

THE



JOURNAL  CHOLL

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FALL 2014



USS C. H. Roan Association Board Of Directors

Please remember these shipmates in your
thoughts and prayers

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Binnacle List

Artie Hammell BT2 62-64

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

Taps

Plankowners

David Strowig	FC1	46	8/51
Joseph Bella	S1	46-47	1/05
Raymond F Duval	SNRM	46-47	4/07
Lewis R Zollars	SN	46-47	1/14
Wallace Bozeman	SK3	46-48	5/81
Victor James Fauver	S1	46-48	7/05
Joseph A Fincher	SN	46-48	2/12
Spiro P Kapins	BT1	46-55	2/12

John R Sweeney	ENS	50-51	7/08
Herbert Hare	TMSN	52-55	1/14
Frank E Dixon	FN	61-63	12/13
Chuck Eveland	MM2	62-68	12/13
Paul Hanrahan	DK3	66-68	1/14

Cover

Legendary SEA BAT Frank Manasseri expected to see.



Bat he actually met. Story begins on page 10.

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 over a \$1,200 to print and mail. By you mailing a contribution to the Association President we will be able to keep the spirit of the Charles H. Roan alive. 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



About 25 years ago 3 shipmates found one another. Those meetings did not only bring joy, but more than anything else, the camaraderie of being once again together as shipmates. Although we did not know it then, it was the start of the USS Charles H. Roan Association. We decided to see if it was possible to find

any of our shipmates from christening to deactivation of the Roan. It was a long and hard search but we persevered. Our first reunion was in Fall River, Massachusetts. With credit cards in hand we didn't know what to expect or the costs involved. It was a huge success. I will always remember that one of the "plank owners" we found came up to me and hugged and kissed me stating it was one of the happiest days of his life and thanked me for finding 14 of his shipmates.

With this in mind, our next reunion will be in **September in Philadelphia** of this year. This location is probably the most central area where probably the largest concentrations of our shipmates reside. It is a mere days' drive for many of us. I can't tell you how important it is for many of us to see our shipmates once again after these many years. I am asking all of you to make an effort to attend our reunion. Most all of us are now reaching or reached those **GOLDEN YEARS**, a term I truly despise. It seems its doctor appointments, pills, wrinkles, hair loss, hearing loss, teeth loss, weight gain, and some I prefer not to mention. I don't know what so GOLDEN about all of that.

I am urging all of you to make a shipmate happy by meeting with them once again. Our reunion committee which consists of Jack Cook, Bob Crisci, Marty O'hara and Ed Semcheski has worked diligently to make this event truly rewarding. But to make it a success it takes **YOU**. Give it some serious thought. There is a cancelation clause in case of sickness or any other unforeseen problems. You shouldn't lose a penny if you have to cancel for some reason. **IT IS ALSO EXTREMELY IMPORTANT TO MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW AND TO SEND IN YOUR REGISTRATION LETTERS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.** We cannot guarantee late arrival prices or room reservations. Tours are subject to attendance figures and it is important to our committee to know those numbers. (There is a cutoff date for rooms and tours)

Once again I must ask you to support our Association financially if you can. We do not have income from dues so we rely on your generosity. For over 25 years we have continued to give you a great Newsletter and we have many shipmates who give of their time and no one gets paid for what they do. Your board of directors has made our Association a success and it is **YOU and YOUR DONATIONS that have kept us afloat all these years.**

Richard F Souza

Financial Report

Last Financial report November 5, 2013

Balance of Checking Account 10,100.76
Reserve Fund - Separate Account 700.00

Expenditures

Post office 329.97
Office supplies 85.90
Small stores -1220.13
Newsletter/printing -2103.23
Telephone/internet 6 months 625.00
Storage locker 13 months 812.76
Roan Refunds 50.00
Reunion expenses 900.00

Total expenses -6,126.99

Deposits

Donations, small store 4,304.50
Checking Account 10,100.76
Deposits 4304.50
Expenses -6126.99
Total Balance 8,278.27
Reserve Fund 700.00
Total Assets including Reserve Fund 9,978.27

New Members

Starr Snyder BT 2 56-59 Firestone, CO
John Rodrigues FTA 3 59-60 Burbank, CA

Shipmate Locator

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(978)546-7272
rockportrossi@gmail.com,

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Swim Call

Med Cruise

1964



Hi Joe,

I thought I'd send you a few photos of the swim call we had on the 1964 Med. Cruise. Fortunately I thought to take photos before diving in. As I recall, it was a very nice Sunday afternoon and nothing was going on. My understanding was that Greece and Turkey had a disagreement regarding Cyprus and Roan was ordered to hang around in the vicinity rather than going to a liberty port in Spain. To tell you the truth, I think I enjoyed that swim more than I would another liberty port.

Bill Peterson
FTG2 '62-'65



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

Flags and Signals

Dear Chief Souza,

In the recent “Jolly Cholly” I noted a letter from Ann Herndon (wife of Charles Herndon) inquiring about Barbara Morton (wife of George Morton who served with me in the Roan.) I have her address if needed.

I keep in touch with BM2 Charles Bowen and we see each other yearly and have great fun talking about Roan (49-52) and our fantastic shipmates. They broke me in and did a great job. Commander Bill Deragon was the C.O at the time.

Keep up the 4.0 job with the newsletter. Enclosed please find a check for the ‘account.’”

As a added note, Charlie Bowen’s son is THE MASTER CHIEF of the U.S. Coast Guard – a Great Accomplishment!

Once again, Well done Chief,
Warren Hamm Jr., Rear Admiral USN (ret)
LTJG 49-52

Rich,

I’m not sure if you have heard that I have mesothelioma in my left lung. I am in chemo now and so far it looks like the mass is shrinking.

I am looking forward to our reunion in Philly. I have enclosed a check for the Association to be used as you see fit.

Artie Hammell
BT2 62-64

Richard & Joe,

Always enjoy reading “The Jolly Cholly.” I have attached something that may be of interest to our shipmates; a 1st day post marked from the launch of the ship at Quincy Yard in 1946. The envelope and the note that was inside it are originals which was given to me by a fellow whose father worked at the yard, and worked on the ship.

