

USS BRISTOL DD 857 VETERANS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER SUMMER 2017

Don't forget to check out You Tube for videos and photos of our shipmates Honor Flight honorees.at https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=uss+bristol+dd+857. You may also enjoy photos submitted by our shipmates on our website by clicking History, then, Photo Albums

IN THIS ISSUE

2017 Reunion Info.....1

Burial at Sea.....3

USS BRISTOL DD857
Memorial Service.....6

Lost at Sea.....7

RM3 Frederick Boutcher U.S.
Navy (1966-1970).....8

Diane Coleangelo.....17

This should bring back some
memories for "back-in-the-day"
sailors.....18

Remember Uncle Ray Potato
chips.....19

Samuel J Lewis, MMC, USN
(Ret).....23

Subject: Drone Fighters 24

•
"THE LAST ONES"24

Meaning of Flag Draped
Coffin.....25

INSPECTION.....26

Paul Ratcliffe, Trainman...26
The Record -28



**2017
USS BRISTOL ASSOCIATION
REUNION
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA
SEPTEMBER 11 - 15, 2017**



To be held at the Great Wolf Lodge. The hotel is located at 549 E. Roanoke Blvd., Williamsburg, VA 23188. Room rates are \$109 per night, plus tax. Breakfast coupons are available at a discounted rate of \$11 per person per day. These coupons must be ordered when you make your hotel room reservations. **You do not need a breakfast coupon for Friday, as the Memorial breakfast that is scheduled is already included in your registration price.** Parking at the hotel is complimentary. Registration will be \$259 per person and include the following:

Welcoming Package with Name Badge, Itinerary, List of Attendees, Local Information,
 Commemorative Lapel Pin
 Monday - Welcome Aboard Dinner
 Wednesday Dinner - Fish & Chicken with Chips & Raffle
 Thursday - Business Meeting
 Thursday - Banquet, Program & Dance
 Friday - Memorial Breakfast
 Hospitality Room stocked with snacks & beverages & cocktails all 4 days

- ★ Call the Great Wolf Lodge at 866-972-9653 as soon as possible to make your room reservations. Room reservations must be made no later than August 11, 2017. Be sure to mention you are with the USS Bristol Association Reunion to receive your group room rate of \$109 plus tax per night.
- ★ Please do not forget your raffle items. The raffle will be held after the dinner Wednesday night.

There is no formal dress code for the reunion however as in the past, the Banquet is still a dress up affair.

OPTIONAL TOURS

Air & Space Museum / Fort Monroe / Dinner Cruise - Tuesday September 12th - 10:00am-8:00pm - Price \$106
 At the Virginia Air and Space center your imaginations will soar at the hands-on and minds-on science center that features interactive exhibits and a five-story-high IMAX Theater. Explore 100 years of flight with more than 30 aircraft, take the yoke at a number of flight simulators, and see awe-inspiring space-flight artifacts. Be amazed by the Apollo 12 Command Module and NASA's new Orion space craft. Lunch will be on your own at the Air and Space Center Cafe. Our next stop will be at the Casemate Museum at Fort Monroe. Completed in 1834, Fort Monroe was originally designed to protect the Hampton Roads waterway from an enemy attack and is the largest stone fort in America. Within the fort is the Casemate Museum, which chronicles the military history of Fort Monroe from the construction of Fort Algonaourt, the first defensive fortification at the site in 1609, through the last major command to be headquartered at Fort Monroe, the Army's Training and Doctrine Command. We will finish up the day with a casual dinner cruise aboard the Miss Hampton II for an exciting nautical experience of the sights and sounds of the Hampton Roads Harbor.

Jamestown & Yorktown Victory Center - Wednesday September 13th - 9:00am-4:30pm - Price \$61
 Take a guided tour of historic proportions at Jamestown Settlement and the Yorktown Victory Center - two living-history museums that explore the story of America's beginnings, from the founding of America's first permanent English colony in 1607 to the Revolution and the establishment of a new nation almost two centuries later. Discover artifact-filled exhibition galleries and take part in activities in outdoor living history areas to learn about life in the 17th and 18th centuries. Lunch is included. This tour is guided and has a lot of walking.

Colonial Williamsburg - Thursday September 14th - 11:00am-3:00pm - Price \$59
 Discover Colonial Williamsburg on a self-guided tour as a citizen of the Revolutionary City. Engage with the local community and experience firsthand the daily struggles of wartime. Meet the townspeople, trades people, shopkeepers, political figures, women, and the enslaved who call Williamsburg home and learn of their hopes, struggles, and fears in these uncertain times. As you explore the challenges of daily life set against the backdrop of revolution. You will have time for lunch on your own.

COME JOIN US AS WE SHARE OLD MEMORIES AND MAKE NEW ONES!!!

Paul Ratcliffe 570-698-7102 pd_ratcliffe@msn.com	For More Information Contact	The Reunion Brat 360-663-2521 therunionbrat@hotmail.com
--	------------------------------	---

USS BRISTOL ASSOCIATION 19th ANNUAL REUNION

Shipmates:

March 17, 2017

Once again we are looking forward to another USS Bristol Association Reunion wherein we will be sharing fellowship, memories and the enjoyment of seeing each other again. This is our 19th reunion and this year we are having it at Williamsburg, Virginia and surrounding areas. The dates will be Sept. 11th through Sept. 15th at The Great Wolf Lodge. We will be in a separate area from the water park.

As you can see from the itinerary, the Board and I have planned a busy time with lots of good sightseeing events. The Great Wolf Lodge is a very convenient location to Williamsburg and if you are driving, it will be easily accessible. It is 15 minutes (12 miles) from the Williamsburg/Jamestown Airport and 30 to 45 minutes (25 miles) from Newport News/Williamsburg International Airport.

As you are reviewing the itinerary, you may notice that we are not having an individual photo session prior to the banquet. Duane has put his heart and soul into giving us a great memory book for eleven years now and it is time for a change. We thank him for all his efforts and he said he will continue taking random pictures and will again assemble them in a professional looking memory book, for us to enjoy. THANK YOU DUANE. As in the past, the Banquet is still a dress up affair, with music, dancing, great food and drink.

We look forward to another great reunion in an area filled with our own national history and beauty and I know everyone will enjoy the friendship to be shared by all.

RESERVATIONS: WHEN MAKING YOUR RESERVATIONS, THE CENTAL RESERVATION DEPARTMENT NUMBER IS 1 866-972-9653 AND YOU MUST IDENTIFY YOURSELF AS A MEMBER OF THE GROUP WITH RESERVATION # 1709BRISTOL. RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE BY 8/11/17. THERE IS A ONE NIGHT CREDIT CARD DEPOSIT REQUIRED BUT IF YOU CANCEL WITHIN 72 HOURS PRIOR TO THE ARRIVAL DATE, THAT DEPOSIT IS REFUNDABLE. YOU MUST OBTAIN A CANCELLATION NUMBER AT THE TIME YOU CANCEL. Breakfast Buffet vouchers may be pre-purchased at \$11.00 each, inclusive of tax and service to be used at the Loose Moose Restaurant. Please DO NOT purchase a breakfast ticket for Friday because there is the Memorial Breakfast on Friday that is included in your registration fee. Credit will NOT be issued for unused vouchers.

The Board and I are looking forward to seeing everyone and having a great reunion and don't forget your raffle gifts and address labels.

Paul Ratcliffe, President
USS Bristol Association

Burial At Sea

A sad reminder of the human cost of war

Yesterday I put up a link to a collection of photographs of aircraft and ships from World War II. As part of the research that collection inspired, I came across the story - and a video - of Loyce Edward Deen, a gunner aboard a Grumman Avenger torpedo-bomber.

Aviation Machinist's Mate 2nd Class Deen was aboard an Avenger of Navy torpedo squadron VT-15, flying from the aircraft-carrier USS Essex, when his aircraft was struck by anti-aircraft fire over the Philippines on November 5th, 1944. From a Web site set up in memory of Mr. Deen, we learn:

That day, Lt. Cosgrove received tail number #93 - an new plane just acquired in Ulithi Atol a few days ago. Lt. Cosgrove's orders were to go after the Japanese cruisers in Manila Bay. After the briefing, Lt. Cosgrove joined his crew, Digby and Loyce, and they went topside to their plane. Loyce climbed into his gun turret for the final time. The VT-15 group took off mid morning and It would take about two hours to get to the Manila Bay and release the ordnance.

There, they encountered heavy anti-aircraft fire from a Japanese cruiser and Loyce was killed from two AA shells. In the 2001 History Channel documentary film "Battle Group Halsey" interview, Capt. Cosgrove

recalled, "Denzek told me over the intercom that Deen was hit bad. Then, Densek came back up thru the small passage way to sit in the cabin behind me. He stayed there until we landed."

Here's an image of Lt. Cosgrove's aircraft after it was hit. The pilot is struggling to keep it flying, despite damaged controls. Although the image is a little fuzzy, the damage to the crumpled ball turret at the rear of the cockpit can be clearly seen. Mr. Deen, who was killed instantly, is still inside the turret.

The pilot managed to land his damaged aircraft aboard USS Essex, where it was learned that his rear gunner was dead. Mr. Deen's body was so badly mangled by the exploding anti-aircraft shells that it was decided it could not be removed from the aircraft. Fingerprints were taken



for identification, and his dog-tags were removed from around his neck. The aircraft was then wheeled down the flight deck to the stern, without being stripped for parts (as was customary with damaged aircraft before they were pushed over the side, due to the shortage of parts and

materials). After a brief funeral service, attended by then-Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman, Commanding Officer of Task Group 38.3 of the Pacific Fleet, who was flying his flag aboard USS Essex, the entire aircraft was pushed over the side, forming Mr. Deen's coffin. Two Avengers from his squadron flew overhead in salute.

The episode was captured on film by combat cameramen aboard the Essex. There's a description of the video clip from YouTube.

A bomber of VT-15 Torpedo Air Group, approaches and lands on the deck of the USS Essex (CV-9) during the Battle of Manila Bay, in World War 2. Upon landing, Lt. Roberand Sailor Digby Denzek (Radioman) can be seen in their respective forward and middle crew positions. But the rear gunner position, occupied by Aviation Machinist Mate 2nd Class, Loyce Edward Deen (Gunner) has been completely destroyed by enemy 40mm shell fire. As the aircraft is parked amongst others, with wings folded, sailors of the Essex take fingerprints and cut dog tags from the body of AMM2C Loyce Deen in the gunner position.

Captain Carlos W. Wieber, Commanding Officer of the Essex, and her crew, participate in funeral services on the deck. A chaplain conducts the services from beside the aircraft, where Loyce Deen's remains in the gunner's position have been

shrouded. Closeup view of Rear Admiral Frederick C. Sherman during the burial service. A bugler sounds taps. Beside the bugler is David L. McDonald, who was XO of the USS Essex (and later Chief of Naval Operations in the 1960s). Deen's remains are then buried at sea in the TBF avenger in which he perished. The aircraft floats off the fantail for a short time before sinking from view. Two TBF Avengers are seen flying overhead, in tribute. Crew members then disband and return to their duties. Location: Manila Philippines. Date: November 5, 1944.



(l to r) Digby Denzek (Radioman), Lt. Robert Cosgrove (Pilot) and Loyce Deen (Gunner) on the flight deck of the USS Essex in front of a Grumman Avenger TBM.

Loyce's Flight Crew

Lt. Cosgrove was a superb pilot and frequently returned in un-flyable planes back to the carrier. Loyce was the turret gunner who protected the plane from above. Digby had several roles, including arming the torpedo and operating the radio. Additionally, when they were under fire, he would crawl below the gun turret pod and use a machine gun protruding out the bottom end of the plane to protect the belly of the aircraft.

Together, this team of young men fought courageously everywhere in the South Pacific. Places included the Battle of Lyte Gulf, Iwo Jima (to soften up defense before the invasion), Formosa (now Taiwan), Philippines, Marcus Island, Wake Island, Saipan, Orate Airfield, Rota Island, Peleiu, Mindinao, Cebu, Luzon, Panay, Okinawa and finally Manila Bay. But they did not fly alone; there were notables such as:

For almost all of his missions, Loyce teamed up with Pilot Lt. Robert Cosgrove (24) from New Orleans, Louisiana and Radioman Digby Denzek (20) from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

After the war

Due to the technology of the times and the two war fronts the US was as involved in, word was slow to get back to the families.

It wasn't until Monday evening on November 21st, during a time when families were getting ready for Thanksgiving that Loyce's father received a knock at the door.

It was a military representative with a telegram from the Navy department. It stated that Loyce had been killed in action. The next day, the news of Loyce made the front page in Altus Times-Democrat newspaper

An Air Group usually consists of more than 80 airplanes of three distinct types. First are the

fighters (VF-15) - the fast single-seater Grumman Hellcats with heavy fire power from six machine-guns, and which may also carry rockets and small bombs. Next are the dive bombers (VB-15) - Curtiss Helldivers. In addition to the pilot, these planes carry an enlisted-man rear-seat gunner. The gunner's job is to lay a one-ton bomb load upon the target from a very steep diving angle, and to strafe with their machine guns at the same time. The

third type is the torpedo bomber (VT-15) - the Grumman Avenger. It has two enlisted crewmen in addition to the pilot. It carries a ton of bombs, depth charges, or aerial torpedoes, and like the Helldiver, is designed for low-level attack. Loyce and his crew flew in the Grumman TBM Avenger in VT-15

October 24-25th 1944 - Battle of Leyte Gulf, Loyce wounded from shrapnel

USS Essex

Acknowledgment

Tammy Collier Davis of the Southern Prairie Library System in Altus, Oklahoma. Tammy did all the research on Loyce's early and school days in Altus. She also drove around Altus to obtain his grave marker and memorial pictures. Thank you Tammy for your research and assistance with this website !

