



**USS MADDOX DESTROYER ASSOCIATION**

**12686 W. Highway 55  
York, SC 29745-8748**

**Fall 2008**

## USS Maddox Association Officers and Board

### Officers

President:	Jim Slattery	2010
Vice President:	Al Raines	2010
Secretary:	Bob Wannamaker	Appointed
Treasurer:	John Bayley	Appointed
Chaplin:	Justin McMenamy	Appointed
Parliamentarian:	Ron Stalsberg	Appointed
Historian:	Ron Hyer	Appointed

### Board of Directors

Robert Fairbanks	2009
Russell Harvey, Sr.	2009
Daniel Holland	2009
Ed Pirie, Sr.	2010
Leslie Doble	2010
Dennis Stokhaug	2010
Robert Graham	2010

### Appointed Positions

Nominating Committee Chair:	Hoot Gibson
Reunion Committee Chair:	Ken Chestnut
Eastern Region -	John Bayley, Joyce Metcalf, Ed Pirie Dan Holland
Central Region -	Jim Slattery, Justin McMenamy
Western Region -	TBA
Membership Committee Chair:	Cliff Gillespie
Web Master:	Ben Gold
Newsletter Editor:	Mary Raines

# "How goes it" News

## *A Message From the President*



Hello Shipmates!

Our Oklahoma City Reunion is now history. I know the hotel was in the middle of remodeling and that did not always please us all, but I felt the Staff and Management went out of their way to be helpful. I hear the bus tour of OK City was great. How did you all feel as you toured the site of the Murrah Federal Building? Was that not a bad feeling to think about all those innocents that died there?

I want to thank Cliff for the last 5 years as President, great job buddy. Now that I am in his shoes, I know this is not an easy job and I will not please everyone, but you can bet I sure am going to try.

Special thanks to:

- Ed and Norma for doing such a great job on the hospitality room again this year; we were never without goodies or drinks.
- John Bayley, how can we thank you for all the hard work you do as treasurer? (Outstanding).
- Joyce & Bill for keeping us on an even keel and things running smoothly.
- Bob Wannamaker for being secretary. ("It will only take a minute to do this job.")
- All of our elected and appointed officers, we could not do this without you.

Families, friends, spouses and guests that come to our reunions and listen to the same old sea stories from the bow to the fantail and the bridge to the engine rooms and fire rooms, thank you for putting up with us.

*Jim S.*

## Reunion News

2008

### *USS Maddox Destroyer Association Reunion Oklahoma City, Oklahoma*

#### **OKLAHOMA CITY NATIONAL MEMORIAL & MUSEUM**

The April 19, 1995, Oklahoma City bombing changed our nation and our world. It was the costliest act of terrorism, up to that time, on American soil...168 people were killed, including 19 children...more than 700 injured...it involved thousands of rescuers.

We come to remember those who were killed, those who survived and those who were changed forever. May all who leave know the impact of violence. This memorial offers comfort, strength, peace, hope and serenity. COMFORT...a solemn remembrance of those who were lost. STRENGTH...from the stories of brave rescuers, survivors and family members. PEACE...as the gentle Oklahoma breezes ripple the Reflecting Pool. HOPE...symbolized by the many acts of kindness and support following the bombing. SERENITY...a renewed confidence in the goodness of humanity, the resolve of a community and the strength of a state and nation refusing to bow down in the face of terrorism. You will be CHANGED FOREVER by your visit to one of America's most sacred places.

#### **Gates of Time**



These monumental twin gates frame the moment of destruction – 9:02 AM. – and mark the formal entrances to the Memorial.

*The East Gate* represents 9:01 AM. on April 19, and the innocence of the city before the attack.

# OKLAHOMA CITY NATIONAL MEMORIAL & MUSEUM

*The West Gate* represents 9:03 AM., the moment we were changed forever, and the hope that came from the horror in the moments and days following the bombing.



## Reflecting Pool



The pool occupies what was once NW. Fifth Street. Here, a shallow depth of gently flowing water helps soothe wounds, with calming sounds providing a peaceful setting for quiet thoughts. The placid surface shows the reflection of someone changed forever by their visit to the Memorial.

## Field of Empty Chairs

The 168 chairs represent the lives taken on April 19, 1995. They stand in nine rows to represent each floor of the building; each chair bears the name of someone killed on that floor. Nineteen smaller chairs stand for the children. The field is located on the footprint of the Murrah Building.



## The Only Surviving Wall



On the east end of the Memorial stands the only remaining walls from the Murrah Building. These walls remind us of those who survived the terrorist attack, many with serious injuries. Today, more than 600 names are inscribed on salvaged pieces of granite from the Murrah Building lobby.

# OKLAHOMA CITY NATIONAL MEMORIAL & MUSEUM

## The Survivor Tree



The Survivor Tree, an American Elm, bore witness to the violence of April 19, 1995, and withstood the full force of the attack. Years later, it continues to stand as a living symbol of resilience. The circular promontory surrounding the tree offers a place for gathering and viewing the Memorial.

## Rescuers' Orchard

Like the people who rushed in to help, this army of nut and flower-bearing trees surrounds and protects the Survivor Tree. An inscription encircling the Survivor Tree facing the orchard reads: To the courageous and caring who responded from near and far, we offer our eternal gratitude, as a thank you to the thousands of rescuers and volunteers who helped.



## Children's Area



In the aftermath of the blast, children from around the country and the world sent in their own expressions of encouragement and love. That care is represented today by a wall of tiles painted by children and sent to Oklahoma City in 1995. In addition, buckets of chalk and chalkboards built into the ground of the Children's Area give children

a place where they can continue to share their feelings -- an important component of the healing process.

# OKLAHOMA CITY NATIONAL MEMORIAL & MUSEUM

## The Fence

The first Fence was installed to protect the site of the Murrah Building. Almost immediately, people began to leave tokens of love and hope on the Fence. Those items now total more than 60,000 and are collected and preserved in our archives. Today, more than 200 feet of the original fence gives people the opportunity to leave tokens of remembrance and hope.



## The Survivors' Wall



More than 637 names are listed on the Survivors' Wall on the Outdoor Symbolic Memorial. The granite panels on which the Survivors' names are etched were salvaged from the Murrah Building and are mounted on the only surviving wall of the Murrah Building on the east side of the footprint.

## We Search For The Truth

A rescue worker in Team 5 painted the message on this wall during search and recovery efforts on April 19, 1995. The building on which it is painted was a functioning office building when the bomb exploded across the street. Ceilings collapsed, walls fell in and glass shards flew throughout the building. Hundreds of people were injured, many critically. Fortunately, no one was killed in this building.



**USS Maddox Destroyer Association Reunion, Cont.**

**FUN, FOOD AND FRIENDS**



Reunion First Timers - Anita & Becky



All Aboard!!!!



Dan Holland & John Bayley



Dennis, Is that you?



Sara, Bob, Joyce, Alvin, Russ, Janet



Ladies Breakfast



Sharon, Alyce, Becky, Norma, Lois,  
Judy, Sandy, Janet



Marie, Sara, Kathy, Mary, Virginia

USS Maddox Destroyer Association Reunion, Cont.



Shirley, Grace, Joyce, Evelyn, Anita,  
Sharon, Cheryl, Diane



President Jim Slattery



Hoot & Evelyn Gibson



Gene & Shirley Curless



Bob & Susan Fairbanks



Clara Flock & Son Gil



Dennis & Kathy Stokhaug



Bob & Gladys Graham

USS Maddox Destroyer Association Reunion, Cont.



