearance.

There was a four-hundred mile gap between the images on recruiting posters and the actual appearance of sailors at sea. It was not without justifiable reason that we were called the Gator Navy. We operated on the premise that if 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness', we must be next to the other end of that spectrum.

We looked like our clothing had been pressed with a waffle iron and packed by a bulldozer. But what in the hell did they expect from a bunch of jerks that lived in the crews hole of a "Tramp Steamer".

After a while you got used to it. You got used to everything you owned picking up and retraining that distinctive aroma. You got used to old ladies on busses taking a couple of wrinkled nose sniffs of your peacoat then getting up and finding another seat. Do they still issue seabags?

Can you still make five bucks sitting up half the night drawing a ships picture on the side of one of the damn things with black and white marking pens that drive old master-at-arms into a "rig for heart attack" frenzy? Make their faces red, the veins on their neck bulge out and yell, "Jeezus H. Christ! What in god's name is that all over your seabag?" "Artwork, Chief... It's like the work of Michelangelo. My ship... Great huh?" "Looks like some damn comic book." Here was a man with cobras tattooed on his arms and a skull with a dagger through one eye and a ribbon reading 'DEATH BEFORE SHORE DUTY' on his shoulder, crossed anchors with 'Subic Bay 1945' on the other shoulder with an eagle on his chest and a full blown Chinese dragon peeking out between the cheeks of his butt. If anyone was an authority on stuff that looked like a comic book, it had to be this E-7 sucker.

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REAL CHIEFS

REAL CHIEFS: Don't eat quiche, they can't even spell it: they don't have any civilian clothes; but they do have CPO Association Cards from their last 5 commands.

REAL CHIEFS: Have a coffee pot next to their desks with a tube running from it to their arm; they don't write in script, except for payroll checks; they all have 4 sets of khaki uniforms in the closet in hopes they come back, and their favorite food is shipboard SOS for breakfast.

REAL CHIEFS: Call each other "CHIEF" and their greatest fear is signing property book items.

REAL CHIEFS: Get tears in their eyes when the Chief dies in the movie, "Operation Pacific". While they call their wives WIFE-LAND OR CINCFAM they can find their way to the CPO club at 15 different naval bases.

REAL CHIEFS: Have pictures of their last ships in their wallets, rather than of the wife and kids and are always at sea when their kids are born.

REAL CHIEFS: Don't own a pen that doesn't say "Property of U.S. Gov't" on it. However, they think a 7 course meal is a baked potato and a 6 pack and really believe that excess modesty is their only fault. They DO NOT make coffee!

REAL CHIEFS: Are hated by Supply Officers, who finds it necessary to hold inventory after the chief pays a social call.

Captain Pauly Remembers

Part 3 of five parts

The following is a multi-part series from something that Captain Pauly wrote for his 11 year-old grandson who wanted to have stories of his life in the Navy. These are the memories of Captain Pauly's days on the Turner; he was CO from September, 1966 through August 1968.

TURNER was due for a regular shipyard overhaul, and we went through the planning for that. We were allowed a fixed amount of money for the overhaul to be done in Charleston and based the mix of shipyard work and ship's force work on that sum. As we were bringing the ship up the Cooper River to the shipyard, we received a message from the Admiral stating that because of Navy budget problems the funds for the overhaul had been cut in half. That was a disaster, which necessitated a complete change in plans. Now the ship's crew would have to do much more work than ever envisioned, and only the shipyard could do the most crucial jobs. I did not realize it at the time, but that also was an indication that TURNER might not be kept in commission as far into the future as we expected. I talked to my crew and told them it was going to be a rough time for us all. I decided on very long workdays in order to permit weekend liberty so they could make it home to Mayport to be with their families. I eliminated all things, which interfered with work, including all training and the Navy's then mandatory physical fitness program. We all worked very hard for months. During this time Herb Smetheram was relieved as Executive Officer by Vince McDonough, and TURNER was fortunate to have these two fine officers who each later got their own destroyer commands. One

overhaul item in particular concerned the main generators. Instead of the shipyard overhauling both, we now had to do one. That proved so difficult, that it was the last item to be completed. The day we were to get underway for our sea trials it was still not ready, but the crew assured me it would be momentarily. So we set the Special Sea Detail. Then came the report that the work was done, and steam was being admitted to the turbine for the first time. We singled up all lines. Then they reported that the generator was rolling, up to speed, and being cut in to take the electrical load. We started taking in lines. When they reported that the electrical load was safely split between the two generators, we took in the last line and backed both engines. We were underway for sea trials on time, and once again TURNER had met its commitment. The sea trials went very well and we returned to the shipyard later that day for some final items of work.