Cmdr. Michael Cosgrove USN Ret., son of the late Capt Robert Cosgrove. Cmdr. Cosgrove provided many of the above pictures and videos of Loyce and the plane. He carefully reviewed the military portion of the website for content and accuracy.

Thank you Cmdr Cosgrove for your assistance with this website and your service to our country !

Julie Burton, of Chepstow, South Wales. Julie supplied photos of the doll. Thank you Julie for recognizing this very special doll by bidding on it and sharing the photos !

Mrs. Bertha Deen Sullivan of Edmond, Oklahoma. Bertha supplied Loyce's picture and log book. Thank you Bertha for all your help with this website. After talking with you I felt I knew Loyce myself.

Sincerely,
Gregg Mastriorte
gregg@LoyceEDeen.org

Picture/Video credits :

The Victory at Sea Episode #12 Produced by NBC, 1952. (Note - the plane that actually hits the water is not the plane Loyce was buried in. It is a F6F Hellcat. For some reason the VAS editors inserted this plane in the sequence. But it does show how a plane is stripped before being buried at sea.)

Pictures of Loyce and his flight crew are courtesy of Cmdr Michael Cosgrove, USN Ret., son of the late Capt Robert Cosgrove.

The video "Brothers" is a collection of film strips from the movie "The Fighting Lady", 1944, produced by the US Navy. The music is from the movie "Pearl Harbor" performed by "C a l i k o k a t" on www.youtube.com.

The video "Going Home" is from USN archive films. The audio is

"Going Home" performed by the BYU Choir.

The sailor was 23 year old Loyce Edward Deen, an Aviation Machinist Mate (Gunner) 2nd Class enlistee from Altus, Oklahoma who served in VT-15 squadron assigned to the carrier USS Essex. Loyce was a remarkable young man and here is his story...

November 5th 1944 - Battle of Manila Bay

That day, four strikes were made from the USS Essex. Two on Nichols Airfield at Manila and two on shipping in Manila Bay. At the same time, Japanese planes were on the radar screen most of the day, and at 1:39pm the carrier USS Lexington was damaged by a Kamikaze pilot which dove into her Island structure. In the same attack another enemy plane diving on the carrier USS Ticonderoga, narrowly missed and plunged into the sea alongside. The USS Essex, stationed between these two ships was not attacked.

The Final Fight

Each day, reveille was sounded on the USS Essex's intercom at 5:30 am. Breakfast was served in the mess hall at 6:30am. Throughout the night, the planes scheduled for the next day's mission were being prepared. On the flight deck, the Hellcat fighters were in front so they can take off first and protect the group and the carrier. In the rear were the Avenger and Hell Diver bombers and torpedo planes. After breakfast, pilots attended briefings in the 'Ready Room' to get their final orders, weather conditions and the plane that was to be assigned to them. That day,

Lt. Cosgrove received tail number #93 - an new plane just acquired in Ulithi Atol a few days ago. Lt. Cosgrove's orders were to go after the Japanese cruisers in Manila Bay. After the briefing, Lt. Cosgrove joined his crew, Digby and Loyce, and they went topside to their plane. Loyce climbed into his gun turret for the final time. The VT-15 group took off mid morning and It would take about two hours to get to the Manila Bay and release the ordinance.

There, they encountered heavy anti-aircraft fire from a Japanese cruiser and Loyce was killed from two AA shells. In the 2001 History Channel documentary film "Battle Group Halsey" interview, Capt. Cosgrove recalled, "Denzek told me over the intercom that Deen was hit bad. Then, Denssek came back up thru the small passage way to sit in the cabin behind me. He stayed there until we landed."

Loyce's Middle and High School years were filled with tragedy. When he was in eighth grade, his younger brother Lewis became ill and died within days. Then, in October 1938 while Loyce was a Junior, his mother suffered a debilitating stroke that left her paralyzed. Loyce and his older brother Lance, with his wife Tommie, helped care for her at Lance's home down the street until she passed away on November 30th.

Even before the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Loyce wanted to join the US Navy. His dream of joining the US Navy and serving his country came true when he enlisted on October 1942. Loyce went to San Diego for basic training. Next, we believe he went to Purcell, OK



Editor's Note: I would like to thank Georgina who was doing research on a family friend of her father's who served in USS Bristol and was lost at sea in 1958. Georgina found him listed as #145 but only by his last name, his first name is not listed. His name was Kenneth H. Hickman. This would be helpful if any family members years from now attempt to research him. Georgina sent the newspaper clippings along with photo of Kenneth Hickman. Tony Molnar has an extraordinary memory and Tony contacted Pete Zingarella who kept a journal while serving in Bristol. Pete also took the photos of the memorial service for FT3 Hickman. Tony sent the following message to our Webmaster regarding correcting the status of FT3 Hickman on our website.

for gunner's school, where he learned all aspects of the Avenger's guns and ammunition. Finally, Loyce went to where all Avenger airmen end up - NAS Fort Lauderdale, FL. There, they trained and flew in the Avenger planes.

In September 1943, Loyce joined a brand new Air Group, the 15th forming in Westerly, RI. On September 27th, Loyce teamed up with Lt. Robert Cosgrove. Donald "Digby" Denzek joined the group on October 15th. Together, they practice flying up and down the southern New England coastline. On November 14th, they flew to Chineutaeque NAS, in Virginia where they performed in the flyover for the inauguration of the new carrier, USS Hornet (CV-12). In 1969, this carrier would return the Apollo 11 astronauts upon returning from the moon.

Loyce's Flight Crew

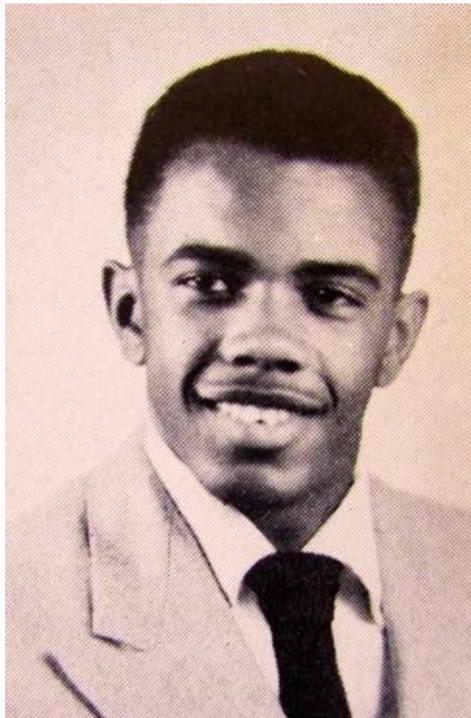
Lt. Cosgrove was a superb pilot and frequently returned in un-flyable planes back the carrier. Loyce was the turret gunner who protected the plane from above. Digby had several roles, including arming the torpedo and operating the radio. Additionally, when they were under fire, he would crawl below the gun turret pod and use a machine gun protruding out the bottom end of the plane to protect the belly of the aircraft.

Together, this team of young men fought courageously everywhere in the South Pacific. Places included the Battle of Lyte Gulf, Iwo Jima (to soften up defense before the invasion), Formosa (now Taiwan),

Philippines, Marcus Island, Wake Island, Saipan, Orate Airfield, Rota Island, Peleiu, Mindinao, Cebu, Luzon, Panay, Okinawa and finally Manila Bay. But they did not fly alone; there were notables such as:

For almost all of his missions, Loyce teamed up with Pilot Lt. Robert Cosgrove (24) from New Orleans, Louisiana and Radioman Digby Denzek (20) from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Lost At Sea



Kenneth H Hickman, FT3

Sam

I was recently contacted by the Sister of Kenneth H. Hickman who is listed on the IN Memorium page

**K. H. Hickman,
Ex-FHS Star,
Lost At Sea**

A former Freeport High School athletic star, Kenneth Hilton Hickman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reason W. Hickman of 626 E. Winneshiek St., a member of the U. S. Navy, was lost at sea during the early morning of July 31.

A letter has been received from athletic star, Kenneth Hilton Hickman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reason W. Hickman of 626 E. Winneshiek St., a member of the U. S. Navy, was lost at sea during the early morning of July 31.

A letter has been received from the Navy Department advising the youth's parents of his disappearance at sea. It was indicated an extensive search was made by available naval ships and aircraft. The search was continued until nightfall, according to the letter, but produced only "negative results." He was aboard the USS Bristol and was scheduled to come home on leave later this month.

Young Hickman, who graduated from Freeport High in 1954, was born in Freeport in 1936. In high school he was a star performer with the track, basketball and football teams. He enlisted in the Navy in August, 1954.

Information received by the fam-

on the website as #145 and is shown lost at sea.

The family had only been given limited information about his disappearance and she asked if we had any info. I sent this out to several shipmates that were aboard at that time. The incident happened

while I was aboard but I had nothing of value to tell her. One of my shipmates (Pete Zingarella) actually had kept a diary while aboard the Bristol. This weekend he not only provided a great narrative but also had ten slides of the burial at sea service which I have sent to the Family. This sad event happened on July 31,1958 so it is almost 60 years ago.

Can you see if you can change the In Memorium page to reflect the correct name.

Thanks
Tony

From: Tony Molnar
Sent: Thursday, March 30, 2017 3:53 PM
To: Georgina Haynes
Subject: Re: Burial at sea - Hickman

Georgina

Thanks you for that info it certainly makes me feel good about being able to help you.

Just so you understand why Ken's first name was not on the website. The Bristol Association only came into existence in 1997 and the list was initially for Association members who have passed away. Additionally we are contacted by families of people who had not been members of the association but who had served on the Bristol. Ken's name was added because at one of our reunions someone mentioned the incident that happened almost 40 years before. On the ship we rarely used first names and the person who brought it up only knew Ken's last name and his rank. So it was not an intentional omission.

Thanks again for the kind words. I will keep you posted if any other info comes up.

Tony

From: Georgina Haynes

Sent: Thursday, March 30, 2017 2:43 PM
To: Tony Molnar
Subject: Re: Burial at sea - Hickman

Again.....Extending a heartfelt "Thank You" to yourself, Pete and the person whose responsibility it was to update the information. I certainly can understand your curiosity. Freeport, Illinois is a small community with a population of just over 26, 000 people today. So in 1958 I'm sure the population was considerably less. The Hickman family was very well known and respected in the community. My father grew up with children and knew the Hickman family well. My father was about 3 years older than Kenny but as was common during the era in which they grew up and as we all know in our youth we consider our friends as not only friends, but consider friends as extended family. This is a incident that over the years besides hearing my father speak of this on so many occasions over the years, also others within the community, and his family.....I often speak with Kenneth Hickman's sister Barbara a dear friend and not only did this mystery leave a immeasurable void within the Hickman Family, but still to this day the entire community speaks of this with such sadness. So in my research seeing that Kenneth Hickman's first name was not listed on the Tribute page after 59 years was heartbreaking..... for me.....as a parent who has had to bury a child.....I can't imagine how his parents and his siblings would have felt to see that. So to be able to communicate with you and achieve not just to get his name updated was wonderful, but to also have a small amount of information about the day and time he was last seen prior to this unfortunate incident, but also to after 59 years to be able to see photographs of the ceremony for Kenneth Hickman, and to be able to share this with his brothers and sisters and extended family is priceless to me..... to say the least. I am speaking with his sister Barbara

today as I type this email.....as she hears of this she is crying tears of joy..... this is a very small amount of closure for the family of a young man lost at sea on July 31, 1958, Kenneth H. Hickman, FT3 US Navy.

God Bless You,

Once again.....

Sincerest THANK YOU!

Take Care....
Georgina!

From: Georgina Haynes
Date: 03/27/2017 8:19 PM (GMT-06:00)
To: Tony Molnar
Subject: RE: Burial at sea - Hickman

I thank you and Pete sooooo very very much! I don't have enough words or ways to say THANK YOU for taking the time to respond to my email and share this information with me. May God bless you both.....

Sent from my U.S. Cellular® Smartphone

.....

**RM3 Frederick Boutcher
U.S. Navy (1966-1970)**

from Together We Served

PLEASE DESCRIBE WHO OR WHAT INFLUENCED YOUR DECISION TO JOIN THE NAVY?

Evert sense I was 8 years old I knew I wanted to go into the Navy

When I was 8 years old, (1956) my mother's cousin, Jimmy Mockler came to the house to visit. Jimmy was on leave from the Navy, he was a Third Class Photographers Mate stationed on the USS Forestall. He

had with him pictures of the aircraft carrier he had taken from a helicopter and I was totally captivated. Then over dinner he told us all about how the carrier docked all over the Mediterranean and showed pictures of all the sights he had seen while on liberty. I was hooked! This is exactly what I wanted to do when I grew up and the desire never changed for the next 10 years. I wanted to go into the Navy, get on a great ship and sail around the world like cousin Jimmy.

WHETHER YOU WERE IN THE SERVICE FOR SEVERAL YEARS OR AS A CAREER, PLEASE DESCRIBE THE DIRECTION OR PATH YOU TOOK. WHAT WAS YOUR REASON FOR LEAVING?

