

POWELL POST

Volume 14 Issue 2

March 2008

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS HALSEY POWELL



Points of Special Interest

- News from your president is on the cover.
- Another story on how the Navy benefited someone's life is on page two.
- John Ewing contributed a story on page three entitled "Clothesline Watch." I'm sure you'll enjoy it.
- The biographies of Cornell "Corky" Anton, Glen Hanne, Donald Connell and Stewart Nephew are found on pages four thru six.
- Ed Collender's story returns on page six with the battle in Saipan.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

With the transition from winter to spring, the world looks much brighter to me. The snow has been coming often and deep here in northern Utah this year and I am tired of shoveling the *#%# stuff.

With the changes in the duty section this year, I asked the members to write a short biography. Most of them have sent theirs in and are included in this issue of the Powell Post. Those of you who attend the reunions already know most of this, but for those who haven't been able to attend, this will give you a look into the people who make the reunions

work.

The duty section is:

Jim Wyatt, Skipper
Cornell (Corky) Anton, Vice Skipper
Warren (Red) Belden
Glenn Hanne
Don Connell
Luciano (Ciano) De LaCruz
Stewart (Dugan) Nephew

You can contact any of the duty section for information about the upcoming reunions or any other matters you may have questions about.

I received a call from **William H Lund** who lives in Nashville. He served aboard the Powell in 55-56.

He hasn't attended any of our reunions to date, but says he will come to this one. It would be great if we could get another dozen or so shipmates to attend this year, so please talk it up with any shipmates you are aware of.

I received an email from Donald Dealey who served aboard the *USS Prebel*, DLG 15 with a **Franklin Delano Roosevelt Shaw** who transferred from the *Halsey Powell* in March of 1960. He is trying to get in contact with Mr. Shaw. If anyone has information about Mr. Shaw, let me know and I will forward it to

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)
him.

I hope you are all making plans to come to Nashville in September and I'll see you there. Wishing you all fair winds and following seas.

Jim Wyatt
jameswyatt3@comcast.net



TAPS

The Post was notified of the following shipmate's death since the last newsletter. 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.

Walter Gottlieb RDM1/c
Died March 7, 2007

Financial Statement

The cost of this issue is **\$185.47** mailed to **77** members who returned the coupon for a paper copy. The newsletter is available on the website at **www.mlrsinc.com/hpowell**. Contributions for the newsletter are to be sent to **Jim Wyatt, USS Halsey Powell Association, 344 E 600 S, Logan, UT 84321**.

The Powell Post is Published By:
Military Locator & Reunion Service, Inc
PO Drawer 11399
Hickory, NC 28603

828-256-6008 (voice)
828-256-6559 (fax)
dinamlrs@charterinternet.com
karenmlrs@charterinternet.com
www.mlrsinc.com/hpowell

"Our Reunions Work So You Don't Have To"

HOW THE NAVY BENEFITED MY LIFE

Cornell Anton:

First and foremost, the Navy gave me two friends who are closer than blood brothers! Suffice it to say, the three of us have been closer than imaginable and have remained in constant contact for the past 56 years. If we have not talked or contacted one another in a week, something must be wrong. Closer than brothers! And Captain "Frank" who was like a father and my most unforgettable and admired man.

Now take this 'green kid' who did have a lot of self confidence, but really questioned if he knew what the world was about. Heck, when I went to college (right out of high school) they asked, "Are you matriculated?" I never heard of the word and just said "Yes!" Shucks, I was born and had all my parts so I must be 'matriculated' and I blundered along going from one school to the next. Sure, I worked two or three jobs at a time while in high school, and we all know that when we are 18 we are invincible!

I never listened to my 'marine uncle' who told me "Never volunteer!" Well, he did and so did I. If there was a Navy school, I went; if there was additional training, I did it; if it meant training with another unit, I did it. Combat Information Center School, Radar School, Shore bombardment Spotter School, Weapons Training with Marines at Camp Elliott and USMC Recruit Depot; TAD with UDT at Coronado, Submarine School, were just a few of the opportunities afforded me and became useful in my life. Suffice it to say, that when I completed Submarine School at New London, I knew that there was not a college or university that could stop me from entering and graduating. Inculcated were self-confidence and self esteem.

