



USS MADDOX DESTROYER ASSOCIATION

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

Spring 2009

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:	Cliff Gillespie	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:	
Eastern Region -	John Bayley, Joyce Metcalf, Ed Pirie Dan Holland
Central Region -	Jim Slattery, Justin McMenamy, Russ and Janet Harvey
Western Region -	TBA
Membership Committee Chair:	Cliff Gillespie
Web Master:	Ben Gold
Newsletter Editor:	Mary Raines

"Howgoesit" News

A Message From the President



Hello Shipmates!

I think we have a great reunion planned for this year. Cliff "Loupee" Gillespie has done most the leg work and deserves a great big THANK YOU.

I would like to encourage any shipmates, families and friends that have never been to a reunion to make plans and join us in Phoenix. Come see what you've been missing; meeting friends, remembering old times, good and bad and catching up on what has been happening since you last met. For those of you who have only been to one or two you know what great fun it is. Those of us who attend every year are always glad to see this time of year roll around again. It has become a tradition, one of life's great moments. COME ALL AND JOIN US.

Each year takes its toll and some of our shipmates are no longer with us. The smiling faces we looked forward to seeing, the sound of a voice that we knew almost as well as our own and the stories we have heard; we just knew would always be here year after year. I want to let the families know they will be missed. Their passing reminds us all how long its been since we first set foot on the deck of the Maddox, and how quickly life changes.

See you all in Phoenix.

Jim S

Phoenix - Here We Come!
September 10 - 13 2009

TOUR

Arizona Wing of the Commemorative Air Force (CAF)

The Commemorative Air Force (CAF) was founded over fifty years ago in an effort to preserve a flying example of every aircraft from WWII. Since then, they have expanded their mission to honoring all American military aircraft through flight, exhibition and remembrance, no matter what era.

Over 160 aircraft are on display, two-thirds of them are in flying condition and the other third are in the process of being restored to flying status. These restorations are accomplished through the efforts of 9,000 volunteer members, scattered throughout the country in more than seventy individual units.



The Arizona Wing is home to one of the last most famous airplanes ever, the B-17G Flying Fortress, "Sentimental Journey". It rolled off the Douglass assemble line in late 1944 and continued it's military duties until 1959 when it was retired to civilian

duty fighting forest fires throughout the country. It was donated to the CAF in 1979, was restored to flying condition and makes annual tours across the country each summer .

On Veterans Day, 2007 an exhibit dedicated to the B-17, "Chow Hound" opened. On August 8, 1944, it was flying in close formation at 14,000 feet loaded with 30 anti-personnel bombs of 300 lbs each. A few minutes after crossing the German front lines to the south of Caen, France, a German anti-aircraft 88-caliber shell made a direct hit on



the plane cutting off the tail. The crew of nine was unable to escape. The bodies of six of the crew members were recovered and buried by French villagers. After the city was liberated, the bodies were exhumed and returned to the US. 60 years later the Normandy Association for Air Remembrance (NAAR) investigated the crash site and anthropologists from Hawaii identified the remaining crew members through DNA. Their remains were then buried at Arlington National Cemetery 62 years and 17 days after the “Chow Hound” was shot down.



In 2008, a new exhibit opened, titled “Triumph Over Adversity.” It is dedicated to the Black pioneers of aviation and to the officers and enlisted personnel of the Tuskegee Airmen who served during WWII. This is in recognition of the positive experience, the outstanding record of accomplish-

ment and the superb behavior of all black airmen, especially those of the 99th Fighter Squadron, the 322nd Fighter Group and the 477th Bombardment Group (collectively known as the Tuskegee Airmen)

ACTIVITIES

Thursday

- Registration, 10:30 AM (Hospitality Room)

Friday

- Tour and Lunch, AZ Wing of Commemorative Air Force (CAF), 9:30 AM

Saturday

- Men's and Ladies Breakfast Meetings, 8:00-10:00 AM
- Board of Directors Meeting, 10:20 AM
- Group and Individual Pictures, 5:00 PM
- Cash Bar and Happy Hour, 6:00 PM
- Banquet, 7:00 PM

Sunday

- Board of Directors Meeting, 7:45 AM
- Farewell Breakfast, 8:00-10:00 AM

HOSPITALITY ROOM - The Hospitality Room will open at 10:30 AM Thursday and Friday. Come in; meet, greet and reconnect with shipmates, families and friends. It will close at 4:00 PM on Saturday and reopen after the banquet.



SHIP'S STORE - Located in the Hospitality Room. Stocked with many of your favorites; hats (\$15), golf shirts (white with blue logo, \$15), tee shirts (\$12), pins (\$4) and patches (\$5).

The Ship's Store is open all year. You can order any of the items listed above by contacting Joyce Metcalf at 12686 West Highway 55 York, SC 29745-8748, by phone - (803) 222-3180 or e-mail - clydemetcalf@bellsouth.net

Reunion Packet

Reunion Packets have been mailed to all members. It includes hotel information and registration forms. Return the completed reunion registration by August 6, 2009 to John Bayley.

A nomination form for new officers and a self addressed envelope are also included. Return the completed nomination form to Hoot Gibson, in the envelope provided by July 1, 2009 whether you to attend the reunion or not.

If you have not received your packet, please contact Joyce Metcalf and she will get one out to you.

SEE YA'LL IN PHOENIX!!!

Your Association Needs Renewable Energy . . .

The current political by-word is, “renewable energy”.

Do you have any idea how many newspaper reunion announcements are sent out each year to find and encourage shipmates to attend? Have you attended a reunion lately? While there, did you go on one any of the tours? Have you logged on to the USS Maddox website? Do you ever receive e-mails letting you know that a shipmate or someone in his family is ill and needs a card, phone call or prayer? Are you enjoying this newsletter? Have you given any thought how these things come to be?

Non-renewable energy is derived from sources that cannot be replenished in a short period of time or ever. If you give it some thought, you will realize that our ships roster is not going to increase; it is non-renewable.

What is renewable is your desire to help your association function, at its current level, or for that matter *survive*. Do you know where former shipmates are that are not current members? Get in touch with them, tell them about the association and our reunions. Is someone missing that has not attended a reunion in several years? Get in touch with them, let them know we have missed them.

Hoot Gibson is always looking for shipmates to run for elected office or serve on the Board of Directors. The Reunion Committee is looking for representatives to help in planning reunions in the western region. Take a moment to think about how you can help, working together makes the task easier and more enjoyable for everyone involved. **Remember - your association is only as good as those who volunteer to serve. The reward - being a part of the continuing tradition called the USS MADDOX Destroyer Association.**

Sea Tales

JANUARY 21, 1945 - ANOTHER VIEW POINT

Nolan F. Torgerson, GM 1944-45

Concerning January 21, 1945: Another shipmate and I came out of the chow hall, went left and up the ladder to the gun deck on the starboard side of the bridge.

At the top of the ladder **Paul Roadman, S2c** was on lookout watch and I wanted to talk to him. He was a gunner on one of my 20 mm's at battle station. That was the 2-20's on the port side of stack #2. I stopped and my shipmate, I think his name was **Peck**, went on forward and behind the 5" mount #2 in front of the bridge bulkhead.

He came right back and called to me, "Come and see, the *TICONDEROGA* is under attack and is smoking." I went as fast as I could around to the port side where I could see. The *TICONDEROGA* was on the horizon and the smoke was black with a plume about 500 or more feet in the air. I also saw some planes out about 1500-2000 ft. going toward the rear of the ship. They were at 3 o'clock high.