US NAVAL ASSIGNED DUTY STATIONS 1966 TO 1970

May 2nd 1966 - Sworn into the US Navy Reserves in part of the Cache Program a three month delay for reporting for active duty. Allowed me to graduate from High School and avoid the possibility of being drafted.



Entered Boot Camp at Great Lakes Aug. 10th 1966

August 10th, 1966 Reported to US Navy Recruiting Representative Armed Forces Entrance Station, White Street, Building #116, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn to be sworn into the regular Navy for active duty and transportation to US Naval Training Center Great Lakes, Illinois to begin 12 weeks of Naval Boot Camp.

November 2nd, 1966 - Ordered to Basic Electricity and Electronics School at NTC Great Lakes Illinois

for 12 weeks of very intense training regarding Electricity and Electronics.

January 26th, 1967 - Ordered to Radioman A School at Naval Training Center, Bainbridge, Maryland for 12 weeks of very intense training in communications including operating and repair of communication equipment, Morse code and teletype equipment. Also ordered to complete the Military Requirements for PO 3?2 NAVPERS 91206-E. Made rate, RM3 (E4) on March 10th, 1967.

April 8th, 1967 I got my orders to proceed from Radioman A school, Bainbridge, Maryland to Comseventhflt Staff Det. A, Formosa Fordu (sea). On the orders it states:

2. EFF TRF PROV HIGH CAL INDIV AND QUAL SERV ON FLT STAFF. INCL FOL STATEMENT FACE STA TRAF0 CONSIDERED QUAL AND RECMD FOR FLT STAFF DUTY BASED ON PERSONAL INTERVIEW AND CLEAR RECORD SIGNED BY PERS OFF. ADVISE EDOPAC BY MSG WITHIN 5 DAYS OF RECEIPT MBR NO CONS QUAL ADCON. 3. MUST HAVE TOP SECRET CLEARANCE DOCUMENTED IN SERVREC PRIOR TRF.

Wow, I thought that I was getting into something really special. COMSEVENTHFLT Staff Det Alpha! And the orders state that I was a high caliber individual. I arrived and the second day I was there, I was pushed into a Pathfinding course run by the US Marines and the Taiwanese Marines on Grass Mountain which was sort of in the middle of the Taiwan Island. This course went on for four weeks non-stop and then I was pushed into a crash, one week, Jump Course run by the Taiwanese Air Force; I have Taiwanese Jump Wings! Finished the two courses, I was allowed to relax for about two weeks while I attended classes on

voice radio communications and naval gun fire corrections and was told that I was being trained for the duty of a Forward Observer (FO) and was going to be TDY to COMSEVENTHFLT Naval and Air coordinate Elementor Element, Danang operating with the 1st Marine Unit based at Monkey Mountain. I was issued jungle greens and boots.

May 29th 1967 I was transferred from COMSEVENTHFLT Staff, Det A on Taipei, Taiwan to SEVENTHFLT Naval and Air Coordinator Element Danang and upon my arrival, handed over to the 1st Marines, Monkey Mountain who immediately took me out on six man night patrols with the specific purpose of making contact and having my cherry busted; my baptism by fire, so to speak. The third night out we made contact, I performed to their standard and I was accepted. From June 1st 1967 till December 10th 1967, I humped the jungles with the 1st Marines, spotted Air strikes, corrected observed naval gun fire on specific targets and sat on listening posts. The six man teams humped into the bush from the base of Monkey Mountain. We were also Heloed into the bush and dropped off for four to five days at a time, and did 8 jumps into AOs (Area of Operations) and were then extracted by Helo. Each time I was in the bush with five Marines, me making the team of six. Got into some heavy fire fights, saw friends I had made with the Marines killed and did my share of killing. Usually we would go out for four or five days and then stand down for four or five days as another FO unit would go out. I spilled my blood in the jungles of Nam but my blood came out of scratches I got from some incredible thorns and was withdrew by leaches and mosquitoes and huge black flies. But I never got hit with a piece of shrapnel or a bullet. The Marines I was with said that I was bullet proof.



Dec 15th 1967 I was ordered back to COMSEVENTHFLT Staff Det A at Taipei, Taiwan. Felt really good to be out of Vietnam Bush, was like being on R&R. Attended another Jump Course with the Taiwanese Air Force and a refresher course in Pathfinding with the US and Taiwanese Marines and was used as a Show and Tell subject talking about my actual time in the Nam bush to newbies.

Feb 10th, 1968 I was ordered to Osan, Korea to work with the Naval Section TACC (Tactical Air Coordination Center) in regard to the North Korean attack and capture of the USS Pueblo on January 23rd, 1968. Stayed there for three months in the coldest weather I have ever had to deal with in my entire life. Brrrrrr! Man if you peed you had to snap the frozen stream of pee off your ding a ling! Was with the TACC for three months and then ordered back to COMSEVENTHFLT Staff Det A on April 30th, 1968. Felt good to be in Taipei once again. But it was not for long.

May 17th, 1968 - I was ordered back to SEVENTHFLT Naval and Air Coordinator and reassigned to the 1st Marines at Monkey Mountain and was back in the bush. But this time I was in the bush as an observer of new FOs. Something I never had. The Marines were very happy to see me back.

July 29th, 1968 - I was ordered back to COMSEVENTHFLT Staff Det A on Taiwan to be given my orders to Mare Island Naval Inshore Training Facility in Vallejo, California to learn how to operate an Alpha Boat. I was being assigned to as part of

the MRF (Mobile Riverine Force). I was going back to Vietnam into combat running on the rivers of the Mekong Delta; operated with the MRF for 18 months.



December 4th, 1969 Ordered to the USS Chevalier, DD 805 out of San Diego. For a period of three years and eight months I have been part of six man teams, operating in the jungles of Vietnam around the DMZ and then on an Alpha Boat operating on the Rivers of Vietnam's Mekong Delta. I was at constant state of combat readiness, killing, seeing friends killed and wounded, living in mud and on a 50 foot patrol boat; to be ordered to a Ship with more than 400 sailors in its crew, who have never had a shot fired at them in anger. I found myself in an atmosphere of jealousy and being ostracized by both Enlisted and Officers including the Captain because of the medals, citations and ribbons, all combat orientated, I had on my ribbon rack. Not the Navy I dreamed of as an 8 year old boy!

May 1st, 1970 Based upon my Vietnam Service and the nastiness I found on the USS Chevalier DD 805, though offered E-5 and a \$10,000 ship over bonus, I opted for a 3 month early out. End of my Naval Career.

IF YOU PARTICIPATED IN ANY MILITARY OPERATIONS, INCLUDING COMBAT, HUMANITARIAN AND PEACEKEEPING OPERATIONS, PLEASE DESCRIBE THOSE WHICH WERE THE MOST SIGNIFICANT TO YOU AND, IF

LIFE-CHANGING, IN WHAT WAY.

Fire fight: Recall all the things that have happened in your life that have scared you a little bit or a lot, roll all those instances of fright together and think about how you felt at each individual moment of being scared. Now, imagine if all those frightening feelings of each moment were to jump into you at one time. When you are training to become a part of a very small military team of men who are going to go out into an extremely hostile environment basically looking for trouble, the training is a whole lot more than those who have never been involved in such a thing. Sure there is the living off the land and the ability to move with stealth, how to maintain your weapons so you know they will function whenever you need them to. Then there is the jump training and how to repel out of a helicopter or down the face of a cliff.

You learn how to ignore pain, how to perform serious first aid in the field; under the most adverse conditions. How to keep your head clear and straight when in situations that are totally and completely uncontrollable and out of hand. You learn how to ignore the screams of those near you when they get hit and how to step past your friend just after he died and keep in total control so as to be able to kill your enemy; when everything about what is going on at the time is unrealistically clogged with sounds of death, gun fire, explosions, screams, the smell of fresh tilled dirt mixed with the scent of spent gun powder, the disgusting stench of the ripped open bowls of a human body and at the same time know how to get on a radio, in the middle of all this, and calmly call for a fire mission giving map coordinates of the enemy (not yours).

Seems like a whole lot to learn. But there are still things that you are not going to take with you, but must, absolutely, understood. These things are the physics of your assets;

assets? These are the things that you might call upon to help you out of a very tight situation. Assets like, Artillery, Mortar fire and Jets. You must also know and understand the physics of the armament you are going to be calling for. Artillery shells, how far can they go, what is the blast area, how much concussion do they produce. Are they high explosive, fragmentary or incendiary. Same goes for mortar rounds. But jets, well that brings in the physics of mass and speed and angles of trajectory. You have to know how fast the jet is travelling, how high it is (altitude) and what kind of armament it is carrying. You must also know the physics of the armament as to type, blast field and concussion; as well as know how to call in a Jet, how to guide the jet to the proper coordinates in day and night. All this information makes your assets friendly to you and deadly to your enemy.

This was to be a snatch ambush. US MACV (Military Assistance Command Vietnam) Intelligence had determined there was a constant stream of information, being carried by way of courier, both from South Vietnam to the North and from North Vietnam to the South. Two times a month this courier would be carrying information. The earlier part of the month would be information from the North to the South. This was information the Military Intelligence Community would like very much to have. Not only would they like to have the information, but they would also like, very much, to talk with the courier himself. It was felt that he could put forth some very lucrative information that would be highly beneficial to the US Military Operations within South Vietnam.

The Song Ngan River Valley, some 10 kilometers northwest of Cam Lo, just below the DMZ was the route that was used by the courier to go and come. Intelligence stated that the courier was always escorted by a Squad of about 10 NVA (North Vietnamese Army) Soldiers bearing

standard infantry weapons. AK47s, small arms and RPGs (Rocket Propelled Grenades).

A small Team of six was put together and a quick rundown briefing was presented and a standard ambush snatch operation planned. The six were Matthew B., James T., Bobby S., Terry M., Jimmy S. and me. We would be carrying with us two M60 machine guns, four Cadillac Stoners, six Colt 45 semiautomatic pistols, twenty four Mark I fragmentary hand grenades, two PRC 25 radios and six spare batteries, two first aid pouches and various different types of knives. Each of the six man team would carry the following. . .

Matthew B. M60, 45 with five clips, knife, 4 Mark I hand Grenades, two batteries for the PRC 25 Radios.

James T. Cadillac Stoner with five 110 round box clips, 45 with five clips, knife 4 Mark I hand grenades, two batteries for the PRC 25 Radio and first aid pouch.

Bobby S. - Cadillac Stoner with five 110 round box clips, 45 with five clips, knife, 4 Mark I hand grenades, two batteries for the PRC 25 Radio and a PRC 25 Radio.

Terry M. M60, 45 with five clips, knife, 4 Mark I hand grenades, two batteries for the PRC 25 Radio.

Jimmy S. - Cadillac Stoner with five 110 round box clips, 45 with five clips, knife, 4 Mark I hand grenades, two batteries for the PRC 25 Radio and first aid pouch.

Me - Cadillac Stoner with five 110 round box clips, 45 with five clips, knife, 4 Mark I hand grenades, two batteries for the PRC 25 Radio and a PRC 25 Radio.

In addition to all we were already carrying, we each also carried four belts of 100 rounds of 7.62 mm for the two M60 Machine guns. This gave 2,400 rounds for the two M60s.

The two of us who were carrying the PRC 25 Radios, Bobby and me, also

carried a Brunton Navigational Compass, a stop watch and topographical maps of our AO (Area of Operation) and a special flash light that put out an inferred light beacon. We also had to memorize the call signs of the assets that we could call upon if needed.

In addition to all the weapons and ammunition, each of us also carried two, one quart canteens of water and six LRP (Long Range Patrol) food packs. (Dehydrated food in a pack. Add some water, wait a few minutes and you had a meal.) The LRP was referred to as, Gravy Train.

The operation. The team was going to be choppered in and dropped about six clicks from the Song Ngan River Valley. We were to make our way to the area so designated on the topographic maps and set up our ambush. We would stay on station for four days. During these four days it was expected that the courier and his escorts would pass through the area. There was a pick up point, about one kilo meter from the point of our ambush, where we would rendezvous. If after four days the courier did not show, we were to withdraw. A simple, piece of cake snatch operation; in and out!

Ambush was set, the two M60s on the two ends of our ambush line and the rest of us spread about six feet from each other. We were set as, north to south, Matthew M60, James, me, Jimmy, Bobby (all with Stoners) and Terry M60. The M60s would fire on full auto while the four Stoners would fire on Stitch (The Stoner could be fired on single, one round at a time, full auto and stitch which fired three rounds each time the trigger was pulled).

Into the late afternoon of the second day on station, the point man for the courier and his escorts came through the area. You do not take out the point man, you let him go through because the point man is usually about 50 meters in front of the unit, checking the way. So you let him go by but you send someone after him

so when the ambush it initiated, he is taken out so as not to come back with a flanking fire. James was the one to go after the point man.



James backed out of position and shadowed the point man and as expected, about 50 meters behind (about three minutes after the point man passed) The courier and his escorts, ten of them, stepped into the kill zone of our ambush and the two M60s initiated the ambush with the three Stoners following. It was over as quick as it started. The courier was down, not hit, just down but all the escorts were dead.

Jimmy was the one to break cover and snag the courier; James would return to the ambush site and assist Jimmy. The rest of us remained on station to give cover. It was over, just like that, it was over and we had in our possession the courier and all the documents he was carrying from his headquarters, in the North, to where ever it was he was going to in the South.

MACV Intel was dead on and this operation was indeed a piece of cake. But than nothing in Nam was ever really a piece of cake.

