

POWELL POST

Volume 13 Issue 2

March 2007

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS HALSEY POWELL



Points of Special Interest

- See Skipper Mike's news and his prayer list in the cover story.
- Welcome Mat on page two has only two new names. If you know someone who is not on the mailing list, be sure to let us know.
- Red Belden has two of his famous jokes on pages two and three.
- Ed Collender's story continues on pages three and four. We'd love to hear your story too!
- Mark your calendar now for the September 19-23, 2007 reunion in Portland, OR.

SKIPPER MIKE SPEAKS

NOW HEAR THIS

As I write this, Ruth and I are in Mississippi for the winter. We think of our son-in-law daily as he keeps the snow off our roof back in Michigan. Last week Holland had a day at -12° with the wind chill along the lake shore at -44° . Our son Scott delivers mail and he said, "It's cold."

Ruth and I laughed when our first Wednesday here in Horn Lake, MS they forecasted light snow. They closed the schools for Thursday and Friday. Finally got 1 inch late Thursday night.

I'm staying busy trying

to do some interior painting for our daughter. Ruth stays busy looking for pin head size mistakes in my work.

We will get home April 29 or 30. May 2 we fly to Orlando, FL for son's wedding. Home again May 7 or 8.

Then when we get home, we'll have to go to Wisconsin again to watch grandson play baseball.

PRAYER LIST

Please pray for our POWs and MIAs. Pray also for those who serve our nation today, especially those who are in harm's

way. Pray for our shipmates and their families who are in trouble, sorrow, sickness, need or any other adversity.

Pray especially for:
Jerry Pistor
Harold Schmidt
Stu Hoffman & Dona Sanford Whitehurst
Willard Owen
Joan Traut
Phylis Mootry
Pat Reese

DUES

Year 2006	88 paid dues
Year 2007	38 paid dues

That is all.
Skipper Mike

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The POWELL POST is the official publication of the USS HALSEY POWELL Association. It is published quarterly in March, June, September and December, *subject to receiving sufficient funding*. The Newsletter is funded by voluntary contributions from the membership. All members are encouraged to support the voice of the Halsey Powell by sending contributions to Mike Baker USS Halsey Powell Association.

The newsletter is intended to be a vehicle for the members to express opinions, make suggestions and especially to share experiences.

Unless otherwise stated, the views and opinions printed in the newsletter are those of the article's writer, and do not necessarily represent the opinion of the Association leadership or the editor of the newsletter.

All letters and stories submitted will be considered for publication, except unsigned letters. Letters requesting the writer's name be withheld will be honored, but published on a space available basis. Signed letters with no restrictions will be given priority.

Letters demeaning to another shipmate will not be printed; letters espousing a political position will not be printed.

The editor reserves the right to edit letters to conform to space limitations. Copyrighted material cannot be used without attribution to the author and publication. If you think an article printed in another publication would be of interest to your shipmates, send the entire article—do not paraphrase it and send it in your own words. Let the editor do that.

ML&RS, Inc. is not responsible for the accuracy of article submitted for publication. It would be a monumental task to check each story. Therefore we rely on the submitter to research each article.

You are encouraged to actively participate in the newsletter family by submitting your stories and suggestions.



WELCOME MAT

The USS HALSEY POWELL Association welcomes the following recently located crewmembers. We hope to see you at our next reunion, and trust that you will become an active member of the Association. Welcome Aboard!

John Ingram (1965-66) SM1
11993 Clayton Lane
Victorville, CA 92392
760-948-9203

Duane Pierce
(1960-62) QM2 O Div
3221 Villa Vista Dr
Des Moines, IA 50316
515-266-5326
webbp@dwx.com



TAPS

The Post was notified of the following shipmate's death since the last newsletter. Not all members died recently, but we just learned of their deaths. The entire crew sends our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased. Please let ML&RS know if you learn of the death of a former shipmate so he can be recognized in here and on the Honor Roll at the reunion.