The Navy gave me travel galore as I visited almost three-fourths of the world and most of the United States. From the West Coast to East Coast; North to Alaska and South to the Panama Canal; throw

in Hawaii (several times) and Jamaica, Cuba, B.C. (that's Before Castro) and Acapulco.

The Navy gave me the opportunity to serve in destroyers, submarines, and to fly with Navy Air from the aircraft carrier *USS Princeton*. Now that was a trip and a half.

In the Navy, one is basically a number, a serial number. I soon realized that I was in an environment that survival and advancement are based on my own character, morals, intelligence, social and leadership skills, and fleet-wide examinations—not upon who I knew, connections or favoritism. Responsibility was foisted upon us all at a young age. Not only for material items that cost in the millions of dollars, but being responsible for the lives of shipmates and others in harms way. As I used to tell my high school students, "I know of no other corporation or entity that at the age of 18 to 21 will place in your hands a multi-million dollar piece of equipment, tell you to go out and use it, and if you happen to break it or lose it...give you a new one. That's what happens with those jet fighters."

The Navy reinforced an existing sense of patriotism and formed camaraderie that is strong and all encompassing. I consider this a virtue and necessity to be a part and parcel of the vanguard for conservative, fiscally responsible, honest, and constitutionally correct government.

I thank God for the gracious gifts He has bestowed and for the opportunity to have so many close, good friends. Much has been given, and so much is still owed to our families, services, community and government. For these, I am very grateful and thank the Navy for adding to my life.

Editor's Note: We would still love to hear from anyone else on this subject, so get your story in for the next issue.

CLOTHESLINE WATCH

BY JOHN EWING

The security of its personnel and their belongings was obviously of paramount importance to the Navy, for we found ourselves rostered on something called "Clothesline Watch". I wasn't sure what to expect when a very serious and earnest Recruit Company Petty Officer told me that I was on "Clothesline Watch" that particular night, but I had not joined the U.S. Navy for an easy lark; here was my chance to reveal to one and all my complete dedication to the military superiority my country must maintain in this dark and troubled world, no matter what perils it might entail. Duty called and found Ewing, hand at the helm, steady of gaze, not wanting.

I will admit that "Clothesline Watch" doesn't sound very dangerous, but it was probably a euphemism for the vital duty I was *really* performing. I checked the Blue-jacket's Manual but wasn't much enlightened.

Between each two barracks buildings there was a huge mast pole arrangement about 40 feet in height with ropes running from the top center out and down to a circle of other posts anchored into the macadam, like a giant merry-go-round. When we washed our clothes, which was every day, we hung the items on these lines. Then, when we all were finished, about twenty of us hoisted the wet cargo twelve feet up into the Southern California air to dry overnight. Hoisting it up in the air ensured two things: (A), marching personnel the next day could pass underneath without getting faces full of wet wash, and (B), I don't remember what the other thing was.

I had trouble getting off to sleep that night in eager anticipation of what events would perchance unfold on Clothesline Watch in the next hours.

Someone, a dirty coward,

because he hid behind the glare of a flashlight thrust in my face, shook me awake at fifteen minutes before midnight, (if you can imagine such a thing!) and told me it was my watch next. I wanted to commit assault on this low-life but he was gone before I woke up enough. Then I remembered the mission I was to undertake. Clothesline Watch! I scrambled out of my bunk quickly and into the uniform of the day, undress blues with leggings, and groped my way out onto the compound.

The duty Master-at-Arms met me under the giant mast pole. He seemed out of sorts. He seemed *always* to be out of sorts, come to think of it. Perhaps it was the pressure of the mission. I think it best to insert blanks to indicate the words I didn't know the meaning of.

"What's yer _____ name?"

"Ewing, J.W., Apprentice Seaman."

"What?"

"Ewing, J.W., Apprentice Seaman."