While MACV Intelligence knew all about the movements of the courier and the approximate times that he would be in the area, seems they knew nothing, nothing at all, about the company of NVA that were following, about one kilometer, behind the courier; we did not know about them neither!

Matthew, who was in charge of our team told me to get on the Radio and tell our net control that we had

the package in hand and pick up was to be made at the arranged rendezvous point. Our package was gagged with tape over his mouth and hands cuffed behind his back. Jimmy and James had custody as we broke from the ambush site and headed for the chopper pick up point. I took point and lead the Team. All was perfect, it was dark, about 8:30 PM. The PRC 25 Radio I was carrying hissed three times. This was the signal from the chopper pilot for me to contact him. I made contact and he asked for our Inferred light beacon to be used so as to pin point our location in the dark. The chopper pilot would be wearing goggles that would allow him to see our inferred light beacon. Without such goggles the inferred light beacon could not be seen.

The Chopper began its decent into the open field, the pilot would bring the craft to about a foot off the ground so as to maintain lift. We would then make a running dash to get on board and it would be home free. At about 50 feet from the ground, the Chopper started taking Heavy machine Gun fire from both sides, green tracers belched out of the jungle and ripped the Chopper to pieces. It fell from the sky and upon hitting the ground blew into a greasy yellowish orange ball of flame.

Under the brightness of the fiery death of the chopper and its crew, all hell broke loose around our Team. We took position in a depression and began to lay down suppression fire. Jimmy took his knife and cut the hamstrings on both legs of the NVA Currier so he could not try to escape.

The big problem was that the flash of our fire pin pointed our position and the NVA 51s (heavy 51 Cal Machine Guns) began to mow the ground towards us. Bobby and I both got on our PRC 25s and started contacting two separate artillery battery emplacements that would be within our range; their range being 7 miles. Contact was made but during the process of giving the firing

coordinates, Bobby's PRC 25 took a hit and we now had only the one Radio I was talking on. Gave the coordinates and asked for corrective fire. This is one round that is fired and after it hits you can say if it is on target or if it needs to be adjusted in a bit more or less range or to the right or to the left. Once you got the corrective fire you could call, Fire for effect.



Our M60s were metering out what we had but with controlled fire. You hold the trigger of a M60 and you have a fire rate of 600 rounds per minute at 2,800 feet per second. But when you only have 1,200 rounds for each M60, shit if you hold the trigger you will go through 1,200 rounds in two minutes! We were going to be here for longer than that so controlling the rate of fire was of extreme importance. From the green tracers flying at us with the sickening sound of a hissing buzz flying past and slamming into the ground all around us we could make them our main target. Them alone were more than enough to chew us up. We also had to try our very best to keep the enemy from flanking us. I did this by having the 105 Howitzer artillery, that was firing for us, to sort of roll back and forth from three sets of coordinates I had worked out as the location of the enemy. This artillery battery had six howitzers, each Howitzer could put out fire at the rate of about ten rounds per minute. But when you are humping a thirty three pound shell, the rate of fire could easily drop to about 7 rounds per minute. Not a whole lot, forty two 105 mm rounds exploding every minute creating a sort of metal curtain between the NVA and the six of us. (It may sound like a whole lot of shit going off, forty two 105 mm

rounds exploding every minute, but when you consider the rate of fire the NVA had beading in on us, two 51 cal with a fire rate of six hundred and forty rounds per minute meaning 1,280 rounds of 51 Cal coming at you in addition to the four RPK light machine guns with a firing rate of six hundred rounds per minute of 7.62 mm, that is 2,400 rounds of 7.62 light machine gun fire coming at you and the untold number of AK-47s that were being fired at you with a firing rate of six hundred rounds per minute, because of a 30 round clip and need for reloading lets say that out of the one hundred and fifty NVA with AK-47s, 50 were constantly being fired at you so that is another 1,500 rounds of 7.62 rounds flying towards you. Add all that together and you find an incredible number of 5,180 pieces of metal death flying through the air all around you. So again, forty two 105 mm shells going off every minute does not sound like a whole lot!

Our own fire power was very limited as there were only six of us. The two M60s and four Stoners put out a total of about 3,600 rounds a minute. But we were trained in controlled fire and controlled fields of fire. The NVA, not to take anything away from them, they simply pointed in a general direction, pulled the trigger and hoped for the best. That was one of the things that we had in our favour; intense training in fire control and targeting. But we were in big shit. We were going to be out of ammunition pretty soon and that would bring it down to 24 hand grenades, six knives and six 45s. Basically hand to hand fighting with six against 200! We were going to need some big boy help and we were going to need it really quick. Matthew and the others were sort of hunched around me now as I was the only one with a Radio and if we were going to get out of this, this PRC 25 Radio was the very thing that was going to make that happen.

About an hour and a half had passed in what seemed to be a single heartbeat. Miraculously not one of us had been hit yet. Everyone had scratches and some shrapnel sure, but a direct hit, no. How long was this going to be able to continue? The Artillery Battery called me and said that they were about out of 105s and I was going to have to contact another artillery battery. I switched frequencies to the frequency Bobby had had the other artillery battery on and explained our situation and what we needed from them. Battery A stopped firing and Battery B picked it up so our curtain was still falling between us. But it was not going to save us. We needed something really big, something that would take the starch right out of the NVA and end this hell.

Switched to our main frequency and called our operation control telling them we needed some Jets to pull our ass out of this hell hole we were in. I was told that a flight of four, F4 Phantoms could be on our coordinates in about 20 minutes. Asked what kind of armament I desired, damn it was like being at the ice cream parlor and the soda jerk was asking me if I wanted sprinkles on my ice cream cone! Told control that I wanted two with napalm and two with 500 pound HE (High Explosive) bombs. Gave my coordinates and made my plans.

At this point we were just about out of ammunition and we were starting to worry. But I had a plan that I felt would get us right out of this shit. Told the guys that we had to hold for 20 minutes. Had to hold tight and make every round that we had have a purpose! Aim it and single fire on each target. One shot one kill. Told them that we had jets coming in but that posed a major problem, for the jets to come in the artillery would have to be lifted. Lift the artillery and we will have no coverage. But, if it were timed properly it would leave a window of no coverage of about 20 seconds. While the Team took their selective shots I explained how this was

going to work. The biggest problem was the jets knowing exactly where we are. Problem with that, was that it was the middle of the night, there was no way a smoke grenade was going to be able to mark us and our inferred light beacon was not going to be able to penetrate through all this smoke. But there is still another way.

Back in training when we were learning about Jets and their armament, we also learned about a bombing method that took a huge amount of guts, balls, mathematical calculations, excellent navigational ability and someone crazy enough to try it. This method is called, Doppler Bombing. It is based upon the understanding of the Doppler effect. The Doppler effect is the changing of a sound as it travels towards you and as it travels away from you. Think of a racing car coming down the track towards you, speeds past you and goes away. The sound is like. .rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrRAHoooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

The loudest of all the sound heard is when the object making the sound is directly in front of you or in this case with the jets, directly over you. Next you have to know the trajectory of the armament, in this case the napalm and 500 pound bombs. The altitude of the jets and their speed had to be spot on. So if you know how fast the Jet is going and the altitude of the Jet as it passes and the weight of the object that is going to be dropped you can calculate the time it would take for the object to hit the ground. Need to know where the enemy is in relationship to where we are. In the dark that can be a bit difficult. But we are all professionals and between the six of us taking a guess at it can pretty much come up with an average distance between our team and the enemy.

The jets were on their way and would be on our location in about six minutes. I told the pilot what heading I wanted him to come in on our coordinates, what speed I

wanted him to be going and what altitude. Said that I wanted the napalm to come first, all four canisters and five seconds behind the napalm I wanted the 500 pound bombs, two of them. The pilot asked me if I was going to make this a doppler raid? I told him yes and that it was going to be dangerously close to us so he was going to have to be spot on to my instructions and drop exactly when I said drop.

Of course the team thought that it was true, I really was fuckin' crazy! I hoped that I really knew how to do what I was about to do. Told them that the first run with the Napalm was going to be right at the edge of the 200 meters we all guessed the distance to the enemy to be. That would create a huge wall of fire that burns at 1,500 F and will burn for about 25 to 30 seconds. The following jet coming in five seconds later will drop two 500 pound bombs and their concussion will blow the wall of 1,500 F flames right into the NVA faces! If the first run does not break the NVAs spirit we have a second run that can be made as we have four jets. But I said to the Team, We are going to get singed with this.

Gave the first jet the heading to our coordinates, he came back and repeated the heading to me. Told me he was 30 seconds out. I told him he was to drop when I said drop. Called the artillery and told them to hold fire. Listening very hard for the sound of the jet approached our position, I had the stop watch in my hand. Had calculated that he needed to drop 2 seconds after he flew directly over us. The sound grew louder and louder and at the moment my ears heard the sound change its pitch and tone I hit the stop watch and watched the second hand count one, two I said into the radio, Drop!

Just pasted where the helicopter had been shot down, the world bust into a brilliant orange yellow wall of fire that was putting out heat like a blast furnace. Five seconds later the second Jet was coming in on the

heading. Again my ears had to listen for that change in pitch and tone. There is was and one and a half seconds later I said, Drop! We all hit the dirt and exhaled, holding the breath out of our lungs so the concussion would not break our ribs and then there were two blasts that rocked the earth. The concussion blew over us and in the opposite direction at the wall of fire which was blown into the faces of the NVA. Fire from the NVA stopped abruptly. Not wanting to have the other two jets miss out on the roast, told them to put their stuff on top of what they saw. So they both made their runs and dropped their napalm and 500 pound bombs on top of the burning NVA position. The jets were gone, the NVA shooting was gone, the position that was theirs was now a flaming inferno. The team started yelling and screaming about this very crazy asshole Radioman who just pulled all the stops out and lifted the team right out of Hell. I looked to Bobby and with a hand that was uncontrollably shaking and a voice that did not want to work told him to get us the fuck out of here. Bobby took the radio, I stated shaking all over and tears ran down my face with steams that cleared off the dirt leaving white trails running down my face. I was totally spent. When the Chopper arrived with a two gun ship escort we piled our package and ourselves in.

The time from when the recovery chopper was shot down, killing the entire crew, till the time I told the second jet to drop was just about one and a half hours. At this moment having finished writing, I am totally covered with sweat, the hair on the back of my head is standing on end, I am shaking and I have tears in my eyes.

OF ALL YOUR DUTY STATIONS OR ASSIGNMENTS, WHICH ONE DO YOU HAVE FONDEST MEMORIES OF AND WHY? WHICH ONE WAS YOUR LEAST FAVORITE?



Through out my time in the US Navy, 1966 to 1970 I had four duty stations. The first being the two schools I was sent to, the second was operating as an FO with the 1st marines out of Monkey Mountain Vietnam, the third was as Radioman Coxswain on board the Alpha Boat A-91-3 and the fourth the Destroyer USS Chevalier DD 805.

My fondest memories come from the small units I was part of when operating as an FO, during my first tour in Nam and Radioman/Coxswain on board A-91-3 during my second tour in Nam.

Being small units we each came to depend upon each other for our very lives. The camaraderie between us all was very tight, total trust and friendship. Every time we went out we all knew that to come back we all had to work as a single unit. Each of us knew how the other would react and we never questioned each others motives.

The USS Chevalier DD 805, now this was nothing at all what I had been involved with during the past three and a half years. This was a ship with a crew of 400+ and they all were not very happy about me. The unhappiness came from the two quarters the Captain had to hold to present to me citations, medals and ribbons that followed me from Nam and had nothing to do with the USS Chevalier DD 805. The five months I spent on the Chevalier were the worst five months on my short Naval career.

WHICH INDIVIDUAL(S) FROM YOUR TIME IN THE MILITARY STAND OUT AS HAVING THE

MOST POSITIVE IMPACT ON YOU AND WHY?



There are two groups of individuals who stand out from my time in the US Navy.

First group . . .
Jimmy Scantlin
Terry MacKeef
Bobby Shepard

When I was out in the bush as an FO these three were there to CMA (Cover my ass) at all cost.

Second Group. . . .
Jeff Chandler
Duke Hamilton
Roger Hillard
Jerry Rod
Willy Brown

These five plus myself made up the crew of A-91-3. We lived it together, we fought it together and we constantly had each other back. Keep in your mind that many of the rivers and canals we took A-91-3 into were so small that when we got into a fire fight it was at point blank range.

PLEASE RECOUNT THE NAMES OF FRIENDS YOU SERVED WITH, AT WHICH LOCATION, AND WHAT YOU REMEMBER MOST ABOUT THEM. INDICATE THOSE YOU ARE ALREADY IN TOUCH WITH AND THOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO MAKE CONTACT WITH.

From my first tour I remember Jimmy Scantlin, Terry MacKeef, and Bobby Shepard. We humped the jungles around Monkey Mountain and Marble Mountain up around the DMZ and we simply took care of each other.



From my second tour, Jeff Chandler, Duke Hamilton, Roger Hillard, Gerry Rod and Willy Brown. We were the crew of A-91-3. A fifty foot boat sounds big till you have to live on board with five other guys. But when we got into point blank fire fights we all knew that each of us had each others lives in our hands. Me in the handling of the boat and communications skills. Jeff for his ability to direct fire, Willy for his expertise with the 20mm rapid fire cannon, Roger for his expertise with the twin 50's, Duke for his expertise in maintaining the two 12V71 engines and Jerry for his expertise with the 30 cal machine guns and the Honeywell 40mm grenade launcher.