Regards
Marty Dandridge,
EN2 63-64 DASH Team

Richard,

Here’s a little token to use as needed.
Ed & Marie Ecker
MML3 57-58

Dear Richard,

Enclosed is a check for a challenge coin and use the balance for the Association.

Paul Whittaker
BM2 52-55

Richard,

Thanks for bringing back memories from my tour on the “Jolly Cholly.” Enclosed is a check to help keep the newsletter coming.

Tom E Parker
DC2 66-70

Richard,

I would like to purchase a license plate and keep the rest as a contribution.

Raymond Traft
MM2 57-58

Hi Chief,

Here is a check for “The Jolly Cholly”. I look forward to receiving the news and stories. The older I get, the more I realize how lucky I was to serve in the US Navy and served in the USS Charles H. Roan.

Keep up the good work and many thanks,
Richard Jones
RD3 58-60

Hi Joe,

Using your info on how to receive medals I sent all requested info and after seven month heard nothing, I contacted our congressman and yes within three weeks receive medals and updated DD215. Let other members know there is another way to receive their medals.

Thank you
Al DePolt
SK4 60-64

Flags and Signals

Hi Richard,

Enclosed you will find a check for a new wind breaker jacket. I've worn out the first one I had. I was proud to wear it and often got recognition for serving in the Navy and serving our country. No matter where I am, and other Navy vets stop me to talk and chat about our time in the service, the ships we were on and our training sites.

Keep the rest for the kitty and keep up the good work.

Al Fortunate

SN 51-54

Chief,

I enjoy reading "The Jolly Cholly" and hope they keep coming. I am ordering a flag pin and please use the balance as needed.

Joe Marolda

RD3 59-61

Good Afternoon Joe Lambert,

One afternoon during a blizzard here in South Portland, ME, I decided to read the aforementioned issue. Two things stuck out to me.

Under New Members: Richard P. Pickering, Rochester, NH.

Several years ago, I conducted a Tin Can Sailor informational table event in Dover, NH. I had many men stop by to see what I was all about. I heard stories about the US Navy dating back to December, 1941. A young man accompanied by his daughter stopped by the table & showed some interest in my USS Charles H Roan scrapbook. His daughter apparently knew what ship he served on and she said to him; "Dad, didn't you serve on that ship?" He responded, "Yes" and I inquired as to his name & dates of service. His name being Richard Pickering stuck with me but I couldn't get him to join either the Tin Can Sailor organization or become part of our group.

Here almost eight years later he shows up under the New Members listing. I Hope he makes it to the next reunion.

Respectfully

Bob Cronan

FTG 59-60

Good Afternoon Joe Lambert,

I'm back to talk about Out for a Toot by Bob Harper LTjg 63-65.

While reading LT Harpers life on-board the Roan starting in July 1963, Charles William Fitzgerald alias Fitz came to mind. I learned after reading LT Harper's tale(s) that he & Fitz graduated together from USNA Class 1963. I wonder if LT Harper attended the USS Fitzgerald's launching in January 1994 in Brunswick, ME? As it turns out, I was there also but more so it was the get together at the Daniel Webster Motel in Brunswick, ME where the beer was flowing & an 8mm film was shown of the antics of the Class of 1963. As it turns out, there was another Cronan, I think Paul Cronan, who graduated with Fitz. Some of Fitz's classmates thought I was Paul so it became a very interesting evening to say the least. Before the launching the next morning, I had to reveal my true identity so I had breakfast with an active Vice Admiral and I explained my situation to him. He told me to go along with the current scenario until after the launching. He will introduce me to the "other Cronan." After the launching, he introduced me, Robert E Cronan, to the Paul Cronin. We had a great laugh and we compared our careers even though we had nothing in common.

Thanks a million for keeping the presses going publishing "The Jolly Cholly."

Here's an OBTW; if you haven't read Halsey's Typhoon as of yet, I strongly suggest that you do. It's a Very moving, enrapturing, detailed & compassionate story about war and how nature played a very serious part.

Take Great care of yourself. Hope to see you at the next reunion.

Respectfully

Bob Cronan

FTG 59-60

Hi Richard and Joe,

Wishing your hard working group the best for the holidays. Keep up the good work and the news flowing. Joe I'm still responding to fires.

John Griggs

TMSN 52

Flags and Signals

Richard,

The enclosed check is for a Roan sweatshirt with a ship's crest, with the rest for the Association. Thank you and the Board members for all you do. I am looking forward to attending this reunion in Philadelphia.

Stay well,
Jim Sneddon
SN 58-60

Richard,

Please send me these items and keep the Rest for the general fund to keep us afloat.

Thank you,
Hayden E Oiler
TM3 56-57

Richard,

Enclosed please find a contribution to help out financially.

Don Moss
SM3 59-61

Chief Souza,

Enclosed is a little donation for the Association. I hope all is well with you.

Jim Wallin
QM3 64-67

Richard,

Thank you for keeping this memory alive. I am purchasing these items for a "Vet" that served on board.

Tom Moriarty
SN 55-58

Chief Souza,

Referencing "The Jolly Cholly" (fall 2013) and the photo on page 4 and the request from Ann Herndon. The person on the right is Butch Garrity (STG2 66-68) and I believe the person on the left is Ed "peaches" Klingbell (STG3 65-68) or Phil La Porte (TM2 67-69). We all served together in the ASW Division. Thanks for your work and the cover. Hope you and yours have a great holiday season.

Dan Trathen, Major, USA (ret)
STG3 66-68

Dear Richard,

Here's a little something for the kitty. And to quote the late Paul Harvey, "We would like to hear the rest of the story, "Out for a Toot."

Elinor & Don Burton
FN 49-51

Dear Richard,

My wife, Caroline and I continue to enjoy and appreciate your good work and that of Joe Lambert and the others keeping our memories of the Charles H. roan alive. I'd like to give a special Bravo Zulu to Ron Lucchesi for his work on the web page, it's an outstanding Association resource. I'd also like to thank Larry Thomas and Bob Harper for their superb summaries of the Dominican Republic Operations in the spring issue. I was there, but must confess that I learned a lot about the operation from their recollections and photo's, especially the actions of the landing party and the protective measures taken at Puerto Plata and the fruit company pier, that I didn't know occurred at the time.

