

Turner Times



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New website address: WWW.USSTURNER834.org. Due to technical issues, we are changing the website address for now. In about three months, you will be able to access the website by either www.USSTurner834.org **OR** by www.USSTurner.org. But for now, you can only use: www.USSTurner834.org!

ST. LOUIS: WHAT A CITY-- WHAT A REUNION!

By Mike Mania '53-'54

We asked for it and we got it--a most wonderful time in the city known as the "Gateway to the West." The weather was near perfect, cool in the morning and evening with a little rise in temperature in the mid-afternoon. But with a slight breeze blowing, it wasn't too noticeable or uncomfortable. The hotel was fine and located within walking distance of the Arch. The assortment of food that was consumed at the reunion and on our own was of the finest quality and served by very friendly people. As a matter of fact, I don't believe any of us who attended this reunion met anyone who wasn't friendly toward the TURNER folk.

As in every prior reunion, the Turner Association Committee did another great job in setting up some wonderfully interesting tours. The tours brought me up to date on many important facts I skipped over or hedged on during my school days in history class. I should have paid a little more attention to my teachers!

The get-to-gether began on Wednesday, September 24, with reunion registration from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. That was followed by open bar from 6-7:00 p.m. At 7:30, Reunion President, Bernie Sciarpetti, made a brief welcoming speech prior to the Welcoming Buffet.

Three raffle tickets were drawn with Liz Wilcox being a lucky winner of \$20.00. Stesanie (that's her name) Kassing, from the Armed Forces Reunion Association, garnered \$25.00 from the second drawing, and Den Marquez,

being the third fortuitous ticket holder, was also awarded a stipend of \$25.00.

The buffet was excellent as usual and featured a variety of salads, veggies, mini cobs of corn, sliced ham, sliced beef and other assorted sundry foods to fill a plate and empty stomachs. Needless to say, the dessert table was weighed down with delicious cakes which were most assuredly not overlooked. Taste buds were well satisfied by the overall variety of food!

Ten a.m. the next day, the tour bus "weighed anchor" and "deployed" for a most exciting and enjoyable excursion around the city that opened the way to the building of the western portion of our wonderful country. Considering this city goes back quite a way in our country's history, we were bound to see residual cobblestone streets, cast iron street lamps and an odd assortment of nineteenth century buildings still standing, despite the numerous tornadoes that have blown through this area over the years.

Among the sites we visited on the tour was the Old Cathedral, which is reputed to be St. Louis' earliest church and which houses many religious artifacts. Leaving the Cathedral, we rode through a neighborhood where the price of the least expensive home to build and maintain, had to be somewhere near the same financial amount it cost to build and maintain the TURNER! Well, almost. These homes

are incredibly beautiful.

Our drive through the upper income class neighborhood served a dual purpose for the TURNER group. First, it gave us some insight into how the "other half" lived. I'm speaking of the extraordinarily wealthy people, on par almost with those who resided on the hill overlooking the Atlantic Ocean in Newport, Rhode Island. Remember the homes we saw during the October 2000 reunion in Providence? How could we forget the tour through the "Breakers," one of the Vanderbilt's summer vacation homes?

The second reason for heading in that general direction was to put us on a course that would eventually take us to the famous National Historic Landmark known as Union Station. This is a convivial marketplace featuring a wide assortment of eateries, bistros, gift and specialty stores. Following a very interesting history lesson by the local tour guide about the former train station, we were given time to eat, browse and shop until it was time to return to the bus and continue with our city tour.

The next stop was at the Cathedral Basilica. This is one of the large Catholic churches in St. Louis. It was something that was truly awe inspiring not only to the Catholics on the tour but to non-Catholics as well. I had to put my Catholicism aside and view this from a very unobjective standpoint.

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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.

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- ▶ DVD of 1961 Med Cruise photos — \$10.
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- ▶ 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,

I hope everyone is back home, safe and sound, after a truly wonderful reunion in St. Louis. It is always nice to be with old friends again. This year our strength was in our ambience. We had 30 Turnermen attending this year with one first timer.

Our Welcome Dinner at the hotel was enhanced by the presence of Todd Becker, son of Donald and Barbara. He is the artist who drew the sketch of the USS Turner which was donated to the Reunion Committee for a raffle prize. The lucky winner was Paul Zorn. It was nice to meet him and show him our appreciation.