Have never seen or heard from any of them, first tour or second tour, since our time together in Nam.

CAN YOU RECOUNT A PARTICULAR INCIDENT FROM YOUR SERVICE WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN FUNNY AT THE TIME, BUT STILL MAKES YOU LAUGH?

Any one particular incident? No not really. But I do know that the time I spent in Nam, my first tour and second, was filled with either horrifically terrorizing moments or hysterical laughing moments. Did not seem to be a time when we were not enjoying and laughing with each other when not in deadly combat.



But! There is a time in Dong Tam (That was a major MRF base south of Saigon) at the NCO Club. There was a game that was played. I never, absolutely never ever saw anyone come close to finishing and winning the game. The game was called, "Fire" in reference to the song from which the game was conceived.

Fire from the Crazy world of Arthur Brown yelling, Set them up!!! This was a killer of a game. No one ever completed it. The song Fire has the word, burn, said 21 times. So, 21 shot glasses are set up along the bar and filled with bourbon. Then the song is played. Each time the word burn is said during the song, the player must shoot a shot of bourbon. The first few are not so bad but, when you get to the 8th and 9th shots, they start to get heavy. The hard part where the game really starts, is after you have drank 11 shots of bourbon, one at a time, the song then says, 8 times in a row!! Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn, Burn and the player now has to shoot one shot after another trying to keep up with the song. It was impossible but then, Vietnam was impossible so it was a perfect game!

Still makes me laugh especially when I think about the time I ran the game and woke up, the next morning, in my rack on board A-91-3 and not knowing how I got there.

WHAT PROFESSION DID YOU FOLLOW AFTER YOUR MILITARY SERVICE AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW? IF YOU ARE CURRENTLY SERVING, WHAT IS YOUR PRESENT OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY?

I was discharged from the Navy on may 1st, 1970. I bought a Harley SLH 1200cc HOG and rode from San Diego to New York. I took it nice and slow and the very scenic way to go rather than major highways. Took me a month and a half to cross the states.

In New York I went to work at a company called, Bayside Timers Inc. The company designed and built lighting control systems for the control of lighting animation. The man I worked for was Gale Dorothea, amazing man, he started me as a fabrication mechanic and watched me like a hawk. He knew about my education in the Navy and asked me if I would consider going back to school to finish my Electrical Engineering Degree. I went to NYU at night and when I finished my studies went to Albany NY and took the Engineering boards and passed. I was now a certified electrical engineer. Gale took it from there and taught me how to marry my electrical understanding with my imagination and I developed into a outstanding Electrical Systems Design Engineer. I worked with Gale from 1970 to 1980. In 1980 Gale, now 77 years old, decide to retire and close the company.

1980 found me sitting in the office of Irving Berk. Owner and Director of Berk University in NYC. I was interviewing for the position to teach Electrical Physics. Passing the tests and verbal aspects of the interview I was given the position. Based upon my Electrical Engineering Degree Mr Berk obtained a permit for me to teach for one semester. But to continue to teach I was going to have to obtain my teachers license. I went back to NYU at night in 1980 and in 1988 I graduated with my Masters in education and after passing the Teachers Boards I was granted my teaching license. I taught at Berk University for 14 years.

In 1995 I was invited to go to Saudi Arabia to take the position of Professor of Electrical Physics at

Aramco University in Jeddah. I bought the offer to Mr Berk for him to look at it. He had his lawyer look into it and told me that if I did not take this offer he was going to fire me because he did not want stupid people working for him! What was offered in compensation was like something out of a fairy tale.



I took the position and taught electrical physics at Aramco University for 16 years. On march 16th, 2011 my wife (a Filipina) and I decided that it was time to retire. My entire family in New York were all gone. The last of them, my father, died in 2009; so there was nothing holding me to New York. We decided to retire to the Philippines. We live up in Pangasinan, eight hours of driving north of Manila. We live in a valley surrounded by the San Caraballa Mountains, jungle and farm land. It is absolute paradise.

What is my occupation now? I am retired and I have found that when you retire time no longer exists. Well it does, but time is no longer in charge of you, you are in charge of time. I love being retired.

IN WHAT WAYS HAS SERVING IN THE MILITARY INFLUENCED THE WAY YOU HAVE APPROACHED YOUR LIFE AND YOUR CAREER?

I was only 18 years old when I went into the Navy, basically still wet behind the ears. My time in the military and what I was doing during my two tours in Nam made me very aware that I was the only one who was going to make my life into what I wanted it to be. Boot

camp, particularly, bounced the boy out of me and made me into a self thinking man. Vietnam made me understand the utter importance of team work and the USS Chevalier DD 805 taught me how to never treat a person.

My self determination to accomplish all I have was instilled into me by my military service. When I went into teaching I pushed that self determination on my students and made them understand that only they can make what they want happen.

BASED ON YOUR OWN EXPERIENCES, WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO THOSE WHO HAVE RECENTLY JOINED THE NAVY?



Open your mind and heart and absorb everything that is being presented to you. If you are in a military school ask a million questions. Make sure what you are studying is absolutely crystal clear.

Push yourself to be the absolute best you can be and then push further. You are not going to like everyone, but you are going to have to work with them. Liking someone and being part of a team are two totally different things. One, liking, is personal while the other, being part of a team, is professional. Never allow personal and professional get mixed into each other.

Strive to always be the best. Achieve rank and, when you do, make sure you always lead from the front.....

Another Hero Among Us

The Associated Press ran a story about a former Marine lance corporal who is a double amputee below the knee when he stepped on a hidden explosive in Afghanistan in 2011.

Matias Ferreira is 28 years old and has just graduated the Suffolk County, New York, Police Academy (March 2017) after 29 weeks of training. This 6 feet 1 inch former Marine passed all the physical training and other requirements just as his classmates did. Ferreira ran the 1.5 mile run in 11 minutes.

Ferreira has started patrolling Suffolk Co. when you read this newsletter.

“I just want to be able to help people,” said Ferreira, who is originally from Uruguay. Ferreira was raised in Georgia as a child. He met his fiancé while playing softball on Long Island in 2012.

Ferreira worked as a steamfitter before taking the exam for the Suffolk Co PD. He scored 100 on the exam.
Semper Fidelis!

Diane Coleangelo,

Volunteer EMT, Pt Pleasant Boro EMS, 10th year of Face Of America Bike Ride.

Arlington, VA to Gettysburg, PA

Hi Ed

Well as you probably know the weather on Saturday was HOT! HOT! HOT! I think it was 90 degrees. I knew in advance that it was going to be bad so I bought electrolyte tablets that dissolve in your water bottle. I had a lot of first aid items in my back pack & didn't use anything!! About 600 riders on the Arlington-Gettysburg route & 100 riders (including recumbent bikes) on the Valley Forge route. A

total of 175 disabled riders between the 2 routes.

At the dinner Friday night, I sat at the table of another rider-his wife, and a NP. So I asked the NP if she was riding and she said she was assigned to be in A SAG van. So the van she was in followed the last rider (which on Sunday was mostly me). So if a rider had leg cramps (and on the first day was probably 50-60 people), then they just stayed on the side of the road and the SAG van picked them up (and then she gave electrolyte fluids). I only had about 10 tablets and I used 2 of them for myself. About 25-30% of the total riders were new to this ride. So they were definitely not prepared.

If you were the last rider, there were about 4 bike Marshalls, behind that last rider bringing up the rear. So they called me nurse Rachel and they were named the Grim Reaper. Because if you were too slow & lagging, they placed you in the SAG van. You have no idea how many times I was threatened to be put into the SAG van.

At our rest stops, especially the fire houses we stopped at, they set up a portable pool as a cooling place to place a person in to cool down. All the bike Marshalls were urging people to hydrate, hydrate, hydrate. And then they were asking people when was the last time they peed. One of the head bike Marshalls knew I was carrying first aid supplies, but he never sent anyone over. It was all handled in the SAG van.

New this year were the multiple crashes involving bicyclists who I guess didn't know how to group ride. But no serious injuries. There were 2 crashes, that I knew about. A videographer interviewed me to add a video clip to the web-site. I get so embarrassed when I get asked to speak for a film clip, but I talked to her on Sunday and she said there was a chance she will use my clip.hmmm we'll see.

On Sunday It wasn't that hot, maybe 75. And overcast. at one of the rest stops, a church group volunteers to man (and woman) the rest stop.

This is the church group that schedule their service later so that they can come to the rest stop. They also have a band (church group members) that sing and play music for us. They make cookies for us and decorate the tables red, white & blue. They also line the pathway coming into the rest stop with American, Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard flags.

Another rest stop-they are all about their cookies. One of the woman that I have seen for the past 5-6 years said that her brother was visiting and he was a life member from Island Heights FAS. So I went over to talk to him and I said that I'll ask IH FAS if they knew him at the next district council meeting. Such a small world.

So the other emotional part of the of the route on Sunday, is that we pass thru a retirement community and the residents stand on either side of the streets, wave flags, and shout out THANK YOU!

On the ride,. I re-connected with 2 marines, one who was my guardian angel, 6 years ago. Rainer stayed with me, on Sunday, when I was on my new medication. It was the year that we had the tornado watch the day before.

Last year I met his friend Doug. This year Doug stayed with me on one of the legs of the ride on Sunday.

At the end of the ride, I got to meet their wives and children.

I also re-connected with Gina, who was featured on the web-site, as one of the stories. She lost a lot of weight and it's helping her with her injuries. We talked about clean eating and exercise.

There were about 6 high school students. I think the father of one of the HS students brought along the friends of his son. Tried to talk the kids, but I think they were just trying to get through the ride. Although one of them, said thank you to me at the end of the ride.

So Ed, it was another successful ride for World T.E.A.M. Sports. And I did not hear any complaints-all smiles.

This should bring back some memories for "back-in-the-day" sailors.

- 1. Buy a steel dumpster, paint it gray inside and out, and live in it for six months.
- 2. Run all the pipes and wires in your house exposed on the walls.
- 3. Repaint your entire house every month using gray paint.
- 4. Renovate your bathroom. Lower all showerheads to four and one-half feet off the deck.
- 5. When you take showers, make sure you turn off the water while you soap down.
- 6. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, turn water heater temperature up to 300 degrees. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, turn water heater off.
- 7. On Saturdays and Sundays tell your family they used too much water during the week, so no bathing will be allowed.
- 8. Put 5W-20 lube oil in your humidifier, instead of water, and set it on high.
- 9. Leave your lawn mower running in your living room 24 hours a day to maintain proper ambient noise level.
- 10. Once a month, COMPLETELY disassemble all your major appliances and electric garden tools, inspect them and then reassemble them. Do this every week with your lawnmower, weed whacker and other gasoline powered tools too.
- 11. Once a week blow compressed air up through your chimney, making sure the wind carries the soot across and onto your neighbor's house. Laugh at him when he curses you.
- 12. Raise the thresholds and lower the headers of your front and back

- doors, so that you either trip or bang your head every time you pass through them.
- 13. Raise your bed to within 6 inches of the ceiling, so you can't turn over without getting out and then getting back in.
- 14. Have a fluorescent lamp installed on the bottom of your coffee table and lie under it to read books.
- 15. Sleep on the shelf in your closet. Replace the closet door with a curtain. Have your spouse whip open the curtain about 4 hours after you go to sleep, shine a flashlight in your eyes, and say "Sorry, wrong rack."
- 16. Make each member your family qualify to operate each appliance in your house, i.e., dishwasher operator, blender technician, stove vent fan specialist, etc.
- 17. Find the absolute dumbest guy in the neighborhood and make him your boss for the next two years.
- 18. Have a neighbor come over each day at 5 am, blow a whistle so loud Helen Keller could hear it, and shout "Reveille, reveille, all hands heave out."
- 19. Have your mother-in-law write down everything she's going to do the following day, then have her make you stand in your back yard at 6 A.M. while she reads it to you.
- 20. Empty all the garbage bins in your house and sweep the driveway four times a day, whether it needs it or not.
- 21. Have your neighbor collect all your mail for a month, read your magazines, and randomly lose every 5th item before delivering it to you.
- 22. Watch no TV except for movies played in the middle of the night. Have your family vote on which movie to watch, and then show a different one.

- 23. When your children are in bed, run into their room with a megaphone shouting that your home is under attack and ordering them to their battle stations.
 - 24. Post a menu on the kitchen door informing your family that they are having steak for dinner. Then make them wait in line for an hour. When they finally get to the kitchen, tell them you are out of steak, but they can have dried ham or hot dogs. Repeat daily until they ignore the menu and just ask for hot dogs.
 - 25. Get up every night around midnight and have a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on stale bread.
 - 26. Set your alarm clock to go off at random times during the night. At the alarm, jump up and dress as fast as you can, making sure to button your top shirt button and tuck your pants into your socks. Run out into the back yard and uncoil the garden hose and coil it back up.
 - 27. Make coffee using eighteen scoops of budget priced coffee grounds per pot, and allow the pot to simmer for 5 hours before drinking.
 - 28. When there is a thunderstorm in your area, get a wobbly rocking chair, sit in it and rock as hard as you can until you become nauseous.
 - 29. Walk around your car for 4 hours checking the tire pressure every 15 minutes.
 - 30. Have the paperboy give you a haircut with your hedge shears.
 - 31. Have a small plane owner do Touch-and-Gos on your roof periodically.
- Charlie Weaver contributed this piece*
-

Ed

This is to follow up on the last newsletter on the "Potato Chip Man" Ray Jenkins.