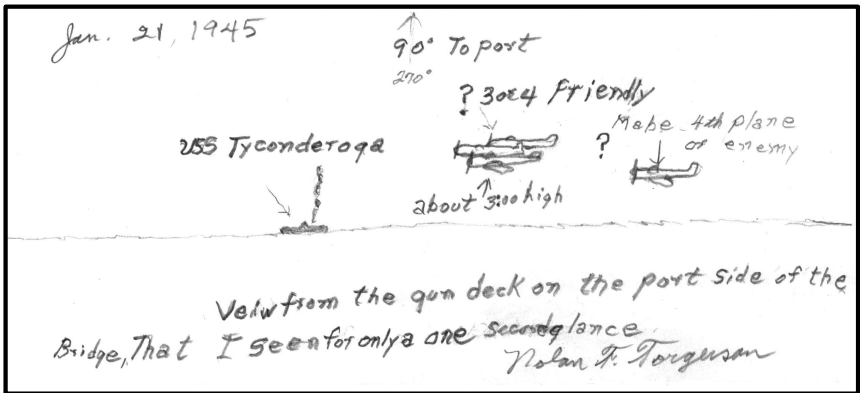
All this was like a flash, then I heard a sound like canvas ripping up in the sky toward the rear of the ship. I looked up and saw a plane diving in on us, the ripping sound was the guns on his wings firing. Out of reflex, I dove forward, grabbed **Peck** around the waist and took him down behind the 20 mm gun mount on the port side of the bridge. We had just hit the deck when we heard the sound of an explosion; then GC was sounded.

I ran back to my battle station and found that I was short one man of my crew. The missing man was **Roadman**. He was standing about 2 feet from where the plane hit. If **Peck** had not called me, I would have been standing with **Roadman**. When I got portside, there was not any lookouts on that side of the bridge, so I assumed they were some place else on the ship.

JANUARY 21, 1945 - ANOTHER VIEW POINT, Cont

Until I read the account of **Captain Bush** in the USS Maddox newsletter, I did not know any one else had seen what I did. I think now that that plane came in a little behind and below the other planes, used the cover of their C.I.C. and was in the blind spot of our pilots. When he got over our stern, he dove down on us.

As I said, I am not sure if my shipmate was named **Peck** or not. If anyone knows for sure who he is, please let me know.



On a lighter note: Later when **CDR Santmyers** came aboard, I was repairing “holidays” on the front #1, 5” gun mount with a very small brush - similar to a water color brush. He stopped and watched me for a short time. I became nervous, wondering if I should stop work and salute him? Before I could act he said “Sailor, you think you could get the job done faster with a bigger brush?” When I explained what I was doing, he said, “Carry on”, and walked away.

Nolan F. Torgerson
GM USS Maddox 731
1944-1945

Robert, Nolan's son wrote: Dad doesn't have email but we may have to work on that if he finds that some of his old shipmates want to correspond with him. I am very happy to email for him and take

JANUARY 21, 1945 - ANOTHER VIEW POINT, Cont

replies to him. He will be glad to know that his story has some worth. He has told it to us, his kids, for the last 60 years or so. I am so happy that he read the account written by CMDR Bush and felt he needed to supply another viewpoint on the incident. It has encouraged him to start writing some of his other wartime experiences down as well as other parts of his life. We were afraid that he would pass on without his family having any record of his life history.

We are encouraging Dad to and write down and share as much as he can remember. I do not know how many stories he will want to submit but just having an interest in doing something is worth a whole lot to us and to him. He can be contacted through my email at rtorgie@yahoo.com.

Nolan F. Torgerson
552 North 300 East
Richfield, Utah 84701

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP

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



We arrived at San Pedro Bay, Leyte and anchored at 1400, 13 June. It was going to be a hot humid stay. This was the first anchorage that we had been where there were still organized pockets of Japanese resistance. The fore-castle and fantail watches were posted and all watch standees were advised to keep a sharp watch. A few days our arrival, several Japs swam out to the ships. They would climb on board and blow themselves up with a hand grenade and take as many sailors with them as possible. I think our watches were itching to have something happen.

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, Cont.

The anchor had hardly hit the water when the Filipino bum boats were on the scene. The posted watches waved them away and kept them at a safe distance. They had all kinds of trinkets for sale and were desperate for money. I gathered the situation on the beach was anything but pleasant. Faced with the incidents that occurred just a few days earlier, the captain was not very happy with all the activity and had the damage control parties rig fire hoses and charge them. Sorting out Filipinos and Japs during the day would be difficult, but at night it would be impossible. Orders were to hose the boats down if they got to close and if that did not work, fire a warning shot. It never came to that, but the ship was ready if it had.

With the temperatures hovering around the 100 degree mark and the humidity the same, the living compartments did not offer any comfort. With a couple of air ducts in each compartment, the ventilation was not very good , and a few scattered fans were not enough to provide relief.

In the early morning, a layer of smoke hung over the town of Tacloban from the cooking fires of the Filipinos. It did not look like an inviting place for R&R. The lure of warm 3.2 beer was more than a number of the troops could handle and they were eager to hit the beach regardless of the discomfort. The returning liberty parties were somewhat in their cups. Although it was a break from the ship board life at sea, Tacloban did not get raving reviews.

The aftermath of extended periods at sea means that there is always a great deal of work to be done. For the first time in several weeks, battle and watch stations were empty and it gave our fire control gang a chance to do needed maintenance, bore sighting the 5" and 40 mm with their directors, cleaning and painting. The day following arrival at Tacloban, we got the word that we would go alongside the destroyer tender *USS PIEDMONT (AD-17)* for tender availability. This was welcomed by the ship and particularly the engineers.

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, *Cont.*

This would allow them to go cold iron on all boilers except for one boiler to run the auxiliary machinery. This allowed the engineers to clean the firesides. Cleaning firesides was a dirty, thankless job; but there were few complaints as it was part of the overall effort to keep the ship in top condition. We went alongside late in the morning, the lines were secured and watches were posted again. We were the outmost destroyer in the nest, this gave us access to any breeze that was blowing across the bay.

We continued ship's work for the next few days, and except for the watch standees, the Plan of the Day had little change. It was noted that there would be a Captain's inspection of the ship in preparation for the Squadron Commander's inspection on 29 June. This information gave us a clue that we would not be going to sea until after the 29th. Being in port, we had movies every night. The ships alongside the tender alternated the placing of the movie screens from forecastle to fantail, so as not to interfere with one another. Unless you were the out board ship, you had the selection to watch any of three movies. Very few of them were worth watching more than once, but it was entertainment, breaking up the shipboard life.

Divers found a zinc plate missing from the port rudder and at 1200 on the 20th, we were moved to a floating dry dock (ARD18) to have the plate replaced. Going into dry dock was always an experience. The ship had to be perfectly positioned so the blocks could be set against the keel and the hull; the maneuver had to be carried out to perfection. In the past, there would be an "all hands" evolution in scraping and painting the hull, but this time, the priority was the inspection and repair of the rudder. As soon as the blocks were set and the gates closed on the ARD, pumping was started. The zinc plates were quickly replaced and the next morning we were afloat again by 1000. As soon as the induction system was covered with water, the engineers lit off the boilers. We were headed back to the nest alongside the *PIEDMONT*. Along the way, we went alongside

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, *Cont.*

the yard oilier YO145 and picked up provisions from the *USS PAVO* (AKA139).

