

GURKE NEWSLETTER

Volume 4 Issue 1

February 2010

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE USS GURKE (DD-783)



Special Points of Interest

- *Everyone had a “first experience” at sea. See if yours was anything like those in our cover stories.*
- *Four new members are welcomed on page three.*
- *On page four you will find Lt Philip Sweet’s account of the change of command in 1969.*
- *Carroll Briggs shares a different kind of sailing story beginning on page four.*
- *Ralph Humbertson tells about a special visitor to the Gurke during the 1969 WestPac Cruise.*
- *See pictures from the 1969 Gurke Cruise Book on pages 7 & 8.*

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AT SEA

Editor’s Note: This story idea presented to all e-mail subscribers was to tell about your first time at sea. The following stories were submitted:

Ken Masters, 1951-54:

My first trip to sea was aboard the USS Columbus out of Norfolk, Virginia. It was a beautiful day, albeit a little windy, thus rough. I was thrilled to look back and see the shoreline. We passed into the open sea and many of those around me began to get sick. The rail became thick with seasick sailors. This was my first midshipman cruise and thus many were going to sea for the first time. I survived watching others lose their breakfasts and never got sick, even in typhoons.

Randy Voepel, 1970-71:

The first time I was underway on the Gurke, I was an eager 19 year old RDSN. I loved being at sea and was a natural sailor coming from a LONG line of sailors in the

family, going back to WWI (German and US Navy). I was delighted to learn how to tie swabs to a line and toss them over the fantail to be cleaned by the wake of the ship. After cleaning the swabs I needed to get a bucket of salt water to rinse the deck outside of CIC of some kind of gunk. Being a natural sailor genius, I figured to tie a line on the bucket and dip it in the water over the starboard side, piece of cake. I forgot one thing...at 25 knots speed, that bucket of water became a 300 pound anchor from the force of the water. It almost yanked my arms out of my sockets and being the genius, I started running down the side of the ship as fast as I could in order to beat out some of the force from the water. I only had about 40 feet until I would hit a stanchion. After a Herculean effort and an Olympic sprint, I was just able to clear the bucket out of the water with 5 feet to spare before the stanchion would decapitate, line, bucket, arms or head. There

is nothing a 19 year old sailor can’t screw up! Ad Mare Paratus.

Larry Fancher, YN2:

After about 10 years in the Navy, I experienced my first sea duty on the Gurke in 1961 as we departed for WestPac via Australia. On my first trip to the mess decks, I thought I would acquaint myself with one of the members of the engineering department. I sat down and tried to introduce myself and received the following response: “Yeoman, I come down here for two reasons—(1) to eat, and (2) to watch a movie—and I don’t see them rigging no movie screen.” I learned that not everyone was interested in my friendship.

Dave Crowell SOG3 1958-61):

My first time at sea was on the destroyer Samuel

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

Morse, while going to Fleet Sonar School. I think the most eye-opening experience was not the rough seas, sea-sickness or everyone on the ship smoking cigars, trying to get all of us Sonar school kids sick, but it was the salt-water trough head. That was truly a thing to behold. Luckily, when I went on board the Gurke, the salt water trough was replaced while we were in drydock in San Francisco.

Ray Johnson, DK2:

My first ride on the Gurke was from Mare Island Naval Shipyard to San Diego. I had reported aboard while the ship was undergoing repairs for shell damage in Korea. The thing I remember most is going past Alcatraz Prison and beneath the Golden Gate Bridge. Seeing two famous landmarks close up and for the first time was awesome. When we got to San Diego, my first glimpse of sunny southern California was a rather heavy rain.