"Ewing, J.W., Apprentice Seaman *WHAT!*"

"Oh. Ewing, J.W., Apprentice Seaman, *SIR!*"

He thrust an official web belt towards me.

"Put this on!"

"Yessir!"

"See this _____ compound here?"

"Yessir!"

"This is your _____ post. You're responsible for it 'til oh-two-hunnerd."

"'Til when? Sir?"

The Master-at-Arms stiffened with rage and leaned into my face. "You don't know Navy time?" he hissed incredulously.

I felt little drops of his spittle on my face as my heart dropped into my shoes. Dam! I had momentarily forgotten that the military use the 24-hour version of telling time. Cowering, I sensed a court martial coming up and took a wild guess.

"Oh, yeah! Oh-two-hundred. Two o'clock. Sir. In the morning." I stammered, remembering faintly the formula for transposing civilian time into military time.

"_____ better know it next time, Earring!"

"Er, *Ewing*, sir."

"Where you from anyway?"

"Texas, sir."

"_____ explains that _____!"

"Uh, heh heh?"

"Know yer General Orders?"

Panic. I knew *one* of them.

"Well, I....."

"_____ well better know 'em by tomorrow or yer _____ be in a _____ sling!"

"Yessir!"

"Get outta my sight."

And so I got. I walked around that mast pole for two hours in the cold Southern California night. It was my first experience of such a venture as "Clothesline Watch", and in all candor I must say I didn't like it as much as I was expecting to. If it had not been for the honor accompanying the mission I could just as easily have stayed in bed.

**2008 HALSEY
POWELL
REUNION**

SEPT 10-14

**NASHVILLE,
TN**

**HOLIDAY INN SELECT
OPRYLAND**

BIOGRAPHY OF CORNELL “CORKY” ANTON

Cornell “Corky” Anton, Jr.
 Telephone: 734-699-4383
 376 Light Tower Ct.
 Belleville, MI 48111
 E-mail: canton376@comcast.net
 Position: Vice-Skipper USS Halsey
 Powell DD 686 Reunion Crew

Born October 5, 1932 in Detroit, MI and moved to Belleville, MI April 1934 next door to the Mason family who became very close with our family. That is how Charlotte and I grew up together—more as cousins—with our parents like relatives. We all went to the same school from kindergarten through the 9th grade, the same church and were confirmed together in 1946.

Nineteen forty-seven — I moved to California (lived with an aunt and uncle) until my parents arrived in 1948. We lived in Los Altos where I graduated from Mountain View High School in June 1950. During these formative years I held various jobs like working the parking lot at Stanford Football games; golf caddy at Stanford Golf and Los Altos Golf Courses; my own lawn care/home care business with 25 steady retired/elderly people; or in a flower shop making corsages, flower arrangements, and funeral sprays; coupled with working in a nursery and as head usher at the new local movie theater. This was called, “Working after school, weekends, and summers.” Off to California State Polytechnic San Luis Obispo, but discovered I was not “matriculated” so went to work for Westinghouse Electric as a “Low-voltage Pole Transformer Coil-winder.”

Korean Police Action and enlistment in 1950 though did not actually enter until January 1951. Scheduled to leave San Francisco and proceed to San Diego, BUT, they’re full; so off to Great Lakes Naval Training Center and 6 below zero. I was assigned to *USS Halsey Powell* 1951-1953 and many schools. Nineteen fifty-three I was accepted to Submarine School and served in

USS Rock SSR 274 and USS Rasher SSR 269.

After discharge was married and attended San Jose State University Police School for one year. Employment record is varied: United Airlines San Francisco Airport as a passenger agent; Hillhouse Inc. as salesman in wholesale office supplies, Grumbacher Artist Materials, and school supplies. Attended night school at University of Santa Clara and received an Associates of Arts degree in Business. Started Redwood Stationers (in the same merchandise as Hillhouse) with Al Backhus (fellow shipmate from the Halsey Powell) sold the business and went back to San Jose State to become a Business Teacher. I worked my way through college as a free agent for three companies selling office equipment, office supplies and artist materials and kept this business for the next 30 years and added a travel agency.