As promised on 27 June, the Captain's inspection started at 0900, plus or minus 30 seconds. He started through the ship like a dose of salts. In five minutes, the word to secure from inspection was passed. This was not a good omen and the feathers hit the fan. Shortly after secure, the department heads and the division officers fanned out over the ship like their tails were on fire, and they probably were. It was very evident that the Skipper was an unhappy camper. **Ens. Cady** mustered all the fire control gang in plot and gave us a run down on what was required. There was not much, as we were in pretty good shape. The only equipment exposed to the elements was the MK 51 directors, MK 14 gun sights, MK 37 director, and of course, the famous searchlight. All had been given Ens. Cady's stamp of approval as being ready for inspection. All the deck plates had been pulled, steel-wooled and were near a mirror shine, the under deck and hundreds of cables had been cleaned. We were ready. The "second" pre-inspection, the following day, went much better, but not yet perfect in the Captain's eyes.

At 1000, Friday, 29 June, **Captain Hederman**, Commander Destroyer Squadron 61 arrived for the long awaited personnel and material inspection. There was an abundance of new chambray shirts and dungarees. It seems that almost everyone had made a run on the tender's small store for the purchase. White hats were also unnoticeable as all our had been dyed blue or stained with coffee to blend in with the ship. Usually, while at sea, we went without hats and while on watch we wore helmets. All hands were at quarters waiting for the inspection party - except for the watch standees and those standing by in the spaces. The personnel inspection went well and it was not long before we were released from quarters. However, we had to stay topside clear of the inspection team. Captain Hederman was pleased with the condition of the spaces and called the inspection without visiting them all. I believe several of the

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, Cont.

sailors were a little disappointed as they had put a lot of time and effort into making them “ship shape”.

The heat was off, the reception party was called away, and those not going to the compound in Tacloban for a couple of beers, enjoyed Holiday Routine. We had not been in port for a long time and the word was passed that if we had jobs on the *PIEDMONT*, we had better close them out. Sunday morning at 0300, the engineers lit off the boilers getting ready for sea and at 0430, in preparation for getting underway, the Special Sea and Anchoring Detail was set. All hands knew the drill and most had read the POD and were already at their duty stations before the word was passed. All lines were singled up and at 0500, 1 July 1945, all lines were cast off and *MADDOX* moved away from the nest. It was still dark as Captain Santmyers slowly guided the ship through the fleet anchored in San Pedro Bay. Most of the other ships in the anchorage were ready “at short stay” in preparation for getting underway and heading for the combat zone.

We were one of 20 destroyers getting underway and heading to sea to form the screen for the task group. How Captain Santmyers sorted out the ships and took his station in the pre-dawn light was a lesson in seamanship. It was daylight when the heavies exited the bay. It was quite a sight: 3 CV's, 2 CVL's, 3 battleships, 8 heavy/light cruisers and 20 destroyers. For the next two days, we headed north towards Japan. We refueled from the *USS BELLEAU WOOD* (CVL24) on the 2nd which was a little different fueling from a CVL. Gunnery drills, which were the order of the day, kept us at General Quarters most of the time and allowed the crews to regain their sharpness. During this time, the task group exercised maneuvering drills by rotating the destroyer screen while the heavies just streamed along.

We celebrated the 4th of July with more gunnery drills and destroyed three mines in the process. Where else could you fire

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, *Cont.*

cannon, destroy mines and get paid for it along with free room and board on the 4th of July? Thrown in for good measure, we fueled from the *USS MASSACHUSETTS* (BB59).

Just before dark, the engine room experienced a steam line break and the *MADDOX* had to go on single engine formation for repairs. In two hours, the steam line was repair and we resumed our position in the screen just before midnight. The following day we were alongside the *USS INDIANA* (BB58) for a drink.

All phases of task group operations were exercised. We conducted drills with air groups that were returning from their own work-ups for strikes against Japan. We were operating 50 nautical miles (nm) from the task group and would go through the routine procedure of delousing and give the flights their pigeons to home plate.

It was a a busy, serious time for those in CIC. All the headings to the task group were coded. The code changed every four hours to preclude the Japs from locating the force in the event they were eves dropping on our radio circuits. I am sure that our spooks did not have a corner on the market of listening to enemy tactical radios.

It was more of the same on 6, 7 and 8 July with firing exercises and fueling almost daily. The powers that be did not want to get caught with their knickers at half mast with a low tin can if we ran into bad weather. We fueled from the *USS SOUTH DAKOTA* (BB57) and received ammo and fuel from the *USS NEOSHO* (AO48). After the replenishment, the task force headed for the launch point and took our strike picket station some 12nm from Task Group 38.1 for night cruising. It was normal procedure to steam 12nm from the force at night and maintain a position some 50nm from the force during the day. The steaming orders always read, "in company of other ships", however, they were just over the horizon. It gave you the feeling that you were alone and for all intents and purposes, you were.

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, *Cont.*

For the next several days it was much the the same routine: refueling at daylight and on the picket station shortly after dawn for the returning strikes. On 14 July, we had a change. Early in the morning, we were detached with DESDIV 50 to screen battleships headed for a shore bombardment mission. The scuttlebutt system was working well and as soon as we detached, rumors were flying about the mission. We never found out where the unit was headed as we were called back to the group for picket duty and be the middleman between TG38.1 and TG38.4. The middleman allows the groups to maintain radio contact and alert other on enemy activity and group movements.

It was during this period of time that we had a very close call. We were with the task group and little was happening on the mid-watch in the MK37 director. Then we noticed that the *USS MASSACHUSETTS* was closing in on us. I told **Joe Fanelli** to call it to the attention of the bridge talker, which he did. The OOD did not take kindly to us meddling in his business and the word came up over the 1JA circuit to mind our own damned business and he would run the bridge. The battle wagon got bigger and bigger and I suggested to **CPO Clarkson** that we track the range rate on the *MASSACHUSETTS* with the director fire control radar. We started the drive motors. Captain Santmyers' sea cabin was next to the ampdyne motors and when he heard them cut in, he was up, out of the cabin and on to the bridge - only to be faced with the monstrous hulk of the *MASSACHUSETTS* bearing down of the *MADDOX*.

He snapped out rudder and engine orders and it seemed like only a matter of seconds before the ship began to respond, shuddering as it started to back down and turn. As the battleship went by, it appeared to me, that with one more coat of paint we would have had a crunch. I am sure that, without the Captain's quick orders, we would have taken a hit right where we were standing. Fortunately, the rest of the watch was very quiet.

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, *Cont.*

The air strikes continued in the Tokyo area and some of the pilot combat reports filtered through the radio net to the CIC. The people stationed in “Combat” would pass the information over the sound powered circuits. On strike pick station, the *MADDOX* was, at times, less than 60nm off the coast of Japan. With the air activity being very heavy, it was necessary that we spend most of the time at GQ or in Condition, One Easy. This was one of those days. The weather was clear with visibility at 10 miles plus. A major strike had been deloused and was headed towards the main force. Condition, One Easy was set. This meant that the mounts standing down could let one man at a time take care of business. Mounts 1 and 3 went to One Easy. When the word was passed, **Lt. Arbo** was looking out from his command position in the director. He spotted a Jap plane headed directly at *MADDOX*. He called for “Action Air” and slued the director on the airplane, and at the same time ordered “Commence Firing”.