Enclosed is an order for the 1964 Med Cruise book (truth be told, in "64" we couldn't afford the luxury of a cruise book on Ensign's pay). As an aside, we visited Golfe-Juan, France recently. The hotel where the Shore Patrol set up shop under command of LT Thomas is still there but the (infamous?) American Bar that was in the rear is no longer in operation, however, some ship's plaques from the bar are still to be seen on the walls of the hotel.

Also enclosed is a little something for the Association to help cover expenses.

Fond regards,
Tom Grayson, Captain USNR (ret)
LTjg 63-65

Dear Richard,

It's always a joy to receive "The Jolly Cholly." Thank you for the great job that you and the Board of Directors have done and continue to do for the Association. Enclosed is my check for the Roan kitty.

May God Bless you,
Richie Calabro
EN3 66-68

I must apologize to the membership and especially Bob Harper for the misprinting of this story in the last issue of "The Jolly Cholly." I have changed the way I deal with the printer and failed to properly proofread the last issue. So I'm going to pick up the story with Roan leaving port and the events unfolding as our young Ensign had planned them. For those of you who were not with us then, our protagonist was doing a little pay back to someone who had been somewhat of a tormentor since they met at Annapolis where this person was an upper classmen. Now he finds him at his first assignment where he is once again senior to him and is still somewhat a tyrant. - ed

OUT FOR A TOOT

by
Bob Harper
LTjg 63-65

Scene three: Strike Back (The Devil Made Me Do It?)

I'm not at all sure of the date and would really like to know. The ship's log has to have some highly entertaining entries on that date. I believe it was spring of 1964 and probably some weeks before we left for REFTRA @ GITMO. My best guess would be April, but that is only a SWAG. In any event, we were just getting underway from Newport for a few days of at-sea ops and our Plebe/Ensign ASW officer was seated in sonar control for his sea detail station. This was probably to ensure we avoided any mines or torpedoes en route to the sea buoy. As the ship began its departure, our observant Plebe/Ensign noticed something move in the overhead and asked his first class ST, "What was that?" The ST simply replied "The control for the ship's whistle". To which our boot Ensign replied, "No way, the control for the ship's whistle is on the bridge." The ST calmly replied, "And how do you think it gets to the actual whistle?"

Well, rather than get into any discussion of how, whether, or if boot Ensigns think, just let's pass on to the next panel in this comic strip. At this point, the Plebe/Ensign DID commence to think and came upon a whole jumble of thoughts, ideas, and possibilities. As some of you know, it seems that the cable from the handle that controls the ships whistle on the Bridge extends thru CIC and Sonar before emerging at the actual ship's whistle on the back of the stack by the signal bridge. Clearly, this was something of a revelation to our protagonist who had glimpsed the bright brass cable emerge from within the protective tube that covered it in the overhead most of the way to the whistle's location on the stack. However, where the cable was obliged to make a turn, around a small pulley wheel, the greased and dirty black cable was momentarily replaced by the bright shiny copper cable, normally housed within the tube. As the handle on the Bridge was pulled, the cable was displaced and thus the momentary flash which had been seen.

Not one to waste an opportunity, the ongoing jumble of thoughts led our protagonist to ask the ST, "Do you have a toolbox in here?" Upon receiving a positive response, the toolbox was produced and opened, and what to our wondering eyes did appear, but a set of vice-grips? Aha, now commenced to hatch the plan for this scene!

Thus it arrived at a later date, one bright clear day Roan prepared to get underway for a week at sea. Roan was berthed pier side immediately in front of COMCRUDESANT Headquarters at Newport.

The majority of phone talkers and bearing takers for the

Special Sea and Anchor Detail came from Fox Division, also under the leadership(???) of our Plebe/Ensign. To exercise due diligence as Fox Division Officer, our protagonist called a meeting of all the Fox Division special sea detail phone talkers and bearing takers in Sonar just before Sea Detail was called away. The short briefing simply emphasized the seriousness of their duties, as the ship was reliant on their skills, while noting that we hadn't been underway for a while so that everyone should be very alert and attentive as we went to sea. In that long ago and far away time without video phones or cameras, it was hoped that these soon to be on-scene-reporters would provide some graphic details not otherwise available to those in Sonar. Thus briefed and prepared, all soon went to their stations ignorant to their role as eyewitnesses.

With some insight as to the likely progression of events, the stage was set. The ship sounded one long (3 second) blast (Changing status, getting underway), followed by three short (1 second) blasts (Engines are backing). Or so this was the intended signal.

At the commencement of the third short blast, the vice grips were firmly applied to the exposed bright brass cable in sonar and clamped. For the record, the ensuing blast was exactly 60 seconds long upon which point the vice grips were released and returned to the toolbox. The now-crimp-marked brass cable retreated well within the tube to its normal resting place. Oh yes, the door to Sonar was also locked earlier, lest unwanted intrusion were to occur.

In Sonar, the toolbox was put away, the door was now unlocked, all returned to normal--well kind-of. The most notable element was the silence. After a full minute of the throaty roar of the ship's whistle, the silence seemed unreal. About a half-hour later, the Sea and Anchor Detail was secured and a normal underway watch was set.

As expected, our trusty STs and FTs trooped into Sonar as they were relieved. We encouraged each and every one of these unenlightened witnesses to tell what had transpired and what he had seen and heard.

Thus this is an amalgam, although second-hand, of what they saw and heard. However, their telling was within minutes of the actual event and after-all, they had been (fortuitously?) prompted to be alert and attentive as the eyes and ears of the ship. This retelling seems to make it all worthwhile.

As the ship got underway, the OOD had the Deck and the Conn. This left the JOOD (Ensign Cashman I believe) with

a prime opportunity to learn the Special Sea and Anchor routine. Little did he know just how this watch would be anything BUT routine. On the bridge, the JOOD was tending to the ship's whistle, the OOD forward at the centerline, the CO in his seat on the PORT side, and the XO near the open hatch on the STBD side. Once the third "short blast" proved to be a keeper of a toot, the JOOD strenuously attempted to push the handle and cable back to its secured position; alas, pushing with a string doesn't get you very far. As the now sonorous tones of the 600 pound steam whistle gathered full throat, the OOD ran over, pushed the JOOD out of the way and proceeded to apply more senior force to push the handle back into place---you guessed it, same results; only now everybody is focused (somewhat myopically as will be seen) on that da--ed ship's whistle. (As a footnote, it sure was loud in Sonar too).