Mike Elliott, WestPac 1969&70:

My story is a bit different because I came to the Gurke after spending a year on Midway Island fueling and loading/unloading planes, so seeing nothing but ocean as far as I could see in any direction was not a new thing, but moving through it was! I reported aboard the same day a young seaman deuce right out of boot camp did in mid-1968, and while I ended up in the ET gang, he was a cook striker. My favorite memory is of this cook staying up all night to see the International Date Line when we crossed it. When I asked him the next morning if he'd seen it, he said he hadn't. I accused him of falling asleep and missing it, although he swore he hadn't. I told him I'd gotten a picture of it and when I got my slides developed, I'd give him one. So that night I went up on deck with my camera and a piece of string, draped the string across my lens and carefully snapped a photo of the ocean with a wavy line across it, being careful not to get anything

but water in the shot. After giving him the slide, he was ecstatic and you'll probably never convince him that there's not a line across the ocean out there east of Hawaii! My only regret about my two WestPac cruises aboard the Gurke is that we never got to cross the equator, so I never got to become a Shell-Back, but I spent 2½ years aboard the USS Gurke and wouldn't trade them for anything! A great fighting ship with a consistently great crew!

Bill Perry:

I had finished boot camp and school about Christmas time 1949. I boarded the Gurke early Feb 1950 on the way to Japan. I still remember the greasy port, Brussel sprouts, and pineapple upside down cake. I was sick all of the way to Japan. I was over that soon after!!

Now the strange things do happen. About a month ago my wife Ann and I were having breakfast at a local restaurant and as I went to pay our bill, Ann came out and said a man in there has on a Gurke hat! We went back and found Bill Strong and his wife. He was on the Gurke almost the same time as I was. He was a storekeeper, out in July 1952. We are meeting next Tuesday to get acquainted and have lunch at the local VFW.

Chuck Newman OS3 1975-76:

My first time at sea was when we were pulling out of port in Japan and it was something that I never will forget. Looking out at the seemingly endless ocean just mesmerized me and I fell in love with it. Any chance I got, there I was again looking out at the ocean. No matter how hectic my day had been, just standing on the rail for awhile thinking about home, girlfriends or our next port just seemed to make it all better. I especially enjoyed it at night looking out at the water with the moonlight jumping off the waves. It seemed like we were the only people in the world.

E.R. "Eray" Honeycutt, SN USS Gurke MSO 447-1960:

I was the ripe ol' age of 20 when we got underway for the WestPac Cruise. I had never been on a boat larger than 20 feet and had never lost sight of land, that's for sure. In boot camp I was given the possibility of being an office person, because (I guess) I had taken typing in high school. Aboard the Gurke I was assigned to Charlie King, YN2, in the ship's office. I was in for a lot of learning and adjusting. Now at my tender age of 69, I remember events as if they happened yesterday, and the faces of all still remain in that picture frame.

We were scheduled to head out in two weeks; our destinations: Guam, Midway Island, Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan, Korea and back home. Most of us newbies were still wet behind the ears and had no idea what was going to be in store for us—not a clue.

During those two weeks, I had to adjust to my new job and understand what it was all about. The #1 priority was to type, print and distribute the daily POD (Plan of the Day). Oh, yes, that's also when I found out that Charlie (my new boss) had never liked filing "things." It seemed like there were years of files to be categorized and filed before we left Long Beach port. So in two weeks I did get into a successful routine and learned my way around the boat, where I worked, slept and ate.

Being homesick was never on my mind; I knew and accepted my new home. Everyone that cared a little about me knew where I was: The US NAVY. I knew I was in good hands and felt comfortable. It actually was the first time I felt like someone really cared if I lived or died; it's a terrible thing to say, but that's how I felt.

"All lines in" was an awesome thing to hear, well, except for "All hands prepare the ship for foul weather!" I can remember the first and last time I got sick, I mean

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 2)

really seasick. I was up chucking every minute, until a bosun's mate came up behind me, shoved a bucket at me and said, "This is where you go, not on my f— deck! You got it, Kid?" He not only looked mean, I think he meant every word. One look at what I put into that bucket and that did it for me. I cleaned myself up, took the bucket and shoved it in front of another sick sailor and said (well, you know what I might have said). I went back to my office, the ship rolling back and forth, opened my office door, and there sat Charlie King, my boss. He had strapped himself to the bolted down metal desk and was typing away on the POD while eating a Dagwood sandwich. He looked at me and said, "Good, you didn't get sick. That's my boy." He unstrapped himself and said, "OK, you finish this. I'm going out and get some fresh air." I thought to myself, "You've got to be kidding me. Waves are going over the boat every 30 seconds."

