

THE PURDY REPORT

Volume 15, Issue 3

December 2005

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS PURDY DD-734



Special Points of Interest

- See what's up with President DiPasquale in his message on page one. It contains some good reminders.
- Three new shipmates appear in Welcome Mat. If you remember one of them, let him hear from you.
- Some shipmates share their Christmas memories from their Navy days in a special section beginning on page three.
- Ken Scott's story in this issue is about a man overboard drill that could have gotten him in deep trouble. Don't miss this installment on page five.
- "A Bit of Humor" from Larry DiPasquale will entertain you on page six.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PREZ

Hi again, shipmates and all you Purdy ladies too. Hope all of you had a real nice Thanksgiving and that none of you overindulged on turkey, ham, desserts and drink. In all honesty, I can say that I maintained a whole bunch of self-control and had only one helping of turkey and one piece of pumpkin pie. Now, if you believe that, I have a bridge in Brooklyn that I want to sell you.

I know that many of our shipmates live in the Gulf Coast region and sure hope that all of you made it through those hurricanes unscathed. I know that all of us in other parts of the country

were praying for you folks. As far as weather goes, those of us in the northeast are having a pretty nice fall. Karen and I took advantage of the weather in October and took a couple nice motorcycle trips to Lake George, Lake Placid and Old Forge regions of New York State. Other than some rain in November, it has been fairly mild, and we were able to get some day-trips in on the bike. But now Old Man Winter is starting to knock on our door, so I guess I'll have to set the Yamaha Venture Royale up on blocks until spring. No, I don't ride a Harley, but do you folks know that the num-

ber one accessory for Harleys is a trailer? If you don't get that, I guess you aren't a biker.

Speaking of spring, all of you know by now that we'll bring our next reunion in Nashville, TN on April 19-23. I sure hope that many of you are planning to attend. There will be plenty to do and see in Nashville, and this reunion has the potential to be one of the best yet. I know that many of you who attend regularly will be there, but sure would like to see many first-timers at this reunion. I can guarantee that you'll have a great time, meet some shipmates that you

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

probably haven't seen in many years, and that you will never want to miss another reunion.

Once again I need to mention our annual \$5.00 dues. If you haven't done so yet, please send your check made out to "Purdy Association" to Sec/Treas Jim Meechan at 145 Laura Dr, Gahanna, OH 43230. Other than donations, our dues are our only means of support, and enables us to produce this quarterly Purdy Report. If any of you are feeling generous, Jim will gladly accept donations to our association, and will make sure your donation is recognized in this Report.

If you feel like spending more of your money for some really nice Purdy items, contact VP Bill Dow. He has Purdy jackets, sweatshirts, T-shirts, ball caps and ship's patches for sale. For information on these items, you can call him at 860-426-1278, e-mail him at bdowusspurdy@wmconnect.com or write him at 11 Riverside Dr., Southington, CT 06489.

Registration packages for the Nashville reunion will reach you in a few weeks. Karen and I are looking forward to seeing many of you again, and also are hoping to see many new faces there. We also want to wish all of you a happy and joyous holiday season and a healthy and prosperous New Year.

Sincerely,
Larry DiPasquale
President, Purdy Association

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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

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

CHECK OUT THE PURDY WEB SITE

We want everyone to be aware of the Purdy web site that was created and is being maintained by Morris Plummer. The address is <http://www.destroyers.org/uss-purdy>. A Chat Line has been added for you to exchange ideas and memories with other Purdy shipmates. If you need to contact Morris Plummer, his e-mail address is: mplummer1@sbcglobal.net

Keep up with what's going on with your old buddies by visiting the web site often. You might want to send Morris a thank you for all his work on the site also. I'm sure he would appreciate it.



WELCOME MAT

The USS PURDY family proudly welcomes the following recently located shipmate. We hope to see you at the next reunion. You are invited to become an active member of the association.

Robert Morris (1968-69) SMCS
1420 Bluewater Dr
Sun City Center, FL 33573
813-634-4417

Donald Graham (1956-57) SN
43 Northwest Rd
Westhampton, MA 01027
413-527-7477

David Sauvageau (1953-55) RD1
PO Box 145
Three Forks, MT 59752
406-285-6822

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The PURDY REPORT is the official publication of the USS PURDY DD-734 Association. It is published quarterly in June, September, December, and March *subject to receiving sufficient funding*. The Newsletter is funded by contributions to the Purdy Association by its members. All members are encouraged to support the newsletter by sending their contributions to the Association Treasurer.

The Purdy Report is intended to be a vehicle for the members to express opinions, make suggestions and especially 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 will not be published. 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.