The airplane appeared in the center of the trainer’s scope and I closed the train solution key and the firing key at the same time. The airplane was headed directly for the bridge and it appeared zeroed in on the director. Mount #2 salvoed and the projectile(s) hit the bogey in the engine or the bomb it was carrying. There was an explosion; a large, flaming ball of fire and, in a few seconds, nothing but a round black cloud. The pieces of the airplane slowly settled to the water like confetti. There was not enough left to make a splash. Lt. Arbo was a cool character and made little of the kill. Without his quick, positive action, it could have been a very different story; we probably would have rammed another kamikaze.

The next couple of days were busy with General Quarters and bogies. They were singles and there was no coordinated attack involved. They were all splashed by our CAP before getting into gun range. Our airplanes were striking targets on Honshu and Hokkaido with little air opposition. On 16 July, we rendezvoused with the replenishment group, however, we went alongside the

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, Cont.

USS SOUTH DAKOTA for our fuel. On our way back to Strike Picket Station #1, we passed the British Task Group and rendered passing honors.

The following day the weather turned sour and there were no air strikes. A typhoon caused the bad weather and fortunately we were on the fringes of the storm. The seas were rough enough to remind us of our previous encounters with two deadly typhoons. Bad weather continued into the following day but air strikes were resumed and the word was that they were headed for Yokosuka where the IJN battleship *NAGATO* was spotted. This was the last known battleship in the Japanese Navy as the *TAMAMTO* had been sunk by carrier airplanes during the Okinawa Campaign. The *NAGATO* was sunk but settled on the bottom and became a platform for AA batteries. Because it had settled upright, it appeared to be serviceable and attracted more attention from our carrier strikes.

With Okinawa in US hands, the next step was to be the invasion of the Japanese homeland. This was expected to be a blood bath as every man, woman and child was prepared to oppose the landing. Intelligence planners estimated our losses to be about 100,000 men, Air Corp's B-29's with saturation bombing of the major cities has all but destroyed the industrial base of Japan. The Navy did its part, using our submarines to cut off vital raw materials and oil. The Navy Fast Carrier Task Force was not idle, they were hitting factories, air fields, shipping and rail lines. There was little opposition in the air and the feeling was that the Japs were saving their military resource



USS MADDOX (DD731)
Under way, 1944

MADDOX WINS WWII IN THE PACIFIC, WITH A LITTLE HELP, Cont.

to meet the expected invasion. Our build-up for the invasion had already started and troops from the European Theatre were arriving at Okinawa. They were an unhappy lot, they had planned on going home and felt that the war in the Pacific was not their problem.

Along with the invasion preparation, there were a number of unanswered questions regarding what our forces would be facing. During the invasion of the Philippines, there were several hundred explosive motor boats (EMB) prepared to attack the US amphibious fleet. At Corregidor, 300 EMB's were prepared to meet the amphibious forces when they landed on Luzon. Our PT boats were called to assist and sought them out in their hiding places. Most of the EMB's were destroyed in their hiding places and presented no great threat to the invading fleet. Those not destroyed were isolated without fuel and food, most of the crews remaining in the Leyte area died of disease and starvation.

To Be Continued. . . .

MEMORIES OF LIFE ABOARD USS MADDOX, DD731 DURING WWII

Joe Fanelli, FT3, 1943-1945 Pre-commissioning Crew

One of the things I will never forget is the music of the early forties. "Chattanooga Choo-Choo", "Velvet Moon", "Till Then", "You'll Never Know", "In The Blue Of Evening", and "Something To Remember You By" - all seem to hold a beauty that even today causes me to get very sentimental. These tunes can mellow me as nothing else can.

"Chattanooga Choo-Choo" was popular during my senior year in high school as was "Moonlight Cocktail" and "Time Was". Glen Miller was king of the music world then, a spot he probably still holds for many of us today.

MEMORIES OF LIFE ABOARD USS MADDOX, DD731 **DURING WWII, *Cont.***

“I’ll Walk Alone” presents a scene that I’ll never forget as long as I live. A bunch of tired, dirty, sweaty sailors with nothing to look forward to but a pile of food to store away, heavy ammunition to get down to the racks below and a ship that was in dire need of scraping and painting. There were hours hours of calibration, checking, greasing gears and getting the ship ready for another run in with the Japs.

Uncle Sugar Mail would brighten things up temporarily and so would trading news from home and looking at new snapshots of each others family and girl friends. This was not always pleasant, as bright and cherry letter receivers were weary and sickened by the world they lived in and were not always happy with having to answer the very letters that had made their lives bearable. This was proven by the many letters home that were started but never finished . . . crumpled pieces of paper laying in the isles and around the mess table showed this to be true. Guys scratching their heads, trying to find words of hope and encouragement to their family and friends, but coming up with little but the same story they had written the month before.

Normally three tin cans would be tied together at the bow, the one in the center would have the projector and screen that all three would share. Movies and records had been delivered, but we had no idea what they would be. We took whatever was offered in the way of entertainment.

Then it happened, just as we were heading topside to get seated for a movie that was being shown on the destroyer next to us. The PA system was playing some music that we were familiar with and a lot of us hummed or sang along with the vocalist. Then a different song began to play, one that was sort of sad and sentimental. Dinah Shore was singing “I’ll Never Walk Alone”. Your could see the hearts melt and the tears start to form in the eyes of men that were formerly bitter, disillusioned, tired and dazed.

MEMORIES OF LIFE ABOARD USS MADDOX, DD731
DURING WWII, Cont.

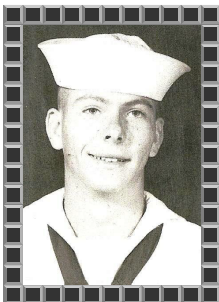
Gunners Mates who liked nothing better than to hear the roar of their guns, machinists mates that were noted for their willingness to take on anyone in the bar and signal men that bragged about how they were the scourge of Scollay Square in Boston, suddenly wiped the tears from their eyes and headed for a dark spot on deck so no one would notice that they were as soft and sentimental as the rest of us.

This one song has created more real emotion than any other I have ever heard before or after the war.

A SNIPE'S VIEW OF THE MADDOX INCIDENT

Alvin D. Christmas, MM3, 1962-65

Friday, 31 July 1964 - We had just entered the Tonkin Gulf.



While refueling from *USS ASHTABULA (AO51)* when "Secret Box" radar picked up two high speed small craft coming toward us at 60 knots, approximately 80 MPH. The small craft appeared to be PT boats belonging to North Viet Nam (NVN). They circled us, went within 2,000 yards of the oiler and then out of sight. We planned to leave the Gulf on 9 August.

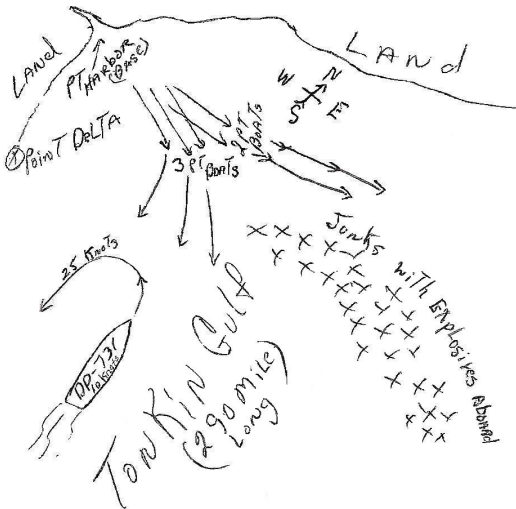
Saturday, 1 August 1964 - Normal steaming, nothing unusual.