At about this juncture, the CO told the sound-powered phone talker "Tell Main Control the whistle is stuck." The phone talker depressed his talk button and repeated the message, but was given in response from Main Control phone talker "Can't hear you, there's too much noise!" At this juncture the CO gets on the 21MC (Bitch-box) and hollers his message directly to Main Control, followed almost immediately with directions to secure steam to the whistle. Of course this action takes a little time. While waiting for results to the order the following scene was playing out on the bridge.

Immediate action taken, attention now moved to the offending whistle. The XO proceeded aft on the STBD side towards the Signal Bridge, while the CO proceeded aft on the PORT side towards the Signal Bridge. The OOD followed the CO and took a look from the forward area of the Signal Bridge. OK, STOP everything right there for just a moment. We are free of the pier and all lines, we are backing at one-third backing bells, but who is driving??? Nope, not the JOOD (although he is still on the Bridge), 'cuz he doesn't have the CONN. You got it: NOBODY! Fortunately we had plenty of room, and this lapse was for only a short time before the OOD realized the situation and quietly went back on the Bridge. Probably even more fortunately for me that nothing serious occurred or a formal investigation may have finished my Navy career at Ensign.

While considerable time had now passed, absolutely nothing seemed to deter the ship's whistle from achieving and maintaining maximum decibels. The XO determined to take matters into his own hands and started to climb up the ladder on the STBD side of the stack leading to the whistle. I never did ask why, but I presume to stuff a rag or cloth into the whistle. In any event, he placed himself in the closest proximity (about 7 feet) from the whistle at just the instant it quit. Yep, the sixty seconds were over and the loudest silence we ever experienced descended on Roan.

When the CO and XO returned to the Bridge, the OOD continued the "routine" and headed us to sea. At this point, the CO got on the 21MC again with Main Control.

After a few choice words about the colossal screw-up, our protagonist the Chief Engineer was asked what had happened. He responded that there had been no problems or casualties below and couldn't say. The CO, really enraged at such an event immediately in front of COMCRUDESANT Headquarters, was not to be mollified. "I want you to check everything out and fix it." To which our protagonist replied, "Yes sir, I'll have the Main Propulsion Assistant get right on it." This provoked some even choicer words (G.D. etc) from the CO who retorted "I want YOU to check everything out and fix it!" This resulted in a resigned, but comprehending, "Aye, Aye Sir" from the Chief Engineer.

Just a few hours later, after lunch and resumption of working hours, I happened to be in Sonar running a test of the Underwater Fire Control system (See, I really DID work some of the time). Just then the door to Sonar opened and the Chief Engineer stood there in his coveralls, just as if he had to crawl through the boiler tubes, carrying his notepad with flashlight. I simply asked "What are you doing way up here?" His terse response was "Checking out the ship's whistle." I reverted to boot ensign with an "In here?" to which he simply turned on the flashlight and ran the beam over the tubes in the overhead that carried the cable. I provided the properly surprised "Humph" and then added, "You better not stay up here too long or you'll get a nosebleed." While I considered it high humor, it was all too apparent that he didn't. It should be noted that the cable was all nestled asleep and at rest, with the offending vice grip marks retracted nearly 5 inches deep in the pipe. Thus the inspection concluded and revealed absolutely nothing amiss.

The remainder of the day was frequently interrupted with one of two messages. Either, "The following is a test of the ship's whistle from the Bridge" or "The following is a test of the ship's whistle from Main Control." Would you believe it, the whistle never stuck again in all those tests?

For quite a few weeks thereafter the Chief Engineer continued running, or educating by harassing, the Ensigns, particularly at meals, but It was not infrequently followed by some discussions between the Ensigns as follows: "Say, did you hear that?" "No, what was it?" then the clear and louder response was "Don't know, but it sounded like the ship's whistle." At this point the Chief Engineer shifted from the offense to the defense as the CO grumbled and growled.

Epilogue: Future Time at St Peter's Gate (Maybe)!

From the Last Call postings in "The Jolly Cholly," I have seen that both the Chief Engineer and my beloved ST1 have left this world. Should I ever be so fortunate as to approach St. Peter's Gate (and yes, I know there are a lot of obstacles in the way), I sure hope it isn't our protagonist the Chief Engineer on watch. For if it is, I'm sure I'll have to clean all the streets with my toothbrush before being admitted! As for my ST1, I'm sure he's there, because to this day NOBODY else ever knew the story. THAT'S LOYALTY.

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.

My Memories of the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962

By Frank J. Manasseri

RM2 62-64



Transferred to the USS Charles H Roan (DD-853)

It was a blistering cold and windy day in December of 1961 when I first reported for duty aboard the USS Charles H. Roan (DD-853), affectionately known by her Officers and Crew as the "Jolly Cholly." With my hat squared, the collar of my Pea Coat pulled up over my ears, and my sea bag slung across my left shoulder, I saluted the Officer on Deck and requested permission to come aboard. Then handing him my transfer orders, I was told to report to Ships Office and eventually the Radio Shack where I would work until I was Honorably Discharged from the Navy in October 1964. To my surprise I discovered that both these offices were not on board the ship, as the Roan was currently in dry dock and in a state of entire reconstruction. The ship was undergoing a complete overhaul known as a Fleet Rehabilitation and Modernization (FRAM) conversion at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. During this 10 month project, the ship was totally overhauled and equipped with the latest technology in sophisticated Anti-Submarine (ASW) fire power, Anti-Submarine Rockets (ASROC). The Roan was also outfitted with one of the first experimental Drone Anti-Submarine Helicopters (DASH) in the Fleet along with an AN-SPS-40 Radar. In fact most, if not all of the various operating systems were completely updated to the latest state-of-the-art technologies during this time at the Brooklyn Naval Shipyard.