Joe Freedman & Anita



Jim & Pat Stice, Pete



Dan & Judy Holland



Ed & Lois Schultz



John & Sandy Bayley



Dwight & Sharon Savage & Family



Bob & Sara Wannamaker



Ray Pieroni, Denise, Renee

**USS Maddox Destroyer Association Reunion, Cont.**



Ed ("FiFi") & Norma Pirie



Al ("Arky") & Mary Raines



Grace Mikita & Daughters



Charles & Alyce Keihn



Bill & Joyce Metcalf



Lester Chandler & Sons - Homer, Al



Justin & Virginia McMenemy



Dick & Judy Lagro

USS Maddox Destroyer Association Reunion, Cont.



Gordan & Sharon Sovereign



John & Marie Fischer



Larry & Elise Hawkinson



Alvin & Joyce Christmas



Russ & Janet Harvey



Chester Gillespie: The newest honorary member of the USS Maddox Association at his first reunion in Oklahoma City, OK



Al, Mary, Alvin, Joyce, Bob, Sara, Dennis, Cathy

**USS Maddox Destroyer Association Reunion, Cont.**



Robert & Judy Dinwiddie



John King



Dick Lagro signing autographs



Auctioneer Dan



Maddox Shipmates, All present and accounted for, Sir. . . .

*Editors Note: Special thanks to Janet Harvey, Sandy Bayley, and Susan Fairbanks for sharing their photos of the Maddox Reunion, Oklahoma City with us.*

## *Begin Making Plans!*

For those who made the trip to the Oklahoma City Reunion, it was great seeing everyone again; even if we acquired a few more gray hairs (or lost what hair we did have), few more wrinkles and an expanded waistline.

If you were unable to make it, we missed you even tho' we had a great time.

Start making plans for next year in Phoenix, AZ. The reunion will be held on September 9-13, 2009 at the Embassy Suites Hotel, 1515 North 44th Street, Phoenix. Reunion packets will be sent to members. *Not a member?* Contact John Bayley at (828)743-1847. The location of our 2010 is tentatively scheduled for Philadelphia.

## *Reunions Past:*

Several requests have been made for a list of the years' and locations of past reunions.

1989 - Baton Rouge, LA	2004 - Kansas City, MO
1990 - Charleston, SC	2005 - Cancelled
1991 - Dayton, OH	2006 - Portland, OR
1992 - San Diego, CA	2007 - Herndon, VA
1993 - St. Louis, MO	2008 - Oklahoma City, OK
1994 - Portland, ME (50th anniversary of the DD731)	
1995 - Houston, TX	
1996 - Seattle, WA	
1997 - Orlando, FL	
1998 - Minneapolis, MN	
1999 - Norfolk, VA	
2000 - Las Vegas, NV	
2001 - San Antonio, TX	
2002 - Savannah, GA	
2003 - Buena Park, CA	

## TOURING OKLAHOMA CITY

*Bob Wannamaker, BT2 1961-64*

My hat goes off to Ken Chestnut and Cliff Gillespie for their planning the Oklahoma City reunion. For the shipmates and families who didn't get to visit this part of the country, they really missed a very historical city. One of the highlights of the Association's annual meeting was the tour. Touring in a comfortable motor coach with a knowledgeable tour guide was perhaps the best part of our reunion schedule.

The group got on the tour bus at the hotel that morning around 9:00



AM, and we did not get back until 4:00 PM. The tour was long and tiring, but I believe everyone got their monies' worth. The tour guide was from the area, she was humorous, witty and very knowledgeable of history of the city. We got a close up and personal view of the working Oklahoma

City Stockyards and the famous Cattlemen's Restaurant at the beginning of the tour. Thank goodness there were no cows present with their authentic smell!

We stopped and got see, close up, the larger-than-life historical land rush statues near the man made canal by the brickyard. These statues are a series of the famous land rush figures in 1889 where settlers rush to claim Reservation lands that were taken away from the Indians. All this area is Oklahoma City today.



I was taken away by the horrific scene of the Alfred P. Murrah Government Building bombing. I had read and followed the news

## TOURING OKLAHOMA CITY... *Cont.*

articles in 1995, but I was unprepared to see the massive destruction at the Memorial Park. A Ryder truck, which carried the fertilizer and diesel fuel mixture that made up the bomb, exploded in the front of the nine-story government building.



The bomb broke windows many miles away and was recorded 20 miles away on the seismograph at the University of Oklahoma as an earthquake. The blast left a gaping 30 foot wide 8 foot deep hole in the parking area and killed 168 men, women, and children. The park ranger who was conducting the tour got visibly emotional while telling the Maddox group about the deaths of the children at the day care and other innocent people in the area.

The memorial is a place of healing for the citizens and families of the loved ones who were killed that day. The families reestablished part of the perimeter chain link fence, which originally was supposed to keep out curious people, for a place to leave pictures, clothing, wreaths, flowers, and religious articles. Across the street, the Catholic Church's Rectory was destroyed by the blast. Now, at this site stands a pure white statue of Jesus, his head bowed into the cup of his hand, the inscription reading, "And Jesus Wept."



The tour also included the museum where all the information was kept on this terrible act of terrorism. I thought the highlight was how the investigators reconstructed the Ryder truck's frame to recover the serial numbers in order that it could be traced. The most interesting display was how they found the ignition key in an alley and their ability to collect enough material to reconstruct the

## TOURING OKLAHOMA CITY... *Cont.*

ignition switch to prove that the key would fit the ignition in the Ryder truck.



The tour took us to the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum where we enjoyed a full, delicious meal. The museum was in a multi-million dollar building that housed major sculptures, paintings, and displays of the west. The museum had a tremendous collection of hand guns and rifles used by the pioneers and lawmen of the time. The major problem was the time constraint, we only had an hour and a half to walk through the museum. To properly see and enjoy all the displays and collections would take several days.

The knowledgeable tour guide took us on a driving tour of the capital to see a working oil well located in front of the capitol building. Then we toured the historical homes and churches located downtown Oklahoma City before returning the group back to the hotel. Of all our tours, I believe this ranked up near the great tour we had in Kansas City.



Dennis and Kathy Stokhaug, Sarah and I arrived early for the reunion in order to tour some of the state's historical sights, like the Gene Autry Museum in Gene Autry, Oklahoma. Gene Autry is located south of Oklahoma City near the Texas border. We traveled by interstate to get to the museum but returned to the hotel by a more scenic route to visit the local restaurants and antique shops.

## TOURING OKLAHOMA CITY... Cont.

All my life I was told by my Mother that my middle name, which is Gene, was given to me by my two older brothers who named me after this famous cowboy. I was born on July 4, 1942 and from the information in the museum I found out that Gene Autry was beginning his career during that era. Gene Autry owned a ranch near the town and museum and sold it when he returned from active duty in World War II. He started work as a telegraph operator near there before his singing was discovered by another famous humorist and cowboy legend, Will Rogers. The next day we ate lunch at the famous Cattlemen's Restaurant and toured several of the new tourist sights in downtown Oklahoma City. We also enjoyed the boat ride around the brickyard area, but the most interesting tour was with the reunion group.

I would like to thank everyone who had a part in this enjoyable experience and I look forward to seeing our shipmates and families at future reunions.

### Sea Tales

#### OWN HALL REDUX - COMPTON, CA.

**Ron Jones, EM3 1962-66**

I was reading my Fall 2005 edition of the "Howgoesit", on page 14 there was a story mentioning the Town Hall - Compton, California by Ed Garrity, RD1. Boy did that take me back a few years.

I used to go there during Ed's time and I saw a lot of the greats and near greats: Tex Ritter, a very young Johnny Cash; Joe and Rose Mayfls; Les Maddox (the guy with the double neck guitar) was teaching Larry Collins how to play it; Rick Nelson of "Ozzie and Harriet Nelson fame (he was chasing after Lorrie Collins at that time); Fiddling Kate, Texas Tiny and so on and so on. . .

