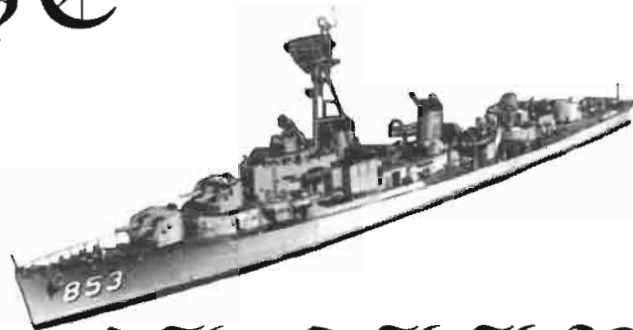


# THE



# JOURNAL CHOLLY

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 2

FALL 2008



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Tom VanPetten	LTjg	58-61
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Bob Willet	BT2	63-66

Please remember these shipmates in your thoughts and prayers

### Binnacle List

Leonard Fanning	BMSN	67-71
Joe Matuska	SH3	62-64.
Lorraine Souza, wife of Richard Souza	SMC	58-66
Lisa Ungania, wife of Dario Ungania	CS3	55-59

*May We Never Forget Our Departed  
Shipmates Who Served With Us Faithfully  
and Gallantly*

### Taps

Frances (Joya) Glad wife of Chuck Glad	FT3	54-56	04/08
Robert L. Jackson	SD2	60-61	07/06
Plankowner			
Thomas L Jacobson	CFCA	46-47	03/08
Dolevan J. Kerley	TM3	52-56	11/07
Fran S. Merenda	ET1	48-51	05/08
Mary Merenda wife of Fran Merenda			06/08
Raymond E. Morrissey	SN	52-54	09/07
Dave R. Newton	FN	55-56	
Don Quirk	MM3	61-63	11/08
Plankowner			
Ritchie D. Smart Jr.	MM1	46-49	02/08
Plankowner			
John J. Strefeler	FC2	46-49	08/07
John Toomey	FT2	51-56	
Jim A. Venhaus	MM2	48-53	01/98
Nicholas Walor Jr.	GM3	49-52	07/03
Plankowner			
Dale C. Wilhelm	F1	46-47	11/07

### Cover Photo

Deceased shipmates name reading ceremony - Myrtle Beach reunion.

Left to right: Frank Kent BT2 62-64, Gordon Anthony YN3 61-63, John Quick BM3 58-61, Arty Hammell BT3 62-64, J.J. Hoyt MM1 64-68

## Shipmates

Only through your generosity can we keep this ship afloat. The board has voted over and over not to charge dues, but we still need money to function. Each edition of "The Jolly Cholly" costs us about \$1,000 to print and mail. Enclosed you will find an envelope to place your contribution in to mail back to the Association. We are hoping our shipmates will help us to keep going by contributing to the Association. Whatever you can afford will be greatly appreciated, and will also help us to continue the comaraderie we had when we served in the U.S.S. Charles H. Roan DD 853.

Thank you

## From the Signal Bridge



We have another reunion behind us and if you missed Myrtle Beach you missed another reunion that can be counted as one of our best. I would like to thank John Quick our reunion host and Mel Griffith for their untiring efforts to give us an outstanding reunion. Let's not forget their spouses who unselfishly helped to make

our reunion a success. Bravo Zulu to you all. Our next reunion will be determined at a later date and time. However, the Northeast might be the likely area.

Please give me a moment to thank those of you for your kindness, prayers, cards, and flowers in support of Lorraine's health. In July Lorraine and I went to Fall River to visit family and two days after we got there Lorraine had a massive heart attack. Luckily, we had some of the finest medical attention we could have been given. From the emergency response to the emergency room and onto the operating room where Lorraine received two implanted stints we couldn't have received any finer care. After 7 days in Critical Care and 3 days in Intensive Care she was finally released. Unable to travel, she spent the last 3 months in Fall River. She is now home and we are taking one day at a time to see what will be our next hurdle as she still has blockages in several areas including her heart. Further testing will determine what procedures are needed. We are truly fortunate to have you all as our friends and indeed a part of the Roan Family of Shipmates.

Several ideas are in the making and there is a possibility that one or more cruises will be planned. Jay Dalton is investigating a Northern 7 Day cruise to Canada with Boston being the port of departure, visiting places like Halifax. A 15 day round trip Hawaiian Cruise out of LA or San Diego is also a suggestion. Both or either trip could be planned for 2009 and/or 2010. We need some input from all of you. If you might be interested in one or both trips we would like to know how many of you would be willing to sign up. Knowing this information will tell us how to proceed. A simple response by letter or card, phone and/or e-mail will help us to determine if these cruises generate your interest. Mary, our travel agent, will put together a cruise with the best price available for all of us.

I would like to thank Robert Traylor for sending us an original Roan plaque. Special thanks go out to James & Judith Griffin, Lincoln R. Sander, John & Elinor Griggs, Dallas & Pat Rees, Charles & Pat Zumbrun, Bill & Lisa Morrison, Joe & Ginny Lovas, Captain H. S. Clardy, Captain John & Lois Byrne, Captain Lawrence Treadwell, Clint Vail, Tom & Caroline Grayson, Joe Klimek, John Wurdermann, Thomas Vella, Paul & Espie Solis, James & Helen Jamitis, Tom VanPetten, Frank & Dorothy LoCastro, John & Cheryl Cook.

*Richard F Souza*

## Financial Report November 1, 2008

Last Financial Report March 20, 2008

Balance of Checking Account \$14,587.39  
Reserve Fund-Separate Account 700.00

### Expenditures

Post Office	263.11
Office Supplies	606.72
Small Stores	1,885.18
Newsletter/Printing	2,212.47
Telephone/Internet 6 Months	625.00
Storage Locker 6 Months	406.35
Micro Fish Film	160.00
Editor-Computer-Updating	3,000.00
Reunion	1,337.92
Refunds	80.00
Van-Small Stores-Ship Items	712.84
<b>Total Expense</b>	<b>-11,289.59</b>

### Deposits

Donations and Small Store Deposits	10,705.00
Checking Account	14,587.39
Expenses	-11,289.59
Balance	3,297.80
Deposits	\$10,705.00
<b>Total Balance</b>	<b>14,002.80</b>
Reserve Fund	700.00
<b>Total Assets Including Reserve Fund</b>	<b>\$14,702.80</b>

### Now Hear This!

The shipmate who talked to Souza at the reunion about a refund because of a death in the family, please contact Souza at the number below.

### Contacts

#### Association President

Richard Souza  
6396 Manassas Ct.  
Pensacola, FL 32503  
(850)476-1350  
souza6@cox.net

#### Web Master

Ron Lucchesi  
16675 Kildare Rd.  
San Leandro, CA 94578  
(510)278-7177  
rblucchesi@comcast.net

## Loved Ones

Dear Mr. Souza,

I'm sad to inform you that my father Thomas L. Jacobson had passed away 3/4/08. I will say from what he told me, with the exception of his first ship USS New Mexico that he loved the USS Charles H. Roan out of all the others. He was 88 yrs old.

Thank you,

Joel A. Jacobson, son of  
Thomas L Jacobson  
CFC 46-47 Plankowner

Mr. Souza,

I am Dottie R. Jackson, spouse of Robert L. Jackson. It has been a very hard thing to write about. Jackson died July 26, 2006 from heart failure. I am very sorry it took so long to notify the Roan family,

Thanks for listening,

Dottie R Jackson, wife of  
Robert L Jackson  
CS2 60-61

Richard,

With a very heavy heart, I have to report the passing of my wife, seaman Frances (Joya) Glad on April 8<sup>th</sup> we have been married for 52 years. I have sent the reservation for the reunion and also the hotel reservation. Also enclosed is a small donation for our treasury.

Thank you and hope to see you in August.

Your shipmate,

Chuck Glad  
FT3 54-56

Dear Mr. Souza,

My father, John J. Strefeler, was a Plankowner on The USS C. H. Roan. I would like to inform you that he passed away on August 23, 2008. He would have loved to be at the most recent reunion, but was unable to attend due to ill health. He had many great memories of his friends during his time on the USS Charles H. Roan.

Thank you,

Barbara Bald, daughter of  
John J. Strefeler  
FC2 46-49 Plankowner

Mr Souza,

My father, Ritchie D. Smart passed away February 9, 2008 in Loganville, GA. He was 84 years old.

Roger Smart, son of

Ritchie Smart

MM1 46-49 Plankowner

Dear Mr. Souza,

I am sorry to inform you that my husband, Ray Morrissey passed away Sept. 1, 2007. He loved the Navy and the time he spent on the USS Charles H. Roan. He lived an honorable life and was a wonderful husband, father and "Papa" to six grand kids. We all miss him so very much.

I'm sorry we never made it to a reunion. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Joyce Morrissey, wife of  
Ray Morrissey  
RMSN 51-54

Dear Chuck and Judy,

I'm sorry you haven't heard from me but its been a rough couple of weeks. My poor Don passed away on Oct. 11th. He was so sick and on so many different machines and the doctors couldn't do anything else for him. So I told him he could go and I would be alright. I guess he was just waiting for me to say I would be alright because he died peacefully at 7:25 on Saturday night. I'll miss him forever but I know that he'll be waiting for me at the Gate.