Military Locator & Reunion Service, Inc. is not responsible for the accuracy of articles submitted for publication. It would be an impossible task to check each story. Therefore, we rely on the submitter to research each article.

The editor reserves the right to edit letters to conform to space limitations and grammar.

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



**HAPPY 50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
TO MR. & MRS. DON VANDERSNICK
JANUARY 2006**



TAPS

We regret to announce the PURDY REPORT was notified of the following shipmates' deaths. The entire crew extends the hand of sympathy to the families and friends of the deceased.

Harold Cadie

(1946-48) S-2 C Div
Died November 26, 2005

Walter Kuehl

(1948-51) YN3 O Div
Died November 4, 2004

Ira Folden

(1944-46) LT(jg)
Died January 15, 2005

Anyone who knows of, or becomes aware of, the death of a shipmate, please notify the editor so that shipmate can be recognized in the newsletter and his name added to the Honor Roll.



MAIL CALL

Hello,

My name is Doug Kuehl. My dad, Walter G. Kuehl, was on the USS Purdy from 1948 to 1953. Dad loved to talk about his days on the Purdy. He even made sure I got to a reunion in Baltimore in 1998. Dad passed away November 4, 2004, in the Gainesville, Florida VA Hospital. He was laid to rest in the Veteran's Memorial Cemetery in Bushnell, FL. He suffered dearly and I know now he is with the Lord and happier than ever. Please accept my apologies for making this announcement to you so late. I meant to do it before your reunion in Jacksonville. May God bless all of you. Thank you.

Doug Kuehl

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

An e-mail request was sent out for stories about Christmas memories of your time in the Navy, especially on the Purdy. Thank you to all of the shipmates who responded!

USS Purdy was in France December 14 to December 28, 1964. This was my first time on the Purdy. I was thinking what my parents were doing while we were having our Christmas meal. I sent a telegram to my parents wishing them a Merry Christmas. (My mother and father are since gone.) I was wondering what they would be thinking when their phone rang with my telegram message telling them Merry Christmas. My mother and father kept that telegram and to this day I still have it.

Gerald Kirkpatrick CS3

I spent but one Christmas on the Purdy while we were part of the occupation force in Japan. I don't recall any special party sponsored by the ship's personnel, but this I do remember. Some of the bridge gang signalmen and quartermasters decided to ferment raisins for Christmas cheer. Apparently the fermentation process was not proceeding fast enough so the head "brew master" asked for suggestions. One idea was to strain cologne through bread as that might take out some of the non-alcoholic parts of the mix. So this was done. Another idea brought forth was to drain the mixture of water and medical alcohol from the old-style compass that, to the best of my recollection, was located somewhere near the fan-tail. (This compass was maintained as a stand by in case something happened to the ship's gyroscope to make it inoperable.) This, too, was done. When the head "brewer" deemed this concoction ready for a party, most of the men partook (not including me, as I was probably too "chicken" and not mistrusting the mix to be bad for my health). My mistrust was well founded, as the brew did not

agree with those daring to try it. Many trips were made to the head or to the rail as stomachs revolted. However, one swabbie did not make it up the ladder and the contents of his abused stomach emptied into a pail my bunkmate left there soaking a pair of dungarees.

Howard S. Smith
QM3/C USS Purdy 1945-46

I spent my first Christmas in the Navy in Yokosuka, Japan, which was our port following our 1st deployment to Korea.

My buddy, Jack and I spent Christmas Eve in a lovely hotel taking a traditional Japanese bath, putting on a comfortable kimona and sitting before a very hot Hibachi drinking very warm Saki.

I don't know what I received for a Christmas present that year, but the Purdy Corpsman said, "Not to worry, as it was probably only "coffee strain."

George D Mitchell, Jr.
QM2 1951-55

I have two very vivid memories of Christmas aboard the Purdy (or dirty Purdy as we fondly called her). In 1957 we were on a "show the flag" cruise in the Med and eventually sailed up the Tigris River to Basra, Iraq. On Christmas Day we pulled into Aden for refueling. As we were only in port for a few hours, only part of the crew got liberty. Aden was a dusty hole on the tip of Arabia. We spent four hours in the local airport bar with British soldiers who were fighting the rebels in the hills. Wonderful men! We always seemed to enjoy each other's company wherever we met the Brits. The bar was the only air conditioned place in Aden, and the temp was over 100 in the shade and of course, no shade.

(Continued on page 4)

The other fond memory was in Boston Harbor in 1958. All the cans and other naval vessels were all decorated with colored lights fore and aft from the top of the FC director. Very impressive.