In the spring of 1962, a Veteran Naval Officer and destroyer man, Commander Charles H. Hayden became the captain of the Roan. I'll also remember him as a good man who cared for his officers, crew and ship. He was the kind of leader who had an ability to motivate and inspire good conduct and respect from his men. He did not sweat the small stuff and in some cases, his astute judgments of certain naval operating procedures were corrected and re-written because of his bold decisions. To put it mildly the man was "salty" and had a low tolerance for what is known as "chicken shit," a term well known by any veteran of the Navy. Because of these qualities, the officers and crew of the "Jolly Cholly" were able to work together with respect and purpose in all of our varied missions. Looking back in time, I realize Commander Hayden was the man for the job during this crucial period in American History. Upon completion of the FRAM conversion, the ship was fully manned with a fresh crew that now needed to be trained.

Sea Trials and a Rare Wild Sea Creature Captured

The Charles H Roan was conducting daily sea trials off the coast of New York City where officers and men, especially those of us who were new to sea duty, were introduced to a rare "Sea Bat." In the middle of one of these sea trials, the voice of the Captain himself suddenly came over the 1-MC and proclaimed that a Chief had just captured a "Sea Bat", allegedly seen only on few occasions, if not ever over a lifetime at sea. He went on to describe how fierce this great bird was, then began to invite any and all who would like to witness this rare and supposedly almost extinct creature to the small Hanger Deck. There awaiting us was the Chief who had the "Sea Bat" trapped in a large cardboard box. When I arrived, a single file line had formed where each person was waiting and then allowed one at a time, to observe the Chief's quarry.

When my turn came, I was escorted, wide eyed and poised for danger, to a certain spot on the hanger deck. I was cautioned to be ready in a moment to run if this "Sea Bat" suddenly sprung free. Being told that it could be quite ferocious as it possessed long sharp talons and a razor sharp beak. Oh and quite a wing span to flail its prey like giant a whip. Whatever it was under that large box, it was fiercely squawking and making a racket while wildly flailing its wings and making a hell of a clamor. I remember cautiously getting down on my hands and knees (as instructed), while the Chief slowly began to tilt the animated box off the deck. The "Sea Bat" commenced to go wild. There I was, adrenaline flowing and totally peaked trying to catch a glimpse of the wild creature, when suddenly I was whacked very hard across by butt with a large paddle! At this point all the spectators laughed and I was invited to remain and watch the next unsuspecting and trusting seaman receive the same treatment. To this day it's hard for me to believe the Captain of this Navy Ship was a willing accomplice to this stunt. However, it was incidents like this that helped endear Commander Hayden to the officers and crew. Yes, the true meaning of "Sea Bat" became a reality to me as my

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butt continued to sting for quite a while from the hard whack from the memorable sea bat.

Underway Shift Colors and Steaming for Guantanamo Bay

Upon completion of sea trials, we fueled, loaded ammunition and early the next morning after breakfast, the Boatswains' whistle blew as he announced "Underway shift colors." We then steamed straight to the U.S. Naval Base, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba (Gitmo) to begin six intense weeks of refresher training (reftra) during some of the hottest months in August 1962. I am so glad the newly remodeled Radio Shack was fully air-conditioned, not so much for our comfort, but because of all the newly installed electronic equipment that needed to be kept cool in order to operate efficiently.

At eighteen years of age this was so exciting to me, sailing out of the naval base at Newport, Rhode Island, we passed the impressive Mansions standing there in their entire splendor, on the right and left of us as we entered Narragansett Bay. Then we proceeded across the Atlantic Ocean into the Caribbean Sea, where we finally arrived at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba for training.

During Operational Readiness Training (ORT), the Roan was also assigned extra duties of Anti-Submarine Warfare Patrols each night to protect Guantanamo Naval Base from any unauthorized submarines that might pose a threat to the security of the base. This added duty placed even more work and stress upon the already pressured Officers and Crew of the ship. On top of the additional responsibility and intense training, the Roan was conducting covert reconnaissance by taking photographs of any and all ships either Soviet (Communist Russian) or from other countries that may have been secretly carrying missiles and troops into Cuba.

During our time at Gitmo many days were filled with all types of training drills, some specific to the various trades on board, others were more general such as fire drills. The most exciting for me was always General Quarter's exercises, where the entire crew was involved in manning their respective combat stations. It was impressive to observe how the officers and crew of 250 plus men moved with such speed, order and precision. I was happy to be a young man involved in the serious business of training to be the best if and when our country needed us. I was always proud of my ship and shipmates for being seriously interested in excelling.

The Training culminates with a "Bravo Zulu" for the Jolly Cholly

As far as I could tell, all aboard were happy upon completion of the Operational Readiness Inspection (ORI) conducted by the Fleet Training Group on September 21, 1962. Especially when the scuttlebutt was that we were rewarded for all the hard work at Gitmo with a "Bravo Zulu" (Well done) by the Senior Observer.

Following the Operational Readiness Inspection, Roan steamed to San Juan, Puerto Rico for one night's liberty call. Then on September 23rd Roan again got underway for Culebra Island to provide gunfire support operations for live spotting training of U.S. Marine Corps gunfire support spotters. After three days of continuous shore bombardment with the 5" battery, Roan steamed back to Guantanamo, via a short port call in San Juan, Puerto Rico where the "Jolly Cholly" would make a quick "Tradition" stop to stock up on duty-free liquor before leaving the Caribbean. Upon arriving back at Gitmo, the crew "turned-to" and began loading ammunition, and fueling then Roan shifting colors once again got underway for Key West on September 28th arriving Sunday, September 30th. On October 1, Roan was moored in Key West, Florida at the U.S. Naval Base, with an assignment to provide two weeks ASW services to Commander Fleet Training Group, Key West. Daily operations with USS Trutta (SS-421) were conducted, training the ASW team. During the time spent from September 30th through October 11th conducting ASW training at Key West, Roan sailed for a much anticipated liberty in Port Everglades, Florida, near Fort Lauderdale. This was promised to the crew by the Skipper. Commander Hayden had promised the officers and crew that he would do his best to secure Ft. Lauderdale as a motivation to the crew for the good work and accomplishments during our recent training in Cuba.