TOWN HALL REDUX - COMPTON, CA., Cont.

The Town Hall Party was on Friday and Saturday nights. They also had a Sunday amateur show hosted by “Squeekin’ Deacon”, DJ for KFOX radio in Long Beach.

The Town Hall Party (THP) passed into history in the early 60's due in part to changes in the demographics of Compton and a downturn in the attendance of Country and Western audiences. Its closing was a sad day for the country/western crowd; the THP was part of the southwest C/W circuit. Stars would tour this area, performing at the THP, move on the Palomino Club in North Hollywood and then migrate to the Bakersfield area.

As Paul Harvey would say, Now, the rest of the story. . . .

Prior to enlisting in the US Navy and serving on the *USS MADDOX* from 1963 to 1966, I was raised in Long Beach, California. During my youthful years, I worked at the THP; my father, M. Jones (AM1, USS Ranger, CV4, WWII) was the manager. I would set up the bar, stocking it with beer, hot dogs and buns, condiments, napkins, etc. I would help the musicians with their equipment and then park cars in the old gravel parking lot. It was more dirt than gravel. I probably directed Ed and his friends into a parking space.

Well that's about it for the Old Town Hall Party; I could talk about the PIKE and the JUNGLE in downtown Long Beach but will save that for another day. I have some other stuff to write about, i.e.; Captains Masts, **XO Dempster Jackson**, ahh the good old days.

\* \* \* \* \*

**IF IT DON'T MOVE, PAINT IT!**

**Clyde Carroll, *FTC 1954-55, USN Retired***

Hi Shipmates,

I received orders to report to the *USS MADDOX* while I was stationed in Washington DC. The Navy flew me to Japan where I boarded the ship.

Once aboard, I was informed, I was in charge of the MK56 Fire Control System which was not working at the time. It seems, they had had an engineer take a look at it and he could find nothing wrong. It was left up to me to fix it, so I started checking out the system. I couldn't find anything wrong either.

I headed up to the director which had the radar antenna. The director was painted real pretty. . . . someone had hired one of the "Japs" to paint it with lead based paint, antenna and all.

They had painted over the mica window that passed the signal out and received the RF signal in. The lead in the paint was absorbing the RF energy. That just shows what a little paint can do to a million dollar piece of equipment!!!!

While all this was going on, I had noticed that a lot of the crew had been avoiding me. This went on for about two months; one day, while standing on the fantail, this kid came to me and asked me if I was CID. I asked him, "Why would you think that?" His answer, "You came from Washington DC." And all this time I thought I had BO.

PS - I wasn't really happy about going back to Japan. I had spent anywhere from 7-9 months for the past seven years over there.

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## **SO YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD A BAD DAY????**

**Dick Lagro, FT3, 1957-61**

After reading this “Bad Day Story” you may change your mind.

The old cliché “never a dull moment” certainly applies to most days in the US Navy and especially if you are aboard a destroyer in heavy seas. It certainly was a truism late one fall afternoon, 1958, in the South China Sea somewhere out in the middle of nowhere and somewhere to the far east of everywhere. We were experiencing thirty to forty foot ground swells and high winds with sea water over the main deck at regular intervals.

One of these over the deck waves lifted a fire hose from its port side bulkhead hanger. Naturally when the first class bos’n noticed the fire hose on the deck, he had to exercise his authority and order the second class bos’n (**Paul Haag**) and a seaman (**Schwartz**) to go out on deck and retrieve this priceless piece of government property.

Not being especially eager to venture out on the main deck on this fire hose retrieval mission, **Schwartz** and **Haag** begrudgingly did in fact, step out onto the main deck and promptly get washed overboard by a huge wave. Luckily, this whole event was witnessed by several other individuals that were congregated at the quarter deck area. Of course “man overboard” was sounded and **Captain Ashley** started maneuvering the ship to retrieve these two men, (and the fire hose, if possible).

As you can imagine, stopping a 2200 ton ship in heavy seas is not something that happens instantly. As later determined, **Haag** and **Schwartz** were in the water approximately one hour, and the most interesting part is that **Haag**, a sixteen year veteran of the USN could not swim! **Schwartz**, the seaman, did manage to keep **Haag** afloat by hooking his arm around **Haag’s** neck and treading water the entire time with his free arm. Meantime, the Captain backed the ship down to where the two men were in the water, proceeded to

**SO YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD A BAD DAY????, Cont.**

turn the ship and put it in the same trough (between the swells) as the men.

At this point a cargo net was secured over the port side and as the ship very slowly came along side the men in the water, the plan was for the men in the water to grab the cargo net and pull themselves back aboard. **Schwartz** was able to grab the net and hang on, however **Haag**, apparently weak at this point, could not hang on and as the ship rolled to starboard, **Haag** slid down the hull, past the port side stabilizer and then under the stabilizer. As the ship rolled back to port, **Haag** was held under the ship by the port side stabilizer until the ship once again rolled back to starboard.

At this point, everyone on deck thought **Haag** was a “GONER”, but as the ship rolled back to starboard once again, there was Haag bobbing around in the water. As the ship again rolled back to the port side, additional men, now over the side on the cargo net, were able to reach out grab **Haag** and assist him in getting back aboard.

The two men were taken to sick bay, checked out and seemed to be O.K. However the Doc did give both men a “Shot” of Brandy and told them to take the rest of he day off. (Oh, by the way, the fire hose was also saved). **Schwartz** was later asked what it was like being in the water and seeing the ship steaming away? His reply was “I really didn’t have much time to think as keeping us both afloat consumed much of my thinking time” (seems to me there were some expletive deletes in that last sentence) “I suppose I was probably thinking, what a sinking feeling!” (no pun intended).

A true story written and submitted by Dick Lagro with grammatical assistance by Judy Lagro.

\* \* \* \* \*

**JANUARY 21, 1945**

**Fred M. Bush, Jr.**, *LTCDR, 1944, (Capt. USNR, Retired)*

**Bill Haldane** and I have been corresponding about the events of that fateful day. The events of fifteen minutes before and ten minutes after we were hit are indelibly engraved in my memory. About ten years I summarized them as follows:

The next operation in January was to provide air strikes wherever needed including some bombing of the home islands of Japan. On January 21, 1944, we took our kamikaze hit off Formosa. At that time, we were detached from the destroyer screen and were on a remote radar picket station. One of our functions was to act as a reference point and control for fighter planes from the carrier.

These planes would circle above us and when an approaching aircraft was detected, they would be vectored out to intercept them. We had officers especially trained to do this and I became qualified in that function, although it was not my primary duty. My battle station was in CIC, the Combat Information Center, the nerve center of radar and radio communications and the place where plots were kept of all such activities.

Officers ate lunch in two seatings in the ward room. I had finished lunch and gone to the bridge; the second seating had just started eating their lunch. The sea was relatively calm; the visibility was fair but hazy, but the ceiling was very low. There were no ships in sight, although I think that the carrier force-the main force-was barely visible with binoculars hull down to the starboard. There was no indication of any enemy activity. I was standing by a sailor named Paul, who was the telephone talker on the bridge. He wore a headset and was in communication with all the various key stations about the ship. Nothing had been reported to him. No lookouts had reported any planes and the voice radio, the TBS on the bridge, was strangely silent. Usually there was some chatter, but there was none.

We saw some smoke on the horizon which we learned later was a kamikaze hitting the USS *TYCONDEROGA*, a carrier. We had no airplanes above under our control at that time, and except for this

## JANUARY 21, 1945, Cont.

puff of smoke on the horizon, all seemed quiet and peaceful. I heard a little garbled talk on the TBS. It wasn't very clear - whether it was enemy activity or just what. I told Paul I was going down to CIC, which was my battle station and the nerve center of the ship, to see if I could find out what was going on.