Felipe Salazar
(1952-54) YN2 Admin.
Died February 8, 2007

2007 USS HALSEY POWELL REUNION

SEPTEMBER 19-23 PORTLAND, OR

PORTLAND HOLIDAY INN CONVENTION CENTER

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Have To"

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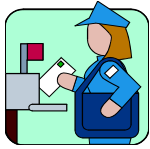
The cost of this issue is **\$107.21** mailed to **74** members who returned the coupon for a paper copy. The newsletter is available on the website at www.mlrsinc.com/hpowell.

RED'S JOKE CORNER

A husband was in big trouble when he forgot his wedding anniversary. His wife told him, "Tomorrow there better be something in the driveway for me that goes zero to 200 in 2 seconds flat."

The next morning the wife found a small package in the driveway. She opened it and found a brand new bathroom scale.

Funeral arrangements for the husband have been set for Saturday.



MAIL CALL

Hi,

My dad served on the Powell in the Pacific in the 1940s WWII. I have a notebook he had which belonged to William F Baker. I would like to return the book to the family. I would appreciate it if you had any information on any Mr. Baker or any relatives. My dad's name is Emerson J. Ripley (Snooky). I also have a number of negatives that I will get developed if anyone is interested or if there is a place to post the pictures.

Thank you,
Dave Ripley
democratx2@yahoo.com

If anyone knows how to contact Mr. Baker or his family, please contact Mr. Ripley or ML&RS, Inc.

ANOTHER "RED" JOKE

NEW LINGO FOR AN OLD PRIEST

There was an old priest who got sick of all the people in his parish who kept confessing to adultery. One Sunday in the pulpit he said, "If I hear one more person confess to adultery, I'll quit!" Everyone liked him, so they came up with a code word. Someone who had committed adultery would say instead that they had "fallen."

This seemed to satisfy the old priest and things went well until the priest passed away at a ripe old age.

A few days after the new priest arrived, he visited the mayor of the town and seemed very concerned.

"Mayor, you have to do something about the sidewalks in town. When people come into the confessional, they keep telling me they've fallen."

The mayor started to laugh, realizing that no one had told the new priest about the code word. But, before they could explain, the priest shook an accusing finger at him and shouted, "I don't know what you're laughing about because your wife has already fallen three times this week!"

"THE STORY OF MY LIFE" BY ED COLLENDER

Continued from December 2006.

BROOKLYN BOUND

Finally the Admiral signed off, while I was checking the soundings on the barge. I had to jump for it, as all lines were cast off and we were underway at full power, in reverse, and backing out of the main channel heading for Brooklyn. After two hours of watching the main deck bend like a bamboo fishing pole, (*a required structural integrity test*), we turned around, rang up 25 knots and started making plans for a December 24th, 6:00 PM arrival in the Navy Yard. The watches would be divided into three sections, one each for liberty, leave and duty. Those that could get home that evening would have overnight liberty. Those that could be home in 12 hours or less would have a week's leave and the rest of us stayed aboard to open some 65 sacks of mail and to tidy things up. The larder was empty and Christmas Day wasn't much, but we did get some stores aboard while Frank Carey, our Paymaster, and the Wardroom Steward went ashore to do some shopping for our own little party the next night. As I recall, there were Doc Smith, Communicator Ray Davis and his wife Virginia, 1st Lt. Harry Smith and wife Anne and Radar Officer Clarence Bjork.

It was a grand candlelight relaxed evening with wine and soft music playing on our phonograph. One that I'll never forget.

LEAVE & NEW YEAR

Our turn came the next week and I hopped an Army DC-3 transport, puddle jumping around Jersey and Pennsylvania en route Chicago. Engine trouble developed over Cleveland, and we dropped in for an unscheduled stay of several hours. Finally, when we went in to the new Willow Run Airport at Detroit, we were bounced by priority cargo.

Well, it was just a few miles to Wyandotte and I got over there for a reunion and the New Years Eve party with the gang. Jim had married Peggy in the interim (*as had many others*), the party was at their place. It broke up at 2 AM as they all had to be back at work that morning, New Years Day. I went downtown and caught the next train for Chicago to have a nice quiet dinner with the folks that day and with the few friends left in town that week.