The City of St. Louis Tour included two historic Cathedrals, Union Station, Forest Park which was the site of the 1904 World's Fair and the Budweiser Brewery Gift Shop. That same evening we enjoyed a Dinner Cruise on the Mississippi River aboard the Becky Thatcher, a Paddle-wheeler. Of course, we cruised past the magnificent, famous Gateway Arch. Many of us took the Arch Tour on our own.

The Daniel Boone Home & Village was our first stop the next day. We had beautiful weather for our walking tour which included Daniel's Judgment Tree where he settled disputes between white men and Indians of the Missouri Valley. Next we traveled to Augusta, Missouri and the Mount Pleasant Winery for a boxed lunch and a winery tour by Mark Baehmann (thanks, Junita, for Mark's complete name) who runs the winery. Mark was so informative and interesting that we hated to leave. As it was we were 1 ½ hours late leaving. Needless to say, we all enjoyed it greatly.

On Saturday we were taken to the beautiful, quaint historic village of St. Charles where we could relax, shop and eat.

Then, all too quickly, it was Saturday evening and Banquet time again. What a wonderful group of Turnermen and wives/guests. It was nice to welcome Roy and Katherine Turcott back again. Roy is our 1st Vice-President scheduled to take over from me in 2009. He suffered a stroke and was unable to attend last year. Great improvement, Roy! We were saddened to hear that John Byron's wife, Margaret, had passed away on September 26, 2008 after a brief illness. Margaret was quite a lady and charming attendant of our reunions. She will be missed.

During our business meeting it was decided to hold our reunion next year in Savannah, Georgia September 14-17 at the DeSoto Hilton Hotel. More details on that will be coming soon. If you have not paid your dues yet, please send your check in the amount of \$20.00 (at least) made out to USS Turner Reunion Association to our Treasurer, Joe Stepanek, 9372 Duff Court, Ellicott City, Maryland 21042.

Finally thanks and appreciation to my fellow officers, past and present, and their wives and other volunteers who are so willing to help in any way needed. See you in Savannah!! —

Bernie Sciarpelletti

Desk Clock a great Christmas gift !



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What a Reunion

The building was huge and made with light gray blocks and featured a green dome roof in the center of the building. The architecture was just beautiful. The interior of the edifice was the most striking feature of the church. It contained one of the largest collections of mosaics in the Western Hemisphere. They were implanted on the floors, ceilings and walls where they formed magnificent pictures and portraits. It was a stunning sight to behold. Someone told me it took four years to finish one section of a ceiling that measured about twelve by sixteen feet! Wow!

A short ride took us to Forest Park, which was the home to the 1904 World's Fair.

There were only two buildings remaining from the Fair, and no, there certainly was no evidence that Judy Garland had ever been there!

We stopped at the Anhauser Bush plant and only had time to briefly walk through the gift shop. There was not enough time on our schedule to tour the factory. Some of the TURNER people did, however, go back on their free time. We returned to the hotel by three-thirty.

That evening, it was back on the bus once again for a brief excursion to the waterfront where we boarded the paddle wheeler, TOM SAWYER. It was a beautiful night for a river boat cruise and the ambience of the river, the city lights, the cloud-free, star filled sky, the fine tasting food and the wonderful camaraderie of such fine people made this truly a night to remember. The Mighty Mississippi lived up to its name.

The next morning, we "shoved off" (by bus, of course) at 9:30 a.m. and steamed out to Missouri's famous wine country. A stop was made in a friendly port of call where Daniel Boone once lived. We toured through his cabin and a house he and his family lived in and got to see what was left of the so called Judg-

ment Tree, where Boone settled disputes between the White men and the Indians who lived in the Valley. As soon as we walked the grounds and had seen everything that needed to be seen, we were on our way to the winery and an interesting dissertation on how they make their award winning wine at the Mount Pleasant Winery.

I must be honest in reporting ALL the facts concerning Mark, the winemaker, who gave a great lesson on the art of creating a delicious glass of wine. He had been doing this for twenty-five years and obviously knew what he was doing and what he was saying. But I'm afraid I have to let the cat out of the bag and without the mention of any names, report the fact that many of the wives and female companions paid more attention to Mark than to his recitation. Some of them went gah gah over this very good looking man. I firmly believe his good looks sold more bottles of wine than his description of the wine itself. No green-eyed jealousy here! The women did, however, go home "with the guys what brought them."