When I arrived at the CIC, there was still nothing in the way of reported enemy activity or presence. Everything seemed quiet and normal. No radar reports; the air was clear of either friendly or enemy planes. We did not have the usual four-plane combat air patrol under our control at that time, so there were no planes at all showing up on our radar. No lookout had made a report of any aircraft cited. No radio transmission had been intercepted, either on the circuit used by the fighter pilots or the TBS used by the ships for plane language radio transmissions.

After a minute or two, I heard a broken, faintly, garbled radio transmission in the background. It sounded as if it was one of our fighter planes, some distance away. Something in the tone of his voice or the nature of the sound made me think that he might be in contact with the enemy. I called the bridge and told the captain that I thought we should go to general quarters.

Before the captain and I could discuss the situation, we were shaken by a loud explosion. I didn't know whether it was a torpedo, bomb or what. I immediately started up the ladder to the bridge to see what had happened. As I was going up, I met seaman **Paul (???)** coming down; blood was spurting out of his chest with each heart beat. I shall never forget. He said, "Mr. Bush, they got me in the artery." We were just outside my cabin. I took him in, laid him on the sofa and told him I would get the doctor and come back.

I went to see how much damage had been done and what had caused it. It was soon obvious that a kamikaze had come in out of the clouds above us apparently aiming at the bridge. However, he veered right and glanced off the ship just opposite the CIC and did

## JANUARY 21, 1945, Cont.

not penetrate the hull of the ship. He disabled the forward starboard 40 millimeter mount and shrapnel penetrated the bulkhead to the sound room which was separated from the CIC by one thin steel bulkhead. Shrapnel also penetrated the wardroom where the second seating of officers were eating.

**Ensign Campbell** was severely wounded and has been placed on the dining room table. I remember **Warren Olsen**, **Mel Laird** and **Bill Lindner** were also injured, although not seriously. I talked to Campbell; he said that he was all right and told the doctor to go take care of other people. We got back a short time later; he had died, apparently from internal bleeding and shock. By the time I could get back to Paul, he had also died, although there was nothing that could have been done for him anyway. Seven people were killed outright and a good many injured. Our injured were transferred to a larger ship, I don't remember the name. The *USS MADDOX* and the *USS TYCONDEROGA* were escorted back to Ulithi. The following day, we had the sad duty of conducting burial at sea services for seven of our shipmates.

As bad as it was, we really were very lucky. Few destroyers took a kamikaze without considerably greater losses. Fifty or so destroyers and DE's were sunk by kamikazes during those last months of the war and another hundred or so were seriously damaged.

I have thought a lot about how that lone pilot got in undetected. Although the ceiling was relatively low, our radar was in perfect operating condition. Our operators were well trained and alert. Although there was no time for the lookouts to spot him coming out of the clouds and give warning, the radar certainly should have. Also, the absence of any radio transmissions during, what must have been a great deal of activity over the *TYCONDEROGA* and the main body of the force, causes me to wonder. Could it have been some abnormal atmospheric condition that distorted or deflected radar and radio waves. I do know that, at times, the TBS could act very strangely. Could this have been one of those times? We will never know.

## JANUARY 21, 1945, Cont.

Should we have gone to general quarters earlier? In hindsight, perhaps yes, but there was no evidence to justify going to GQ earlier than we did. No radar contact, no lookout report, no air traffic indicating anything significant going on. My recommendation to the captain was more on a hunch and intuition than anything else, there was no information in CIC that indicated we should hit the general alarm. Furthermore, had we done so, I doubt the situation would have been any better. More people would have been on the guns, more people in sound, and more people about the deck changing stations. We probably would have had more casualties. Again, we shall never know!

Disinterested and independent observers of an event may have honest disagreements about some of the details of that event. I have seen it happen many times in the trial of a lawsuit, and I'm certainly no exception. My observations of ten minutes prior to us being hit and the first few minutes afterwards are so vividly engraved in my memory that I believe the following can be accepted as facts:

1. It was a hazy day and a relatively low ceiling. No other ships were in sight, with the exception of a carrier, hull down; visible from the bridge using binoculars.
2. No planes, friendly or enemy were in sight. There were no ant-aircraft visible to us on the bridge.
3. The change of watch had been completed.
4. There was no report by lookouts or radar operators and nothing coming in over voice radio to alert us. There was no change of course.
5. When I left the CIC to go to the bridge, I met Paul outside the flag cabin - which I was using as we had no flag aboard. He was spurting blood from an artery.

**JANUARY 21, 1945, Cont.**

6. I went first to the bridge, then to assess the damage and then to the ward room to check on the injured there. I returned to the bridge to report to **Captain Willis**.

**Captain Willis** was transferred shortly thereafter to be the Division Commander; his flagship was the *USS BUSH*. He was killed when the *BUSH* was sunk by a kamikaze. I was the Gunnery Officer on the *USS KNIGHT* in the Mediterranean and operated frequently with the *USS MADDOX* (DD622). We were on the next station when she was sunk by the German bomber; I saw her go down. A good friend and classmate was one of the survivors.

I left the *MADDOX* by high line in April to take command of the *USS KIDD* (DD661) which had been severely damaged by a kamikaze. I was so tied up with the responsibilities of my first command that I did not maintain contact the *Maddox* like I should and would liked to have done, but I have fond memories of that fine ship and her crew. There are not many of us left. Stay the course!!

\* \* \* \* \*

**MATURITY SURE CHANGES YOUR OUTLOOK...**  
**Ed Garrity, RDI, 1956-59**

At my age (70) and maturity (hopefully) I can face up to some of my stupidity in my youth.

I went into the Navy right out of high school. After 'Boot' in San Diego and RD-A school at Treasure Island in San Francisco I reported aboard the *USS MADDOX* on 1 Jan 1956 as RDSN.

As time progressed, I discovered I was a pretty good Radarman and a pretty good sailor. BUT, I also discovered that I was neither a great shipmate nor a follower. I had a mind of my own and that attitude got me in minor scrapes time after time.

## MATURITY SURE CHANGES YOUR OUTLOOK..., *Cont.*

I was 50 years old before I really began to understand myself and make needed adjustments. My attitude made me something of an outsider in the radar gang and with most everyone else. I tended to hold my own council and went on liberty, mostly alone. I made three Orient cruises aboard, the last in 1958, returning to Long Beach in early 1959..

If memory serves me correctly, **LTjg Bill Kinsley** was our CIC Officer and a **Mr. Sheppard** was the Ops Boss. Kinsley was a big guy, maybe 6'1" and he must have weighed 230. Actually he was a decent guy and a fairly good officer in my mind. I saw him as a tackle on anyone's football team, but I knew very little about him, except that he was from Terre Haute, Indiana. In my mind **LTjg Bill Kinsley** was knowledgeable as an officer but a little sloppy in personal dress. For some reason, he and I never got along (most certainly my fault). In retrospect, he seemed to get along with everyone else in the Wardroom and the radar gang.

We had a junior officer who was breaking in as a CIC watch officer and **Mr. Kinsley** seemed to delight in giving him a hard time. It seemed to me that **Kinsley** never let up on him. At sea, one day in early '59, I stepped into CIC to take the watch with the rest of my section. I was RD1 at the time. **Mr. Kinsley** was in the process of razzing and belittling the new officer. I went thru the process of relieving the on-watch section leader as **Mr. Kinsley** continued to berate the officer in question for some real or imagined error. I lost my cool and told **Mr. Kinsley** to lay off him during my watch, that the young officer was doing OK and deserved a break from the harassment. Needless to say, **Mr. Kinsley** did not appreciate my interference and demanded that I be silent.