The venture continues. In the next newsletter, you're in for a real treat!

2010 USS GURKE REUNION

APRIL 8—11

WASHINGTON, DC

**HAMPTON INN
DULLES AIRPORT HOTEL**

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Our reunions work so you don't have to.



WELCOME MAT

The USS GURKE takes great pleasure in announcing that the following shipmates have been located since the last newsletter. Welcome Aboard! We hope to see you at the next reunion and that you will become active in the association.

Andrew Douglass (1967-69) LT
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Boston, MA 02210
617-737-8804
adouglass@morrisonmahoney.com

John Zerr (1966-67) Ops/OE/OC
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Phillip Sweet (1968-71) Ltjg Nav
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Edward Honeycutt (1961-62) YN2
160 Gravatt Dr
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510-919-0066
honyeray@juno.com



TAPS

The Gurke Newsletter was informed of the deaths of the following former crewmembers since the last newsletter. The entire crew extends our deepest sympathy to the families and friends of the deceased.

George Fernandez, BM
Died 2009

Anthony Straquadine
(1945-46) SSML 3/c SS Div
Died January 11, 2010

Norman Gassett
(1946) FIC ENG
Died July 23, 2009

Calvin Swart
(1953-56) LT Gunnery
Died September 22, 2009

Carl Wilson (1947) WT1
Date of death not reported

Robert Grimm
(1962-66) BTC B Div
Died July 27, 2009

Anyone learning of the death of a former crewmember please notify the newsletter so their passing can be acknowledged in TAPS and on the Honor Roll at the reunion memorial service.

USS Gurke as it appeared during the Vietnam era is now our cover photo



MORE SAILOR STORIES

Lt Phillip Sweet, USNR Ret:

My memory after these forty years are a little hazy. I have gone through every letter that I wrote to my wife while on the 1969 cruise. I wrote every day. Thanks to her for keeping them, I can come up with some funny, some sad, and some that shows the growth of a green Ensign to a qualified OOD. Attached you will find the story, day to day of the Change of Command in Kaohsiung, Taiwan between CDR Ackerman and CDR Berger.

Jul 8 – Well they did it again. Last night at 1800 we received orders to get underway this morning for the East China Sea and the Bonnie Dick again. One of her destroyers had a steering casualty and had to go into port for repairs. We will pull out of the harbor at 1100. This is just a little problem because we had parties scheduled to say our good byes for the departing officers. The new CO will be in Taiwan and will not take command for a while. Andy Douglass has no idea how or when he will leave.

Jul 9 – We got underway and will join the Bonnie Dick sometime tonight. We will be her picket ship 50 miles to her north. Capt Ackerman doesn't know when he will be able to get off the ship because his relief is in Taiwan. The date for the change of command is unknown for now. Andy is in the same boat as the CO.

Jul 10 – We met up with the Bonnie Dick last night and we proceeded out to our picket station. At 2000 we received word that the Radford, the ship with the steerage problem, was on its way to relieve us. We also received word that the new CO would be boarding today and Andy would be leaving. So sometime today we will be relieved and meet up with the Bonnie Dick to refuel and transfer all people. This should be quite a day. We have no idea where we are going after all is said and

done.

Jul 11 – This had been a great day for me and I had expected it to be a bad one. Last night the new CO wasn't able to come aboard because both helicopters on the Bonnie Dick were down for repairs so we spent the night as a screening ship. I was put into a new watch section with LT Frick because he requested that his JOOD be the most experienced and the best the ship could offer. It got a little hectic on our watch and I helped LT Frick to get through it. He had spent 2 years on a destroyer about 4 years ago and is just a little rusty. We made it through last night's watch and then this morning the Bonnie Dick proposed a high line transfer of the new CO and Andy so we had early reveille and I had to take the watch at 0615. For some reason unknown I had the Conn when the Bonnie Dick told us to take station astern of her (This was the same maneuver the Evans had made.) Well old experienced Phil (Age 23) gave the commands and while we were going to station the XO came on the bridge and watched the big spectacular. With some advice from the XO I got on station in 5 minutes after we were told to do so. The XO and all of the CIC watch complimented me and said it was the fastest and most professional way the Gurke had taken station of that type in a long time. Thanks to the guys who trained me Red, Andy, Ed, and Ralph, I finally got a chance to show that all those hours of training were paying off. Well we got the new CO on board and Andy departed at 0715. We are on our way back to Kaohsiung and the change of command will most likely happen on Sunday.