A few days later we again got underway in order to go out to sea to spend several hours compensating the magnetic compass, which is always done after an overhaul, and to do some electronic radiation pattern testing. My family was then visiting the Harveys in Charleston, so it was an ideal day to take son Steve to sea with me, and we also took along his friend Eddie Wilson. I let each boy steer the ship for a while and they had a good time learning about life on a destroyer underway.

But toward the end of the day we got a message from the Shipyard Commander, which said we must be back at the shipyard by a certain time, or several other necessary ship movements within the yard would be impossible.

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He had not given us enough time to return at normal speeds, so I brought the ship up to maximum speed on two boilers and we headed in the channel. As we steamed up the Cooper River we were doing 25 knots through all those twists and turns, using binoculars to watch both shores because this high speed could cause wake damage and get the Navy and me in big trouble. I slowed a few limes to prevent damage, and managed to get to the shipyard exactly at the time required. I still have never heard of any other destroyer going up that river so fast, and it was possible only because I knew Charleston harbor so well. Steve and Eddie got a wild ride that day.

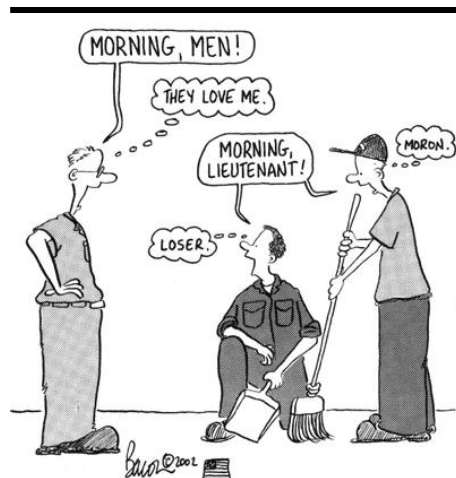
When we finally departed Charleston to return to Mayport, it had been a very tough time for all hands for many months and we were all happy to be getting home at last. As we entered the St. John's River to go upstream to Mayport, we suddenly lost all power. We were between the rock jetties going against a swift current. I told the foc'sle to stand by the anchor, but then let the ship coast to a stop and slowly be pushed back out to sea by the current. As long as we stayed in the channel there was no need to anchor. Our emergency diesel generators had started so I radioed the Base for a tug, now we began to find out what had happened. We had a malfunction of a feed pump in one fireroom, which caused a low water casualty in that boiler. The men on watch properly secured that boiler to prevent boiler damage. But because we had not had any training during the overhaul, the men on watch made a mistake and someone said on the phone that it was a high water casualty in the other boiler. The engineroom watch hearing that properly secured the engine receiving steam from the supposed high water boiler to prevent turbine damage. That caused both engineering plants to shut down at the same time - something that should never happen be-

cause they are each independent of one another. Now knowing we had one good boiler, I ordered that the plants be cross-connected on the good boiler, and we would make another entry into the channel. The tug came out, so I had him follow us in. We made it in and lied up safely, but I was careful with engine orders because I knew my crew was not trained in operating on only one boiler. I never took any disciplinary action against anyone for those mistakes because I realized that I took just such a risk by not allowing any time for training during the shipyard period. That had been a close call.

We got underway for training at Guantanamo Bay Cuba. The familiar routine began and we were doing very well. One day we got in early enough that most of the officers went to the Base Officers Club for dinner instead of eating on board. We had just finished and were waiting for dessert when I got a phone call from the OOD on the ship. There was a vessel in distress out in Windward Passage, and the destroyer anchored out with the "Ready Duty" which was supposed to handle such situations, for some reason could not get underway. RADM John D. Bulkeley, who commanded the Base, then ordered TURNER to go to the rescue and asked how soon we could get underway. I told the OOD to tell the Admiral we would get underway immediately, to set the Special Sea Detail, have the engineers cross connect the plant on the one steaming boiler, single up all mooring lines, and that we would get underway on one boiler as soon as I got to the ship. We did it, and amazed everyone with our speed in getting underway. It takes two hours to get a second boiler on the line, and most ships would have delayed underway rather than risk going on one boiler. But I had great confidence in the TURNER crew, and we went out at maximum speed on

one boiler, 17 knots. When the second boiler was ready I increased speed to 27. We quickly found the vessel in distress. It was a Haitian motor vessel with about a dozen people on board. They were drifting due to engine trouble and had run out of food and water. We sent our best repairmen over with supplies. They fixed the engine. We sent over a chart with their position marked and gave them the correct course to their destination, and then TURNER escorted them for four hours to be sure they were OK.