In full stupidity I persisted and told him that I would not tolerate his behavior on my watch. I think I went on to say that it disrupted CIC and I would not let him continue. (I was wound up.) For some reason he stepped toward me and reached out as if to grab me. I stepped back and told him, (not very politely) to keep his hands off

**MATURITY SURE CHANGES YOUR OUTLOOK. . . , Cont.**

me. Of course all this was in front of both sections of the watch in CIC at the time.

He ordered me from CIC, and after a moment I complied. I was completely ashamed of myself, and wanted to apologize, but my attitude and damaged ego would not permit me to do so. We never resolved the issue and I have always been bothered by that. I was released from active duty in early June '59. I tried to contact him a few years ago, but was not successful. Maybe this note will reach him in some way and he will know how sorry I have been about the incident. I would like to make contact with **Bill Kinsley** if possible and if any of my shipmates knows where he is I would appreciate the information. He did not deserve that. I owe him one.

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE SINKING OF THE 622**

**Joe Sullivan, SOM2, 1943, DD622 Survivor**

*Editors Note: Following is an article regarding the sinking of the DD622 as told by Joe Sullivan and published in the Milton Times, October 13, 2005.*

I know how haunting memories can become. I have lived over 60 years with the memories of a true nightmare: The sinking of the USS MADDUX and living to be able to talk about it. At 4:55 a.m. on July 10, 1943, my life would change forever.

I grew in Dorchester, where after graduating from Boston English High School, and working nights at the Walter Baker Chocolate Factory, I decided to join the Navy. (The chocolate factory would continue to send me chocolates throughout the war.) My father died when I was 2 years old, and I was coddled by my mother and two sisters. Sometimes it felt like I had three mothers, so when I turned 17, I joined the Navy. I wanted to get away!.

## THE SINKING OF THE 622, Cont.

After boot camp, I was sent to New York to join my first crew, as a member of the Naval Destroyer USS MADDOX, DD622.

I had the best job in the Navy, I really did. What happened was, nobody wanted to do the mail post office or the movie projectors. And I knew how to do it, so I took it. And it was the best thing in the world because every time the skipper went ashore I went with him, the only one, because I had to pick up the mail and film. It was wonderful. So I have been in every port the ship has been in.

After a shakedown cruise and some ports throughout the Atlantic and Caribbean, the *MADDOX* took part in what was, to that point in the war, the largest armada ever assembled for the invasion of Italy. Known as “Operation Husky”, the *MADDOX* was part of the 3,200 Allied ships, crafts and boats, 4,000 air craft and 250,000 troops that fought to cut off the Mediterranean Sea arteries to the Italian mainland. The island was heavily fortified by Italian and German troops, including units from the powerful German Luftwaffe, the Nazi Air Force.

The invasion of Sicily began in the early hours of July 10, 1943. It was dark. The seas had 50-foot waves, which encumbered the transports delivering troops ashore. Our ship, which carried a staff of officers and crew totaling 284, served as screen protection for the troops arriving on the beaches of Gela.

My job that morning was on the highest point of the ship, wearing the JA-Talker headphones, to tell the guns when to fire. I heard a warning that plans were approaching, but realized that we were traveling too fast. We were leaving a telltale phosphorous wake that enemy planes would often follow to target an air attack. There was little I could do to tell the skipper to slow down and it shortly became obvious it was too late. A Luftwaffe Bomber had followed trail.

It was a JU-88. He cut off his engines, came down and dropped four 500's. We took two direct hits and two near misses. The ship went

## THE SINKING OF THE 622, Cont.

down in ninety seconds. In a minute and a half, 211 lives were lost out of the 284 sailors and officers on board. Seventy-four of us got off.

The chaos of those next few minutes still brings tears to my eyes. Men were burned from the explosions, hit by shrapnel or trapped inside the ship. Although I recall being hit by something on my right side, I never told anyone. I struggled to get free of the headphones, and as the ship rolled on its side, I walked into the cold water.

I was swimming in the water, swimming away from the area, but I couldn't swim to be quite honest. I faked it in boot camp! I could dog paddle. There I was, in 50 foot waves, trying to swim just to get away from the ship. I could feel the pull of the ship as it was going down, fortunately it turned on its stern ....so it didn't take as much water with it as it went down. I didn't want to look back, but as I tried to swim, I turned around anyway and there she was, standing up right behind me. But I got away OK.

As we came together with what little remained from the wreckage of the ship, I realized that we would depend on each other for our survival. Some shipmates had their clothes blown completely off, many had to share small life preservers and all of us were black from the oil in the water. We were 18 miles from shore and dawn was just beginning to break. Other ships from the armada passed us by, but couldn't stop, fearing they would be hit by torpedoes. As we clung together, riding the large swells, we sorted through the bodies in the water, looking for other survivors.

Three and a half or four hours later, a tug happened by and criss-crossed the area, picking us all up. They asked if we were hungry and we said yes. They gave us hardtack and champagne. That was all they had aboard, but that was fine with us!

The next thing I know we are all given .45 caliber handguns and told that we were going to the beach to fight with the Army. As we

## THE SINKING OF THE 622, Cont.

waded onto the beach, we were strafed with machine gun fire from the land. We spotted a Higgins boat delivering another load of soldiers onto the beach.

We went up on the beach and some wise guy says, "Let's get the boat. We're not going to fight with the Army. We could have joined the Army if we wanted to". Sooooo we commandeered the Higgins boat. We had the .45's; the coxswain put up his hands and said, "OK!" We all got aboard, covered with black oil - he had no idea who we were. The Higgins boat headed back to his ship to pick up more soldiers. As we got closer to the ship, they turned their guns in our direction.

It was the troop transport, Dorothea Dix. One of the survivors asked, "Does anybody have some white shorts on?" We looked around, I said, "Yea, I got a pair". He said, "Take 'em off!", so I did. He started to signal (using Navy flag code) and they took us aboard.

We were finally rescued. Eventually, I went back to the states and was admitted to the Naval Hospital in Norfolk. We were the first sunken crew treated at that hospital.

After being checked out, I was sent to another ship for a tour in the Pacific, but began suffering from extreme pain on the right side of my back. I was checked out by many doctors while on board, and was finally given a "Line of Duty Discharge" although the exact cause of my pain was never determined.

Almost ten years after the accident, doctors discovered that the pain was actually caused because the top part of my kidney had been ruptured from a shrapnel hit during the bombing. After undergoing two surgeries at the Veterans Hospital in West Roxbury, my life finally became pain free.

By this time I had been married to my sweetheart, Barbara, a native of Milton, Maine. We have raised three boys while living in Milton

## THE SINKING OF THE 622, Cont.

since 1952, and have been married 62 years. (*At the time of the printing of this article in 2008.*)

Ironically, many years later, I received a phone call from a historian asking if I would like to meet the German pilot that sank the MADDOX. The historian indicated that while doing research for a book, he had tracked both of us down.

I let him know it would be fine, after all, he was 19, I was 18, we were at war and I would have shot him down if I could have. His name is Kurt Fox, I was given his phone number and address. I called him, he has been in the states since 1957. He lives in West Virginia and practices medicine. His daughter lives in Framingham.

Barbara and I met him at his home in 1995 and had lunch. We have kept in touch over the years, and even been speakers together at various gatherings.

I've lived a charmed life. I'll tell you ... too many memories ... I'm very fortunate; I thank God very much every day ... I was lucky to be alive. I asked God for one more chance, and I got it.



## Things To Do and Places To Go

### *Sarsfield Playground, New York City*

**Commander Eugene S. Sarsfield** (1902-43) served his country with distinction during World War II and went down with his ship, the *USS MADDOX*, during the amphibious invasion of Sicily. Born and raised in Brooklyn, he received his high school degree from Cathedral College in 1921. Upon his graduation from the U.S. Naval Academy in 1926, Ensign Sarsfield served on several ships. He later was assigned to New York to instruct naval reservists. He returned to sea duty in 1940 and took command of the USS KEARNY, which was torpedoed off the coast of Iceland in 1941.