Jul 12 – We got back into port around 1400. This transit is a boring one and we have made it so many times that I think the ship could do it without anyone driving it. Tonight we say hello to the new CO and say our good byes to the old CO. Tomorrow we have a full dress white Change of Command ceremony.

The temperature will be 90 to 100. We finally got into port at 1530 due waiting for traffic coming and going. Things are getting crazy. I have to get a sword belt for Red and myself and also two swords and sword belts for both CO's.

Jul 13 – My 24th birthday. The Change of Command is over and was it hot! The sun was blazing and it was in the 90's and with everyone in their ice cream dress it was that much hotter. Capt Ackerman is on his way home and will be in San Diego around the 15th. Last night we had a party and gave the departing CO a plaque and the clock. The inscription read "With Appreciation from the Gurke wardroom". He approached Gary and I and said goodbye very personally. Red made LT CMR as of June 1 today and is he all smiles. Tonight Red is having a wetting down party.

Carroll Briggs LCDR USNE Ret USS Gurke March '52-Dec '53:

August 2001 - updated February 2010

It must have been in about '42 or so. In those days, I was in the ninth grade at Carmel High School and I spent most of my free time somewhere along the beach. This particular fall day, I seemed to wind up out at Stillwater Cove in Pebble Beach. You have seen the cove if you watched the US Open at all. It's where they park the yachts. Martin Irwin lived out on the drive and I was walking along the beach with him and a couple other friends from school as he headed home.

We were in and out of the water along the way. Even with temperatures in the mid-fifties it didn't seem particularly cold on a foggy Carmel afternoon. Somewhere along the way we found the remains of an old skiff. It looked reasonably good so we scrounged around and found some driftwood boards big enough for paddles and took the thing to sea. It didn't take long for us to dis-

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

cover why the skiff was left unattended on the beach. There was a fair sized hole in the bottom. We didn't let that deter us though. With bits of driftwood and seaweed, we slowed the leak to the point where we could paddle around for about twenty minutes or so before it got too full to float.

We had great sport sculling the thing around but in order to move it at all we had to go through a large patch of kelp growing just off-shore. It was probably thirty to forty feet across. I don't suppose it sounds like much of a story but we were having so much fun that after three or four trips back through the kelp bed to dump the skiff out on the beach, we got careless. The boat filled up and not exactly sank but it was too heavy to row with the make shift oars we had. Rather than abandon our treasure out there and swim for the beach, we decided we should swim the boat back. It wasn't far, probably only a hundred yards or so. But, have you ever tried to push/pull... drag a waterlogged sunken boat through a kelp bed? I can still feel things slithering as I write. These kelp beds are alive with every sort of sea life, much of it indescribable.

By 1949, I had a boat of my own.

Well, it wasn't exactly my own boat. My dad loved to go fishing out on the bay and at some point he acquired a boat for his pleasure. It was a 26' Welin metal whaleboat. I was nominally in charge of upkeep and I had this aspiration to fish the boat commercially to pay some of the bills. I got a commercial license and rigged some Portuguese Lines to bottom fish out in the bay. Since I had no mechanical gear to handle these, they were relatively short (about 30 to 50 hooks to a set). I would take the boat out very early in the morning, set my lines and troll for Salmon between the sets. I never caught a Salmon, mostly because it took so much time and energy to put out my sets. But I would manage to bring in enough fish to pay for gas and bait.