READY FOR SEA

When all hands had returned from leave, we shoved off for Norfolk to top off our stores and get new orders from ComDesLant. Arrived Norfolk Navy Yard, 1-10-44. A furniture aside here—Officer staterooms had two chests each, one with six drawers and the other having a secretary desk in the upper section and three drawers below. For some reason our Exec and Chief Engineer staterooms had two six drawer chests. While prowling the store's warehouse I found some of these desks and made a convincing argument that this had been a builder's oversight, so they were dispatched at once. On board, they were secured by studs welded to the deck. Metalsmith Shumaker, did the Exec's cabin first and was in the process of doing ours. I was inside the framework to position it while Dick was doing his thing, while fueling proceeded. Suddenly there was a gurgling noise and Dick appeared in a flash with his welding cables as black fuel oil started to come out the nearby overflow spout. Everyone laughed as I went out of there, hand over hand on the overhead "I" beams. But the flow continued as we frantically tried to shift the oil to another tank. Then it sloshed over into the Exec's cabin and his shoes

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

were floating around in the mess. Now it wasn't funny anymore. But the fireroom crew did me proud in cleaning up the mess and the Exec would have lots of time before he needed those shoes shined anyway.

Fueling continued and as usual all tanks were filled to 98% (regs were 95%). Our orders were to proceed independently on the 20th to New Orleans. When passing Cape Hatteras we hit the Gulf Stream and had an instant increase of 30 degrees in the seawater temperature. Fortunately, Oil King John Winter WT 1st had arranged the tankage to accommodate the sudden increase in volume of warmer fuel.

We had a long glass liberty while passing Miami gazing at the bathing beauties on the beach (in January??), through 20 power long glasses. Then Naval Air sent out aircraft so that we could practice aiming at two targets simultaneously. A torpedo bomber would come in from one side while a dive bomber came in from the other. Again I was assigned as safety officer and check sight on mount fifty-two. We were tracking the torpedo bomber to port on local control and all of a sudden, it disappeared before my eyes in a tremendous roar, no more than 20 feet from the ship. The planes had met head on! Three men on the TB and two on the DB were just so many small pieces of meat, and the sharks were enjoying their repast...War is Hell!

NEW ORLEANS

1-23-44—Arriving in New Orleans, the Exec put out the word that the uniform of the day would be Dress Blue Baker, meaning white hats. I had the duty that night but when the liberty gang went ashore for their probable last stateside liberty, they found that the local uniform was DB Able, blue hats. So it was easy to spot a shipmate, officer or enlisted, even two blocks away. The results were just as you might expect. They all got drunk and raised a lot of hell. A couple of our New York mobster crewmen borrowed a car

and went cruising all night then took it back to where they had found it. Another went so far out of control that he was put in the cooler for the night, then his buddies tried to break down the jailhouse. And so it went. The next night, there were still no orders (*and no change in uniform*) so I went ashore to phone home of course, then have a few beers in a small crowded Pat O'Brien's bar. When the crowd saw my White Hat, a clear space opened up at the bar and the bartender hustled over to see what I would have. (*It wasn't till later that I realized we were the bad guys in town.*) One more night in town, stopping first at a hotel on the edge of the French Quarter for a final phone call home.

PANAMA

1-29-44—We transited the Canal and stopped in Balboa for fuel and shopping in the Civilian Commissary. Neat stuff here—good tools, fresh milk and vegetables. Met Jean White, a lady friend from my 1936 vacation there. We went dancing at a few of the great open air Beer Gardens that night in Panama City. The local bands had a unique tempo that took a little practice to get in sync. Jean enlisted in the Navy shortly thereafter, hoping to be an aerial gunnery instructor, but instead she wound up a secretary to the Commandant of the 11th Naval District in San Francisco.

Next stop, San Diego. Another side here...seasickness had been all but eradicated except for one stubborn case. Engineroom fireman Okke could only take his meals out of the mess hall in a bucket. As a matter of fact, he got a new galvanized pail and cut out the letters of his name from brass shim stock, sweated them on to the pail and kept them highly polished. The bucket went everywhere with him. But, as we entered the Pacific, he came up on deck and pitched it over the side. He was cured!.. And then decided to become a cook striker.

To be continued in June 2007 issue.

FOR SALE PATCHES & COFFEE MUGS

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