We got to enjoy a nice box lunch on the patio, after which we spent some quality time in a friendly atmosphere sipping and tasting an assortment of complimentary wine. Many bottles of wine were purchased for consumption later on.

Saturday morning, the business meeting started promptly at nine a.m. and the most notable item discussed on the agenda was where the reunion would take place in 2009. After some suggestions and discussion, it was decided Savannah, Georgia would be our next port of call for the succeeding TURNER reunion.

It was suggested at the meeting, due to increased costs and fees, the reunion be held for three days instead of the usual four, and anyone could stay at the hotel one day before and/or one day after the reunion to be eligible for the reduced room rates. However, several weeks after the reunion, I received a phone call from Dick Shanaberger informing me t he

Armed Forces Reunion Association would not book under four days! Reunion time will therefore remain status quo.

Shortly after the meeting ended, the bus was once again boarded and we were on our way to the historic city of St. Charles. Once more those who took the tour were transported back to the nineteenth century where we walked on brick streets, past iron gaslight posts and countless restored buildings. There were over seventy-five fanciful antique, craft, novelty and gift shops to browse through and buy some one-of-a-kind items. Lunch was enjoyed in one of the many quaint restaurants along the route.

Picture taking for the Memory Book began at 5:30 p.m. and the bar opened at six. The banquet began at 7:30 and it goes without saying, everyone had a wonderful time.

Sunday morning was set aside for sad farewells and departures with a look however, to the east and the 2009 TURNER reunion. Let's make it another great one. See you there.

NEXT REUNION

Next reunion is September, 2009 in Savannah. It will begin on Monday September 14 and end with a banquet on Thursday evening September 17th.

TENTATIVE TOURS FOR SAVANNAH

Tues.--citywide tour by bus;
Wed.--River Queen boat cruise;
Thurs.--Tour of Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum.

Our tours never leave anything to be desired. They are always informative, enriching, fulfilling and most assuredly, fun-filled. Be there and enjoy each one.

Schedule and tours subject to change.

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OUR TURNER TIMES

WHAT WE REMEMBER ABOUT OUR TIME ON BOARD

Peacoats One of God's Better Inventions Author unknown

You remember them: Those ton and a half monsters that took the annual production of thirty-five sheep to make.

Those thick black rascals with black plastic buttons the size of poker chips. The issue coats that drove shore duty chief petty officers stark raving nuts if they caught you with the collar turned up or your hands in your pockets. "Hey, you rubber sock, get those damn hands outta them damn pockets! Didn't they issue you black leather gloves?"

So, you took your hands out of your pockets and risked digital frostbite rather than face whatever the Navy had in store for violators of the 'No Damn Hands In Peacoat Pockets' policy. There's probably a special barracks in Hell full of old E-3s caught hitchhiking in sub-zero weather with hands in peacoat pockets. As for those leather gloves, one glove always went missing. "Son, where in the hell are the gloves we issued you?" We? I don't remember this nasty, ugly so-n-so being at Great Lakes or Bainbridge when the jocks and socks petty officers were throwing my initial issue sea bag at me and yelling, "Move it!!"

As for the gloves, once you inadvertently leave one glove on a bar stool or on the seat of a Greyhound bus, the remaining glove is only useful if a tank rolls over the hand that fit the lost glove.

In the days long ago, a navy spec. Peacoat weighed about the same as a flat carload of cinder blocks. When it rained, it absorbed water until your

spine warped, your shins cracked and your ankles split. Five minutes standing in the rain waiting on a bus and you felt like you were piggy-backing the Statue of Liberty.

When a peacoat got wet, it smelled a lot like sheep dip. It had that wet wool smell, times three. It weighed three and a half tons and smelled like 'Mary had a little lamb's gym shorts.

You know how heavy a late '50s pea coat was? Well, they had little metal chains sewn in the back of the collar to hang them up by. Like diluted Navy coffee, sexual sensitivity instruction, comfortable air-conditioned topside security bungalows, patent leather plastic-looking shoes and wearing white hats configured to look like bidet bowls, the peacoat spec, has been watered down to the point you could hang them up with dental floss. In the old days, pea coat buttons and grocery cart wheels were interchangeable parts. The gear issued by the U.S. Navy was tough as hell, bluejacket-tested clothing with the durability of rhino hide and construction equipment tires.