The Promised Port of Call

Arriving at Port Everglades, Florida we were the only Navy ship in port for at least two days. This meant the "Beach" was ours! No other sailors around to share the "blessings of liberty" with. However, after the two days the USS Canberra, a Guided Missile Cruiser, which carried the Commander of the 2nd Fleet on board arrived and the Roan was forced to observe protocol and give up its "primo" position tied alongside the pier. We were now berthed alongside the Canberra until the completion of our liberty in Ft. Lauderdale. The Roan was scheduled to get underway Sunday at 1700 hours to return and complete our assignment at Key West.

I distinctly remember standing with a couple of buddies on US-HWY 1 directly across from the crowded beach when we suddenly realized it was already 1630 hours and the ship was due to get underway at 1700 hours. We needed to get a cab quick! If we didn't, we would most assuredly commit the almost unforgiveable violation and miss movement.

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There we were standing in a near panic. Our eyes were desperately darting here and there trying to locate a cab. Then, like a strange scene out of some movie, appearing out of the crowd approaching us from the beach was the Captain of our ship. Commander Hayden seemed to instantly materialize before our very eyes like Aladdin out of a bottle and said, "Hello boys." We needless to say we were speechless and blurted out something like, "Were going to miss the ship unless we catch a cab quick." His response was, "The ship can't leave without me." Then to our complete surprise, he offered us a ride back in the Staff Car on loan from the Local Naval Reserve Center driven by a good friend of mine Vic Lattanzio. Vic happened to be the Duty Driver that day and as we were chauffeured in air-conditioned comfort we were completely relieved of the threat of missing the ship. When we arrived at the pier in Port Everglades, we were dropped off around the corner from the ship and instructed by the Skipper on what we should say in anticipation of being put on report for being late. We were late and should have been put on report; however when we told them the Captain will arrive shortly and explain; the Officer of the Deck gave us permission to come aboard. Having graciously given us ample time to get aboard, at 1655 hours the Captain arrived in the Staff Car and boarded wearing the Cabana Suit and wide brimmed White straw hat. A few minutes passed before we heard the Boatswain's pipe coming over the 1-MC announcing, "Underway shift colors."

There was the Captain, in full view up on top of the Signal Bridge in his tropical outfit, waving his wide brimmed straw hat as the ships whistle blew and we commenced to back away from the USS Canberra where we had been moored. The Admiral of the Second Fleet was waving back saying, "See you in Newport in a couple of weeks Charlie." This was a most memorable experience for all who witnessed the event.

The Roan returned to Key West with a much refreshed and happy crew to complete the ASW Training assignment. On the 11th of October, Roan completed the Key West ASW assignment, was released and commenced to proceed to finally steam for her homeport of Newport, Rhode Island, arriving Sunday afternoon on October, 14 1962, having been away from her homeport for over two months.

Sometimes It's Hard to Be At Sea

As I recall, the sun was just beginning to set as we steamed north up the coast of Florida. We were close enough to be able to clearly see the lights of a city and easily hear the music from a club echoing across the water. As I stood on deck smoking a cigarette and enjoying the warm evening breeze, I couldn't help thinking how I wished that I could be on the beach at that club instead of on the ship. Then I heard a voice telling me that sometimes it's hard to be a sea but that's the life of a real sailor. To my surprise it was the Captain talking to me! We stood together for a short while, and then he said goodnight and left. I was absolutely amazed at this, and my estimation of the man went up even higher in my mind, as I recalled a time when on liberty in San Juan, he came into a club and had a couple of beers with the enlisted men (white hats).

A Most Memorable Liberty

Soon after returning from training in Cuba, and upon arriving at the Naval Base at Newport Rhode Island, some of the crew was given a 72 hour liberty pass. On October 26th 1962 myself along with two shipmates of mine, Al Arena and Vic Lattanzio made plans to drive the six hours to New York City for the weekend. We proceeded to borrow a two-seater MG sports car from Ensign Woodward and, as we were preparing to go on Liberty, the ship and crew were put on a 12 hour alert. We were told not to travel more than four hours from Newport. However, since I worked as a Radioman in Communications, and knew that if the ship were to get underway, a message would have to arrive with orders to leave port. I went and talked to a fellow radioman, Lenny Martinoli who had the weekend watch in the Radio Shack. I gave him my sister's phone number and instructed him to call her in the unlikely event the dreaded message to deploy came in. I asked him to call her before he ever delivered the message to the Officer in charge. Determined to go to New York, the three of us drove and after six grueling hours, we arrived at my sister's house tired and worn out.

I'll never forget as we pulled into the drive way, my sister Rose appeared and seriously announced that we needed to return to the ship immediately! She went on to tell us that she had received the phone call from my buddy only minutes earlier. We immediately turned around and drove another six hours back to Newport. We all were bleary eyed and tired when we arrived, but happy to see the "Jolly Cholly" securely moored to the pier as we had left her some twelve hours earlier.

The Cuban Missile Crises Escalates

The USS Charles H. Roan (DD-853) received orders to deploy and the next morning October 27th at 0714 she departed Newport and steamed steadily to the Windward Passage between Haiti and Cuba to join Task Group 135.1. Thirty-four members of the crew did not make it back in time and spent the next two months transferring from ship to

ship until they finally made it back aboard. Not a very comfortable experience for these men as they only possessed the clothing they were wearing and a ditty bag with personal hygiene products.

Upon arriving and joining the Naval Quarantine, Roan was assigned to ASW Patrols to guard against enemy submarines entering Guantanamo Bay. At some time during this crisis we did encounter Soviet submarines and as I recall they were directed to surface and immediately head toward their homeport, which thankfully they complied without incident.

During the crisis the "Jolly Cholly" was also assigned to guard the USS Enterprise, the Navy's first nuclear powered aircraft carrier. Roan also served as "Plane Guard" for the carrier's USS Enterprise and the USS Independence. "Plane Guard" is performing rescue duties in case an aircraft crashes either on takeoff or landing from the carrier. I do not recall any incidents during the crisis of encountering any cargo ships with missiles, but previously while undergoing "reftra," we did photograph many ships that were transporting missiles and men to Cuba.