It was on one of those days that I

had a problem with the starter. You know I was NOT much of a mechanic (I wonder what would have happened if I had actually completed ET School and been so assigned?) I would put out three sets in a sort of big triangle. Two of these were out in an area where you could always bring up a full set of SandDabs (3 cents/lb. wholesale). The other was on a rock reef where you might find a Ling Cod if you were lucky (7 cents/lb.!). Of course, in the rocks three out of four times, you would also lose much if not all of your gear. Between sets, I would shut down the engine (It was a little four cylinder Star inboard) and drift troll for salmon. It was over by the "A" Buoy reef that I went to start up again and the Bendix spring came off the starter. The "A" buoy was relatively close in to the beach off the firing range at Fort Ord. The drift was taking me in that direction.

I will never really know how I managed to put the thing back together. Fortunately, I had taken a course in Farm Power at UC Davis, and had some idea what it looked like and how it worked. I had to do it all by feel, while standing on my head and fishing the parts out of the greasy water in the bilge. I suspect I would have been rescued as I was aware the Coast Guard (or perhaps the Army) was headed in my direction by the time I got the engine running. I never did look to see if it was right or not but it worked and never came off again.

I had always wanted to rig the boat for Albacore. We had outriggers (for salmon) so the basics were there. I knew the boat wasn't fast enough to go for Albacore but it was the challenge of rigging it that called me. Somehow, I managed to get enough cash to buy the lines and the expensive nylon leader (400lb test!) and I built a "suit of lines". I had managed to get a ride on a couple of boats and listened to various theories on how to set it up right and I wanted to try my own ideas.

By the time I got everything put together and rigged, it was well into September. The Albacore season was pretty much over and I was headed back to Davis. Before I went, I wanted

to see how they worked. So on the very last day before school, I took the boat out of Monterey into the bay and set my troll. It was NOT a very good day to be messing around with this. First problem was that when I got to the boat, the battery was gone. Someone had helped themselves. Well, I didn't have time to fool around with that so I rowed back to the wharf, took the battery out of my old Hudson and hooked it up. Problem: The battery was too big to go into the box. OK, so I shoved it against the side of the boat and nailed a board to keep it from sliding around.

When I got out in the bay, I discovered the second problem. There was a little wind, 30 to 40 kts or so. There was a very heavy swell running so you didn't notice the wind too much 20 feet or so down in the valleys but it was fierce up on top. There were plenty of whitecaps.

Third problem? Well, not really a problem. I knew the lines would need a little adjusting and so I set about it, lengthening here; shortening there. It was so rough that I had only put the outriggers down just a little bit. I knew this and it suddenly came to my attention that I was not really paying attention to the sea. That can be a really bad mistake. The boat rolled very steeply down the side of an enormous swell and didn't roll back. I looked up from my lines to see why and found one of the outriggers was in the next swell. That's very bad news. It seemed as though everything just STOPPED for an un-ordinary long time then, very slowly the boat began to roll upright and the pole lifted clear of the water. That was the end of that experiment. I changed course to make sure it wouldn't happen again; secured the outriggers upright and headed for home.

On the way in, it occurred to me that I should check the battery. Sure enough, it had worked clear of the board tacked to the hatch coaming and was hanging there by

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)
the cables. Oh Well!

As it worked out, That was the only time I ever had those lines in the water. My Dad died and my mom sold the boat in January, just before I went in the Navy.

More stories from LCDR Briggs in future issues.

Ralph Humbertson:

During the 1968-69 WestPac Cruise, the Gurke DD-783 was assigned to NGFS (Naval Gun Fire Support) at the mouth of a river to Saigon, near the Rung Sat Special Zone and across from Vung Tao. I was the GLO (gunfire liaison office) standing port and starboard watches in CIC. We were awaiting a call for fire support from Marines operating in the zone. Although the ship was anchored in the river, we had an officer off the deck standing watch on the bridge. I was called to the bridge by the OOD where he pointed out an ARVN (South Vietnamese) helo circling our ship. I asked if the OOD had called the Captain and he did so at that time. For some reason the OOD gave me the phone with the C.O. and he asked me the helo's intentions. "At this time, Sir, they are landing on our DASH platform. (Drone Anti-Sub Helo, kind of a mini pilotless helo, radio controlled)" The Captain said, "We're not able to have a full sized helo on that little dash deck," and I suggested he tell that to the pilot who just landed on the O-2 deck aft. Suddenly we have a bunch of ARVN heavily armed troops deplaning. There was at least one Colonel, maybe a Lt. Col., a Major, at least two army Captains and one bad looking LTjg dressed in camo gear and wearing a black beret, side arm and sun glasses. The jg lead the group toward the bridge as if he knew his way around the ship. He approached the ladder to the bridge, looked at me and saluted, "Request permission to come aboard, 'Rotten Ralph.'" (That was the handle an earlier engineering officer gave me when I first reported aboard.) He took off his sun glasses and there stood former Gurke shipmate Ltjg Jay Roahen. It