I would like to thank the two of you and all of your friends and family that said prayers for him.

Sincerely,

Julie, wife of

Don Quirk

MM3 61-63

addressed to Chuck & Judy Eveland MM2 62-68



# A Grandfather's Heartbreak

Charles Penrod

STG3 64-66

Three days prior to Christmas 2005, our 11 year old granddaughter, Katherine, was having a routine eye exam when the Ophthalmologist suddenly stopped. He ordered an MRI, which was completed within the hour. My daughter Paula telephoned and asked me to come to the Cleveland Clinic immediately. When I arrived Katherine told me Grandpa, they say I have a cancerous tumor in my brain. I cried (as I am crying now). The prognosis was horrible with death occurring within six months. December 11th, had been her birthday and I had bought her a pair of ski boots and taken her skiing for the first time. We had had a great day together and now this.

We spent Christmas Day as normal as possible for the grandchildren. That evening I talked with Paula and Wayne, my daughter and son-in-law, and asked their permission to take Katherine to St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, at Memphis, TN and they agreed. The Cleveland Clinic doctors arranged for Katherine's evaluation at St. Jude's. Katherine, accompanied by her parents, spent nine weeks at St. Jude, undergoing examination, daily chemotherapy and radiation. She remained under St. Jude's care for a year with St. Jude providing all treatment, care, medications, housing for her parents, airline fares,

etc., at no cost to the family beyond the family insurance. I cannot over emphasize the gratitude we feel to St. Jude, and Danny Thomas, its founder.

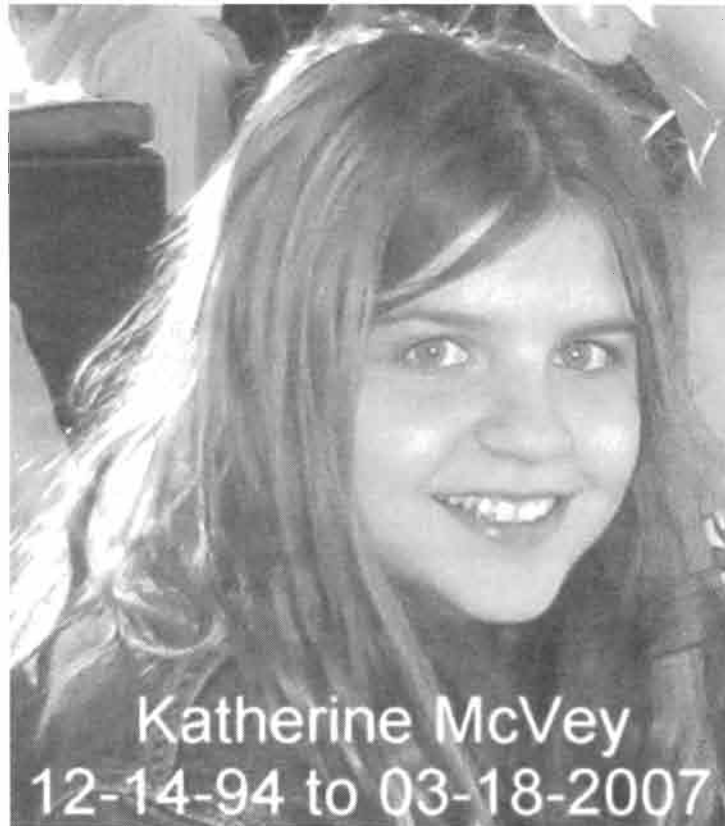
On May 11, 2006, I suffered a heart attack, and Katherine's response was, my grandpa probably had that heart attack because he worries so much about me. Katherine was at home and attended school where she was an honors student, drove her Soap Box Derby race car, and had a good year until

ten days before Christmas 2006, when we were informed the tumor had begun to grow and was bleeding. St. Jude informed us there was nothing they could do. Paula and Wayne sought further experimental treatment in Chicago. After two trips, Katherine was unable to continue.

As the winter months of early 2007 passed, Katherine's health steadily deteriorated. Toward the end, she became bedridden, lost her vision, and became unable to speak, or move her arms and hands. As she grew weaker she asked to see her uncle C.C. C.C. and his wife came home and spent a long weekend with Katherine, and then had to return to his ship in Norfolk. My wife Loretta and I stayed the rest of the week with Katherine, and her family. Members of my son-in-law's family came to spend some time with them and my wife Loretta and I went home.

Early Sunday morning, we received that dreaded phone call to come quickly. I cannot begin to tell you how much it hurt to watch my daughter holding and rocking her dying child. It is a sight I will never forget. Katherine's funeral was huge. At the cemetery there was a Viet Nam veteran dressed in biker leathers, long pony tail hanging down his back, bearded, sitting on his Harley awaiting the funeral procession to arrive. I learned

he was the tattoo artist who had tattooed Katherine's aunt Lori's leg with a tattoo Katherine had designed which included Katherine's initials. Katherine was permitted to perform some of the tattooing, which she thought was cool. The man had met Katherine one time in her too short life, but he cared enough to be there when she was laid to rest. To add to our sorrow C.C. was unable to attend Katherine's funeral due to his ship's deployment.



*Chuck Penrod wanted to share his great sorrow with his shipmates. I'm sure those of us who have lost a loved one, especially a child can identify with him. - ed*

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Be sure to visit our web page at:

<http://www.usscharleshroan.org/>

Ron Lucchesi, FTG3, 66-68, has put a lot of hard work into it.

“Within my heart the song still plays in memory of those better days”

## Flags and Signals

Dear Joe,

I am glad you found me. I enjoyed talking to you and I am really impressed by “The Jolly Cholly.” It is an outstanding publication.

Congratulations,  
Tom Connell  
CO/CDR 59-61

Dear Rich,

You and Joe are doing a great job; I am impressed. I hope to make the reunion. Enclosed find a check for your kitty.

Tom Connell  
CO/CDR 59-61

Richard,

Here is a small check for your great Association program. My best regards to all.

Lawrence Treadwell  
XO/CO/XO/LCDR

Dear Mr. Souza,

I am sending you \$60. \$30 for caps and \$30 for the Roan Association.

Thomas Rhodes  
SN 46-48 Plankowner

Dear Richard and Joe,

Recently I received the Charles H. Roan newsletter. Upon opening the letter, I was startled – and pleasantly surprised to be starring at the image of my late husband – Captain Jack Nuttall!

On behalf of my family and myself I thank you for featuring Captain Nuttall’s naval biography. It was reminiscing time for me! I deeply appreciate the article for its thoroughness and authenticity.

Best wishes for a great and typical USS Charles H. Roan reunion. My regards to all. The enclosed check is in Captain Nuttall’s memory.

Sincerely,  
Anne Nuttall and Family  
John L. Nuttall  
CO/CDR 57-59

Hi Richard,

I hope you and your family are well. I just found out about the Association and “The Jolly Cholly” a few months ago. I think it’s great. I don’t know if you remember me or not, but I use to go by the nickname Pear. That may help. Enclosed is a check for the Ship’s Store and the remainder is for the Association.

Sincerely,  
Richard Jones  
RD3 58-60

Joe,

Received my spring copy of “The Jolly Cholly” and wanted to offer kudos to the Editor. I have been in your seat for a couple of fraternal organizations. It’s a hell-of-a-job, but “you done good”.

On a sidebar, may I suggest your free enrollment on the US Navy Memorial Log. This is segment of only 61 shipmates TOTAL logged onto the DD-853 portion of a National Memorial (and by the way, with Free enrollment). Hope to see your name here in the near future.

Best regards,  
Steve White  
ETCS 71-73

Hi Richard,

It’s time for me to replenish my Roan wardrobe. Hope you have my size in stock. I would like two golf shirts - one blue and one white - in 3XL. I’ll pick them up and pay for them at the reunion to save the association the shipping costs.

I was able to get out of two tickets when I was wearing my Roan shirt. First was a local Casselberry policewoman whose father was a retired Tin Can sailor. I also had the front license plate of the Roan on my car. The other one was an Orange County deputy who had served on the Higbee (DD-806). The golf shirts were definitely worth the price! See you in Myrtle Beach.

Ralph Rankin  
FTGSN 65-67

Dear, Joe

I appreciate you remembering me but I am unable to attend the reunion. I’m ninety-nine years young and my traveling days are over I think. I get around here on the property with the aid of a cane or walker and am thankful I can do that. My legs just are not reliable. This is an assisted living place and I get good care.

I hope this will be a happy reunion for all and one to be remembered.

Sanford Florida were I live is by Lake Monroe which is part of the St. John’s river that flows north and enters the Atlantic Ocean at Mayport, Fl.

I am glad the Association continues their reunions and many are able to attend. My best wishes to all, from an old shipmate.