The Radio Gang

Although the little I shared about serving aboard the USS Charles H. Roan during the Cuban Missile crisis was and will remain a most memorable time in my life, I would be out of order if I did not respectfully mention and recognize the members of the Radio Gang with whom I proudly served for the majority of the time I served in the Navy. Each one of us were definitely unique and every one a character in his own right. We came from such diverse backgrounds, education, cultures and religious beliefs. Some of us hailed from smaller towns and others from larger cities from the North, South, East and West. Despite all this diversity we learned to respect one another and work together as a unified team. We worked hard and we played hard and for the most part we had a good time doing it all. Even today some fifty years later we remain close shipmates and make the effort to stay in contact by calling, visiting or attending Roan Reunions

I would also be out of order not to mention we all performed admirably under the leadership of Radioman First Class Vic Butler, who temporarily was assigned to the ship for a short time. My shipmate and fellow radioman Ed Semcheski put it this way. "Butler was assigned to the Roan, temporarily, just before we were deployed to take part in the Cuban Quarantine and I thank the people in BUPERS for their foresight. Butler had a positive effect on all our radio personnel; he was a superior radioman of the highest quality and never received recognition he so greatly deserved. Bravo Zulu Vic and god bless you wherever you are."

The USS Charles H. Roan (DD-853) Radio Gang:

Richard W. McLaughlin RMC
Vic Butler RMI
Ronald E. Herzog RM2
Bruce M. Hunt RM2
Richard W. Kaye RM2
Frank J. Manasseri RM2
William L. Martinoli RM2
Edward (n) Semcheski RM2
Noonan E. Sterrett RM2

The Cuban Missile Crises Ends

The USS Charles H Roan proudly served during the Cuban Missile Crises operating in TG 135.1 with the USS Independence and destroyers conducting ASW search operations, screening the carrier and plane guarding and replenishment at sea. The Roan and her officers and crew were released to proceed on duty assigned on November 22nd and before arriving at her homeport of Newport, Rhode Island on November 24, 1962, the Skipper had a broom hoisted just under the Ensign indicating a "Clean Sweep" was accomplished in time to celebrate Thanksgiving. The Cuban Missile Crises was over.

edited by editor

"Any man who may be asked in this century what he did to make his life worthwhile, can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction' - 'I served in the United States Navy' ". John F. Kennedy

Flags and Signals

Richard,

You and your staff do a great job. I'm enclosing a check for \$150 to use towards your goals.

George Adelson

SN 59-61

Souza,

This donation is to help cover any cost for our newsletter.

Take care,

John Skaalend

FTG3 62-65

Rich,

I always smile when I see "The Jolly Cholly" in the mail box. Hope to see you in Philly.

Alex Walsh

YN3 69-70

Hi Richard,

I'm thinking always of you and my shipmates. Enclosed is \$300 for the kitty.

Blessing and Happy New Year,

Joe Lovas

EN2 59-61

Richard,

I've been wondering about something for a number of years and you may be the best one to ask as you had much closer ties to what happened on the bridge than did I.

Back during the Cuban Missile Crisis I was told one morning that the carrier had changed course during the night without telling anyone and it almost ran us over. By the time a lookout saw (because we were all at darkened ship) and reported it, and the helm turned us away, the lookout is purported to have said it seemed so close he could almost reach out and touch it. Obviously it wasn't that close, but close enough to have scared him quite badly. Do you recall that incident, or know who might? I'm curious as to the facts of the situation or if it was an exaggerated rumor. Could be an interesting piece for The Jolly Cholly.

Thanks shipmate,

Bill Peterson, FTG2 '62-'65

Bill,

No I personally do not remember that particular situation. However, that's not uncommon in maneuvering in a formation. There have been many such incidents and some very close calls that have happened to us. So many during my time on the bridge that it becomes no big deal and not one stands out over the other. If I were to guess to say if it really happened I would be inclined to go that it probably did. I don't know any name to connect to the incident. If it was late at night, less than a dozen men would have been topside and 5/6 in CIC, leaving us very few men to verify the incident. Refueling, change of stations, there are ALWAYS close calls.

My favorite one involves us trying to catch a replenishment group in the Pacific. Missing our replenishment group and being told by CIC that the replenishment group of 3 ships were ahead of us some 20 miles with a course and speed. The Captain gave all ahead flank to catch up. Soon thereafter, the right lookout who was a screw-up on board said on the sound powered phones that he smelled clams. As eyebrows raised and orders were given to get him off the damn bridge he repeated his smells. Soon there after he said he saw a mountain ahead. Well guess what, there in the mist raising above the haze was a mountain. ALL EMERGENCY BACK!!!! When I looked over the side all I could see was brown mud circling from the engines all back full. CIC had 3 Islands at 7 knots at 270 which turned out to be 3 Islands. We came that close to running aground and probably killing several of us when the engine room/hull exploded. Several years later there was an article in the Naval Proceedings Magazine (Officer magazine) labeled "Listen to your Lookouts. That very smell was quoted, (along with other odd but true smells and sightings by lookouts) and it might have been us they were talking about. I'm sure none of our officers and crew would admit to that incident and specially to those Radarmen tracking 3 Islands with a course and speed. My time on the Roan going from Second Class Signalman to Chief Signalman left me with many such stories.

Hope I haven't bore you.

Your shipmate Souza



Item #1
Embroidered Golf Type shirts
(with pocket)

Ships Name only
White - Tan - Puddy - Navy - Light Blue
SM to 3X - \$30.00

Ships Crest and Name
White - Tan - Puddy - Navy - Light Blue
SM to 1X - \$32.00
2X and 3X - \$33.00



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
\$12.00



Item #3
Tote Bag
Royal Blue/Ash
Ships Logo
Pocket 14X17X5
\$10.00



Item #15
Golf Towel
Dark blue
Ships Logo
\$10.00



Item #6
Ball Cap
Blue hat with gold ship and lettering
with either
Before 1961 silhouette
or
After 1961 silhouette
both
\$18.00
(please indicate silhouette preference)



Item #16
Glass Beer Mug
with
Ships name and anchor
\$12.00



Item #4
Cup
Ships Name
Black & Blue - w /spoon
\$12.00

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

SHIP'S STORE

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.
\$6.00



Qty	Item #	Description	Size	Color	Price/Each	Total
Total of Order						



Item #2
Wind Breaker Jacket
 Navy Blue Embroidered with
 Ships crest on front,
 ship silhouette and ships name on back
 in Gold lettering
 \$65.00

NOTE: These jackets run SMALL so order accordingly.