Sunday, 2 August 1965 - I had the Mid-Watch (Throttles). @ 03:22 two unfriendly (NVN) ships appeared on radar screen doing 45 knots, coming toward us. Went back to Main Split Plant. GQ was sounded @ 04:53 and lasted until 0738. @ 15:48 GQ was sounded again, radar had picked up 5 (five) high speed small craft at 24 miles, coming toward us at 45 knots. Captain passed the word that 3 PT boats were going to launch a torpedo attack on us and if

A SNIPE'S VIEW OF THE MADDOX INCIDENT, Cont.

they did we would fire back in self-defense. At this time we were 30 miles off the coast of NVN. @ 16:08 we were attacked. We fired three (3) warning shots at the PT boats. They kept coming; two (2) of them came up to within 5,000 yards and each shot a torpedo. We changed course in order to keep from being hit by the torpedoes. Both passed about 150 yards off our starboard side. We sent word to the *USS TICONDEROGA* (CVA14) that we were being attacked. (we were headed out of the Gulf at 30 knots). CVA14 said she would send four AIRBORNE F8E CRUSADERS with rockets and 70MM machine guns to provide air cover. @ 16:21 the 3rd PT boat moved up to 1,700 yards and got a direct hit in her bow from MT53. We had hit the other two causing heavy damage. The 3rd one supposedly sank. We left the Gulf after the four (4) jets came and began their attack on the remaining boats. One plane was hit in the left wing, but not too bad.

The map below shows what they tried to do.



We were hit once in the 5" Battery Director by 37MM machine gun fire. There were no casualties. We left the Gulf to meet the *TURNER JOY* (DD951) which was on her way to help us. We met

A SNIPE'S VIEW OF THE MADDOX INCIDENT, Cont.

the *TURNER JOY* and proceeded outside the gulf to refuel and take on ammo.

Monday, 3 August 1964 - At day break, the *MADDOX* and *TURNER JOY*, headed back into the Gulf with air cover from from 2 planes from the *USS TICONDEROGA*. GQ was called @ 12:30 when 2 san pans came in close and tried to go between us and the *TURNER JOY*. Immediately both planes came in about 1,500 feet overhead, peeled off at left and right angles and then circled. Both san pans stopped and the plains returned to their positions. We secured GQ @ 17:35. Reached Point Echo and began circling for the night. I had mid-watch.

@ 24:00 another (unfriendly) ship was picked up on radar 25 miles behind us traveling at the same speed we were (12 knots).

Tuesday, 4 August 1964 - @ 11:00 GQ. Headed back in to Point Echo, No contacts. Secured GQ @ 17:30. @19:30 - 4 contacts - 4 boiler op. Doing 30 knots, leaving Gulf. *TURNER JOY* behind us 11 miles. Put in a call for more air craft from CVA14. Don't know how many PT boats are out there but we've fired like mad for the last 20 minutes and dodged at least 5 torpedoes. We tried to supply the planes with light by firing star shells, but it didn't do any good as the sky had a low overcast. We sent all but two of the planes back. BT's going out like flies - stomach cramps, nose bleeds, the heat is about to kill us all. **Slattery** got sick and went to repair five. (**Jerry Ledford** relieved him). We dropped three depth charges. *TURNER JOY* was said to have sunk one PT boat and we got one. (Damned fools are using flood lights to spot us).

We're catching hell, "brace yourself" is all we hear. I don't think it will ever end. I'm soaked with sweat and getting a headache, but we're all doing well, don't seem to be too scared, not as much as the first attack. We may even get used to it after awhile. We have fired a lot of ammo. Knocking dust and dirt loose from overhead and blowing it around, it's hard to see at times.

A SNIPE'S VIEW OF THE MADDOX INCIDENT, Cont.

One PT boat came up on our port side, parallel to us, traveling at the same speed (30 knots) and started closing in. We got him. Everyone gave a big cheer, makes us all feel a little better. We stopped another in the water. When the *TURNER JOY* came up the PT boat we had stopped fired a torpedo. The *TJ* swung to port and the torpedo went on by and hit another PT on the other side. It sank. "Home would sure look good".

@ 01:00 secured from GQ. So tired, I can hardly walk. Managed to take a bath, put on clean clothes and get some sleep. Left the Gulf, went to meet the *USS MOORE* (DD747) who was on her way to help us. She was 100 miles to the south. *MOORE* joined us and together we went to meet CVA14.

Wednesday, 5 August 1964 - @ 08:00 four boiler op. We are on our way again. *USS MADDOX* (DD731), *USS TURNER JOY* (DD951), *USS MOORE* (DD747), and about 10 aircraft from the *USS TICONDEROGA* (CVA14) and the *USS CONSTELLATION* (CVA64). Both are setting at the mouth of the Gulf, 290 miles to the south of us, ready to assist with air cover if necessary. Also three more destroyers and the *USS OKLAHOMA CITY* (CLG5). We plan to complete circle from Alfa to Oscar.

Commanding Officer of the US Fleet said to throw everything at them if they gave us any trouble. But I don't know, they may or may not back down. Looks like WWII is here. Maybe they won't start anything, it depends on how important those "Hot Spots" on Point Oscar are.

Our big worry is that the NVN's have a big air base about 300 miles inland from the Gulf. Expected to go to GQ @ 09:00, but didn't. We're running ASW (anti-submarine warfare). Possible sub in our wake-of so it belongs to Russia or China. Work passed, "Don't throw trash over the fantail", so it might be one. @ 13:00, GQ. Sitting about 30 miles off the coast of NVN (Tonkin Gulf). *MAD-*

A SNIPE'S VIEW OF THE MADDOX INCIDENT, Cont.

DOX and *TURNER JOY* circling. Planes from CVA64 and CVA14 went into the PT Boat Base and destroyed 17 PT boats with rockets and machine-gun fire. We lost two planes, one crashed in town & another was badly damaged, pilot bailed out but chute didn't open. Both pilots dead. One Air Force plane lost (don't know where). Planes then attacked five air bases @ 16:00. The "MAD BOX" (???) set off a full scale attack against the "commies". @ 18:00, proceeded south out of the Gulf to refuel. @ 20:30 Slattery, MM2 and I were sitting at mid ships talking when I saw two planes about 300 ft. off the water and about ½ mile away. I told him they were "our escorts from the Carrier." Was waving to them, they were so close I could see the pilots. GQ was sounded. I beat everyone to the hole, had my phones on and reported "manned and ready", before **Slattery** got into the hole. Scared me to death, but it was a false alarm. Refueled later and secured from GQ @ 21:00.

Thursday, 6 August 1964 - I have the 04:00-08:00 watch. We refueled and then planned to go back into the Gulf. Boy, I only wish I could see my family again. @ 05:30 Reveille & Replenish Detail set. @ 7:40 word passed that we would not go into the Gulf today. What a relief, think I'll sleep all day. We are not in danger at present. Learned that Peking, China told the rest of the world that NVN-PT boats had sunk us. HA HA.

To Be Continued. . .

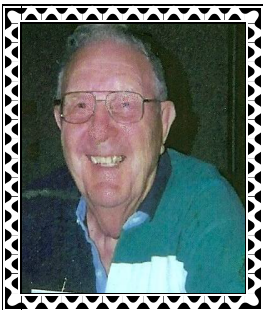


LT CDR D.M. Jackson with bullet that hit the USS MADDOX, August 1964.