Ray was a cook on the Bristol and I got to know him quite well during the NATO cruise in 1957 when we were in Greenwich, England (a suburb of London). Also on the Med cruise Nov 1957 to Mar 1958.

I lost track of him until after I found the Bristol website in 2000 and reconnected with a number of friends and shipmates including Ray. I spoke on the phone with Ray and we talked about a lot of things including his potato chip company and the stories and pictures he put on the back of each package. I told him I would send him a bunch of pictures and I did send him quite a few. Imagine my surprise when I received a call from Don Marcus telling me that he had just bought a bag of potato chips and my picture was on the back of the bag. That picture still hangs on my wall with the caption

" I

expected to be on a bag of potato chips".

Although Ray and his family no longer own the company the website is still there and has lots of information on it, including where to buy the products in your area. Just enter your zip code and it shows all of the local places where they are available. It also lists the 20 different flavors that the chips come in. (A few of the more "unusual" flavors are Pepperoni Pizza, Cheesy Garlic Bread, Buffalo Wings, Kosher Dill and Jalapeno) <http://www.unclerays.com/>

So yesterday I went to my local store and they had a full rack of Uncle Ray's products . I bought several bags and used my phone to take pictures of the back of several more. So, here is what is attached:

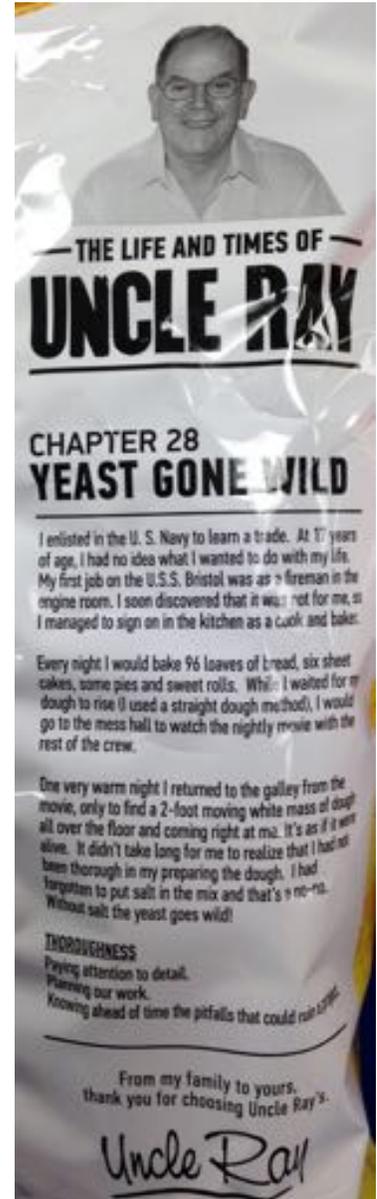
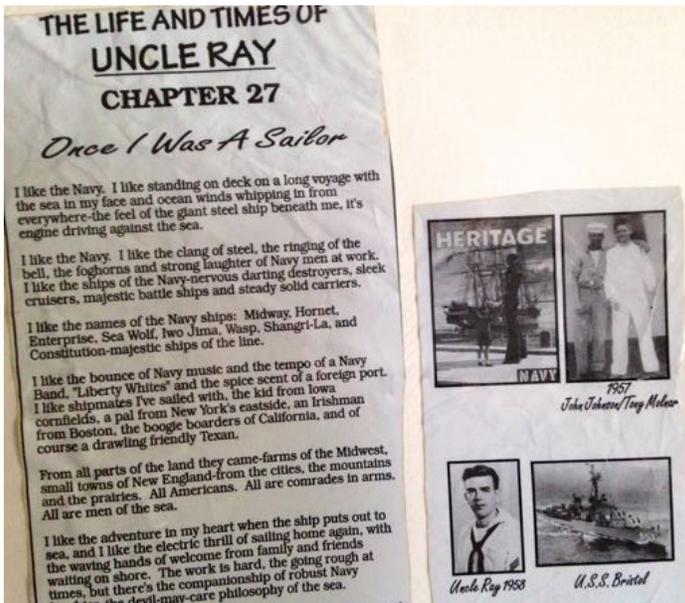
Chapter 27 --Tony on bag--self explanatory
Chapters 11, 13 and 28 are stories of hilarious events on the Bristol
Chapter 5 "Poor but Blessed" tells about Ray's early life. He was a deeply religious guy.

from a source called Encyclopedia.com which has the history of the company.

Lastly, is a picture that was taken in the Blue Bird Club in Naples, Italy in February 1958. That is where we first heard the song *Volare* (in Italian of course) that later became a world-wide hit. My son-in-law placed a "NOW" picture of me and Ray behind us. The other guys are identified on the picture. For the record Paul Ratcliffe saw the picture and claims that he was sitting directly behind Dan Moose and only a sliver of his head is shown.

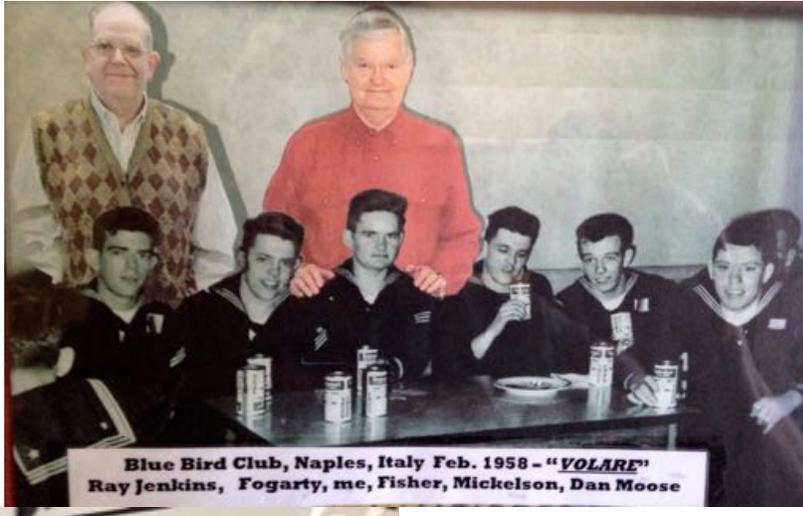
Hope you can use some of this.

Tony



thought my picture might someday end up on a milk carton but I never

Also attached is a Word document which is a write-up on the company



Blue Bird Club, Naples, Italy Feb. 1958 - "VOLARE"
Ray Jenkins, Fogarty, me, Fisher, Mickelson, Dan Moose

CHAPTER 11
THANKSGIVING ON THE L

I started in the food industry as a cook and baker on a Navy destroyer, the U.S.S. Bristol. There I learned what to do with the hands you lemons - only in case it was a mess of soggy steamed turkey.

The night before Thanksgiving, 1957, I had placed turkeys inside steam jacket kettles to thaw. Unfortunately, a critical valve leaked and in the morning I found a dozen bare carcasses and a pile of steamed meat.

Dinner was at noon and I had to work fast. I melted 20 pounds of butter, poured it over the meat, seasoned it and shoved it in the oven at 300 degrees.

Meanwhile, I used the drippings from the kettles to make turkey noodle soup and gravy. We had cranberry sauce, mixed vegetables, hot rolls, tossed salad and pumpkin pie for dessert.

After dinner, a line of more than 100 stuffed happy sailors and wives came by the galley to compliment us on the meal - especially the moist, tender turkey.

Some lessons in life slip by us, but I remembered the one I learned that Thanksgiving: when life hands you lemons, you make lemonade.

RESOURCEFULNESS

Seeing value in objects, ideas and people.
Making wise use of time, talent and resources.
Repair, reuse, recycle.

From my family to yours,
thank you for choosing Uncle Ray's

Uncle Ray

— THE LIFE AND TIMES OF —
UNCLE RAY

CHAPTER 5
POOR BUT BLESSED

Growing up poor had its blessings. Most families in the Fisher Housing Project on the southwest side of Detroit were hard working, honest people. I remember love and kindness from many of them.

We did not have money for toys or games, so we made our own. We cut strips from automobile inner tubes to make rubber guns. We took apart roller skates and used the wheels to make go-carts and scooters.

At Christmas, we would each get a box from the Goodfellows charity. Inside would be an apple, an orange, a box of hard candy, a T-shirt, two pairs of socks and a certificate for a pair of shoes. Bless you, Goodfellows!

Although we were poor, us kids didn't know it. I believe it was because we were rich with love from Mom and Dad, from one another and our neighbors as well.

The most important thing we will ever need is love, and that makes love the most important thing we can give one another.

LOVE

Seeing the needs of others as quickly as I see my own.
Giving freely with no expectation of anything in return.

— THE LIFE AND TIMES OF —
UNCLE RAY

CHAPTER 13
RIDING OUT THE STORM

I was a cook in the navy and still just a kid, and my ship, the U.S.S. Bristol, was a great destroyer. But the hurricane we encountered off the coast of Bermuda was a violent storm. We were told that we could not outrun the gale, but would instead have to ride it out - and what a ride we had.

The ship would lift out of the water and shake like a living thing. It would plunge back deep into the waves and roll to the portside, then back, plunge and roll starboard.

For days we just gave the crew sandwiches and coffee. On the fourth day, though the sea was still rough, we thought we could fix spaghetti for dinner. One sailor left his tray on the table while he fetched a glass of water. A large wave hit the ship and when he got back with his water, his tray was gone.

"What blankety-blank so-and-so took my food?" he yelled. The answer came up moments later. The hatch was open to the sleeping quarters below the mess hall and up came a sailor with a plate of spaghetti on his head. It was the first laugh we'd had in days, and it was a big one.

Editor's Note: Tony Molnar has typed the information that was on the back of the potato chip bag and forwarded it to me. Thanks Tony. And, thanks to Ray Jenkins for documenting his thoughts and experiences.

---THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ---

UNCLE RAY

CHAPTER 28

YEAST GONE WILD

I enlisted in the U.S Navy to learn a trade. 17 years of age I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. My first job on the USS Bristol was as a fireman in the engine room. I soon discovered that it was not for me, so I managed to sign on in the kitchen as a cook and baker.

Every night I would bake 96 loaves of bread, six sheet cakes, some pies and some sweet rolls. While I waited for the dough to rise (I used the straight dough method) I would go to the mess hall to watch the nightly movie with the rest of the crew.

One warm night I returned to the galley from the movie only to find a 2-foot moving white mass of dough all over the floor coming right at me. It didn't take long for me to realize that I had not been thorough in preparing the dough. I had forgotten to put salt in the mix and that's a no-no. Without salt the yeast goes wild.

THOROUGHNESS

Paying attention to detail.

Planning our work.

Knowing ahead of time the pitfalls that could ruin a project.

---THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ---

UNCLE RAY

CHAPTER 13

RIDING OUT THE STORM

I was a cook in the navy and still just a kid, and my ship, the U.S.S. Bristol, was a great destroyer. But the hurricane we encountered off the coast of Bermuda was a violent storm. We were told that we could not outrun the gale, but would have to ride it out—and what a ride we had.

The ship would lift out of the water and shake like a living thing. It would plunge back deep into the waves and roll to the portside, then back, plunge and roll starboard.

For days we just gave the crew sandwiches and coffee. On the fourth day, though the seas were still rough, we thought we could fix spaghetti for dinner. One sailor left his tray on the table while he fetched a glass of water. A large wave hit the ship and when he got back with his water his tray was gone.

“What blanket-blank so-and-so took my food?” he hollered. The answer came up moments later. The hatch was open to the sleeping quarters below the mess hall, and up came a sailor with a plate of spaghetti on his head. It was the first laugh we had in days and it was a big one.

PATIENCE

Making the best of a tough situation.

Keep trying until you succeed.

Changing the things you can and accepting those you can't.

---THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ---

UNCLE RAY

CHAPTER 5

POOR BUT BLESSED

Growing up poor had its blessings. Most families in the Fisher Housing Projects on the southwest side of Detroit were hard working, honest people. I remember love and kindness from many of them.

We did not have money for toys or games, so we made our own. We cut strips from automobile inner tubes to make rubber guns. We took apart roller skates and use the wheels to make go-carts and scooters.

At Christmas, we would each get a box from the Goodfellows charity. Inside would be an apple, an orange, a box of hard candy, a T-shirt, two pairs of socks and a certificate for a pair of shoes. Bless you Goodfellows!

Although we were poor, us kids didn't know it. I believe it was because we were rich with love from Mom and Dad, from one another, and our neighbors as well.

The most important thing we will ever need is love, and that makes love the most important thing we can give one another.

LOVE

Seeing the needs of others as quickly as I see my own.

Giving freely with no expectation of anything in return.

Giving more as I get more.

---THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ---

UNCLE RAY

**CHAPTER 11 THANKSGIVING
ON THE LINE**

I started in the food industry as a cook and baker on a navy destroyer the U.S.S. Bristol. There I learned what to do when life hands you lemons – only in my case it was a heap of soggy steamed turkey.

The night before Thanksgiving 1957, I had placed 12 turkeys inside steam jacket kettles to thaw. Unfortunately, a critical valve leaked and in the morning I found a dozen bare carcasses and a pile of steamed meat.

Dinner was at noon and I had to work fast. I melted 20 pounds of butter, poured it over the meat, seasoned it and shoved it in the oven at 300 degrees.

Meanwhile, I used the drippings from the kettles to make turkey noodle soup and gravy. We had cranberry sauce, mixed vegetables, hot rolls, tossed salad and pumpkin pie for dessert.