seems like he is now in charge of a group of PBRs (mini swift boats), somewhere up the river. When the ARVN troops serving as Jay's base heard his old destroyer was down river, they said "Let's go and visit." They had heard the Navy had good food and gave away supplies to visiting troops. After introducing LTjg Roahen to the Captain, the visiting officers went off with the Captain and Jay and I had a chance to catch up. He had at least one purple heart at this point and several personal citations. His in-country tour was only part way over and he had lost some good sailors and had at least one boat shot out from under him. When it was time for them to leave, they all had lots of "goodies" to take back to their base. As they took off, the over loaded helo almost hit its main rotor in the river.

My friend Jay Roahen survived his in-country tour and the Navy thought so much of his capabilities that they sent him to dental school. He's a retired Navy Captain and was the Chief of Endontics at Bethesda Navy Hospital. Hopefully he and his lovely wife will join us in the 2010 reunion in Washington, DC April 8, 9, 10.

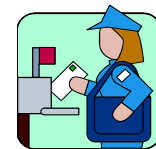
Navy friends make life long friendships.

(See photos of Ltjg Jay Roahen and the helo on page 7.)

Jon Fox (1959-62):

When Gurke went to Australia in 1961 before entering Sydney, we sent out a log req that was logistical requisition listing stuff we needed—fuel, water, food, etc.—listed A.B.C. and so on. Well, we wanted 500 lbs of charcoal for Sunday bbqs and 50 gallons of ice cream. Well, I'm sitting in the wardroom, nursing my coffee, when quarter deck messenger comes in and says, "We have a problem. Come help." So I stroll back to be advised by the truck driver that we have 50 lbs of charcoal and 500 lbs of ice cream. No problem; a simple mistake. Take it back. NO, NO, you don't under-

stand. We can't take it back. SO we fill every reefer to the top with ice cream and had loads left, slowly melting. THEN the school kids showed up for a tour. Wonderful! Quick stroll around and then to the mess decks. "Would you like some ice cream?" "Oh, yes, thank you." "Well, here's a gallon and more when you're done." Kids happy; problem solved. Just need 450 lbs more charcoal. Oh, well, another typical day on our favorite ship.



MAIL CALL

Hi Karen,

I am a great niece of Henry Gurke and I thought it might be newsworthy for people to know that Henry's brother Arthur Julius Gurke passed away on January 1, 2010 in Las Vegas, Nevada. He was 81 years (young). There is one surviving sibling and she is Elsie Geiger who resides in Washington. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Diane Giesen

NAUTICAL TRIVIA

Hammocks

Swinging beds for sailors were first used by Columbus, who discovered their practical use from natives in the West Indies.

Head

The "head" aboard a Navy ship is the bathroom. The term comes from the days of sailing ships when the place for the crew to relieve themselves was all the way forward on either side of the bowsprit, the integral part of the hull to which the figurehead was fastened.

Page 47 from the 1969 Gurke Cruise Book Sent in by Ralph Humbertson



We should have been Marines.



I don't see the mail buoy yet.



I bet we scared them that time.