SHIPS AHOY - TAYLOR MAN SEEKS WWII SHIPMATES

Fred Retzloff, S1c, DD-622 Survivor

Editors Note: In 1991, Fred Retzloff was interviewed by Doris Ludtke, a religion writer for The News-Herald in Southgate, Michigan. Following is the newspaper article resulting from that interview, reproduced by permission of Fred Retzloff. (Keep in mind that this article was written in 1991)



Fred Retzloff wants to swap war stories with any of the other 73 survivors of the *USS MADDOX* (DD622), a destroyer sunk off the coast of Sicily during its first combat operation in World War II.

I always wanted to know what happened, the Taylor resident said, adding that he learned last summer - 47 years after the incident occurred - that his ship was 50 miles off course when struck by a German fighter plane on July 10, 1945.

“We had picked up speed (to get back on station) when the gunner next to me looked at our wake and said, ‘Boy, the German airplanes can sure see us now,’ Then we blew up”.

(The wake is phosphorescent, like a searchlight, according to Retzloff. He now believes the ship’s captain, although posthumously awarded the Navy Cross for heroism - was at fault for the error that caused the *MADDOX*’s detection, he said.)

Retzloff said he remembers seeing the fire and explosion. The 1,600 ton ship, which was 360 feet long and 36 feet wide, sunk in less than two minutes.

“The next thing I remember, I was in warm water,” Retzloff said, estimating that he spent three hours there until he was rescued by a tug boat. Eight officers, including the captain and 203 enlisted men were lost.

SHIPS AHOY - TAYLOR MAN SEEKS WWII SHIPMATES,

Cont.

Retzloff, who was 20 when he enlisted in the Navy and is 68 now, was hospitalized after the incident.] After a period of shore duty, he was assigned to a repair ship operating off the coast of Shanghai, China - the *USS SAMMAR* - on which he served until the war ended in 1945.

The former seaman, a retiree who spent 37 years after the war as a lineman fir the Detroit Edison Co., said he always wanted to talk to fellow survivors.

He had the opportunity to meet with two men who served aboard the DD622 - the second of three destroyers named *USS MADDOX*, after Marine Corps Captain William Maddox - at a reunion last summer in Charleston, SC.

The third ship in the fleet, DD731, which was commissioned in June 1944, was one of the two U.S. Warships patrolling the Tonkin Gulf on August 4, 1964, when they were attacked by North Vietnamese torpedo boats - the incident that started the Vietnam conflict.



The first Maddox ship, which bore the hull number DD168, was launched in 1918 and decommissioned on 1922. After being refitted in 1940, it was sold to the British Royal Navy.

Retzloff wants to locate fellow survivors of the second Maddox ship - the DD622 - before another reunion of the *MADDOX* ships' crews next summer in Dayton, Ohio.

There are only five still alive that I know of." Retzloff said, adding that there may be others. "There probably aren't too many of us left.

SHIPS AHOY - TAYLOR MAN SEEKS WWII SHIPMATES,
Cont.

We were all in our late teens and early 20's then, so we're all crowding 70".

Retzloff has a history of the three ships compiled by the Navy and declassified in time for last summers reunion. In addition, he has a diary of the DD622, written by an unknown author, that was read at the reunion.

It's better than any book ever written," Retzloff said. "It tells you what the war was really about and the mistakes people make". The former seaman said he is particularly concerned about the current situation in the Middle East, because there are no winners in war.

"This thing In Iran really scares me," Retzloff said. "Young kids are "gung ho" - ready to "go get em" - until they get shot at. Then they wish they were home under mother's bed."

"There is no glory in war. You're just scared. It's like you just want to do it and get out. . . like shoveling coal in a dark basement".

Editors Note: Retzloff invites anyone with information about Maddox survivors to write him at: 24297 Champaign, Taylor, MI 48180-2123 or call (313)291-6384. You may also contact USS MADDOX Association President, Jim Slattery at P.O. Box 14, Wright, KS 67882-0014 or call (620)227-2577.

DOES ANYONE LOOK FAMILIAR?

#1



#2



#3



#4

See you in Phoenix and I'll tell 'ya - Mary

Things To Do

For Your Reading Pleasure

Judy Lagro

SEAWORTHY by T. R. Pearson. **Subtitle:** *Adrift with William Willis in the Golden Age of Rafting.* (Nonfiction). \$24.95. **Hardcover.** 2006. **Crown Publishers, NY.** Welcome to the daring, thrilling, and downright strange adventures of William Willis (1893-1968), one of the *world's original extreme sportsmen*. In 1954, **at age 60**, Willis embarked on his first solo rafting voyage across the Pacific from Lima, Peru to the Samoa Islands. In 1964, **at age 70**, he "rafted" alone from Lima all the way to Australia. He continually (and successfully) **sought challenge** in his later years, often much to his wife's chagrin!

DEWEY: The Small-Town Library Cat Who Touched the World by Vicki Myron. 288 pgs. Grand Central Pub., 2008. **Hard cover.** \$16.98 (Amazon.com is currently out of used ones, but keep checking!). Also available for less @ Costco & Sam's Club.

Dewey is the heartwarming story of Dewey Read more Books, the beloved orange/white library cat of Spencer, Iowa, as told by his owner & companion of 19 years, Vicki Myron the head librarian who found him on a frigid January morning when he was abandoned as a tiny kitten in the book drop slot. Dewey, who seemed to have a natural affection for everyone who entered the library, made his home in the Spencer library for nearly 20 years. Through Dewey's antics, we come to know & love many of the colorful and inspiring people of Spencer...including the author herself a single mother who became one of the leaders of the Iowa library system despite numerous illnesses. Dewey is one lovable, roguish cat who managed to transform an entire town & inspire people across the globe.

PS. This is a fun and very readable book for cat lovers everywhere (and even for those who don't have a lot of affection for the furry

THINGS TO DO Cont.

little critters...Dewey will surely convert you!!) I read it this spring and loved it - was many weeks on the national nonfiction bestseller list. Many of my friends have enjoyed it also.

STOLEN LIVES by Malika Oufkir. **Non-fiction. Paperback. 2002.** Hyperion, NY. Born in 1953, the eldest daughter of General Oufkir, the *King of Morocco's closest aide*, Malika was adopted by the King at age 5 and brought up as a companion for his little daughter. All was luxury and ease until, **at age 18, in 1972,** her father was arrested & executed as the result of an assassination plot against the King. **Malika, her 5 siblings & mother were imprisoned** much of the time in solitary cells, for **20 years.** **A shocking but true story.**

Editors Note: *Judy 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 taking time to write these reviews for to our newsletter.*



A SISTER SEARCHES FOR HER BROTHERS SHIPMATES

Editors Note: Prior to writing the “Howgoesit”, I search the Internet for articles, pictures and contacts that I can include and that shipmates might find interesting. While browsing the website www.destroyers.org/smrdd/USS_Maddox I ran across the following post: **DD731 Lyle Coursen, FN, 1959-1960, bmcsfr@yahoo.com. Deceased 1960. Sister has photos of shipmates and Co. Commander.** I tried the e-mail in hopes that it was still a valid contact, much to my surprise and delight it was. Betty, Lyle Coursen’s sister has graciously donated what pictures she has of Lyle's shipmates to their families or to our historical archives if the families cannot be found. Betty Reese and I have become e-mail buddies - this is her story.