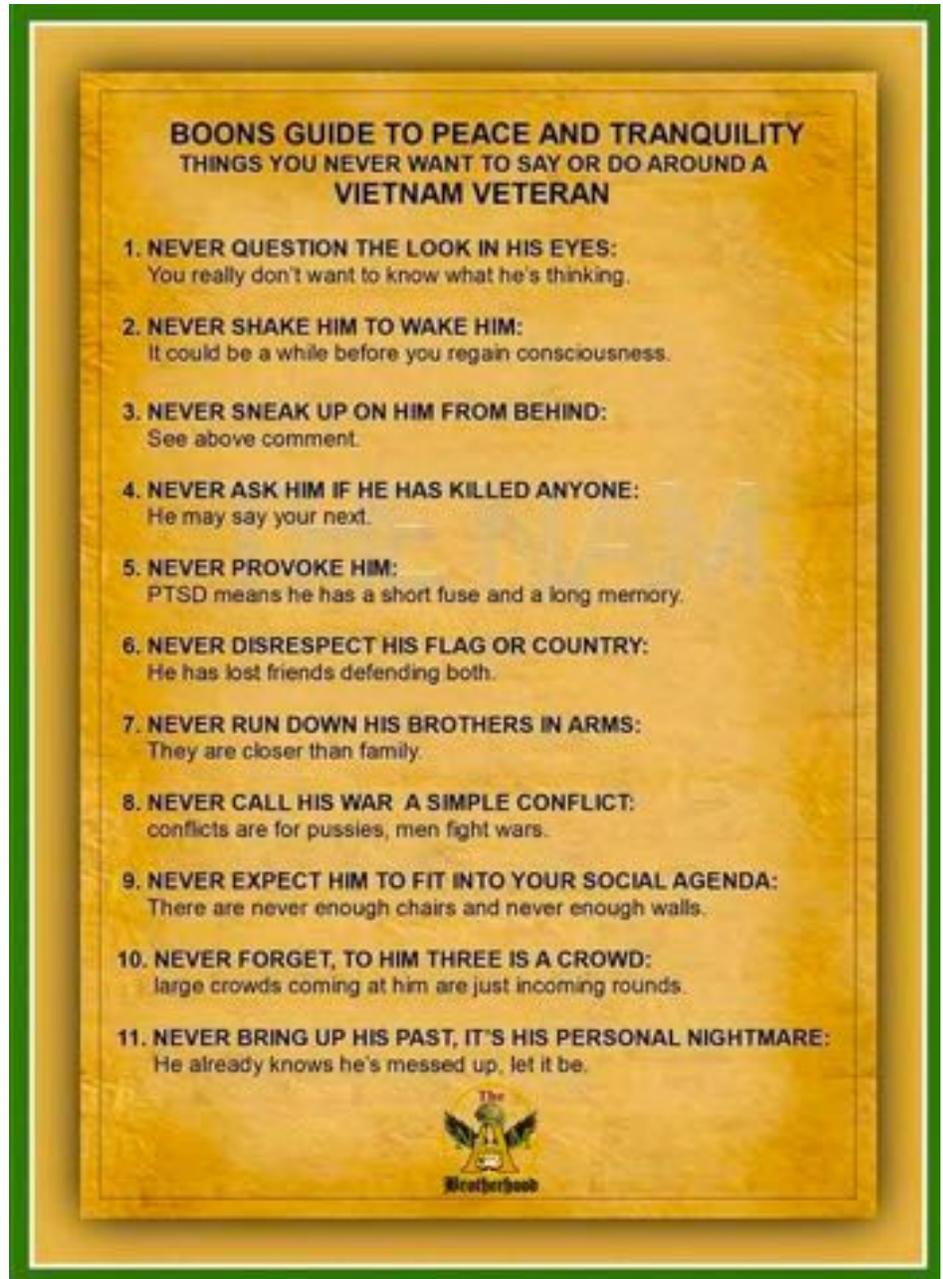
After dinner, a line of more than 100 stuffed happy sailors and wives came by the galley to compliment us on the meal- especially the moist, tender turkey.

Some lessons slip by us, but I remembered the one I learned that Thanksgiving: when life hands you lemons, you make lemonade.

RESOURCEFULNESS

Seeing value in objects, ideas and people. Making wise use of time, talent and resources. Repair, reuse, recycle

.....





PA and Jeannette Roth. He was the grandfather of Alexa Jeane Mazur and Austin Robert Mazur of Omaha, NE.

He was preceded in death by his son, Sheldon R. Fink, who passed in 2000.

The family will receive friends at Hiers-Baxley Funeral Services, TimberRidge, 9695 SW 110th Street, Ocala, FL 34481 on March 17, 2017 from 10:00AM - 12:00PM Funeral services will be at 12:30PM on March 17, 2017 at Joy Evangelical Lutheran Church with The Reverend Arthur Wuertz officiating. Entombment will be at Highland Memorial Park. In lieu of flowers memorials may be made to the [American Cancer Society](#) or The Wounded Warrior Project. Condolences may be left at [Hiers-Baxley.com](#) -

.....

Samuel J Lewis, MMC, Ret, USN

I Received the following note from Mrs Lewis regarding the death of our shipmate, Samuel J Lewis.

Shipmates

I am deeply saddened to report that Bob Fink passed away on March 10. Bob had been in poor health for several years but was still looking forward to attending the next reunion.

Bob and I served together in the radar gang in 1957 and 1958 and enjoyed many fun times. The attached picture was taken in 1958 in Italy. It includes Bob and I plus Roy Burroughs and Don Koslowski. Don was an ET and later became Bob's brother-in-law. Don died many years ago.

Bob will be missed.

Tony

Here is the printed version:

FINK, ROBERT H., 78 Ocala - Robert H. Fink, 78, of Ocala, Florida passed away March 10, 2017 at Shands at the University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida. He was the husband of Jeanette Fink for 56 years.

Robert was born on January 13, 1939 in Allentown, Pennsylvania to Harvey and Arlene (Heimbach) Fink. He proudly served our country as a veteran of the US Navy. Prior to his retirement he was a Regional Sales Manager for the Northeast Region for Liquid Carbonic.

Robert will be deeply missed by his wife Jeanette; and daughter, Sheryl, wife of Ed Mazur of Omaha, NE; sisters, Darlene Stella of Allentown,

Gentlemen,

Please be advised that the following shipmate died on Jan 24, 2017 -

retired

CPO Samuel J Lewis

123 28 Gard Ave

Norwalk, Ca 90650

Thank you for all of your literature. He really enjoyed reading it.

Mrs Samuel J Lewis

.....

Subject: Drone Fighters

French military using winged warriors to hunt down rogue drones
Published February 22, 2017 Fox News



A golden eagle grabs a flying drone during a military training exercise at Mont-de-Marsan French Air Force base, Southwestern France, February 10, 2017. REUTERS/Regis Duvignau - RTX30HM1

Following incidents of drones flying over the presidential palace and restricted military sites – along with the deadly 2015 Paris terror attacks – the French air force has trained four golden eagles to intercept and destroy the rogue aircraft.

Aptly named d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis – an homage to Alexandre Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" – the four birds of prey have been honing their attack skills at the Mont-de-Marsan in southwestern France since mid-2016.



A French army falconer works with a golden eagle as part of a military training for combat against drones in Mont-de-Marsan French Air Force base, Southwestern France, February 10, 2017. REUTERS/Regis Duvignau - RTX30HNZ

"A drone means food for these birds," Gerald Machoukow, the military base's falconer, told FRANCE 24. "Now they automatically go after them."

The use of hunting birds – normally falcons and northern goshawks – by militaries around the globe is common practice in the fight to scare other critters away from runways and so cut the risk of accidents during takeoff or landing. But it wasn't until 2015 when the Dutch started using bald eagles to intercept drones that other militaries started to see the benefit of these winged warriors.

The French bred the four golden eagles – three males and one female -- using artificial insemination since eagles are a protected species and harvesting wild eggs is strictly forbidden. They chose the golden eagle because of the birds hooked beak and sharp eyesight.

Also weighing in around 11 pounds, the birds are in a similar weight class as the drones they're sent to destroy and clocking in at a top air speed of 50 miles per hour, with the capability of spotting its target from over a mile away, the eagles are deft hunters.

To protect the eagles from drone blades and any explosive device that might be attached to them, the French military designed mittens of leather and Kevlar, an anti-blast material, to protect the bird's talons.



A golden eagle carries a flying drone away during a military training exercise at Mont-de-Marsan French Air Force base, Southwestern France, February 10,

2017. REUTERS/Regis Duvignau - RTX30HNX

"I love these birds," Machoukow told Agence France-Presse. "I don't want to send them to their death."

The birds are first taught to attack in a straight line before graduating to diving from heights. Soon they'll be patrolling the skies over the Pyrenees Mountains in southern France and could possibly be deployed at airports and special events, such as political summits and soccer tournaments.

While an initial progress report on the eagles' capabilities is due in June, French officials say that the results are promising and the French air force already expects four more eagles to join the fleet at Mont-de-Marsan by the summer.

This peace contributed by Joe Kelsey

"THE LAST ONES"

Born in the 1930s and early 1940s, we exist as a very special age cohort. We are the "LAST ONES." We are the last, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the war itself with fathers and uncles going off. We are the last to remember ration books for everything from sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can also remember the parades on August 15, 1945; VJ Day.

We are the last who spent childhood without television; instead imagining what we heard on the radio. As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside until the street

lights came on.” We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no little league.

The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like. Our Saturday afternoons, if at the movies, gave us newsreels of the war and the holocaust sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons. Newspapers and magazines were written for adults. We are the last who had to find out for ourselves.

As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth. The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics. In the late 40s and early 50s the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class. Our parents understandably became absorbed with their own new lives. They were free from the confines of the depression and the war. They threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.

We weren't neglected but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves "until the street lights came on." They were busy discovering the post war world.

Most of us had no life plan, but with the unexpected virtue of ignorance and an economic rising tide we simply stepped into the world and went to find out. We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed. Based on our naïve belief that there was more where this came from, we shaped life as we went.

We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future. Of course, just as today, not all Americans shared in this experience. Depression poverty was deep rooted. Polio was still acrippler. The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 1950s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks. China became Red China. Eisenhower sent the first "advisors" to Vietnam. Castro set up camp in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power.

We are the last to experience an interlude when there were no existential threats to our homeland. We came of age in the late 1940s and early 1950s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, climate change, technological upheaval and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease.

Only we can remember both a time of apocalyptic war and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We experienced both.

We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better... not worse.

We did not have it easy. Our wages were low, we did without, we lived within our means, we worked hard to get a job, and harder still to keep it. Things that today are considered necessities, we considered unreachable luxuries. We made things last. We fixed, rather than replaced. We had values and did not take for granted that "somebody will take care of us." We cared for ourselves and we also cared for others.

We are the "LAST ONES."
Contributed by Joe Kelsey
.....

Meaning of Flag Draped Coffin

All Americans should be given this lesson.

Those who think that America is an arrogant nation should really reconsider that thought.

Our founding fathers used GOD's word and teachings to establish our Great Nation and I think it's high time Americans get re-educated about this Nation's history. Pass it along and be proud of the country we live in and even more proud of those who serve to protect our 'GOD GIVEN' rights and freedoms.

I hope you take the time to read this ... To understand what the flag draped coffin really means ... Here is how to understand the flag that laid upon it and is surrendered to so many widows and widowers. Do you know that at military funerals, the 21-gun salute stands for the sum of the numbers in the year 1776?

Have you ever noticed the honor guard pays meticulous attention to correctly folding the United States of America Flag 13 times? You probably thought it was to symbolize the original 13 colonies, but we learn something new every day!

The 1st fold of the flag is a symbol of life.

The 2nd fold is a symbol of the belief in eternal life.

The 3rd fold is made in honor and remembrance of the veterans departing the ranks who gave a portion of their lives for the defense of the country to attain peace throughout the world.

The 4th fold represents the weaker nature, for as American citizens trusting in God, it is to Him we turn in times of peace as well as in time of war for His divine guidance.

The 5th fold is a tribute to the country, for in the words of Stephen Decatur, 'Our Country, in dealing with other countries, may she always be right; but it is still our country, right or wrong.'

The 6th fold is for where people's hearts lie. It is with their heart that they pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America , and the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

The 7th fold is a tribute to its Armed Forces, for it is through the Armed Forces that they protect their country and their flag against all her enemies, whether they be found within or without the boundaries of their republic.

The 8th fold is a tribute to the one who entered into the valley of the shadow of death, that we might see the light of day.

The 9th fold is a tribute to womanhood, and Mothers. For it has been through their faith, their love, loyalty and devotion that the character of the men and women who have made this country great has been molded.

The 10th fold is a tribute to the father, for he, too, has given his sons and daughters for the defense of their country since they were first born.

The 11th fold represents the lower portion of the seal of King David and King Solomon and glorifies in the Hebrews eyes, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

The 12th fold represents an emblem of eternity and glorifies, in the Christians eyes, God the Father, the Son and Holy Spirit.

The 13th fold, or when the flag is completely folded, the stars are uppermost reminding them of their Nations motto, 'In God We Trust.'

After the flag is completely folded and tucked in, it takes on the appearance of a cocked hat, ever reminding us of the soldiers who served under General George Washington, and the Sailors and Marines who served under Captain John Paul Jones, who were followed by their comrades and shipmates in the Armed Forces of the United

States, preserving for them the rights, privileges and freedoms they enjoy today.