Peacoats came with wide, heavy collars. In a cold, hard wind, you could turn that wide collar up to cover your neck and it was like poking your head in a tank turret. The things were warm, but I never thought they were long enough. Standing out in the wind in those 'big-legged britches' (bell bottoms), the wind whistled up your cuffs and took away body warmth like a thief. But, they were perfect to pull over you for a blanket when sleeping on a bus or a bus terminal bench.

Every sailor remembers stretching out on one of those oak bus station

pews with his white hat over his face, his head up against his AWOL bag and covered with his peacoat. There was always some 'SP' who had not fully evolved from the apes, who poked you with his billy club and said, "Hey, you! Get up! Waddya think yer doin'? You wanna sleep, get a room!"

Peacoats were lined with quilted satin or rayon. I never realized it at the time, but sleeping on bus seats and station benches would be the closest I would ever get to sleeping on satin sheets.

Early in my naval career, a career-hardened (lifer) first class gunner's mate told me to put my ID and liberty card in the inside pocket of my peacoat. "Put the sonuvabitches in that gahdam inside pocket and pin the damn thing closed with a diaper pin. Then, take your heavy folding money and put it in your sock. If you do that, learn to never take your socks off in a cathouse. Them damn dockside pickpockets pat 'cha down for a lumpy wallet and they can relieve you of said wallet so fast you'll never know you've been snookered. Only an idiot will clam-fold his wallet, and tuck it in his thirteen button bell bottoms. Every kid above the age of six in Italy knows how to lift a wallet any fool pokes in his pants. Those little locals learned to pick sailor's pockets in kindergarten. Rolling Bluejackets is the national sport in Italy."

In Washington DC, they have a wonderful marble and granite plaza honoring the United States Navy. Every man or woman, who served this nation in a naval uniform, owes it to himself or herself to visit this memorial and take their families. It honors all naval service and any red-blooded American bluejacket or officer will feel the gentle warmth of

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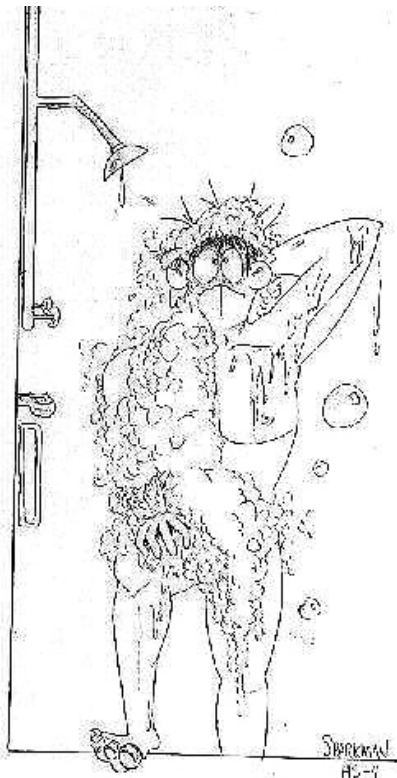
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What a reunion*

PERSONAL OBSERVATION

Only sixty-three people attended this year's reunion. There's no doubt the economy, age and health problems were major factors for not attending. Still, I think we can do a little better.

After a few minutes of computer research, I came up with these startling figures: at the Washington Hilton, in Washington, DC, this past August, the USMC-Helicopter Association had 1,450 in attendance: The same month, 1,050 members of The Chosin Few gathered in the Hyatt Regency in Crystal City: Five hundred-fifty showed for the National Timberwolf Association (104 Infantry Division) also at Crystal City.

Come on, fellows, if the marines can do, so can the Sailors.



"Now fresh water will be secured throughout the ship in 15 seconds"

Captain Pauly Remembers Part 2 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.