Oscar Carter  
TM1 49-55

Richard,

Enclosed is a little extra donation for our kitty. I always enjoy receiving “The Jolly Cholly.” Richard you and the others on the Board of Directors are doing a wonderful job for our Association.

Your Shipmate  
Richie Calabro  
EN3 66-68

# WEST COAST MINI-REUNION

Richard,

In the spring issue of "The Jolly Cholly" Bill Uhrig, XO/LCDR 63-65, had a note asking if any Roan shipmates were living in California. Doing an Internet search I was able to track down Bill's address and make contact with him. This past Memorial Day weekend, Bill, and my wife Caroline and I, got together at Bill's home in Orangevale, CA to reminisce about our days together on the Roan. I reminded Bill that it was him that I asked for permission to have the day off when Caroline went into labor with our first son. Our shipmates' ears must have been ringing as we perused the



1964 Roan Med Cruise Book and had fun remembering all those young, eager faces of the crew and those great ports of call. The visits to Mytilini and Mithymna on the Greek island of Lesbos in the Aegean Sea stands out in our memories. We were the first American warship to visit the island since WW II. The Roan was anchored in the harbor over July 4th and the ship put on a fireworks display in the evening with plenty of rockets, etc. It seemed like the whole town of Mytilini came down to the waterfront to observe the festivities. I recall being at a hillside restaurant overlooking the harbor with a few other officers when the fireworks began. Someone at the restaurant who could speak English (as I recall, there weren't many in the town who could) came over to our table and congratulated us on our Independence. That's the only time in my life that anyone has ever congratulated me for what our Founding Fathers did in 1776! Talk about having a warm, wonderful feeling. I didn't know this, but Bill recalled that a Greek gunboat actually left the harbor on alert during the fireworks display, since the island was just a few miles offshore from the coast of Turkey. Who knows what the Turks were thinking of during our celebration. Of course then there was the memorable visit to Golfe Juan on the French Riviera. Wow, we had some interesting remembrances from that visit that will need to be shared with others at another Roan gathering.

Caroline and I now live in Carson City, NV, so it was an easy ride over the Sierra Nevada mountains to make the call on our former XO. I've attached a picture of the three of us taken at Bill's home.

Tom Grayson CAPT USNR-R  
LTJG 64-65

Tom,

Thanks for the update on your visit with Bill Uhrig. I think things such as this are what makes me smile that we have accomplished getting our shipmates together after all these years. I am going to forward this e-mail to Joe Lambert to see if he can put this in our next Newsletter as this is what we are all about. Now who was to think in "64" that some day we would be saying Captain Grayson? Bravo Zulu. We have an active group from that era. Hopefully some day our courses will meet once again.

Your shipmate  
Souza

Tom,

Thanks, this story is great. I was aboard for that cruise. When you mention a restaurant I can remember being in one back up in the hills and trying to order. As you said nobody spoke English so they took us back to the kitchen and we pointed to whatever we wanted. I have no idea what we ate but I do know it was very good. If you would like to contribute any other stories about your life in the Roan please do so. Once again, thanks Tom.

A shipmate  
Joe Lambert

Joe,

Funny you should mention the restaurant situation. I too remember having to go into the kitchen with the other fellows, following the waiter, and pointing out the items in the frig that we thought we'd like to have for dinner. The waiter spoke no English and we couldn't read the Greek menu. We must have eaten at the same restaurant on the hillside overlooking the harbor.

Tom Grayson  
LTJG 64-65  
CAPT USNR-R

## Flags and Signals

Hi There,

Was just surfing the net and came across the Charles H Roan site. Lovely to see. My name is Harry Larsen and I served aboard the USS Charles H Roan as a seaman. I bordered her approximately December 1965 and took a Med Cruise on her the following Spring. I departed the ship and went to CT school in Pensacola Florida.

Oddly enough, I once again served upon the USS Charles H Roan on TAD from Rota Spain. This time as a CTR2. The date of this was approximately 1971, I think around March. Just wanted to update the list. I now live in Australia. Just thought I would submit this for your records,

Regards,  
Harry R Larsen  
SA 65-66

Rich,

Just a note to say hello to you and Lorraine and to say we're planning on the reunion in Myrtle Beach. See you in August.

Bob Sipka  
GMG2 65-67

Dear Richard,

We will be seeing you in South Carolina in August, God willing. Here is a check for the Association.

Sincerely,  
Herb Hare  
SN 51-55

Dear Richard,

I received the reunion info today, which has caused me to write. Once again, we will not be able to attend, as we will be in Michigan for July and August. I wish we could have this event in the spring or fall. I think most everyone is retired or able to get off at times other than the summer. This is the second time we have not been able to be at the gathering. I miss not seeing people and always look forward to the reunion. I will be going to another ships event in the latter part of September, which is a great time with kids back to school and vacations over.

Anyhow, I'm mailing a check to help with expenses. I hope we can see everyone at the next gathering.

Yours truly,  
Tony Hudalla  
LTjg 59-62

Hey Sigs,

Hope all is well in your piece of the world. We missed the cruise but my bride wants to give the next one at Myrtle Beach a shot. I hope to see you there. Here's a bit of loot for the kitty.

Keep well,  
Bob Lee  
RD1 64-67

Richard,

I just received "The Jolly Cholly", spring 2008 edition and there's a few more names I recognized. Here's a check for the Roan Association.

Thanks again,  
Tom E. Parker  
DC2 66-70

Hi Richard,

Thank you and Joe Lambert for the Tom Gilson story under Flags and Signals. I appreciate the story being printed. A check is enclosed. Keep up the good work.

A shipmate,  
John Gregg  
TMSN 51-52

Souz,

Hope this finds you, Lorraine and family doing well. We really liked the picture of you in "The Jolly Cholly" (King Neptune.) Hope to see you in South Carolina. Put this check to good use.

Pat and Dallas Reese  
QM2 59-64

Dear Richard,

Please send me a hat and keep the remainder for the Association.

Thanks,  
Carl Imbriano  
BT3 48-52

Hi Richard,

Just to let you know if everything goes well I'll be in Myrtle Beach this year. Hope all is well with you and your family. Hope this check helps.

Charles Zumbrun  
IC3 54-56

Chief,

Please use this check as you see fit. It is such a honor to be part of the Association.

Thank you,  
Bill Morrison  
MM3 62-65

Hi Rich & Joe,

Hope all is well with you and your families and the rest of our Roan shipmates and their families. I hope everyone has a great time in Myrtle Beach for the Roan reunion.

Please find a check enclosed toward the Roan Association. I really enjoy the newsletter and hearing about fellow shipmates.

Sincerely,  
Kenny & Shiela Duggan  
SFP3 63-65



# BE THE HERO BIG OR SMALL THE GOOD SHIP ROAN HAD THEM ALL

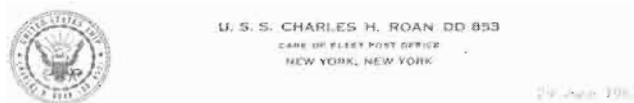
The following story was told to me at our reunion in Myrtle Beach. The accompanying Commanding Officers commendation letter was presented to all the shipmates who participated in this action. - ed.

In June of 1963 The USS Charles H. Roan was in the Boston Naval Yard. Teddy Clements' BT3, brother lived in the Roxbury section of Boston at the time and was having a party and invited Teddy and some of his shipmates to come join in the festivities. Teddy along with Arty Hammell BT3, Frank Kent BT2, Ken Sloan BT3, and Al Siter BT3 being good Roan sailors were up to attending any good party, so along they all went to Roxbury.

Of course liquid refreshments were being served at this party and our group of Roan sailors were sitting outside where it was a little cooler talking and imbibing of the brew. Suddenly from across the street there came a muffled report and a large flash from a second floor window. This of course drew the attention of our crew and while trying to determine what had happened, a volume of smoke began to issue from the window. The appearance of smoke spurred the group into action. They ran across the street, disregarded a fence in front of the building by jumping over it (there is some report that BT Siter ran through the fence destroying it) and up to the apartment on the second floor.

On the second floor they found smoke coming from an apartment occupied by a lady who had nine children. This is where the famous Roan teamwork came into play. Some members started evacuating the family and one member ran down the street to pull the fire alarm box. The cause of the explosion and ensuing fire was electrical, so one member of the team went to the basement and pulled the fuses. This brought the fire under control and what little fire was left was put out.

Upon arrival of the Boston Fire Department our little crew faded back across the street without receiving any of the kudos they so richly deserved. Aboard ship a few days latter, an announcement was passed over the IMC asking for anybody who had any knowledge of this incident to lay to the Quarter Deck. Arty Hammell answered the call and the names of the entire group were brought to light. Captain Hayden presented this commendation letter at a Mast to the five-crew members that were involved.



From: Commanding Officer, U.S.S. CHARLES H. ROAN (DD-853)  
To: Hammell, Arthur H., 342 66 St, NYC, 10011  
Subj: Commendation

1. The Commanding Officer takes pleasure in commending you for your quick action in the face of hazardous conditions.
2. At about 1:00, 16 June 1963, you, in company with several of your shipmates and without regard to your own personal safety, were instrumental in aiding a civilian family in Boston, Mass. free their burning dwelling. When the apartment was threatened with an electrical fire you secured the source of the fire and held it in check until the arrival of the Boston Fire Department.
3. The Commanding officer wishes to extend a well done for your quick thinking and neighborly action.
4. A copy of this letter will be placed in your service record.