In 1942 Lieutenant Commander Sarsfield assumed leadership of the **MADDOX**. The destroyer arrived in Algeria in June 1943 to join the assault force for the invasion of Sicily. When the troops landed in Gela on July 10, the *MADDOX* was on anti-submarine patrol about sixteen miles offshore. A German dive bomber attacked and gravely damaged the vessel. As the *MADDOX* rolled over, Sarsfield stayed on board to supervise the abandonment of the ship and helped to save the lives of seventy-four crewmen. The destroyer sank within two minutes of the assault. Officially presumed dead the next day, Sarsfield was posthumously awarded the Legion of Merit and the Navy Cross. A destroyer, USS Sarsfield, was named for him in 1945.

Commander Eugene S. Sarsfield Playground encompasses the entire block bounded by East 38th Street, Avenue M, Flatlands Avenue, and Ryder Street in the Flatlands neighborhood of Brooklyn. New York City Department of Parks and Recreation acquired part of the area in 1940 and designed a playground, which was built by the Works Projects Administration in 1941. Play equipment consisted of an irrigated sand pit, swings, seesaws, slides, and monkey bars. A shower basin, benches, drinking fountains, lighting, drainage, irrigation, paving, fences, and seventeen Norway maple trees completed the project.

## THINGS TO DO AND PLACES TO GO, Cont.

In 1943 Parks acquired an adjacent parcel of land and renovated it for use as a plaza. In 1949 the entire property was named for Sarsfield, whose family lived nearby at 3717 Avenue M. The 1949 dedication included a parade of veterans from Catholic War Veterans Post No. 123 and members of the Holy Name Society of St. Thomas Aquinas Roman Catholic Church. Sarsfield's widow, Anne, and their two young daughters participated in the ceremony.

The \$906,100 reconstruction of the playground and plaza funded by Council Member Herbert E. Berman took place in 1997-98. The project included the installation of play equipment, swings, safety surfacing, pavements, fencing, and benches; creating a new link between plaza and playground; renovating the comfort station; reconstructing the site's drainage and water supply system; greening the park; and installing a yardarm on the flagpole.

The playground and plaza reflect a nautical theme inspired by Commander Sarsfield's naval career and the park's proximity to the Atlantic Ocean. Among the many marine motifs are a starfish and seashell spray shower; two seahorse bas-reliefs flanking a portal emblazoned with an anchor and ship's wheel; and a compass rosette with a sailboat north arrow. Atop the comfort station is a metal weathervane which depicts a sea captain gazing through his spy-glass. As the wind changes, he may look west toward the Narrows, north toward the East River, east toward Jamaica Bay, and south toward the Atlantic Ocean.

### *For Your Reading Pleasure*

Judy Lagro

**LAZY B** by Sandra Day O'Connor. **(Non-fiction). Paperback. 2002. Random House, N.Y.** The author retired in her mid-70's as the *first female Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court*. She tells the story of the Day family and of growing up on the harsh yet beautiful land of the **Lazy B cattle ranch in southeastern Arizona**.....and

**THINGS TO DO AND PLACES TO GO, Cont.**

how the values learned there shaped her life forever. Beautifully written story of a *remarkable woman*. **A very satisfying read.**

**NIGHT** by Elie Wiesel. Non-fiction. This classic work was originally published in 1958 and this **new 2006 translation** by his **wife, Marion Wiesel**, presents the most accurate rendition in English (from the French). **Paperback**. Hill & Wang, N.Y. **Nobel Peace Prize Winner Wiesel** shares his terrifying memories of the time he spent as a teenager in **Auschwitz** and in **Buchenwald** concentration camps during WWII. He records the death of his family, the death of his innocence and his despair as a **deeply observant Jew** confronting the absolute evil of man. This blot on world history must never be forgotten. **A must read.**

**THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY** by Luis Alberto Urrea. **Non-fiction. Paperback. 2004.** Little, Brown & Co., N.Y. In May 2001, **26 Mexican men** attempted to cross the border into the *desert of southern Arizona* through a harsh, desolate desert called The Devil's Highway. Only **12 men** made it out alive. Urrea writes about the **border issues** *objectively*, as his father was Mexican and mother American. **Excellent.**

**Editors Note:** *Judy recently retired after 24 years as a librarian. She and her husband **Richard “Dick” Lagro** are from Gilbert, AZ, a suburb of Phoenix. Dick was aboard the MADDOX from 1957-61. Thank you Judy for your to our newsletter.*

Judy says, “Dick and I have read and enjoyed these books. ***Both men & women*** would find them entertaining.

\* \* \* \* \*

## LAST SHIP FROM OUR ERA IS GONE

**Dennis Stokhaug, DC3, 1961-64**

Thought I would pass this one on. I read about this in a newsletter called "The Escort" published by the Destroyer Escort Sailor Association. It's a Bi-monthly News letter. One of our volunteers served aboard one.

It is always interesting to keep abreast of what is taking place in the Navy today, and we recently came across the following:....

The oldest active aircraft carrier in the U.S. Navy and the only one operating on conventional power pulled into San Diego recently to transfer its crew and equipment to another ship.

The *USS KITTY HAWK*, which is scheduled to be decommissioned next year, arrived at Naval Air Station, North Island. The ship had been home ported in San Diego for 36 years before moving to Yokosuka, Japan. The *KITTY HAWK* will spend the rest of the year concluding a so-called "cross deck" transfer with the carrier *USS GEORGE WASHINGTON*.

The *GEORGE WASHINGTON* will replace the *KITTY HAWK* in Japan a short time later. The transfer was delayed when a fire caused by unauthorized cigarette smoking broke out on the nuclear-powered carrier in May, injuring 37 sailors and causing \$70 million in damage. Both the Captain and Executive Officer were relieved of command.

The *GEORGE WASHINGTON* is expected to begin sailing toward its new home following the equipment transfer.

No actual date for decommission of the *Kitty Hawk* in Bremerton, Washington has been set. The carrier, commissioned in 1961 and a veteran of the Vietnam War and operations in the middle east, is the Navy's second-oldest commissioned vessel after the *USS CONSTITUTION*, which is more than 200 years old.

## LAST SHIP FROM OUR ERA IS GONE, Cont.

As I said in the beginning, our era is now over and somehow it saddens me.

\* \* \* \* \*

## COLD WAR CERTIFICATE

On April 5, 1999 Secretary of Defense William S. Cohen approved a Cold War Recognition Certificate available to all members of the armed forces and federal government civilian employees who faithfully served the United States during the Cold War era.

Between 18 million and 22 million former and current service members and DoD civilians are thought to be eligible for the certificate. Congress established the certificate in the 1998 National Defense Authorization Act, which states in part:

*During the period of the Cold War, from the end of World War II until the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, the United States and the Soviet Union engaged in a global military rivalry. This rivalry, potentially the most dangerous military confrontation in the history of mankind, has come to a close without a direct superpower military conflict. Military and civilian personnel of the Department of Defense, personnel in the intelligence community, members of the foreign service, and other officers and employees of the United States faithfully performed their duties during the Cold War. Many such personnel performed their duties while isolated from family and friends and served overseas under frequently arduous conditions in order to protect the United States and achieve a lasting peace. The discipline and dedication of those personnel were fundamental to the prevention of a superpower military conflict.*

The Department of Defense designated the Department of the Army as the executive agent for the Cold War Recognition Certified carte program. All eligible personnel must apply for the certificate on their own behalf.