We were assigned as plane guard destroyer for USS SHANGRI LA one day when an A-4 aircraft from that ship gave a "Mayday" call from a position 40 miles away. We took TURNER to the scene at full power and found floating wreckage. We stopped and recovered the wreckage while a helicopter from the SHANGRI LA picked up the pilot's body. We returned to the SHANGRI LA and went alongside for an underway transfer of the wreckage. As we got in position and the bridge to bridge phone line was connected, the CO of the carrier told me that my men were in danger by standing too close to the aircraft tires, which held air at 400 PSI. I didn't realize aircraft tire pressures were so high. I had the men back off until we actually transferred the tires. We were thanked for our skill at recovering so much of the wreckage, and they soon determined from it that the pilot had ejected but the canopy had not blown off first as it was supposed to in the ejection sequence. The rocket-propelled seat had taken the pilot through the canopy with fatal results. Navy A-4 aircraft worldwide were immediately grounded after this accident until the problem was located and fixed. We were all very saddened at this loss of life, but flying from aircraft carriers is inherently dangerous. I always marveled at the skill of Navy pilots when we were plane guarding, especially at night

as we listened to the tower frequency to get an early indication of any trouble. We always had a rescue detail ready to go, and I was always on the bridge. An aircraft carrier cannot stop for an accident or a rescue, because that endangers the other planes still in the air. So the plane guard destroyer was always needed.

TURNER also made a port call at Palma De Mallorca in the Spanish Balleric Islands. That was a great place, and very popular with tourists from all over Europe. I had been there in earlier years on DASH, and although the prices were a little higher now, they were very reasonable and it was still one of the finest liberty ports in the world. The paella served there was the best I've ever eaten. Many learned to drink wine from a poron, a glass pitcher with a long spout, which allowed you to pour the wine onto your forehead and let it run down your nose into your mouth. That was a typical party stunt by the locals. The crew loved that port, and soon began to call it TURNERTOWN. We would come back again next cruise. During this time we had an officer of the Spanish Navy aboard TURNER for eight weeks. I was to teach CDR Moreno how to be the CO of that class of destroyer, since Spain was soon to get some of our ships of that class - one of them my old ship FURSE. I had him do a lot of shiphandling to get the knack, and he did very well and was a great shipmate. When ashore in Spanish ports, he introduced us to tapas, the snacks that are a custom in many wine shops. We enjoyed his time with us.

During my time on TURNER, the busy XO wrote a monthly newsletter for my signature to the families of our crew telling them about the ship and the good things their loved ones were doing for their country.

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Captain Pauly Remembers

I wish I had kept copies to help me now in trying to recall our exploits. We had daily and weekly routines at sea. One weekly item was Captain's Material Inspection. The entire ship would be cleaned and I would carefully inspect each space, with the man responsible for it saluting on my arrival and reporting his space ready for inspection. A yeoman would accompany me and write down my comments, which were then typed up and used as a checklist for further action. Since a destroyer has so many compartments, we would actually divide the ship into three zones and I would rotate the zone I personally inspected, with the next two senior officers inspecting the other two each week. Keeping the ship spotlessly clean is important to safety, health and morale. Naval custom is to also have a Personnel Inspection each week, but I told my crew I would eliminate that so long as they continued to look good when then left the ship in uniform to go on liberty. I thought they would like that because Personnel Inspections take a lot of time and are considered by many to be more annoying than useful.

Our return to our homeport of Mayport was exciting. We were known as the TURNER TIGERS and one of the crew painted a huge tiger in a sailor's uniform on a large canvas with the words "purr kittens - your tigers are home". We hung it in a prominent place as we pulled into the pier. I went on leave but did not immediately bring my family to Mayport because of the desire to keep son Steve in school where he was. I bought a 1953 Packard in Mayport to use for local transportation while I lived aboard ship. As soon as Steve's school was over in the spring of 1967 I drove my family to Mayport where we had been assigned housing on the base. I kept the house in Annandale,

but rented it to a naval officer. We drove to Mayport in my 1966 Comet Cyclone - a rather sporty car with a V8 engine and a 4-speed stick shift, which I got just before reporting to TURNER. We settled into the routine of local operations with the other destroyers, including an enjoyable dependents cruise where we took all our families to sea for a day. My Mom and Dad were visiting at the time and went along too. Working with another ship of our division, we showed our guests how we did personnel transfers by highline at sea, and a number of other evolutions. We had a great meal for everyone and it turned out to be a very memorable experience for Mom and Dad and all our other guests. Steve entered high school in the fall, and also became a surfing enthusiast. He would take his new surfboard to the beach one block from our house early each morning, and get in some rides on the good waves before breakfast. He'd be back in the surf again after school each day too.