*Charles H. Roan*  
Charles H. Roan

## Flags and Signals

Hi Richard,

I just received my Spring 2008 Jolly Cholly newsletter and was sorry to hear taps for Lt. Richard Wright. We steamed together for a year during both Operation Mainbrace and Longstep in 1952. He was one fine officer. Here's to you Dick!

Paul Troutman  
LTjg 52-55

Dear Souza,

I was waiting to see when the fall semester was going to start. Why not!! August 20<sup>th</sup>. If that isn't enough to frost something. I wanted to see my kids in Charleston and go down to Jacksonville, Florida to see my buddy. The best made plans of mice and men. I even ran it by Jackie girl, about me going by myself. She said I might be going someplace by myself but it wasn't South Carolina. It took me a couple of days to figure it out. Well anyway here's something for the kitty.

Perry Woodman  
RD1 65-68

Richard,

I enjoy the newsletter very much. I hope my contribution helps.

A shipmate,  
Donald Klacker  
ETSN 52-53

Hi Richard,

Enclosed is a check for the Roan Association. I enjoy "The Jolly Cholly" very much.

Orville Duvall  
EM3 48-52

Rich,

Thanks for the good job.

Frank Selonke  
RM2 50-52

Dear Richard,

Here are a few dues dollars for you. Thank you for all your updates and all.

Respectfully  
Charles Stevens  
MMFN 52-53

Hi Chief,

I'm getting too old too fast. I have a big surgery at the end of this month. Enclosed is a contribution for the Roan Association. I know you'll have a good time at the reunion. Our best to all our shipmates, especially those who I served with. A special greeting to Dave Tyree (LTjg 58-60) and Richard Brobst (LTjg 57-60), if they show up.

See you next time.

Joe & Mary Ann Klack  
LT 58-59

Dear Richard,

Enclosed is a \$25 check toward the Roan Association account. I can't come to the reunion this year but maybe in 2010.  
Stephen Madar  
SN 67

Richard,

Enclosed are two checks, one for my ship's store order and one to help support the newsletter. I went to the Joseph P. Kennedy DD850 over the weekend and really enjoyed it all over again.

Dave Buck  
SM2 62-64

Richard,

We enjoy "The Jolly Cholly" and are including a little extra for the Association. Thanks and smooth sailing to all hands.  
Larry & Celia Brown  
RM2 56-58

Rich,

Both Alice and I hope Lorraine and you are well. We will not make this years reunion due to family commitments. I hope all of you enjoy your visit to the Carolinas. Give my regards to all the guys. Enclosed is something for the Association. We had a great time on the cruise. The photo's came out very nice.

Tony Deniro  
SN 58-60

Richard,

Here's a small contribution to keep "The Jolly Cholly's" fires stoked.

Tom Grayson Capt. USNR-R  
LTjg 64-65

Hi,

Thanks you so much for "The Jolly Cholly," I do enjoy getting it and reading about the gang.

Rosalie McClintock wife of  
Michael McClintock  
XO/LCDR 58-60

Chief Souza,

Keep it going, you're doing a good job! Would you please give Tom Crofts (LTjg 67-68) my e-mail address and ask him to contact me. If he doesn't have e-mail give him my home address.

Thanks a lot,  
Jack Byrne  
XO/LCDR 66-68

Dear Richard,

Enclosed is a check for the Roan kitty. We will not make the reunion this time.

Ben Young  
RT3 62-63

## Flags and Signals

Dear President Souza,

I think it's about time I supported your efforts in putting out "The Jolly Cholly" which I enjoy reading.

I was part of the beefing up of the staff in anticipation of the "World Cruise" in 1954. I started out as Asst. Ships Secretary where Bob Boorum (YN1 54-58) was my guardian angel and Asst. Navigator where Chief Petefish (QMC 54-55) was my mentor. I eventually succeeded Bruce Sturtevant (LTjg 53-56) as Communications and Crypto Officer. I still maintain contact with him.

Then I went off to Gunnery School and came back to run the Mark 1A computer when needed before moving on to ComDesLant staff as Asst. Personnel Officer.

I have very fond memories of my time aboard the Jolly Cholly, especially since we lived together on the "World Cruise" for so long. I still exchange Christmas cards with a few former wardroom buddies.

My best regards,  
Jim Smeallie  
LTjg 54-56

Richard,

I was very happy to receive your information on the Charles H. Roan DD853. During my tour of duty on the Roan we made a cruise around the world with a brief stay in Bahrain, Saudi Arabia cruising the Persian Gulf. At the end, the Charles H, Roan was given to the Turkish Navy. I was on the changeover crew with about 12 other shipmates in 1973. For training we went with the Turkish Navy down to Cuba ... very interesting. We flew back from Guantanamo Bay to Newport, RI where I was discharged.

I will be looking forward to more newsletters and updates. I will be checking out the website soon.

Wade Messmer  
HT3 72-73

Richard,

Here is a few bucks for the ditty bag. Thanks for all you guys do for the Association. Good Job!

Frank Sclonke  
RM2 50-52

Dear Richard,

I just read the Spring 2008 "Jolly Cholly" cover to cover. Thanks so much for another "walk down memory lane". Enclosed is a check for the fund.

Best regards,  
Bob Hedrick  
MM3 54-55

Richard,

Just sent you an order for a few items from the ships store. Most of it is for my grandsons as a result of a trip to Battleship Cove in Fall River Mass. We spent many hours on the Kennedy and it really brought back memories of my two years on the Roan with the signal gang. They are looking for someone to help restore the signal bridge and shack. Do you have any pictures of the inside of our shack or other pictures of the bridge? The crew has got much of the ship restored including the pilothouse. I ran into Rich Angelini who was a CT on the Kennedy and is in charge of the volunteer program. He took us places the public cannot go and really talked a lot about the ship. They actually have an operational DASH unit, but do not attempt to fly it.

Any idea of when another reunion will be up this way? Thanks for all your work and effort for the Roan Association, it is really appreciated.

Dave Buck  
SM2 62-64

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## WINNER OF THE CONTEST TO REDEFINE "SHIPMATE"

Pacific Fleet Master Chief (SW/AW) Tom Howard congratulates ATC(AW) Todd S. Brown assigned to the USS Carl Vinson (CVN 70) for being the winner of the, "WHAT BEING A SHIPMATE MEANS TO ME." contest.

The following is Chief Brown's winning entry:

**"Shipmate is a term with inherent connotations of teamwork, camaraderie and belonging. It embodies duty, honor, courage, commitment and excellence. Shipmate exclaims the spirited commonality of all sailors: One team! One fight! It illustrates hardships shared, victories won. Shipmate defines common purpose: ships, seas, defense of freedom. It carries echoes of war, heroes, and the fallen. Shipmate is a fire-hardened, selflessly earned title that boasts,**

**"I AM A UNITED STATES SAILOR"!**



# REUNION # 10

## AUGUST 20 - 24, 2008

### MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.



Another reunion, another great time. Shipmates John Quick and his spouse Kim and Mel Griffith and his spouse Marty pulled out all stops to put together a reunion that was enjoyed by all that attended. Although there were misunderstandings with the hotel, the reason the Association was there was uncompromised.

### CAMARADERIE!

#### Wednesday

I arrived at the Sheraton Hotel in Myrtle Beach on Wednesday, Aug 20<sup>th</sup> and found that many shipmates had been there for a few days. The golfers had been out that morning golfing one of the many courses in the area and as always, all had a great time. This was reinforced by the fact that there were a few sneaking off to play later in the week.

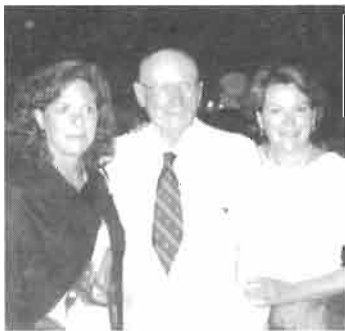
The first shipmate to greet me was Arty Hammell (BT2 62-64) and he informed me that the BT's had already made the beachhead and were firmly entrenched. Arty, Frank Kent (BT2 61-64) and Bob Willet (BT2, 62-66) had already been sounding the fuel tanks in the hotel bar.



The hospitality room was set up and the fellowship of shipmates was already underway. After being checked in by our host John Quick (BM3 58-61) and checking the memorabilia and ship store tables for new items it was time to participate in the fellowship. Seventy-eight shipmates, with a total of 145 people counting their families

and friends, attended this reunion. This number may be low by Charles H. Roan standards but is very good compared to other Tin Cans. I believe the present economy, especially the price of gas had a lot to do with the low attendance.