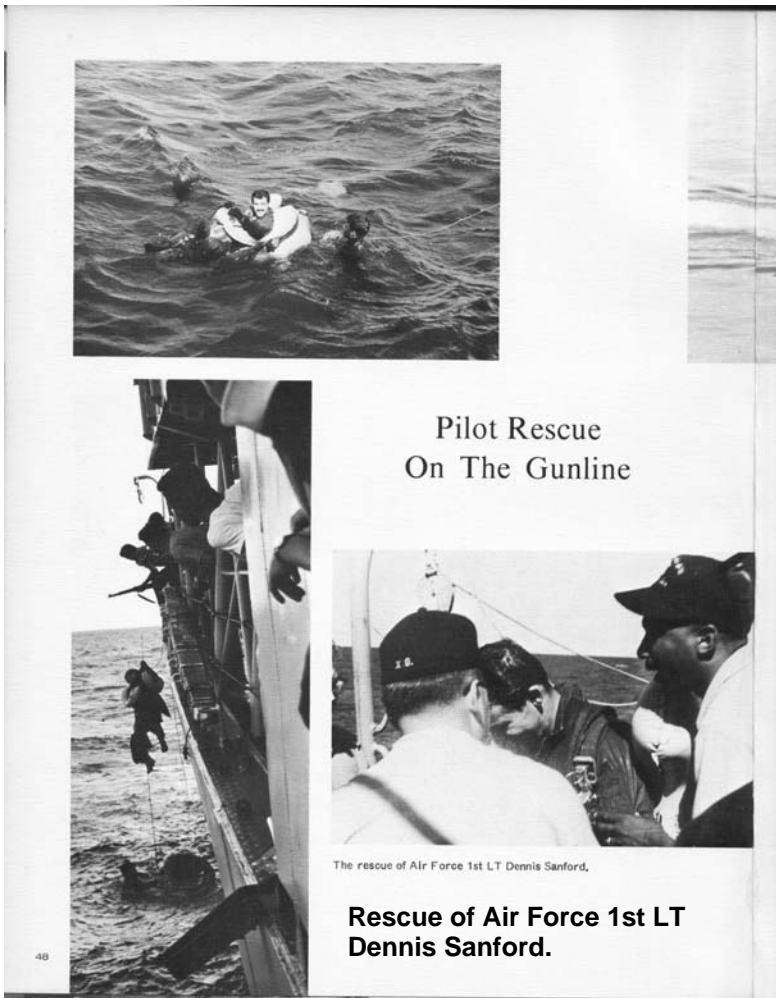
Gunline

They said it couldn't be done!



Helo on deck

Page 48 of the 1969 Gurke Cruise Book



Pilot Rescue
On The Gunline

The rescue of Air Force 1st LT Dennis Sanford.

Rescue of Air Force 1st LT
Dennis Sanford.

COORDINATOR'S MESSAGE

By Bill Phipps

I'm looking forward to our reunion this April in Washington, DC. One of our scheduled tours includes a stop at the United States Navy Memorial on Pennsylvania Avenue. We plan a commemorative, outdoor wreath laying during our visit to honor shipmates no longer with us. While we are there, be sure to sign up for your personal Navy Log entry at the Memorial, or you can enroll on their website at www.navymemorial.org. You can include photographs, a first hand account of your biography, sea stories, or a history of your exploits while aboard the Gurke. This is a good way to tell your story the way you remember it.

Everyone should always go to Arlington National Cemetery when visiting Washington, DC. The tram tour through the cemetery and viewing the "Changing of the Guard" at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier will be a special treat. Also, plan on visiting the Vietnam and Korean War Veteran's Memorial, along with the World War II Memorial on Saturday. Since there is so much to see and do in the Washington, DC area, this is a good time to stay a day or two extra at a reasonable rate.

We are planning to host a speaker from the Fleet Reserve Association during our business meeting to provide current information and literature on benefits for retirees and veterans. This is a good opportunity for our reunion group to learn about benefits they have earned for themselves, their families, and survivors. We will also be voting on next year's reunion site at this meeting, so bring any ideas about locations that may interest you.



Jay Roahen (left)
Ralph Humbertson (right)

Financial Report:

The cost of this issue is \$190.47, mailed to 48 dues paying members without e-mail addresses.

NOTE EXPIRATION DATE ON ADDRESS LABEL

Please check the address label on your envelope or the top of your e-mail for your dues expiration date. **Send dues to Frank Hickam, 25 Harlech Dr, Wilmington, DE 19807. Make checks to USS Gurke DD-783 Reunion Assoc., Inc. Dues are \$10 for 1 yr or \$50 lifetime.**