I recall one time when we were to go out on a gunnery exercise with the other destroyers of our division. TURNER had a problem with the starboard engine just before the scheduled underway time. The engineers said they would need several hours to make repairs. I looked at the wind and current conditions, and decided to get underway on time on the port screw with the starboard screw locked while its engine was being repaired. I realized that I could then turn only to the right, but all the channel turns going out were right turns. Getting away from the pier was the hard part, but I planned it carefully and it worked. We got safely to sea and by going full speed on the port screw I was able to stay in formation and conduct the gunnery exercise without the Commodore's knowledge that we were partially disabled. We were firing at a target sled towed by a tug and

we did quite well. When the gunnery shoot was finished, the Commodore put up a signal for a speed we could not make - but at that instant my hard working engineers reported the repair completed. We unlocked the starboard shaft, brought it up to speed, and when the signal for high speed was executed, TURNER made it. Our Commodore never knew what I had done, and I have never heard of any other destroyer doing that either. But the TURNER reputation as a "can do" ship was preserved. I would not have done that except for my complete confidence in my crew's ability to fix the problem in the time they had stated. We had developed a rapport, which involved always being completely honest with one another.

Stay tuned for the next installation of Captain Pauly Remembers in the next Turner Newsletter!

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Peacoats

pride his or her service is honored within this truly magical place. The focal point of this memorial is a bronze statue of a lone American sailor. No crow on his sleeve tells you that he is non-rated. And, there are further indications that suggest maybe, once upon a time, the sculptor himself may have once been an E-3 white hat.

The lad has his collar turned up and his hands in his pockets.

I'm sure the Goddess of the Main Induction laughs at the old, crusty chiefs standing there with veins popping out on their old, wrinkled necks, muttering, "Look at that S.O.B. standing there with his collar up and his damn hands in his pockets. In my day, I would have ripped that jerk a new one!"

Ah, the satisfied glow of E-3 revenge.

"Peacoats -- one of God's better inventions" ..

Final Roll Call

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

Rolland L. Barber	47-48	SC3
Thomas W. Chamberlain	55	GM3
Arthur D. Fredenburg	43-44	FC3
Chester H. Goheen	51-54	MMFN
Stanley A. Haynes	51-53	DK3
James Healy	44	SG3
James T. March Jr	58-59	BT3
Jimmy A. Nix	63-67	BT2
Morris R. Phelps	45-46	BM2
John Snetzgo	46	MM3
Chandler E. Swallow	54-56	XO
Edward S. Wielgus	52-55	SK3
R. Wells Wigley	45-46	LTJG

ANOTHER CHICAGO NATIVE

Submitted by Mike Mania '53-'54

In the March 2008 issue of the TURNER TIMES, I submitted a story concerning a Chicago native, Butch O'Hare, who was a World War Two hero and Medal of Honor recipient. This narrative pertains to another Chicago individual with a completely different personality. It is almost one hundred and eighty degrees opposite from that of Butch. Read on. It is an interesting story.

Some years ago, there lived a man in Chicago called Easy Eddie. At that time, Al Capone virtually owned the city of Chicago. Capone wasn't famous for anything heroic. His exploits were anything but praiseworthy. He was, however, notorious for enmeshing the city of Chicago in everything from bootlegged booze and prostitution to murder.

Easy Eddie was Capone's lawyer and for good reason. He was very good! In fact, his skill at legal maneuvering kept big Al out of jail for a long time. To show his appreciation, Capone paid him very well. Not only was the

money big: Eddie got special dividends. For instance, he and his family occupied a fenced in mansion with live-in help and all the conveniences of the day. The estate was so large, it occupied an entire Chicago city block. Yes, Eddie lived the high life of the Chicago mob and gave little consideration to the atrocity that went on around him.

Eddie did have one soft spot however. He had a son he loved dearly. Eddie saw to it that his young son had the best of everything: clothes, cars, and a good education. Nothing was withheld. Price was no object. And, despite his involvement with organized crime, Eddie even tried to teach him right from wrong.

Yes, Eddie tried to teach his son to rise above his own sordid life. He wanted him to be a better man than he was. Yet, with all his wealth and influence, there were two things Eddie couldn't give his son. Two things that Eddie sacrificed to the Capone mob that he could not pass on to his beloved son: a good name and a good example.

One day, Easy Eddie reached a difficult decision. Offering his son a good name was far more important than all the riches he could lavish on him. He had to rectify all the wrong he had done. He would go to the authorities and tell them about "Scarface" Al Capone. He would try to clean up his tarnished name and offer his son some semblance of a right way to live.