My teaching career started in 1967 after I received a Bachelors Degree and California Life Teaching Credential. I started work on my Masters in Business Administration in 1968 and graduated in January 1970 with an MBA and Community College Life Credential. Besides teaching at Fremont High School, I taught at De Anza Community College, was California Business Education Consultant for the California State Department of Education, conducted workshops in Business Education, Consultant for Distributive Education Clubs of America for California, conducted numerous conferences in Marketing Education and competitive events chairperson, and served as Advisor to Business Education San Francisco State University.

Lived in Cupertino, CA and loved our cabin in the Sierra’s at Lake Alpine on Highway 4. Fishing, swimming, water skiing, and hiking were passions of the times.

We had a faculty contest to see who has had the most jobs. My sheet filled an 8 ½ X 11 page single

spaced —I won! Guess it proves one of two things: 1) I am a very talented “jack-of-all-trades,” or 2) I can’t hold a job!

Retired in June 1995, but continued to substitute teach for a couple of years (at Fremont Union High School District—6 schools, and Belleville High School in Michigan.)

My first marriage was 1955 - 1995, two children: Karen who lives in Navasota, TX; and Keith, who lives in Bend, OR. Charlotte and I were married May 10, 1997 and she has two children—Pam and Tim—who both live here in Belleville. We have 5 grandchildren but no great-grandchildren, yet.

We are both very active in family activities as there are a lot of relatives, church (choir, and past congregation president), community advocate, and veteran organizations. VFW Post honor guard has done over 369 funerals in three years and numerous parades. VFW District Four Honor Guard (this year I am Captain) is active in district meetings, parades, Voice of Democracy, Joint Memorials, and POW/MIA Ceremonies.

We both love attending Halsey Powell reunions since 1995 when WW II, Korea, and Vietnam were in attendance. Would like to see this happen again!

NASHVILLE FACTS

- Nicknames: “Music City USA” and “Athens of the South.”
- Nashville has 54,890 jobs directly related to hospitality.
- Nashville hosted more than 10 million visitors in 1999, resulting in over \$2.7 billion in revenues for the city.
- Nashville has 32,699 hotel rooms in the city.
- Opryland Hotel is now the largest non-gaming hotel property in the U.S., with 2,884 rooms and 288,000 square feet of exhibit space.

BIOGRAPHY OF GLEN W. HANNE

I was born in Omaha, Nebr. July 16, 1931. My dad Walter was a Presbyterian Minister, Mother's name was Ruth. We moved to Lexington, Nebr. Dec. 1934, then on to Alliance, Nebr. June 1942. Graduated from Alliance High School May 1949. Had many part time jobs during school and worked for State of Nebr. Highway Dept. summer of 1949 (road gang).

Fall of 1949 attended North Central College in Naperville, ILL for 3 semesters. While home for Christmas vacation in 1950, learned I would be drafted very soon. So like many others, I joined the Navy, was sworn in at Denver, Colo. San Diego boot camp was full, so we ended up at Great Lakes. Was a very cold winter—temperature hit 25 below more than once. Some 40 of us from Boot camp Co 125 (I think) were all assigned to the *Halsey Powell DD-686*. Many of us have kept in touch thanks to ship reunions (Alley, Anton & Hanne stayed close from Boot Camp on). Was discharged as RD2

November 1, 1954 at Stockton, Calif.

By then my folks lived in Las Vegas, Nevada, so I headed to Vegas, great place for a single 24 year old! Drove truck for American Linen Supply until becoming an insurance salesman with Mutual & United of Omaha in 1956. Met Shirley Preston summer of 1955, and we were married July of 1957.

I became a stock broker April 1960 in San Diego, Calif. Daughter Susan was born Nov. same year. Son Bradley born March 1963. Left securities business and moved to Anaheim, Calif. in 1965. Worked for J.C. Penney and then to McDonnell Douglas in Long Beach, Calif. as a Direct Cost Budget Analyst in 1967. Was part of a large lay off end of 1974. I drove city bus for Orange County Transit a few years before returning to MDC in Long Beach. I retired in June 1994. Was a good place to work and worked with many fine people!