**COLD WAR CERTIFICATE, *Cont.***

An e-mail saying that a Cold War medal had been approved was inaccurate and commemorative medals being sold by private vendors are not authorized for wear on military uniforms. Any other sites offering certificates, replicas or other commemoratives for sale are neither official nor endorsed by Department of Defense or any of the individual services.

Additional information regarding this certificate program is available on line at the following website's:

[www.usmilitary.about.com/cs/genmedals/ht/coldwar](http://www.usmilitary.about.com/cs/genmedals/ht/coldwar)  
[en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cold\\_War\\_Recognition\\_Certificate](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cold_War_Recognition_Certificate)

Below is a sample letter you can send to obtain your certificate. The paragraph underlined is required. Make sure you include it in your letter, but not underlined.

Commander  
U.S. Army Human Resources Command  
Cold War Recognition Program, Hoffman II, Room 3N45  
ATTN: AHRC-CWRS  
200 Stovall Street  
Alexandria, VA 22332-0473  
FAX: 1-800-723-9262

Please send me a Cold War Recognition Certificate for my service to the United States government during the authorized period of September 2, 1945 to December 26, 1991.

Enclosed is a copy of source document with my Social Security Number/Military Service Number/Foreign Service Number, which verifies my service during the Cold War Era. I understand that the enclosed copy of source document will not be returned.

Please mail my Cold War Recognition Certificate to the following address:

John Doe  
P.O. Box 000  
Any City, Any State 00000

## **COLD WAR CERTIFICATE, Cont.**

Submission of this request confirms my faithful service to the nation during the Cold War Era. If my service was in the Armed Forces, I further certify that my discharge was honorable or general under honorable conditions. If I served as a federal civilian employee, I further certify that the character of my service was honorable.

Sincerely,  
(Your Signature)  
John Doe

### **Here's How:**

1. You will need proof of your service, such as a DD214 Form (Record of Military Service).
2. Prepare, date, and sign a letter, requesting the award of the Cold War Recognition Certificate. You can also fill out an official request form at the Army's Cold War Recognition Certificate Website. ([www.hrc.army.mil/site/active/tagd/coldwar/default.htm](http://www.hrc.army.mil/site/active/tagd/coldwar/default.htm))
3. Send the letter or request form, and a copy of your service proof to:  
Commander  
U.S. Army Human Resources Command  
Cold War Recognition Program, Hoffman II,  
Room 3N45  
ATTN: AHRC-CWRS  
200 Stovall Street  
Alexandria, VA 22332-0473
4. You may also FAX the letter and proof to: 1-800-723-9262.

### **Tips:**

1. Your letter must contain the phrase "I certify that my service was honorable and faithful" or it will be rejected.

**COLD WAR CERTIFICATE, Cont**

- 2. Do not send the original of your proof of service. Send a copy. Original documentation will not be returned.
- 3. There is a large demand for this program. Current back log time is about 6 months.

\* \* \* \* \*

**LET’S SAY THANKS**

On June 26, 2006, the Xerox Corporation launched the web site [www.LetsSayThanks.com](http://www.LetsSayThanks.com), a free service that allows the public to send personal messages to U.S. Military personnel serving overseas. Xerox has held similar campaigns in communities such as Atlanta, Phoenix and Washington, D.C. Due to strong positive response, it decided to expand the project nationwide. The messages are sent on postcards designed by children, selected from over 500 entries drawn and submitted by kids across the U.S.

Senders can choose card designs and write personalized messages (of 472 characters or less) to accompany them; once a month the cards are printed in batch at Xerox’s facilities in Webster, New York, and distributed (along with packages from Give to the Troops, [www.Give2TheTroops.org](http://www.Give2TheTroops.org)) to men and women deployed on active duty with all branches of the armed forces in Iraq, Afghanistan and elsewhere. (Senders cannot designate specific persons as the recipients of their cards, but they can opt to have copies of their cards and messages delivered to their homes.)

Xerox has said that it will continue to run the “Let’s Say Thanks” program as long as there is a need for it.

Let’s take this opportunity to thank the men and women of our armed forces. “Thank You” for fighting to keep us free and protecting this life we have come to love and hopefully appreciate.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MESOTHELIOMA RESEARCH FOUNDATION

***Editors Note:** I have received the following e-mail from the Mesothelioma Research Foundation of America. This e-mail offers a website address and phone number for shipmates and/or family members interested in receiving additional information.*

My name is Shane Rucker and I am the Assistant Executive Director of the Mesothelioma Research Foundation of America (MRFA), a non-profit cancer research foundation that is striving to make Mesothelioma a cancer of the past.

Mesothelioma is an extremely invasive cancer that is caused by exposure to asbestos fibers and the MRFA is working on providing funding to our team of doctors who are actively researching this cancer. Specifically, the MRFA is funding the Mesothelioma research at the USC/Norris Comprehensive Cancer Center, which has resulted in the development of new Mesothelioma fighting drugs. One of the drugs, Veglin, is in Phase II of the Food & Drug Administration (FDA) approval process and has shown to be effective in slowing the growth of cancerous tumors. We also offer free medical consultations with our physicians and volunteers to determine whether mesothelioma patients qualify for the Veglin clinical trials at the USC/Norris Center.

Since our establishment in 2001 the MRFA has been contacted by many veterans of the U.S. Navy looking for treatment options for their mesothelioma. They are veterans who are heroic enough to defend our country but are now faced with a cancer that is more invasive and deadly than any enemy. We are here to guide our patients through the entire process, from obtaining medical information for our doctors to review to helping them obtaining information on financial assistance. We do our best to accommodate our patient's needs.

For more information about MRFA, the research being done by our doctors and the clinical trials, you can visit [www.mesorfa.org](http://www.mesorfa.org). If you would like to contact me directly please call me at toll free (800) 909-MESO (6376). Thank you for your consideration.

## Association News

### *Thank You!*

Due to health issues Lil and I were unable to attend our reunion in Oklahoma City this year. It's always wonderful to be able to see everyone, visit and exchange sea stories until all hours of the night. The tours are always nice, but it is really the time spent together that means the most.

Most of the time we do not have any idea of the impact that we have on the lives of others or, for that matter, the impact that others have on us. It has been our great pleasure to be involved with many wonderful people since the association was established. We have had the opportunity to be a small part of your lives and you a part of ours, if only for several days a year.

Shortly after the reunion, I received a card signed by so many of those shipmates, their families and friends that attended. Lil and I would like to thank you for the card, your concern, prayers and continued support. Good Lord willing, we will see everyone next year at the reunion in Phoenix.

*Ken Chestnut*

## *Salute to Our DD622 Shipmates*

The Board of Directors, in an effort to reach out to our DD622 shipmates, who are active members of the Maddox Destroyer Association, has voted to pay all future association dues and future reunion registration fees, including two breakfasts and one dinner meal. This action is being taken to honor each sailor who served on the 622 and does not apply to members of the family or friends who attend the reunion with the 622 sailor.

It is a gesture of gratitude, good will and respect toward each 622 sailor and hopefully will encourage them to attend our reunions in the future.

## *Meet Mr. & Mrs. Cliff Gillespie*



Rebecca (Becky) Spears and Clifford (Cliff) Gillespie were married in Jennings, Louisiana on Saturday, October 25, 2008.

Cliff was on the ship from 1963 to 1966 and is Past President of the USS Maddox Destroyer Association. **Ken Chestnut**, TE2, 1949-52 was Best Man.

May a house of love be always yours,  
May you heed each others' wishes  
May pleasures come in twos and fours  
And quarrels end in kisses.