To do this, he must testify against The Mob, and he knew that the cost would be great. But more than anything, he wanted to be an example to his son.

So he testified. Within the year, Easy Eddie's life ended in a blaze of gunfire on a lonely Chicago street. He had given his son the greatest gift he had to offer at the greatest price he could pay. Is there a connection between this story and the one about Butch O'Hare? Yes. Butch was Easy Eddie's son.

The following obituary was published in the Glens Falls (NY) Post-Star on 050408.

LAKE GEORGE **Capt. William A. Huus Sr.**, 91, whose love of the water was reflected in two noteworthy careers, died Saturday, May 3, 2008. Born in Caldwell, N.J., he grew up in Sayville, Long Island, before settling in Staten Island, N.Y. He moved to Lake George, where he had spent his summers, 35 years ago. **He served in the Coast Guard during World War II and was awarded the Navy Commendation Medal for directing the rescue of 60 men after an explosion wracked the destroyer USS Turner.** "Captain Bill," as he was known to friends, spent 36 years piloting ships in and out of New York Harbor as a Sandy Hook Pilot. After retiring and moving upstate, he spent 27 years captaining tour boats on Lake George for Shoreline Cruises, a job that put his love of people and sense of humor on display. Active in the community and cited by many organizations for his tireless efforts for young people, he relished his work with the Lake George Scholarship Association, the Kiwanis Club, the Lake George Association and Winter Carnival. As a teenager in Sayville, he helped found the Wet Pants Association, a sailing group, and in later years he enjoyed giving sailing lessons to Lake George youth. As someone who lived life to the fullest and was an incorrigible storyteller, he had special affections for jazz music, corny jokes and the New York Giants football team. But he was "always happiest on a boat," as he was quoted in one of several articles written about him. His wife, Dorothy (Dee) passed away in 1994. He is survived by a daughter, Nikki, of Lake George; a son, William Jr., of Staten Island; and four grandchildren, Lars, Erik, Christiana and Kaia.

Roster Update

As of this mailing, the Turner Association roster totals **1,691** located shipmates and associate members.

- President** Bernie Sciarpelletti ('60-'62) **Secretary** Dick Shanaberger ('51-'55)
 - 1st Vice President** Roy Turcotte ('65-'67) **Membership** Dave Bodendorf ('57-'59)
 - 2nd Vice President** Henry Turner ('57-'60) **Treasurer** Joe Stepanek ('57-'60)
 - Webmaster** Bill Schaepe ('58-'60) **Chaplain** Carl Ackerman ('51-'55)
- The *Turner Times* is published periodically, by the dedicated staff members shown below, to help communicate Association news and facilitate the sharing of memories. Suggestions and items of interest can be submitted to either of us. Originals will be returned, if requested.
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|--|---|
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|--|---|

Each mailing we have several pieces returned because shipmates do not let us know they have moved. For our last mailing, 23 shipmates did not inform us of their new addresses. The Postal Service charges us \$.70 for each "Moved Notification" we receive from them. Add to that the cost of printing and postage we lost sending it to a bad address. Then we have to begin the search again to find our "lost" shipmate, which takes more time and money. Right now our roster lists 47 "Lost" shipmates who cannot be found!! Please do us a favor, **especially you "snowbirds!"** If you are moving or have recently moved, **PLEASE** drop us a line, call or email us with your new information so we don't lose you again!!



Get Ready for our next Reunion in Savannah, Georgia September 14-17, 2009

ASSOCIATION DUES — Although dues are voluntary, we could use your help. Look at your mailing label. If "Dues Paid" appears by your name, your dues are paid. If not, and you want to pay them, send a \$20 check, payable to the USS Turner Reunion Association to our Treasurer, Joe Stepanek, 9372 Duff Ct, Ellicott City, MD 21042. Please remember that annual dues cover the "year" between reunions and NOT a calendar year. (Dues paid after November 15, 2008 are not reflected on the label)

MOVED ??? — If you have moved, plan to do so, changed your telephone number, or have any change of status, please contact Dave Bodendorf at 49 Birch Hill Drive, Poughkeepsie, NY 12603-6139, Phone: (845) 452-2428, or email: bodel10@aol.com Stay in touch!! We don't want to lose you!

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Address Service Requested

U.S.S. Turner Reunion Association
2130 Salisbury Street
York, PA 17408
Website <http://www.ussturner834.org>

Turner Times