Shirley and I became world trav-

elers in 1988. Also have made many trips by car including several cross country. We like Hawaii, and go often. Last year good friends and us celebrated our 50th anniversaries with a trip to Tahiti and a 10 day cruise to several islands. This March we are going to China (this will be our 14th trip with this couple) and Hong Kong. Am sure it will look different after 54 years.

Daughter Susan married Tom Hearn in 1984. He is in Real Estate. Have 3 young ones. Boys are 19 & 18. Girl is 15. All doing fine with good grades. They live close by in Anaheim.

Son Brad just remarried last July. He has a boy 12 and a girl 7. Wife Peggy has 2 girls age 19 & 13. They live in Fallbrook, CA. He works for Toshiba and is Director of Service (copiers) for most of Southern California. His office is in Irvine, CA.

Looking forward to seeing everyone in Nashville next Sept.

BIOGRAPHY OF DONALD L. CONNELL

I joined the Navy 4 January 1951, two days before my Army draft notice arrived. A few of us recent high school graduates met on a cold, snowy Denver day to join the Air Force; the line was too long and didn't move, so I walked over 3 blocks to the Navy enlistment office and was signed up before noon.

I was born and raised in Denver, Colo. And never saw anything larger than a boat you rode around the lake in City Park for a nickel. For some reason I built a pretty neat 12"—15" model of the USS O'Bannon (Fletcher Class) and gave it to my Grandmother for Christmas in 1944—never thought I would be on one just like it just 7 years later!

We were told to pack some summer clothes, as we were going to USNTC San Diego. That evening at 6:00 PM at Union Station, after being officially sworn into the Navy, we

were told the train was actually going to Chicago and Great Lakes NTC for boot camp.

After boot camp, most of our company, being assigned to the Powell, were sent to Destroyer Base, San Diego for a month; then we were bussed to Long Beach Naval Station, where we re-commissioned the *Halsey Powell* 27 April 1951. After our first combat cruise to Korea and return to our home port in San Diego, I was assigned to Fire Control Technician School at USNTC, San Diego. We completed a few more combat cruises to Korea, and were on the bomb-line when the Truce was signed in 1953. We were sent with part of TF 77 to what was the French Indo China until the French were defeated at Dien Bien Phu.

Back in San Diego in Feb 1954, I purchased a 1947 Harley Davidson in El Cajon, CA and with other Powell

sailors rode our bikes up to Mare Island Naval Shipyard, Vallejo, Calif. for a Powell major overhaul. Along with the help of a 2nd Class Yeoman and fire Executive Officer, I was discharged three months early to attend Engineering School at the University of Colorado at Boulder, Colo., where I was finally able to earn a B.S. in Aeronautical Engineering.

After two years on and off with the Bureau of Land Management in Craig, Colo., my bride Marlene and I transferred to the Boeing Company in Seattle, WA for a 6 month trial, but after 60 trial periods, I decided to follow my life-long passion for aviation and eventually obtained a Commercial Pilot Certificate and instrument rating which resulted in a brand new "life after Boeing" filled with buying/selling

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

airplanes, repairing and maintaining planes; sold plane rides at fly-ins, gave young people introductory rides, flew old WWII veterans. Glaucoma shot me down a few years ago, but can still fly friends and relatives for free!

Red Belden called me over 10-12 years ago, (we went through boot together) and finally convinced me to attend a Powell reunion which we did in 1995 at our 1st San Diego reunion; and we have happily attended 9 more since then, God is Good!

Our WWII shipmates are still heroes to me!

BIOGRAPHY OF STEWART NEPHEW

I was born and raised in Duluth, Minnesota and have lived in the area all my life with the exception of the time I was in the Navy. I joined the Navy January 8, 1952, and was sent to the Great Lakes Training Center for boot camp. Following boot camp I was assigned to the carrier Bon Homme Richard in April of 1952. In February of 1953, I was transferred to the Halsey Powell and served aboard until December 1955. I was discharged with the rate of 2nd Class Gunners Mate.