The reunion roster included 3 plankowners and one Captain. Captain Connell (57-60) attended the reunion with 2 daughters/son, son-in-law and two grandsons. The Association found Captain



Connell just a few months ago, (it seems his passing was grossly exaggerated.) Captain Connell was quite pleased to learn of the Association, and was very enthusiastic about attending the reunion. Over the next couple of days more and more shipmates appeared getting another great reunion underway.

Wednesday evening was the "Welcome Aboard Dinner". Shipmates, their families and friends gathered in a large hall for a banquet style meal. The food was very good with entrées of chicken and beef, and of course all the sides. Apparently Roan sailors have quite a sweet tooth, because the dessert table was ravaged, but the hotel was quick to respond and everybody got their sugar fix for the evening.

There was a band present, but for my taste, while the music was good, it was much too loud. It is my feeling that the "Welcome Aboard Dinner" is a time to eat and get reacquainted with old friends. If the music is too loud you can't talk comfortably. I asked other people for their opinion on the music and they agreed. I don't fault John Quick on this matter because we have had music at the last few "Welcome Aboard Dinners" with the same results. John was only following an established practice, but the powers that be may want to think about only having background music in the future. Take a poll and see what the membership thinks.

With our bellies full and the joy of reuniting with old friends in our hearts it was off to bed for those of us who needed our sleep. Some shipmates made their way to the hotel bar to continue getting reacquainted and of course to swap sea stories, much to the chagrin of their mates.

#### Thursday

Thursday was a free day, with various groups exploring the Myrtle Beach area and returning with reports of good restaurants found, interesting places to explore and the beauty of the oceanfront. Some wives used this time to discover "Broadway at the Beach."

"Broadway at the Beach" is a very large festival entertainment complex, set on 350-acres in the heart of Myrtle Beach. This complex features theaters, restaurants, over 100 specialty shops, and much more, all surrounding a 23-acre lake. This meant SHOPPING... SHOPPING... SHOPPING. One wife reported that there were places for their husbands to sit, (I bet there were) so that they could wander through these 350 acres without hearing any complaints. The wives should have realized that we were sailors and rode everywhere. If they want someone to walk with them while they shop they need old soldiers.

Thursday evening we boarded buses and headed for our evening entertainment at "Medieval Times." Medieval Times is a dinner theater where you're seated around a large arena where a drama is acted out involving, a king, a prince and princess and a score of knights. There is jostling, which of course involves horses and knights battling with all kinds of weapons of individual destruction. The theater is sectioned into groups with each section assigned a color. Your color aligns you with a knight and when they do battle your section cheers for your knight.



The food was good, but it's served with no eating utensils. You eat with your hands as they did in "medieval times." This turned out to be a fun night, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

**Friday**

Friday we woke to slight effects of hurricane Fay with overcast skies and some rain. The weather put a damper on reunion spirits for the morning's activities. John Quick had buses ready to take the more hardy of us to Brookgreen Gardens. A few chose not to go, fearing the threat of worsening weather, (me being one of them.) By all accounts this was a bad decision. The people who attended the outing had an exceptional time, with co-operating weather and outstanding scenery.



Brookgreen Gardens is part of a 6000-acre preserve that was once four rice plantations. More than 500 works of American sculptors are on display in the gardens, as well as wildlife and historical exhibits of South Carolina animals and artifacts.

"Anna Hyatt, the garden designer, took advantage

of a spectacular double file of live oaks that once led to the plantation's main house. Live Oak Allee is made up of two rows of 270-year-old live oaks strewn with Spanish moss. Originally Anna Hyatt designed the sculpture garden and pools as a naturalistic upper garden where light gray walkways trace the outline of a butterfly with outstretched wings. She used the remnants of boxwood hedges from the original plantation landscape to this end, and now people and animals rendered in bronze and stone peek from behind them in every area. Sculpted animals fill the gardens." Needless to say those of us who choose not to attend missed a beautiful attraction.



Friday night and it was back on the buses and off to "The Carolina Opry" to see their "Good Vibrations" show. The show featured music from the "60's" "70's" and "80's." Throughout the show there was a great amount of seat



dancing and singing along going on. The mood of the music was up-lifting and left the audiences in high spirits. When the show was over it was back to the buses for the return trip to the hotel where those of us who felt like we had a long day retired to our rooms and the more hardy of us choose to socialize further.

**Saturday**

Saturday began with an Association Board meeting. Among the items discussed was the site of the next reunion in 2 years. It was decided to propose letting the Board investigate sites in the northeast and then make a decision based on our investigation.

From the Board meeting we went to the membership meeting. A call was put out to anyone who would like to host the next reunion to come forward and make their presentation. Among the locations presented were the Palm Beach area of California, the St. Augustine area of Florida, a St. Lawrence sea-way cruise and the Boards proposition to try to find a site on the northeast coast. A vote was taken and the Boards proposition won. This means the Board will now check sites along the east coast and will let the membership know through this newsletter what we decided on.

Ed Loudenslager RD2 62-65 had a very nice ode entitled "I Was A Sailor Once" framed and asked that it be put up for



auction to raise money for the Association. Chances were sold on the hanging and Joe Conti RD3 51-55 was the winner. A nice sum of money was added to the Association coffers.

The meeting was then relocated outside to the hotels' memorial garden. The colors were trooped and the names of shipmates who have passed over the last two years were read along with a silent prayer and a bell ringing. After the



memorial the meeting was adjourned.

The rest of Saturday was free time with everybody pursuing their separate interests and preparing for the evenings' banquet. About 4pm shipmates and their ladies started showing up in the hotel lobby, dressed to kill and ready to have their photo's taken for the reunion yearbook.

I must say once again, Roan sailors show good taste in their picking of mates. The ladies were just lovely and gave the contestants for a pageant going on in the hotel at the same time a run for their money. I also have to put a word in for the Roan men. They were quite nicely decked out. I think I noticed the eyes of a few pageant contestants scanning some of those old sailors.



While we waited for our pictures to be taken and the banquet hall to open a bar was opened and the evenings festivities began. After a short wait we were ushered into the banquet room and were seated in preparation for dinner. Once again we had a band, which was quite nice and in my opinion, fitting to the occasion. Food was banquet style with the entrees being chicken and pork along with the normal sides. This time the hotel beefed up the dessert table to make sure everyone received their sugar rush for the evening.

After dinner while we socialized, there was dancing and Bill Varner SN 46-48 joined the band adding to the entertainment. The banquet hall slowly emptied as tired people said good-bye to old friends with hopes of seeing them at the next reunion. A few shipmates, their wives, and I were some of the last to leave and as we wandered up through the hotel bar we found shipmates hanging on to that last vestige of camaraderie, finding it hard to say good-bye.



Sunday

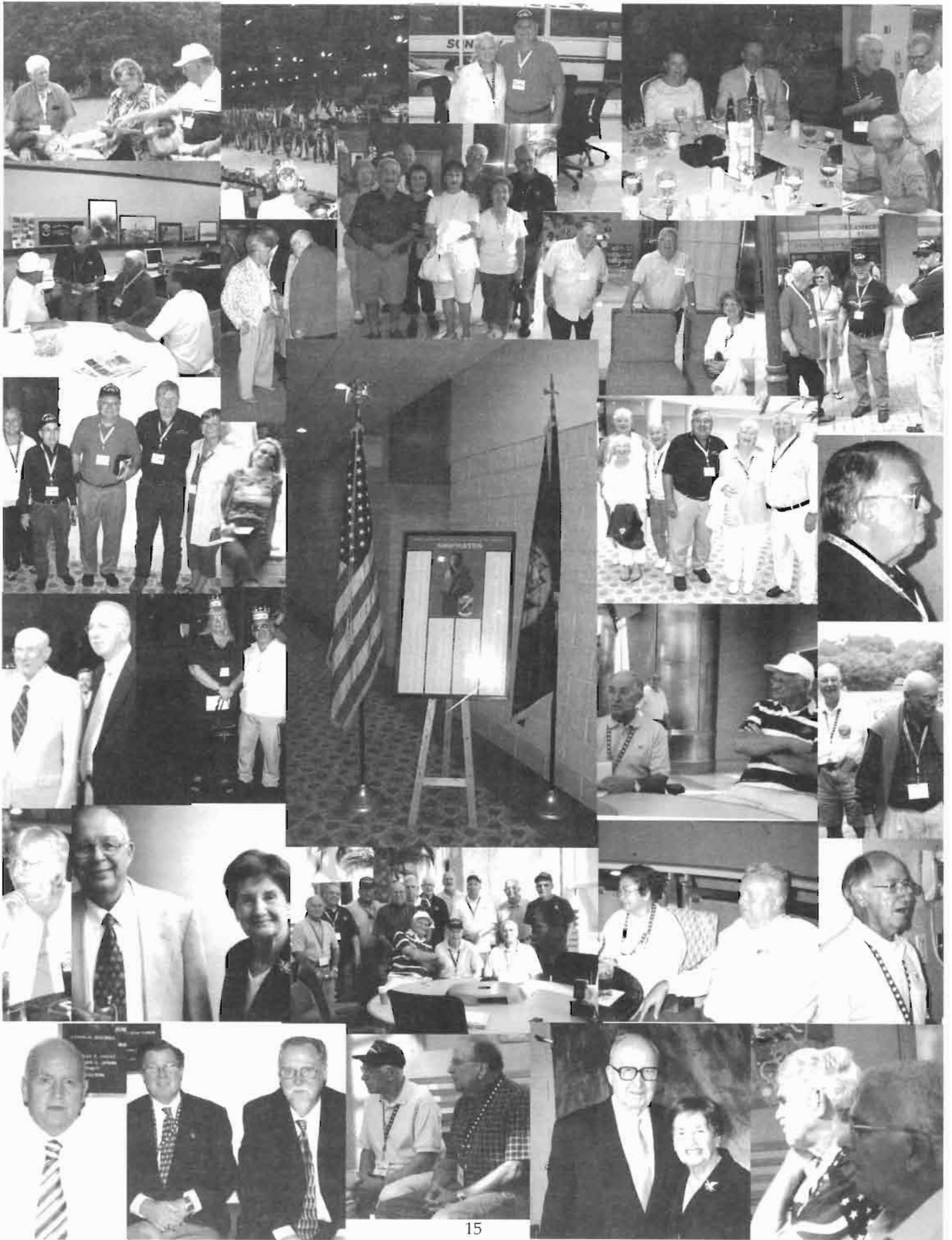
Sunday we awoke to a very nice day. When I went down to breakfast I found pockets of shipmates eating together or in the lobby saying those last difficult good-byes. After packing and loading my car I began the long journey from Myrtle Beach to Chicago.