My brother **Lyle E. Coursen** joined the Navy on September 23, 1957, he served aboard the *USS MADDOX* as a fireman. He was to be discharged at the end of October, 1960.

Lyle had returned from Japan around August 1st and had taken shore leave on August 15th. According to a letter, I dug out of Daddy's box, Lyle was on liberty with 2 shipmates. They went swimming in the shallow waters of Long Beach Harbor, his friends left and Lyle told them he would join them later.

When he did not return to his ship on August 16th, he was reported “missing and absent without leave” as a matter of routine. His body was recovered Aug 28th in a very remote part of the Long Beach Harbor.

Our family received a letter from CDR J. A. Payne which included two pictures that were taken during a memorial service for Lyle

A SISTER SEARCHES FOR HER BROTHERS SHIPMATES,
Cont.

aboard the MADDOX on Saturday the third of September. One of the photos was taken while the National Ensign was being raised to half mast at the beginning of the service. The second shows the benediction by the Chaplin at the conclusion of the service.

Paul Faulks, BT3 accompanied Lyle's body home to Excelsior Springs, MO for burial in Crown Hill Cemetery. Members of the U.S. Navy acted as pallbearers.

I still have quite a few photos of my brothers shipmates, but hare not had any luck locating anyone. I would like to get them to their families, but I have about given up hope on locating any of these guys. It is like they just up and disappeared. I know it has been about 50 years, but one would think that out of a crew there would be one that attended reunions and checked web sites.

I had contacted Ken Chestnut last year, but I never got around to sending the pictures for him to take to the reunion.

My brother's girlfriend from way back when, contacted me a couple of years ago to see if I had ever located Jim Merry. She found me the same way you did (thru the Internet). I know she would be tickled to find his whereabouts. I think they all buddied around together, even though she was going with Lyle.

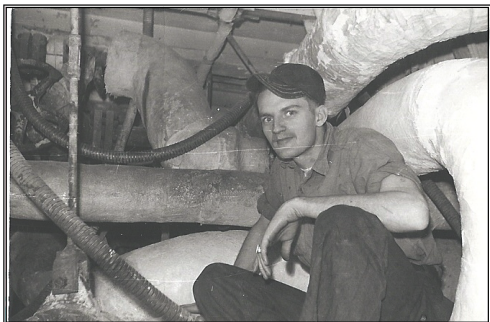
I really hope you have good luck locating some of the crew. I'd settle for just one.



If you know how to contact any of these guys or their family, please contact Mary Raines at (305) 794-0622 or foxfire511@passportamerica.com.

B.C. Roberts - April, 1960
Yokosuka, Japan

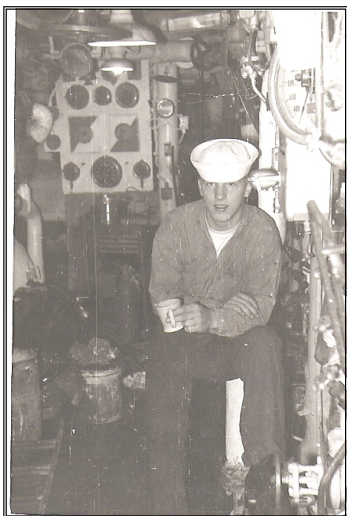
A SISTER SEARCHES FOR HER BROTHERS SHIPMATES,
Cont.



Barry Hawke - April, 1960
Yokosuka, Japan



Jim Merry - November, 1958
Yokosuka, Japan



Dave Rideout
Yokosuka, Japan



Bill Bellinger - 1959

HERE SHE IS, THE USS NEW YORK

USS New York (LPD-21), the fifth ship in the San Antonio-class amphibious transport dock, is the sixth ship of the United States Navy to be named for the state of New York. The ship was designed to deliver a fully-equipped battalion of 700 Marines.



The ship is the first to be fully designed from the CAD-screen up to support all three of the Marines' primary mobility capabilities- Expeditionary Fighting Vehicle (EFV), Landing Craft, Landing Craft Air Cushioned vehicle and the MV-22 Osprey.[2]

Shortly after 11 September 2001, Governor of New York, George E. Pataki wrote a letter to Secretary of the Navy Gordon England requesting that the Navy bestow the name USS New York on a surface warship involved in the War on Terror in honor of September 11's victims. In his letter, the Governor said he understood state names are currently reserved for submarines, but asked for special consideration so the name could be given to a surface ship. The request was approved 28 August 2002.

Twenty-four tons of the steel used in its construction came from the rubble from the World Trade Center, aside from a small amount preserved for posterity. Steel from the World Trade Center was melted down at Amite Foundry and Machine in Amite, Louisiana to cast the ship's bow section. It was poured into the molds



A worker pours molten steel into a mold to form the bow stem of the USS New York

HERE SHE IS, THE USS NEW YORK, *Cont.*

on 9 September 2003. With seven tons melted down and cast to form the ship's "stem bar" - part of the ship's bow. The shipyard workers reportedly treated it with "reverence usually accorded to religious relics", gently touching it as they walked by. One worker actually delayed his retirement after 40 years' work in order to be a part of the project.

On 9 September 2004, the Secretary of the Navy announced that two of her sister ships will be named Arlington and Somerset, in commemoration of the places two of the other planes used in the attack came down: Somerset County, Pennsylvania and Arlington, Virginia.

The contract to build New York was awarded to Northrop Grumman Ship Systems of New Orleans, Louisiana in 2003. New York was under construction in New Orleans at the time of Hurricane Katrina.

Keel Laid: September 10, 2004

Christened: March 1, 2008

Commissioned: September 11, 2009

Builder: Northrop Grumman Ship Systems, Avondale Division, New Orleans, LA.

Propulsion system: 4 - Colt-Pielstick 2.5 STC diesel engines

Propellers: 2 - Inboard rotating (top) fixed pitch propellers

Length, overall: 684 feet (208.5 meters)

Beam: 105 feet (31.9 meters)

Draft: 23 feet (7.0 meters)

Displacement: approx. 24,900 tons full load

Speed: ~22 knots

Crew: 28 Officers, 30 CPO/SNCO, 332 Enlisted;

Marine detachment: 699 (66 officers, 633 enlisted); surge to 800 total



HERE SHE IS, THE USS NEW YORK, Cont.

Well deck capacity: two LCACs

Aviation: one CH-53E, or two CH-46s, or one MV-22, or three UH/AH-1s

Armament:

- 2 - MK 31 Mod 0 RAM (Rolling Airframe Missile) Launchers
- 2 - MK 46 Mod 1 30mm Gun systems
- 2 - MK 26 Mod 18 .50 Cal Machine guns



**Bow Stem,
World Trade
Center Steel**



**Aft Mast
Install**



Undocking



Preparing to Launch



Christening, March 1, 2008

THE DASH

I knew a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend. He referred to the dates on his marker from the beginning to the end.

He noted that first came his date of birth and spoke the date with tears. He said what really mattered most was the “dash” between those years. (1929 -2009)

That dash represents all the time he spent upon this earth, now only those who loved him most knew what that line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own; the cars, the house, the cash, what matters most is how we live and love and how we spend our “dash”.

So think about this long and hard, are there things you'd like to change? For you never know how much time is left, that can be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough to consider what's true and real, and always try to understand how other people feel.

Be less quick to anger, show appreciation more and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect, and more often wear a smile. . . remember that this special “dash” may only last awhile.