While on leave, a friend of mine introduced me to his sister Arlene

and we were married in July of 1954. Following discharge from the Navy, I went back to work for United States Steele Plant.

Arlene and I have two children, five grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren who we spend a lot of time with and love very much. I enjoy hunting and fishing and spending a lot of time working with the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Arlene and I enjoy coming to the Halsey Powell reunions each year and have renewed many old friendships as well as the many new friends we have made.

“THE STORY OF MY LIFE” BY ED COLLENDER

Continued from Sept. 2007

SAIPAN

As soon as we had sortied with this great armada, May 31st, 1944, the Joint Northern Attack Force V Adm Richmond K Turner USNA '08 carrying V Phib Corps Gen Holland Smith USMC, 2nd and 4th Marines, the Commodore called us to the wardroom and directed that the “package” be opened up. (later it was presented to the crew in the mess hall). It was a relief map of the Island of Saipan in the Marianas Group. It was about 15 miles long and 5 miles wide. We were to be on the left end of the initial bombardment line, consisting of seven destroyers and two battleships, with five DDs in the middle flanked by the two BBs and lone DDs on the ends. To our left would be a small fortified island offshore with a 12” gun on it (allegedly taken out by Naval Air the day before the landing) and directly in front of us would be the sugar mill in the town of Garapan. At the other end of the line would be the community of Charon Kanoa. Aslito Airfield was just a short distance inland from there.

The plan was for an initial 30 minute bombardment at 8 AM by each ship working over their assigned area while the assault craft were loading from troop transports behind us. Then firing would cease and fighter aircraft would strafe the beaches while the assault craft passed between us and moved in. The 2nd Marine Division would be in front of us, the Army 27th in the middle and the 4th Ma-

rine Div on the right. Each ship with a doctor aboard flew the signal flag “How” (H) for hospital facility. When troops were ashore, each ship would have a spotter with a radio to call fire as needed.

THE LANDING

We were on station and had completed our pre-landing bombardment at 0830 on June 15th, when the fighter aircraft came alongside us at masthead height on their strafing runs. The water around us was full of floating debris, including a wayward dory, with a Jap who stood up with a submachine gun and began spraying the bridge of the *California* which was right next to us. We pounded him with 20’s and 40’s but the damage had been done. In addition to several bridge casualties, he had shot out the optical rangefinder on the *California*’s main battery director. The landing craft were approaching the beach, and we were waiting for our spotter to check in with the request for call fire. Still, there was no reply from the beach, until mid afternoon, so we could only watch and wait. Meanwhile, an empty LCVF approached from the beach with just a coxswain on board. When it came alongside, we could see a bloody lifeless form on the deck. This was a young Marine on his third invasion, and he was yet to make it to the beach. We quickly carried him into the

wardroom where the Doc was all set to plug the holes and give him a refill of plasma.

A few hours later, our spotter checked in; he had been on the beach in one fox-hole and his radio was in another. Now we were in business, and firing at the rate of about 2400, 5” rounds per day for the next several days. Navy Lieutenant William Sidelstecker, a Chicago Lawyer, was absolutely fearless, once he got the confidence of our accuracy, and would call fire within just a few yards of his location. On the third night, the cruiser *Louisville* had the fire support duty when all of a sudden the Japs made a Banzai attack across Aslito Airfield. Willie called for star shells—the cruiser was all thumbs, and we rushed to check in with Willie. Again the cry was for star shells; but we had none; they had all gone up with the LSTs in Pearl Harbor. So we got a coordinate and started a barrage of AA common and armor piercing and nailed three tanks, just shooting blind. Assault casualties were high; in all we lost about 5,000, the Japs closer to 10,000. The stench offshore was bad, worse—the huge sugarcane flies multiplied and soon we had them all over us offshore. Work parties were designated to go ashore to assist with the burials. Finally some Army bombers came in and sprayed the island with DDT, without receiving a single hostile shot.

To be continued in a later issue.