There are some traditions and ways of doing things that have deep meaning.

In the future, you'll see flags folded and now you will know why.

Share this with the children you love and all others who love what is referred to, the symbol of ' Liberty and Freedom.'

Contributed by Don Tanner

.....

THE FINAL INSPECTION

The Soldier stood and faced God,
Which must always come to pass.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his brass.

'Step forward now, Soldier,
How shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned the other cheek?
To My Church have you been true?'

The soldier squared his shoulders
and said,
'no, Lord, I guess I ain't.
Because those of us who carry guns,
Can't always be a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a penny,
That wasn't mine to keep.
Though I worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills just got too steep.

And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear.
And sometimes, God, forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.

I know I don't deserve a place,
Among the people here.
They never wanted me around,
Except to calm their fears.

If you've a place for me here, Lord,

It needn't be so grand.
I never expected or had too much,
But if you don't, I'll understand.

There was a silence all around the throne,
Where the saints had often trod.
As the Soldier waited quietly,
For the judgment of his God.

'Step forward now, you Soldier,
You've borne your burdens well.

Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in Hell.'

It's the Soldier, not the reporter who has given us the freedom of the press.

It's the Soldier, not the poet, who has given us the freedom of speech.

It's the Soldier, not the politicians that ensures our right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

It's the Soldier who salutes the flag, who serves beneath the flag, and whose coffin is draped by the flag.

This piece contributed by Charlie Weaver

.....

Paul Ratcliffe, Volunteer Trainman, Steamtown USA National Historic Site, Scranton, PA. *Ed and Anne Lynch and their grandchildren ,Ronan and Shae, pose for this photo with Paul just before their ride on this historic piece of machinery.*



Obituary: Joseph Medicine CrowWar songs of the Plains

Joseph Medicine Crow, last war chief of the Crow tribe, died on April 3rd, aged 102

Apr 16th 2016

THEY were on a path over the hills when Joseph Medicine Crow saw the horses: 50 of them. It made him pause, for there was never anything ordinary about these creatures. They were the most precious possession any Indian could have: the gift of the Sky World, with lightning in their limbs and starlight in their eyes. He longed to leap on one, bareback, and ride it away.

He was going ahead of his party, scouting the trail. It was a natural job for him, since from childhood he had been taught to notice bear-scrapes on bark, deer prints in mud, the habits of waterfowl and the distant suggestions of dust. Though his tribe, the Crow, had been confined to a reservation since 1884, he had been trained in the old nomadic ways: to sleep only on the floor, wrapped in a blanket; to be perfectly alert, ready to spring, the moment he woke; to harden his feet, by going barefoot in snow, for endless walking. His people had been employed as scouts

by George Armstrong Custer before the battle of the Little Bighorn in 1876, when they had joined the white men against their old Plains enemies, the Lakota Sioux and the Cheyenne. As a very small child, hanging round the fire and the mysterious sweat lodges, he had heard the stories of four of these old-timers—including his maternal step-grandfather, White Man Runs Him—and relived the massacre of the blundering blue-uniformed soldiers through their ancient eyes.

Now, however, the year was 1945. He was no longer on the immense western Plains, but somewhere behind the Siegfried Line; and through his fieldglasses he could see that the men on the horses were German SS officers.

His childhood training had included facing his worst fears. “High Bird” was his Crow name, the imperturbable floating eagle. He had been made to jump into freezing rivers, fight with a Sioux boy, go to the white hospital full of doctors and ghosts, and to the public school where a white girl had stuck pins in him. Not many months back, he had been ordered to lead a squad through enemy machinegun fire to carry out some dynamite: to face death, in other words. His commanding officer had naturally assumed

he would be the ideal man to do it.

Yet, along with his native skills, he was highly educated. He had been the first in his tribe to go to college and get a masters degree, and was more than halfway through a doctoral thesis when he was called up. His title was “The Effects of European Culture Contact upon the Economic, Social and Religious Life of the Crow Indians”. He found that influence good, in many ways. As a result of it he could read, write and get well-paid jobs, and he did not mind putting on a suit and tie, just for part of the day, to do them. All his life he was to be a bridge between the two worlds, lecturing on the need to combine the best of old ways and new, and encouraging amity and peace to reign, in particular, round the battlefield at Little Bighorn.

His call-up in 1943 raised typically mixed feelings. He wanted to prove himself in Europe, but in a Crow way. For them, warfare was seldom about killing. Rather it was an endless series of raids and horse-stealing in which young men showed how cunning, noble and resourceful they were, decorating their coup sticks with beads and feathers to prove it. It was, he thought, the finest sport in the world. He went on raids along the

Siegfried Line with red war-paint under his uniform and a yellow-daubed eagle feather, symbol of his spirit-helper, tucked inside his helmet. In one village he collided with a German soldier. Rather than simply shooting him, he threw away his rifle and wrestled him into submission, as he had the Sioux boy long ago.

Memories preserved

Now, with the horses, his ancestral instincts definitely got the upper hand. He tracked them to where they were stabled and, at first light, crept past the guards to slip an Indian bridle on the best of them, a thoroughbred with a white blaze on its face. Vaulting on, he stampeded the rest out of the barn and over the hills, shouting a victory song in Crow as he rode. "High Bird! High Bird! You fought the Germans! You great warrior!" Only back in Montana, swapping war stories with the elders, did he realise that he had unconsciously performed—by grabbing the explosives, manhandling the enemy soldier, seizing his rifle and stealing the horses—the four deeds that established him as a war-chief of his people, as his paternal grandfather Medicine Crow had been before him in the buffalo days.

Some might think he had nothing to fight about in the

decades that followed. Not so. Struggles multiplied against drugs, alcohol, joblessness and lack of funding on the Crow lands, which covered 3,600 square miles of plain and mountain. When, as war chief, he welcomed Barack Obama in 2008, he urged the presidential candidate to recognise native Americans as first-class citizens, not people "at the bottom of the ladder". Carefully, in dozens of boxes stacked in his house and garage, he preserved handwritten stories of the old-timers and photographs, captioned in pencil, of their worn, proud, haunted faces. Honours poured down on him, as keeper of the memories of his tribe. At each award ceremony, including the one for his Medal of Freedom in the White House in 2009, he swung his coup stick and chanted a vigorous Crow war song, the only man truly qualified to sing one—and the last.

.....

The Record - March 1998

Exploring the Life and History of the "Buffalo Soldiers"

By Walter Hill

They have lined his walls in his office and home. They have been presented to him as gifts and memorials to his service to the

nation. For General Colin Powell, the art work and memorabilia of the historic "Buffalo Soldiers" have profound meaning.

The career of General Powell represents a historical and spiritual link to the United States Colored Troops, (USCT) organized May 22, 1863, and the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the four all-Black infantry regiments organized in 1866. Military service and the giving of one's life for one's country are the ultimate sacrifice. But why did African Americans invest their lives in a country that denied them every opportunity? It is a question that scholars of Afro-American history and Black military history are just beginning to explore.

After the USCT established a Black military presence as volunteer units during the Civil War, the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments began the historic tradition of a Black military presence in the peacetime regular army. The Congress sought to reorganize and restructure the army after the Civil War, and passed the Army Organization Act on July 28, 1866.

Under the act, Congress authorized four additional cavalry regiments, creating two "to be composed of colored men." From this time to the closing days of World War II, a distinct and unique history of the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments unfolded within the military.

They participated in the Indian campaigns in the West, fought with Teddy Roosevelt and the Rough Riders in the Spanish American War,

enforced the neutrality laws along the Mexican border, saw four tours of duty in the Philippine Islands, and battled Pancho Villa during the Mexican punitive expedition under John J. Pershing in 1916. When the United States entered World War I, many of the non-commissioned officers received commissions and several hundred troopers joined new units preparing to fight in Europe.

In peacetime America, 1920 to 1941, they became efficient horse and marksmanship units, winning many competitions while fulfilling their duties as service troops for the cavalry school at Fort Riley, Kansas.

When the United States entered World War II, the 9th and 10th Cavalry, along with others, became subject to changing military philosophy and the mechanization of the cavalry. These wartime changes, for all practical purposes, meant the end of the mounted cavalry in postwar America.



Company B, 25th Infantry, Fort Shaw, Montana, 1888.
(NARA, 111-SC-83786)

The records in the National Archives relating to the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments span some eighty years (1866-1946). Whether seeking information on an individual soldier or a military unit, a researcher must understand that information can be

gathered from a variety of NARA record groups, and consist of non-textual as well as textual records. The quality and nature of information varies with the records.



Squadron of the 9th Cavalry at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, 1889.
(NARA,111-SC-82449).

The recruitment of men for the 9th and 10th Cavalry immediately following the Civil War coincided with the mustering out of thousands of USCT troops. Record Group 94, Records of the Adjutant General's Office, is fundamental for military history research because the Adjutant General handled the record-keeping of the Army. Recruitment and enlistment files, muster rolls and returns of military divisions, departments, and posts, and correspondence and orders were routinely sent to this office. These records exist as the major source for personnel information on the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments prior to 1917.

The men of the 9th and 10th Cavalry came from various social and economic backgrounds. Many were veterans of the Civil War. The ranks of the new cavalry units were filled with ex-slaves but they now had a new perspective—freedom. For a composite of who these men were, their former lives, their military experiences, and what happened to

them, the enlistment papers in the Adjutant General's records are especially important. In many cases, detailed sketches and outlines of the men's lives can be gleaned from these records.

The organization of the 9th Cavalry took place in New Orleans, Louisiana, under the auspices of the Division of the Gulf (covering Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, August 1866). The unit was immediately sent to San Antonio, Texas, for station duty.

On August 6, 1866, General William T. Sherman, Commander, Military Division of the Mississippi, issued from his headquarters in St. Louis General Order No. 6, which established the first command structure for the 10th. The unit was based initially at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. As issues and events in the West unfolded, the command structure for both units changed and moved.

The Indian campaigns of the West provided the signature recognition for the 9th and 10th Cavalry. Shortly after both units were transferred to the West, they, along with other cavalry units, engaged Native Americans in battle. The 9th patrolled the Rio Grande River and the Mexican border, escorting and protecting government mail and settlers, and containing Indians, Mexicans, and lawless Americans.

Between 1867 and 1886, the 10th was engaged in extended campaigns against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches in Kansas, New Mexico, Arizona, and the

Indian Territory. According to Benjamin H. Grierson, Colonel, 10th Cavalry, 1867 to 1890, the 10th acquired the name "Buffalo Soldiers" during the 1871 campaign against the Comanches in the Indian Territory. Grierson said that the Comanches respected the soldiers' tireless marching and dogged trail skills. They had earned the name of the rugged and revered buffalo. The 10th made the "Buffalo" its regimental coat of arms years later, but the term "Buffalo Soldiers," became synonymous with both the 9th and 10th units.

In tracing the activities of the units, the records of Record Group 391, Records of the U.S. Regular Mobile Units, and to a lesser extent Record Group 393, Records of the US Army Continental Commands, 1821-1920, should be used in conjunction with particular record series within Record Group 94. The regimental records of the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments are a part of Record Group 391 and contain extremely useful operation reports, orders, and location information as well as correspondence and officer and troop lists. In addition, Record Group 75, Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, may also prove useful because the troops defended and assisted many of the Indian Agencies, in particular the Cheyenne and Kiowa.

The image of Teddy Roosevelt and the Rough Riders charging up San Juan Hill is ingrained in the minds of most Americans. Those men of the 9th and 10th Cavalry alongside Roosevelt are not so prominent. They not only were with him, but

they played an important role in the battle. There are official and unofficial reports of the battle in Record Group 391, US Regular Army Mobile Units, 1821-1942. Among the Letters and Endorsements Sent, 1896-99, is a handwritten account of the 9th Cavalry in battle. The 10th Cavalry's Regimental History, 1866-98, also covers the participation of that unit in the battle and other engagements during the war. The Medal of Honor winners from the 10th Cavalry are cited, and there are fading newspaper clippings describing the San Juan Hill action and the heroism of the "Buffalo Soldiers."

Record Group 395, US Army Overseas Operations and Commands, 1898-1942, along with Record Group 391 and records in the various record groups of the Adjutant General's Office, can be used to follow the 9th and 10th in their tours of duty in the Philippine Islands, 1900-09, and the punitive expedition in Mexico, 1915.

Two record groups that should also be consulted are Record Group 153, Records of the Judge Advocate General (Army), and Record Group 159, Records of the Office of the Inspector General (Army). Court Martials were a necessary regulating tool for military behavior. While most soldiers who served did so honorably, others did not, and extenuating circumstances often placed soldiers in a military court of law. Among the Regimental Orders and Circulars Issued, Oct. 1875-Dec. 1891 in Record Group 391, are documents on court martial proceedings and military tribunal

appointments. The actual court case files are in the Judge Advocate General records. Court cases typically provide details about people and events not usually found elsewhere.

The history of the 9th and 10th Cavalry regiments is not only a part of the great military tradition of the United States but of the history of Black accomplishment. It is a distinct and unique history.

Walter Hill is an archivist with the National Archives and Records Administration. He would like to acknowledge the assistance of Peggy Cifrino, General Powell's staff, NARA staffers Michael Musick, Elaine Everly, Tod Butler, the late Sara D. Jackson, "my spiritual mentor in Black military history," and various "Buffalo Associations" around the country with whom he has worked.

.....

Editor's Note:

My email address has changed to

lynchec@yahoo.com

Please update your address book

Regards,

Ed Lynch

.....