All in all the Roan Association could once again say we had a very successful reunion. So thank you John and Kim Quick and Mel and Marty Griffith. We had a great time and I'm sure all hands present would join with me in saying BRAVO - ZULU.

Joe Lambert EM2 62-64

## ATTENDEES

Gordon Anthony	YN3	62-64	Salvatore Genova	QM3	52-55	Joseph Lambert	EM2	62-64	Rene Savoie	SH3	59-64
Charles Bowen	BM2	48-54	Charles Glad	FT3	54-56	Roger Leblanc	TM3	65-67	Michael Schaffer	BTFN	69-71
Donald Burton	MM3	49-51	Ron Glover	IC3	65-67	Donald Lincoln	FT2	57-60	Al Scileppi	QMSN	58-60
Roy Byle	FT3	51-56	Bill Golding	IC3	58-60	Frank LoCastro	YN3	53-57	Edward Semcheski	RM2	61-64
John Byrd	MM3	66-69	Arthur Hammell	BT2	62-64	Joseph Lovas	EN2	59-61	Robert Sipka	GMG1	65-67
John Cannizzaro	HM2	48-50	Mel Griffith	BMSN	58-61	Ron Lucchesi	FTG3	66-68	Alfred Smith	ICFN	55-57
Joe Carlson	SO2	49-53	Robert Hansen	TE3	56-59	Art Marsh	RD1	51-55	Ronald Smith	EM3	54-56
Thomas Connell	CO/CDR	59-61	Herbert Hare	BMSN	51-55	Robert Maeshall	LT	58-61	Paul Solis	SM3	57-59
Joe Conti	RD3	51-55	John Heihs	SN	61-63	James McLean	SN	46-48	Richard Souza	SMCS	58-66
John Cook	BT3	65-67	Charles Herndon	SN	60-63	Charles Medlar	BM3	66-70	Howard Stulbaum	GMSN	59-60
Robert Crisci	RD2	60-63	Leonard Hersey	SFM3	58-62	Thurston Nalley	SH1	48-56	Jones Thomas	RM3	58-61
Paul Dabbs	FTG2	70-72	Ray Howe	FTG3	66-67	Joseph Oleksak	RD2	61-63	Thomas VanPetten	LTJg	58-61
Jay Dalton	IC3	57-60	James Hoyt	MM1	64-68	Ted Phillips	SH3	62-63	Bill Varner	SN	46-48
Jack Damonte	CS3	52-56	Gene Inzana	SFP3	62-64	Doug Pokorney	BT2	62-66	Tom Vella	BM3	68-60
Gerald DePasquale	BT3	49-52	James Jamitis	SO2	56-59	John Quick	BM3	58-61	David Ward	FT2	56-59
Jerry Edwards	RM3	66-68	Frank Kent	BT2	61-64	Tom Rainey	MM3	64-67	Paul Whittaker	BM2	51-55
Chuck Eveland	MM2	62-68	Robert Klotz	QM3	51-54	Ralph Rankin	FTG3	65-67	Ed Wieder	ETR2	62-64
William Fillinger	EM3	58-61	Jerry Kramer	BM3	56-59	Gerald Ray	PN2	70-71	Robert Willet	BT2	62-66
Stephen Flaherty	CS3	61-63	Arnol Lamb	STG2	66-68	Ronald Robertson	MM3	64-66	Charles Zumbrun	IC3	54-56
Darrell Gardner	YN3	56-58	Allen Lambert	ENFN	56-58	Henry Rossi	SK2	57-60			



# Down Memory Lane

## THE DULLEST PORT CALL EVER?

by

**Jack Byrne**  
**XO/LCDR 66-68**

It is routine for our Navy ships to visit various ports in different countries and when I served in USS CHARLES H. ROAN (DD-853) in the mid-1960s, I had opportunities to visit quite a few of them throughout the Mediterranean area. The visits had two main purposes: to introduce our American sailors to the local populations and vice-versa, showing that America's armed might was friendly to her allies. They also provided the crews with a little much needed rest and recreation, along with some time for ship's maintenance. Often, it was not so much a rest as it was a change of pace from the warship's tough, sea-going routine. In many cases, particularly in poorer cities, the port calls were part of the Navy's "People-to-People" movement and we often ended up using personal resources, often provided in services, along with donations from U.S. citizens back home to help the poverty-stricken in many ports. We painted orphanages, fixed up schools and gave away clothing and food and of course, we hosted many visitors to the ship, whether alongside a pier or at anchor. As I have related in some of my other stories, deployed operations at that time could often be hectic and uncertain, especially in 1967, as we experienced the excitement and demands occasioned by the Arab-Israeli Six Day War, the near destruction of the USS LIBERTY and the coup in Greece along with some more minor matters such as missing Allied submarines, that somehow, seem of little consequence today. And, when our work was done, there was a little time for sight-seeing and socialization.

Most of our port visits were all too brief but were usually exciting and gratifying. I will never forget cities such as Cannes, Barcelona, Naples and Athens. There was plenty to do and see and much to keep our sailors (and me) occupied. However, being a destroyer and one of the smaller ships, ROAN's port calls often included some fairly minor cities and towns not very well known on the tourist circuit. Tourists did not then set their sights for towns such as Taranto, in Italy or Tripoli, in Libya. Bodrum, Turkey, in those days was a tiny, boring place but at least it had some activity and some young Peace Corps folks to help us get around. (Bodrum is a story unto itself).

No, I think one of the most unfulfilling and dullest port calls I ever made was to the town of Gallipoli, in Italy. Located on the inside of the heel of Italy's boot, Gallipoli was Ancient Rome at its best. Located on a point and nearly surrounded by water, it had old sea walls and fortifications protecting the town proper. As Italian cities and towns of this size go, it wasn't unusual and small or not, it was picturesque and we could always look forward to good restaurants and wine, along with a little sight-seeing.

Think again, Jacko! We arrived outside the small boat harbor on Friday, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day and for those of us of Irish descent, particularly New York City Irish, it is a "serious", Irish fun day. Well, not in Italy and certainly, not in Gallipoli. Not only were we to spend St. Patrick's Day among those who had little or no reverence for him or anything Irish but it was also Palm Sunday weekend. While the palm did not exactly cross the shamrock - a very calamitous occurrence in Irish lore and the sort of thing that would make my grandmother shudder, it might as well have, from our viewpoint. I never have found out why Palm Sunday and St. Patrick's Day falling on the same date was such an ominous thing but maybe the Celtic druids had Gallipoli on a Palm Sunday weekend in mind!



We were greeted by the mayor with his colorful sash and by the local Roman Catholic monsignor, in cassock and traditional hat and it quickly became clear who the real boss in Gallipoli was and it wasn't the mayor. As pleasantries and welcomes were exchanged, the monsignor began his lengthy lists of "thou shalt nots" for us and after hearing them I wondered if it was going to be worthwhile to go ashore at all. He announced also that he would be aboard on Sunday to say mass for us before saying solemn high mass in the church and that the church would be open on Friday and Saturday with a number of priests available to hear confessions. Of course, none of the priests spoke English and most of us had no real Italian language skills. Besides, only about ten percent of the crew was Catholic. But what a great time to confess when no one knew or understood anyone else!