One day as we were returning to the harbor entrance, we saw one of the Navy's new underway replenishment ships approaching to enter port. It was the ship that got two of the four engines from the uncompleted battleship Kentucky, and was unusually fast. Since TURNER'S assigned berth was much further inside than his assigned berth, I flashed a message to this very senior Captain requesting permission to enter ahead of him. He responded, "I'll race you", and I said, "You're on". I brought TURNER up to 27 knots and we just barely beat him to the entrance. As we did, we hoisted our big tiger flag and slid in ahead of him. As he rode behind us in our wake he sent "You win but now I one barrel of TSR from you." I sent "What is TSR". He replied "Tiger shit remover". He had a good sense of humor for an older senior officer.



Final Roll Call

Since our last issue we have learned that these shipmates have answered the call of the Supreme Commander:

John J. Alcott	55-59	SN
Donald A. Fogg	56-59	BTC
Donald J. Karl Sr	53-58	CSSN
Grover D. Kinsley	55	R3
Dennis L. Nestor	60-64	CS3
Robert A. Schmidt	60-63	MM3
Pemberton Southard	52-55	CO
Scott S. Turner	51	XO
John C. Weaver	59-60	SN
Edward L. Willever		ENS
Joseph A. Wright	48-51	MM2
Victor K. Young	45-46	S2

CAPTAIN P. SOUTHARD PASSES AWAY

On Friday, October 24, 2008, Captain Pemberton Southard, USN (Ret.), sixth commanding officer of the USS TURNER, DD/DDR 834, passed away in Columbia, South Carolina at the age of 90. Graveside services with full military honors were held on



October 29, 2008, at the Beaufort National Cemetery in Beaufort, South Carolina. He was predeceased by his wife, Jane, and

his brother, Frank E. Southard Jr.

I can think of no better way of relating the story of the Captain's long and honorable military career than to have the Captain posthumously narrate it himself though the written word. He wrote and sent his military

history to the Naval Academy sometime back, and it was placed in the Navy Log Memories. The TURNER TIMES was graciously granted permission by the Captain's son, Joseph P. Southard, to use the narrative. Here in large part are the Captain's words as he wrote them.

I graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy on 7 February 1941 and was commissioned an ensign. A "Destroyer man", my first duty was on the USS LANG (DD-399), March 1941 to June 1944, "George" to Executive Officer. Officer in Charge Destroyer Fire Control School, Norfolk, Virginia for six months, then to commission the USS MYLES C.FOX (DDR-829), one of the first radar picket ships, as Executive Officer in March 1945, and to the Pacific for the invasion of Japan. Fortunately, WWII ended and I took command of the USS DORAN (DMS-41) and assisted in mine clearing duties for Kobe, Japan. Next to the USS VERMILION (AKA-107) as Exec, in March 1947 and finally to shore duty at the Bureau of Naval Personnel in August 1948. A stint at the Naval War College in the Command and Staff Course class of 1951 followed. I spent two years as Plans Officer the Commander Amphibious Group TWO and in July 1953 assumed command of USS TURNER (DDR-834) home ported in Newport, Rhode Island. In 1955 I was assigned to the Naval War College staff and went back to sea in April 1958 as Commander of Escort 18, the Atlantic Barrier DER's. After a year as Exec of the Naval Station, Key West, Florida, I reported as C.O. and Professor of Naval Science of the N.R.O.T.C. unit at Princeton University, New Jersey in August 1960.

Next I was C.O. of the USS GRAND CANYON (9AD-28) Newport, Rhode Island, from August 1964 to October 1966. I then became Chief Staff Officer Fleet Training Group Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. After that I spent two years on the staff of the Commandant First Naval District Boston as Deputy Chief of Staff for Naval Reserve and completed active duty after three years as C.O. Fleet Training Center, Newport, Rhode Island at which I was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal.

As one who went to the east coast from Pearl Harbor during fleet maneuvers in the spring of 1941 to patrol out of Bermuda during President Roosevelt's undeclared war, I made two trips to the Mediterranean via Scapa Flow and Gibraltar, escorting the carrier USS WASP in the spring of 1942 for Spitfire plane reinforcement of Malta.

In July 1942 USS LANG made its way to the South Pacific to assist the Guadalcanal invasion. I was awarded the Silver Star for the Vella Gulf action as Exec of the Lang in August 1943. "Riding on Luck--the saga of the USS LANG (DD-399)" by Rex Knight, and "South Pacific Destroyer" by Rusty Crenshaw Jr. well describe a "Destroyerman's" exciting and varied life. With 15 years of shore duty and 15 years of sea duty, I traversed about 200,000 miles of ocean with about 17,000 underway hours.

I made 17 moves in thirty years of service with the last one, 1971 retirement with wife Jane, to Lady's Island, Beaufort, South Carolina and have resided there since. . . .

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