So, when your eulogy is read with your life's actions to re-hash, would you be proud of the things they say about how you spent your “dash”?

Farewell my friend, till we meet again, and we will.

Mary Raines



Kenneth “Ken” O. Chestnut

November 6, 1929 - April 3, 2009



Ken Chestnut passed away April 3, 2009 after a long illness. Ken was born November 6, 1929 in Oklahoma City, OK.

He leaves behind his wife Lilly, sons Roy (Vivian) and Raymond, granddaughters Amanda Chestnut and Shannon Paramo, numerous nephews and nieces including Russell and Vernon Chestnut.

A Korean War Veteran, Ken served aboard the USS MADDOX, DD731. He was active in the USS Maddox Destroyer Association, serving on the Reunion Committee for the past 18 years.

Ken spent thirty years in the aero-space industry with Convair/General Dynamics.

Ken loved children and devoted many years to the Allied Gardens American Little League.

A celebration of his life was held on Wednesday April 8, 2009 at the Zion Community Church, San Diego, CA.

In lieu of flowers, the family has requested that donations be made to the Isis Shrine, PO Box 984, Salina, KS, 67402 - ***Designate: Travel Fund for Children to St. Louis.***

Cards and letters of condolences can be sent to Lilly at:

Lilly Chestnut
6844 Clara Lee Avenue.
San Diego, CA 92120

Thank You So Much For The Sympathy
You Have Expressed



From: The Ken Chestnut Family

To Ken's shipmates of the USS Maddox Association,

Words of appreciation fall short of the love Ken held for all of you. He had few passions on his life outside his family, except for children and the USS Maddox Destroyer Association.

He and I felt honored to be a part of "the family", and he enjoyed any chance to do anything for the Association. Thank you for your love, camaraderie, patience and great times together.

We wish you all "Smooth Sailing" and God's love. Thank you for your support.

To the USS Maddox Association, thank you for the contribution to the Isis Shrine Travel Fund for Children in Ken's honor.

Shriners from approximately eight counties volunteer their time to drive children to their appointments in St. Louis, this donation pays for their gas only. Your donation is greatly appreciated.

Lilly, Roy (Vivian), Raymond and Amanda Chestnut

Thank You For Your
Thoughtfulness



From: The Ron Stalsberg Family

Thank you so much for the Fall, 2008, “Howgoesit”. It really meant a lot to our family.

We were so hopeful that Dad would pull through from his heart surgery, but he was just not able to come back from it. He had lost so much weight that he just could not recover.

Tina and I were so glad that we made it to the Washington DC reunion since it was the last reunion he attended. We sure had a great time.

I know how much my Mom and Dad both loved the reunions. Dad even bought a new 2008 car three months before he died so he would have a new car to travel to future reunions. We were planning on going with him to the 2009 reunion in Arizona.

We have been so blessed to hear from all his friends on the Maddox.

Take care and thanks again.

Ron & Tina Stalsberg and Family

Have You Heard?

Four retired Chiefs are walking down a street in Norfolk, Virginia. They turn a corner and see a sign that says, “Old Timers Bar - all drinks 10 cents”. They look at each other, and then go in, thinking this is too good to be true.

The bartender says in a voice that carries across the room, “Come on in and let me pour one for you! What'll it be, Gentlemen?” There seemed to be a fully-stocked bar, so each of the men asks for a martini. In short order, the bartender serves up four iced martinis shaken, not stirred. He says, “That will be 10 cents each, please.” The four men stare at the bartender for a moment. Then look at each other. They cannot believe their good luck. They pay the 40 cents, finish their martinis, and order another round.

Again, four excellent martinis are produced with the bartender again saying, “That's 40 cents, please”. They pay the 40 cents, but their curiosity is more than they can stand. They have each had the two martinis and so far they've spent less than a dollar. Finally one man says, “How can you afford to serve martinis as good as these for a dime a piece?” “I'm a retired tailor from Boston”, the bartender said, “and I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the lottery for \$25 million and decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime - wine, liquor, beer, it's all the same”.

The four of them sipped at their martinis and could not help but notice seven other people at the end of the bar who did not have drinks in front of them, and had not ordered anything the whole time they were there. One man gestures at the seven at the end of the bar without drinks and asks the bartender, “What's with them?” The bartender says, “Oh, they're all old retired Marine Gunny Sergeants. They're waiting for happy hour when drinks are half price”.

From the Galley

Sugar-Free Cherry Congealed Salad

Sarah Wannamaker

- 1 can unsweetened cherries, in its own juice
- 1 Large box sugar-free jello
- 1 pkg. Knox unflavored gelatin
- 2 cups diet cola
- 1 large can crushed pineapple, in its own juice

Drain juice from cherries into a sauce pan, put cherries in a large bowl. Bring cherry juice to a boil and dissolve jello. Mix a small amount of cola to gelatine, just enough to dissolve and add this mixture to hot cherry juice. To bowl containing cherries, add pineapple and juice, cooled gelatine mixture and remaining cola. Stir well. Pour into 9x13 inch pan/container and refrigerate until set

KFC Cole Slaw

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 8 cups shredded cabbage | 1/4 cup milk |
| 1/4 cup shredded carrots | 1/2 cup mayonnaise |
| 1/3 cup sugar | 1/4 cup buttermilk |
| 1/2 teas. salt | 1 1/2 Tbs. white vinegar |
| 1/8 teas. Pepper | 2 1/2 Tbs. lemon juice |

Combine cabbage and carrots in a large salad bowl. Mix remaining ingredients together and combine thoroughly. Pour liquid ingredients over cabbage and carrots, stir. Refrigerate at least two hours before serving (overnight is better). Stir well before serving.





From the Editor



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 MADDUX as well as providing information regarding shipmates, their families and the association.

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, without your articles, news, recipes and pictures, the “Howgoesit” will cease to be.

You can e-mail your articles to me at: foxfire511@passportamerica.com. (Be sure to include a subject line - “USS MADDUX” or “Howgoesit” Article). If you would rather write or type your article you or you “don’t do computers”, 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.

The “Howgoesit” has gone Hi-Tech, as promised. With the assistance of our Web Master, Ben Gold, the “Howgoesit” is now posted on the Maddox Association’s website (www.ussmaddox.org).

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602A S. Main Street, # 376 (Be sure to include this number)
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Mary N. Raines
“Howgoesit” Editor



Chaplain's Corner



THE DANCER AND THE DANCE

Anthony DeMello, a spiritual writer, once wrote, "Think of God as the dancer and creation as the dance. Without the dancer the dance would not exist. And, without the dancer, we would not exist".

How many dances has the dancer danced with you? Yes, some dance numbers, you and I didn't want to dance - - we would have just as soon passed them up. Some we would never have thought possible. Some we tripped over our own feet during the dance. Some moves we weren't ready for - - but, with the dancer's patient guidance, it became a smooth, exhilarating, rhythmic, full of grace dance - - it was a happy (joyful) experience.

Where is the next dance? God knows! We have to be properly dressed, prayerfully ready, cooperative, and accept the invitation regardless of the tune. The dancer will provide all and He promises His most precious gifts, if we accept the dance.

May God bless all of you and your loved ones.

A Servant of the Lord's,

Justin McMenamy

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CHAPLAIN'S CORNER, Cont.

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

Ken Chestnut, William Wickett, Duke Dubose, Jim Westbrook, Sr., Gorman Mott (Shipmates), Karen Merkel (wife of Mike Merkel).

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:**

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





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Howgoesit

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