## From the Galley

### Holiday French Toast

Sandy Bayley

1 cup brown sugar	1 loaf Italian or French
½ cup butter, melted	bread, cut into 1" slices
3 teas. cinnamon, divided	6 large eggs
3 tart apples, such as Granny Smith, peeled and thinly sliced	1½ cup milk
½ cup dried cranberries or raisins	1 tablespoon vanilla

Combine brown sugar, butter and 1 teaspoon cinnamon in a plastic bag. Add apples and cranberries, toss to coat well. Spread apple mixture evenly over bottom of a 13x9 in. baking dish. Arrange bread slices on top.

Mix eggs, milk, vanilla and remaining 2 teaspoons cinnamon until blended. Pour egg mixture over bread, soaking bread completely. Cover and refrigerate 4 to 24 hrs.

Bake, covered with aluminum foil in preheated 375° oven for 40 mins. Uncover, bake an additional 5 mins. Remove from oven and let stand 5 mins. For an eye-catching presentation loosen edges of baking dish and invert onto a large serving platter. (This never works for me!)

Notes: Pecans or walnuts may be added. I make half the recipe in an 8x8 dish.





## From the Editor



Hello Shipmates, Family and Friends,

I hope you enjoy this edition of the “Howgoesit”.

Attendance at the Oklahoma City Reunion was at an all time low. The association has experienced a decline in membership for the past several years. All shipmates are encouraged to contact any MADDOX buddies that are not current members of our association or who have not attended a reunion recently to let them know we’ve missed them. Please contact Membership Chair, Cliff Gillespie at (337)616-8450 or Jim Slattery, President at (620)227-2577 with any information.

For those of us who attend our reunions, we are on the receiving end of all the hard work and planning that goes into making our reunions a reality. In the past Ken Chestnut, Joyce Metcalf and John Bayley have played an important role in our reunions because of their knowledge of hotel and tour contracts.

The Board of Directors of the Association has appointed a committee to investigate and select reunion sights. The committee would consist of members from the three areas of the country (east, central and west). Members who volunteered to help were: Bill and Joyce Metcalf, Ed and Norma Pirie in the east; Justin and Virginia McMenemy, Russell and Janet Harvey and Bob and Susan Fairbanks in the central area. At this time no one has volunteered from the western region. If you live out west and are interested helping to investigate and plan our reunions, please contact Jim Slattery.

A million thanks to everyone who has taken the time to send in articles for this edition of the “Howgoesit”. These articles provide personal insight into the history of the USS MADDOX as well as

## **FROM THE EDITOR, Cont.**

providing information regarding shipmates, their families and the association. It is also a source of information on important veteran issues.

I would like to introduce a new feature in the newsletter. It will be titled "Guess Who . . . Where . . . When"? If you have any old pictures of yourselves or your running buddies and would like them included in upcoming issues give me a call. My number is listed below. I will scan them and then return them to you.

I am pleased to announce, the "Howgoesit" has gone Hi-Tech. As promised in the last newsletter and with the assistance of our Web Master, Ben Gold, the "Howgoesit" is now posted on the Maddox Association website ([www.ussmaddox.org](http://www.ussmaddox.org)).

I am always looking for new articles to include in the newsletter. I need your input, no article is too small and all are welcome. You can e-mail your articles to me at: [foxfire511@passportamerica.com](mailto:foxfire511@passportamerica.com). (Be sure to include a subject line - "USS MADDOX" or "Howgoesit" Article). If you would rather write or type your article you can send it "snail mail" to: Mary N. Raines, at the address listed below. Be sure to include a phone number so I can contact you if I have any questions.

Albert & Mary N. Raines  
602A S. Main Street, # 376 (Be sure to include this number)  
Crestview, FL. 32536

Al's Cell: 305-951-7631  
Mary's Cell: 305-794-0622

*Mary N. Raines*  
*"Howgoesit" Editor*

## Ronald G. Stalsberg

November 23, 1934 - October 29, 2008



Mr. Ronald G. Stalsberg, 73, of Fremont & Newaygo, Michigan passed away at Gerber Memorial Health Services in Fremont. He was born in Muskegon, Michigan to John & Evelyn (Bates) Stalsberg. Ron was a US Navy Veteran of the Korean War & Vietnam Era. He retired from the Navy as a Chief Gunners Mate after 20 years of service. His wife Mary, preceded him in death on July 9, 2001. Survivors include 4 children: Nancy (Steve) Vaughn of Fremont, Cathy Wirt of Fremont, Ron (Tina) Stalsberg, Jr. of Fremont, & Ken (Paulette) Stalsberg of Arizona; his daughter-in-law, Cindy Morrison of Fremont; 12 grandchildren & 11 great grandchildren; 1 brother and 3 sisters. A Memorial Service was held on November 3, 2008 in Fremont. Suggested memorials include; Newaygo VFW Post #4249, or the American Cancer Society.

Ron and his wife Mary attended many Maddox reunions prior to her passing and he had attended most of them since then. He was instrumental in the planning of the San Antonio Reunion ('01) and personally arranged for the unveiling ceremony of placing the USS MADDOX plaque, honoring the 3 ships that carried the MADDOX name, in the wall at the Nimitz Museum located in Fredericksburg, Texas.



Ron held several positions in the USS Maddox Destroyer Association including Parliamentarian and served on the Board of Directors as well. His service to our association and smiling presence at reunions will be greatly missed



Cards and letters of condolences can be sent to Ron's son who will share your greetings and thoughts with rest of his family.

Mr. & Mrs. Ronald G. Stalsberg, Jr.  
20 Sullivan Street  
Fremont, MI 49412



## Chaplain's Corner



### FAITH

For a couple of days, I prayed and thought about what this Chaplain's Corner needed to say this time. By the end of the first day, one word stuck and would not move - - FAITH.

Faith can be said to be many things to many different people. But, basically, it means that one believes in the "DIVINE". Faith then becomes our response to God being in our lives. It gives us the power to commit to God's plan, and its His grace that gives us the power to overcome the obstacles which might separate us from His love and mercy. Faith helps us see the omnipotence of a loving God.

Faith is more than how we celebrate the holidays, even more than the instilled values we've grown up with. Faith shapes what is important to us, how and what we want our families, our community, our Country and our World to be - - how we view all other human beings, who are created unto the image and likeness of God.

Its interesting how recent studies have confirmed as true, some things that were taken for granted for centuries by our forefathers - - for instance: (1) The medical profession now acknowledges there exists mysterious, unknown healing recuperative qualities in people of FAITH. (2) The more religion was seen as a *strength* in marriage, the greater was the likelihood of marital satisfaction. (3) People of faith are so joy filled - - most are raised above the ordinary.

So - - what nurtures and protects FAITH? Prayer! Prayer is the sacred alliance between God and man. Prayer is the key to each morning and the lock to each night. Let's pray for one another.

**CHAPLAIN'S CORNER, *Cont.***

May God bless all of you and your loved ones.

A Servant of the Lord's,

*Justin McMenamy*

Rev. Mr. Justin McMenamy, Chaplain

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**PRAY FOR THOSE DECEASED SINCE OUR LAST  
"HOWGOESIT"**

Richard Smith and Robert Reiss, Robert (Bobby) Wilson, Robert Ratliff, Al Arcierco, Bobby G. Burris, Kurt Jacobi and Ron Stalberg (Shipmates), Mary Freeman (wife of Joe Freeman) and Shirley Gee (wife of Jim Gee).

**May our God of Mercy welcome them, may perpetual light shine upon them and may they rest in peace. Amen.**

**PRAY FOR OUR SICK AND THOSE REQUESTING OUR  
PRAYERS:**

Ken Chestnut, Joe Maybry, Karen Merkel, William Wickett, Lyle Shafer, Clara Flock and Joe Freeman.

**Good and gracious God, we entrust the members of our association and their families who are sick or suffering at this time. Lord, grant them comfort and healing. Amen.**





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*Howgoesit*

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