As it turned out, church-going and the watching of many processions, were to be the high points of the weekend for everything else, it seemed was closed, closed, closed, commemorating the end of Passion week and the onset of Holy week! Restaurants, the movie house, groceries and



shops, pharmacies, the museum - were all shuttered, as far as I could tell. Any entertainment was obtained by watching the almost continual processions down the streets. Colorful as those were, there comes a time when a sailor on liberty seeks something a bit more tangible. It was quite clear that the giggling young women were very interested in our bluejackets but it was equally clear that there would be little, if any fraternizing on this particular weekend. Parents would see to it that their daughters' time was spent in processions or in church. Most of the population, with the exception of the police, who kept the procession ways open and clear, seemed committed to being in church and/or in the processions. The best we could do was to walk the old Roman fortifications and seawalls which, happily, were open to the public since they were a vital part of the city itself.

Most of us ended up seeing a lot of movies on board that weekend and thought twice about going ashore. I went ashore for three hours on Saturday afternoon, watched a procession or two and took a short walk around the town. I spent the remainder of the weekend aboard the ship watching movies and getting caught up on my reading and paperwork. I really wasn't very happy about all of this, although it was nice to have Sunday mass said on board by the monsignor. Language was not a problem during mass. Although this was after Vatican II, masses in Italy remained in Latin and most Catholics remembered it. Some special dispensation allowed this, I imagined, since Rome was, after all, an Italian City. To me, however, that was both familiar and nice. A couple of our lads, themselves not long removed

from being old-tradition altar servers, served as altar boys for the mass.

After our turnover call at Gibraltar, Gallipoli became our first port of call near the beginning of our long deployment. We sailed on Monday morning to rejoin the fleet hoping that our next call, Malta, would offer a little more in terms of interest and excitement. We arrived in Malta just after Easter and it was considerably different than Gallipoli and promised to be a memorable visit. But as I have written elsewhere, we sailed on extremely short notice to be sure we made an early arrival into Tripoli, the next day, for a visit which had some political and diplomatic overtones. As I recall, we left at about midnight of the second day of our Malta visit. The entrance/exit in and out of Malta is treacherous at any time but much more so in the dark of night, even with the good British pilots to assist us. Our next brief stop after Tripoli was at Taranto (Italian Fleet Headquarters) but not until May 4 and 5. After a variety of fleet operations and training exercises, we then put into Naples on May 15 for a week of real R&R and maintenance. We left Naples on May 22 and would not see another port of call until June 24 as the mid-east crisis intensified, culminating in the commencement of the Six Day War on June 4 and the attack on the USS Liberty by Israeli forces on June 8.

According to information obtained from the world wide web, Gallipoli is today a premiere tourist destination. Certainly, it had everything needed for that but I sometimes still wonder how today's tourist fares there on Palm Sunday weekend.



*Beside being a good story teller, Jack Byrne is also a decent artist. If I'm not mistaken this is some of his work taken from the 1967 cruise book. - ed*

# I Was A Sailor Once

## Sharing a glimpse of the life many so dearly loved...

I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe I liked the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, harsh, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I liked Navy vessels -- plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers, and the good old tincans

I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea, Antietam, Valley Forge - - memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome.

I liked the lean angular names of Navy "tin-cans" and escorts, mementos of heroes who went before us.

And the others - - San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago, Oklahoma City, named for our cities.

I liked the tempo of a Navy band.

I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port.

I even liked the never ending paperwork and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the big cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me -- for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word, they were "shipmates"; then and forever.

I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now Hear This" "Now station the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side. The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea was ever present.

I liked the fierce and dangerous activity on the flight deck of aircraft carriers, earlier named for battles won but sadly now named for politicians. Enterprise, Independence, Boxer, Princeton and oh so many more, some lost in battle, and sadly many scrapped.

I liked the names of the aircraft and helicopters; Skyraider, Intruder, Sea King, Phantom, Skyhawk, Demon, Skywarrior, Corsair, and many more that bring to mind offensive and defensive orders of battle.

I liked the excitement of an alongside replenishment as

my ship slid in alongside the oilier and the cry of "Standby to receive shotlines" prefaced the hard work of rigging spanwires and fuel hoses echoed across the narrow gap of water between the ships and welcomed the mail and fresh milk, fruit and vegetables that sometimes accompanied the fuel.

I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

I liked quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee -- the lifeblood of the Navy permeating everywhere.

And, I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

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

And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and now women who made them. I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke.

A sailor could find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, we still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

Gone ashore for good we grow humble about our Navy days, when the seas were a part of us and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

**Remembering this, " I was once part of the Navy, and the Navy will always be a part of me."**

**WE stand taller and say, " I WAS A SAILOR ONCE."**

## New Ship Store Items



Roan Cruise books - Spiral bound facsimiles

- 1952 European Cruise - Operation Success
- 1959 Operation Inland Seas -  
(devotes 1 page to each ship in Task Force 47)
- 1960 Mediterranean Cruise
- 1964 Mediterranean Cruise
- 1966 Mediterranean Cruise
- 1967 Mediterranean Cruise
- 1968 Mediterranean Cruise
- 1972 Around the World Cruise

Order like any other Ship Store Item - \$25.00 each - includes shipping.  
Coming soon, the above cruise books each on a separate DVD

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## New Members

Jon D. Allen  
Lavaca, AR  
EM2 65-67

Paul U. Farley Jr.  
FTG2 62-63  
Las Vegas, NV

Fred Maestri  
SN 46-47  
Somerville, MA  
PLANKOWNER

Wade A. Messmer  
HT3 72-73  
Baltimore, OH

Dale Wilhelm  
FN 46-47  
Dayton, OH  
PLANKOWNER

Joseph Bella  
SN 46-47  
Ft Meyers, FL  
PLANKOWNER

Robert L. Hurlbut  
FN 56-57  
Chemung, NY  
PLANKOWNER

John C. Menton  
SN 46-47  
Melbourne, FL  
PLANKOWNER

Thomas Rhoades  
SN 46-48  
Eugene, OR  
PLANKOWNER

Burgess E. Williams  
Danville, IL  
ICFN 1950

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## Roster Update

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Country / Territory \_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\*\*\*

(Most information that is missing is from the following categories – Please help us update our files)

Telephone # \_\_\_\_\_ Fax # \_\_\_\_\_

e-mail address \_\_\_\_\_

Rate and/or Rank while aboard the Roan \_\_\_\_\_

Years served aboard --- From \_\_\_\_\_ To \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse / Fiancée's name \_\_\_\_\_



Item #1  
Embroidered Golf Type shirts  
(with pocket)

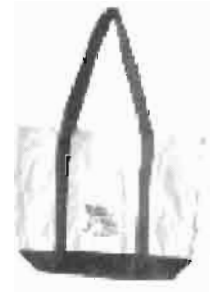
Blue/Gold Lettering  
White/Blue Lettering  
Tan/Blue Lettering

USS Charles H. Roan  
DD-853



Item #6  
**Ball Cap**  
White hat with grey ship and gold lettering  
or  
Blue hat with gold ship and lettering  
with either  
Before 1961 silhouette  
or  
After 1961 silhouette  
both

(please indicate hat color and silhouette preference)



Item #3  
**Tote Bag**  
Royal Blue/ Ash  
Ships Logo  
Pocket 14X17X5



NEW ITEM - LIMITED NUMBER  
Item #4  
**Cup**  
Lettering in gold  
Colored Ship's Logo

# SHIP'S

Send all orders to:

Richard F. Souza  
6396 Manassas Ct.  
Pensacola, FL 32503-7530

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE -  
Mostly by Priority Mail

Except for item #7, Winter Jacket, the  
shipping charge on that item is



a b  
Item #8  
**Ships Photos**  
Approximately 8X10 Black and White

Pre-Fram before 1961 - 8a  
After Fram 1961 - 8b

only a limited amount in stock Not Framed

**Please note, the prices of all items except for the Cruise Books on page 19 have been removed. Because of the higher cost of everything including shipping the prices are being reevaluated. To order an item please call Souza at (850)476-1350 to check on it's price. By the time of the next newsletter we hope to have this straighten out. Sorry for the inconvenience.**



Item #2

**Wind Breaker Jacket**

Navy Blue Embroidered with ship silhouette and ships name on back in Gold lettering

M/L/XL —  
XXL/XXXL—

NOTE: These jackets run SMALL so order accordingly.



(Back of jacket)



Item #7

**NEW ITEM - Winter Jacket**

The same ones that the Blue Angels wear. Very sharp looking with the back Embroidered. A Patch/Crest (or both) and your name can be added to the front for additional cost (see add on items.)

*Jackets are fitted at the waist so order accordingly.*

NOTE: Add to below prices for shipping.

M-L-XL  
XXL  
3X  
4X  
5x  
6X  
7X

# STORE



Item #9

**License Plate Holder**

with ships name  
USS Charles H. Roan DD-853



**NEW ITEM**

Item #12

**USS C. H. Roan License Plate - Fram**

In full color

Got to see it to believe it. Just outstanding.



a



b



c



d



e

Item #5

**Patches**

Right/Left Arm U.S. Ensign

- a. Right
  - b. Left
  - c. U.S Navy I blem
  - d. Ships Crest
  - e. Octopus Patch
- (To sew on any of the above)

ADD ON ITEMS  
for  
Item 2 - Wind Breaker Jacket  
or  
Item 7 - Winter Jacket

Sew on your name 1 line  
(Specify how you want it.)