(Back of jacket)



Item #7
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.) Call before ordering.

Jackets are fitted at the waist so order accordingly.

SM to 1X - \$75.00 2X to 4X - \$80.00 5X to 7X - \$85.00



Item #12
USS C. H. Roan License Plate - Fram
 In full color
 Got to see it to believe it. Just outstanding.
 \$28.00



Item # 14
USS C.H. Roan Challenge Coin
 2 inches diameter.
 Polished copper & steel alloy.
 Enameled ship's plaque on front.
 Really Sharp!
 \$20.00

Item # 11
Embroidered Sweat Shirt
 Birch color
 Blue Embroidery
Ships Name only
 SM to 3X - \$20.00
Crest and Name
 SM to 3X - \$24.00



Item #9
License Plate Holder
 with ships name
 USS Charles H. Roan DD-853
 \$25.00

Item #13
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
 or
 Item #13A
 Any of the above books on DVD with era music.
 either one - \$25.00



Item #5
Patches
 Right/Left Arm U.S. Ensign
 a. Right \$7.00
 b. Left \$7.00
 c. U.S Navy Eblem \$7.00
 d. Ships Crest \$7.00
 e. Octopus Patch \$12.00
 (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)

Hi Joe,

These pictures were taken during a Veterans Day celebration in Peabody, Massachusetts last fall. My daughter sings with a local group called the " We Are America Performers ". They put on a show at Peabody City Hall to honor veterans from all the branches, and the first responders to the Boston Marathon bombings.

When my daughter mentioned to the group director that I served in the Navy in the Viet Nam era, I was asked if I would be interested in representing the Navy. Of course I jumped at the opportunity. I can't tell you how much pride I felt, wearing my beautiful Roan jacket and baseball cap, standing on stage with the other veterans and Mass. State Police Officers who had a hand in capturing the marathon bomber.

All I could think of was my time on Roan, and all the great memories and friends I made, some of whom I still speak with 45 years later. The Mayor of Peabody was in attendance for the show, and he was so impressed with what he saw that he asked the group if they would do it again a couple of weeks later.

Everyone agreed, and I was asked again to represent the Navy. How could anybody turn down such a wonderful opportunity. The place was packed for the show, and everyone loved it. I just wanted to represent the Navy, but more importantly, the USS Charles H Roan. I did my best, and hope I made all my former shipmates proud. It was an incredible experience.

Brad York SHSN ' 66 -- 68 '



In the picture on the left, I'm the old guy on the right, and my daughter is right behind me to my right. The other is her on the left with a group member.. By the way, I have some 30 + rolls of film I took while on board, including our close call with the Russian destroyer, and many others. Thanks for your active role in the association and all you do . I look forward to my newsletter twice a year.....
.....Brad York

'No object man has made attracts us like the magic lure of a ship. The Charles H. Roan is as much a part of your individual lives as you were of hers. For some brief span in your youth you were her family. Because of her you will all be forever bound together as shipmates. One day you will all stand together before Private First Class Charles H. Roan and report that you stood your watches well.'

HONORING TWO ROAN SAILORS

By James Gay

While reading an article in the Spring 2000 "Jolly Cholly" newsletter, I learned of the collision between the Roan and the destroyer Brownson on November 8, 1950. Discovering that two of the men killed on the Roan were from my state, I wanted to find out exactly where. I felt it would not only be important to share the information with you, but as a sign of respect, I wanted to leave an American and Navy flag graveside.



With the help of my father, a registered genealogist, I was able to identify the cemetery and exact location of these fallen sailors. On a cold Saturday in January I pulled into the Mount Hope Cemetery in Boston, Massachusetts and found the resting place of Bosun's Mate James Paul White. Since he had served his country during World War II, he was buried in that particular section of the cemetery.



A week later I located the resting place of Gunner's Mate Edmundo Xavier Rocha, in New Bedford Massachusetts. The Rocha family lived in Mexico and that is where Edmundo was born.

FROM AFTER DIESEL

By now you all should have received your copy of the reunion registration letter. It looks like the reunion committee has put a lot of work into putting this year's reunion together. Philadelphia played a large part in the creation of our country, so this will be a very interesting reunion destination. Also from the looks of the reunion packet and the activities planned, this reunion should be a lot of fun.

If you have never attended a reunion, this will be the one to try out. We have a great hotel right in the middle of historic Philadelphia, some very interesting looking activities and a group of very nice people to share your experiences with. What can be better?

Come on. Don't be afraid. Join us. You won't be disappointed. Take that registration form, fill it out and mail it in the enclosed envelope. Then pick up the phone call that hotel to make your room reservations. Then kick back and wait till September to join us in an event that you will be very glad you decided to attend. Oh, and don't forget to bring your wife or significant other. They'll also enjoy themselves. I've seen a lot of lasting friendships made between shipmate's wives that have lasted all these years we have been doing these reunions.

On another note, I am always looking for stories about the USS Charles H Roan and your experiences while you were a crew-member. Over the years of putting together this newsletter, I have been approached at reunions or received e-mails or letters from shipmates telling me they have a story to tell about something they witnessed or were involved in while serving in Roan. I ask them to please write about it and send it to me and that's the last I hear from them.

Everyone says what a great newsletter this is, but it doesn't happen without you. I don't write these stories, you do, I just pass them along. We have nothing without your input. You would be staring at 20 pages of blank paper and wondering why the hell did I send them to you, if your fellow shipmates hadn't taken the time to tell their story. So come on tell us some of those stories you have been boring your kids with all these years. We want to hear them and also what you're doing now.

See you at the reunion and come prepared to enjoy yourself.

Joe Lambert - editor
12213 Quail Ridge Dr
Huntley, IL 60142

(773)206-9923
chief9bullie@comcast.net

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