To sew on each Patch/Crest  
Each Patch/Crest (as priced in item #5)



Item #10

**Flag Pin**

U.S. Flag with  
USS Charles H. Roan DD-853  
Black Lettering- Gold Trim approximately  
1"x 1"  
Great quality good looking  
pin with our ships name on it.



Item #11

**Embroidered Sweat Shirt**

Birch color  
Blue Embroidery  
S-M-L-XL -  
XXL-  
XXXL-

# FROM AFTER DIESEL

When I started to think about what I should write in this "From after diesel, a few things came to mind. The first was ASBESTOS.

We, the crewmembers of the Charles H. Roan have a problem and that problem is exposure to asbestos. One of the attendees at the Myrtle Beach reunion was Doug Pokorney BT2 62-64. Doug has a big problem with asbestos. Doug's first indication that he had a problem was a pain that started in the center of his back and radiated around one side of his body. Since his first visit to a doctor Doug has had several operations to remove cancerous tumors and has undergone both chemo and radiation therapy.

There was a lot of talk at the reunion about the asbestos exposure aboard the Roan, with most of it centering on the engineers, but a good point was made that we were all exposed to the asbestos on the Roan. Every pipe you slept under or that passed through your living and working compartment was wrapped in asbestos. Ventilation ducts were wrapped in asbestos. The tile on the decks was asbestos. The list can go on and on.

Experts will tell you "as long as the asbestos is encased and not disturbed there are no problems." Well we certainly disturbed it. The engineers constantly removed the insulation from pipes and machinery in the boiler and engine rooms. The auxiliary gang and shipfitters disturbed the insulation from around pipes. Every-time you were made to clean the tile on the decks with a buffer you disturbed the asbestos. You know how that petty officer wanted nice and clean. "Lets make sure our space is spotlessly clean for that Captain's inspection." I'm not blaming that petty officer or the Captain, they didn't know the dangers involved.

Hell, this was a Naval destroyer, so every-time we went to sea all that moaning and groaning she did made was that infrastructure twisting and moving, and I'm sure that disturbed the asbestos. How about every-time we fired those guns, don't you think some of that asbestos was disturbed? I do. Of course we can not overlook the time we were most exposed to the dangers of asbestos and that was our yard periods.

So yes we were all exposed to the asbestos, just some of us more than others. Also some of us were luckier than others. The following is an e-mail from a shipmate, Joe Matuska SH3 62-64.

Butch, (Steve Flaherty CS3 61-63)

Looks like the USS C. H. Roan has done me in. Just been diagnosed with malignant Mesothelioma cancer. This is caused by exposure to asbestos and normally takes 40 years to manifest. So it looks like I got it from our ship, during FRAM or from sleeping on the top bunk just 12 inches away from the asbestos piping in the ceiling. It doesn't really matter where I was exposed what does matter is it's very rare and one of the worse you can have. I didn't make the re-union because Gail was operated on again in March and has yet to fully

recover. Please keep in touch. I'm exploring treatments at different cancer centers; I was in Sloan Kettering in NYC today. I'll keep in touch but I don't know what's going to happen. There is no cure for this and surgery is sort of experimental at this point and there are no guarantees.

Talk to you soon,  
Joe

If you noticed, Joe was not in engineering, he was a ships serviceman.

At the reunion we counted about 9 shipmates from the Fram period who have some form of asbestos damage. But we were mistaken on putting a time period to the exposure. When I go back through old e-mails I come up with 2 shipmates from the "50's" who have asbestos damage. My point is that it doesn't matter what you where or when you served, the danger was there and it's the luck of the draw whether you were infected or not.

Let me try to define a couple of terms.

**1) Asbestosis** is a breathing disorder caused by inhaling asbestos fibers. Accumulation of these fibers in your lungs can lead to scarring of lung tissue and diminished breathing capacity. Some asbestosis symptoms include:

Shortness of breath, initially only with exertion, but eventually even while resting

Decreased tolerance for physical activity

Coughing

Chest pain

Finger clubbing in some cases

**2) Mesothelioma**, generally a very rare form of cancer, but increasing in frequency as people exposed to asbestos age.

So what do we do now? Well as an Association we can offer guidance and advice in finding help for those shipmates who have some form of asbestos damage. There are shipmates in the Association who have gone through the procedure in dealing with this medical problem and are willing to offer guidance. If any other shipmate thinks he can contribute any kind of support please contact the Association.

When you go to a doctor because you have the above symptoms, make sure you're your own advocate. Read the following e-mail from Andy Stitzer:

Dear Joe,

In reference to the article on asbestosis, I would like to offer some advice. A very old timer Radiologist read my scan several years ago and diagnosed "farmers lung." Since I lived in a small town and farming community it puzzled me because I'm not a farmer, but I accepted it.

The second scan was read by a young woman Radiologist who recently graduated and the scan was performed in a large hospital in a large city. She diagnosed it as asbestos related lung disease. She couldn't believe the old

timer mis-diagnosed it several years earlier.

1<sup>st</sup> tip - Choose a young up to date Radiologist.

Afterwards I went to the local DAV-NSO for guidance to file a claim to the V.A. They were great in helping me.

2<sup>nd</sup> tip - When writing out your claim, mention the fact that you were aboard during extensive overhaul, particularly if you were in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Jack Stinsman mentioned this in his article if you recall.

Anyway I stayed aboard when we were in dry-dock at the Brooklyn Yard in the winter of 55-56 and the asbestos dust was sure rolling then. The main reason you should include this fact is one of the biggest litigation's against the asbestos industry was on behalf of the Brooklyn yard birds who suffered greatly from exposure.

I really believe these extensive overhaul dates should be noted in the ship's history even though any snipe knows once the integrity of the lagging is broken you have been exposed. After the claim is received the VA will do scans to confirm the private doctors diagnosis. In all cases I know, all will receive compensation and as the condition worsens, and will eventually receive 100%, particularly when you are unable to work.

3<sup>rd</sup> tip - Join Avail

If you don't have a computer, ask a friend with one to get on <http://www.availusa.org/2web/2-2.htm> for good information about asbestos disease.

Sincerely

Andy Stitzer

BT2 54 - 57

Shipmates if you have any of the above symptoms or you just go to the doctor because you're not feeling well make sure you mention you were once exposed to asbestos. Get that chest x-ray and make sure a competent doctor reads it.

Please don't confuse me for an expert in this field. All I know about this condition I learned from shipmates and what I found on the Internet. Do your own research or go to an expert in the field, I'm just trying to make our shipmates aware of the problem.

*Next subject.* I have attended all the Roan reunions except the first one. There is always a discussion of why many of our shipmates do not attend the reunions.

We have a membership of about 750 shipmates. The Roan reunions are always well attended but the numbers fall far short of our total membership and the majority of attendees are the same, reunion after reunion. Why? Why do some shipmates attend regularly and some not at all?

On my way to Myrtle Beach I made it a point to pass through Atlanta, Georgia. I drive because I don't like to fly. A shipmate of mine, Denny Farmer EM3 62-65 lives just outside of Atlanta. I originally located Denny about 10 years ago, asked him to join the Association and attend the next reunion at that time. No Denny. A few years later I contacted him again and once more asked him to attend a reunion, still no Denny. So this time I made it a point to go through Atlanta and stop to see Denny.

I could not have been happier with my reception. For those shipmates who knew Denny he has not changed, still a good old boy from the south. Maybe a little bit older as we all are, but you would know it was Denny if you happen to bump into him on the street. We spent maybe an hour and a half just catching up on each other's lives and telling sea stories. When it became time for me to leave, because I wanted to clear Atlanta before it got dark, Denny kept stopping me. This happened 3 times. He even followed me out to my car and we talked another 15 minutes.

As I drove through Atlanta and headed toward Myrtle Beach, I thought about the meeting I just had with an old shipmate. I understood the feeling within me because I have had it at every reunion I have attended. As I thought about that feeling I hoped Denny understood that same feeling that I know he had because he would not had delayed my departure. The feeling of comradeship, the bond we all have through serving on the Roan. So remember shipmates at every reunion somebody wants to see you and I'm sure there is somebody you would like to see. Some of us can't attend the reunions for any number of reasons, but those of you who can, should do so. I know you will never regret it.

*Last subject.* There was a question raised about the ship's roster project that was undertaken about a year ago. The project is going as well as expected seeing that we're trying to deal with the government. I can fill this whole newsletter with stories of trying to deal with the National Archives. We have completed everything from 1946 to 1969 and are in possession of the 1970 roster. From 1971 on, social security numbers were used instead of service numbers. So to get the last 3 years of rosters we had to file a request under the Freedom of Information Act. That has finally been approved and now I'm waiting to see when the National Archives is going to act on my request. All the social security numbers have to be removed or blocked before they can fill my request.

When the project is completed Ron Lucchesi FTG3 66-68, our web-master, says he will put the complete ship's roster on our web site. I would hope this entire project, along with posting it on the web site, will be completed by this time next year.

Joe Lambert - editor  
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**USS Charles H. Roan DD-853**



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