V.M. Van Grevenhof
FC Tech, Fox Div

On or about Christmas 1960 I was welfare and recreational officer aboard the Purdy stationed in Newport. Ensign Plezzy Harbor Craig and myself were assigned the duty of purchasing and distributing Christmas gifts to children at an orphanage in Newport. Ensign Craig dressed in a Santa's suit and presented our gifts to the little tots. A good time was had by all. The surprise of the party was that Ensign Craig was an accomplished piano player and entertained them with many jazz renditions.

Larry Galcher

I was on board the Purdy from 1966-1970. 1967 and 1968 were special years for me on the Purdy because we helped orphaned kids.

In '67 and '68, a shipmate of mine (sorry I can't remember his name) came up with the brilliant idea of instead of having a ship's party, we would host a party for some orphaned children.

The Purdy was home-ported in Fall River, Massachusetts, right under the Braga Bridge, near the USS Massachusetts. We would typically use the R&R money to have a ship's party. Well, this mate came up with the idea to host a party for a local orphanage instead of just a party for us. What we did is made a list of guys who were not going to be on duty the day of the party and asked for volunteers to help with the kids. Each sailor who volunteered was assigned 2 kids to watch over and to ensure they were having a good time. After talking to the orphanage and working out the logistics of how many guys would be available to assist the kids, we gave the orphanage the number of kids we could

take for the day. We took the welfare and rec money and bought presents based on the age and sex of the child. When the day came, we took the children we were assigned on a tour of a real Navy Destroyer, followed by a lunch provided by the galley and then cake and ice cream. Half way through the cake and ice cream, Santa showed up and passed out the presents which had the kids names on them. Santa knew each child by name! It was a great day for all and at the day's end, many of those hard nosed sailors had tears in their eyes because they had to say goodbye.

I'm sure it left a lasting memory on the children, I know it did on all the guys that participated.

Jim (Mac) McCarthy
USS Purdy DD 734 (1966-1970)

I'm not sure how close to Christmas this was, but the snow was about a foot and a half deep. The radio did not give me the "Not Needed to Report" message, so I walked, jumping over high drifts, to the ship. When I got to the ship, the XO was at the gangway and said, "Sure glad to see you. You will need to stay for Master of Arms duty." I just couldn't believe it! After that walk in the snow, I just refused! Someone called the person who was supposed to have the duty and he came in, and I walked back home.

Rick Cohagan

I went aboard the USS Black Hawk AD-4 on Christmas Day 1937 in Manila. The Black Hawk was the primary tender for the destroyers in the Far East.

I had ridden the USS Henderson from San Francisco to Manila, P.I. for thirty days. It was a long trip as the ship only made ten knots an hour. The first ship I was assigned to upon arrival was the Paul Jones DD 230, an old four flush deck stacker. I was an electrician's striker

and as they already had one striker, I was transferred to the USS Black Hawk, where I stayed for the next two and a half years. I returned to the States in July 1941, riding the same ship back. I was in the hospital in Redlands, CA when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I had just returned from Pearl Harbor the week before. I guess everything works out for the best. When I got out of the hospital, I went to the Navy recruiting station in Los Angeles. They were looking for me, but had lost the address. They sent me to commission the USS Libra AKA 12 in Mariners Harbor, Staten Island. I was a first class Machinist mate and had charge of the engine room. An old friend of mine, Carl Stillwell, from 40th Street in San Pedro went to Staten Island with me. He was the Chief Water tender who took care of the ship's boilers and the evaporating system which made fresh water for the boilers and for drinking. I eventually left the Navy after twenty years and went to work for the Naval Ordnance Test Station in Corona, California and then moved to General Dynamics in Pomona, CA. I eventually retired and moved to northern Idaho about 1990. We like it here in the North Country. Got a wee bit of snow today and may get more tonight and tomorrow.

T. A. Olcovich

THANK YOU TO CONTRIBUTORS

We would like to thank the following for their contributions to the funding of the Purdy Report:

Raymond Duval
Robert Grose
Robert Mersfelder
David Sauvageau
Charles Zimmer

You can make your contribution by sending your check to the Association Treasurer, Jim Meechan, 145 Laura Dr, Gahanna, OH 43230.

NEWSLETTER FINANCIAL REPORT

Cost of this issue is **\$328.88**. This Purdy Report is being sent to dues paying members only.

KEN SCOTT'S STORY

*A collection of memories written for his grandchildren and shared with us.
Continued from September 2005*

My regular duty station when the ship was out at sea was Captain's messenger. That meant I was one step behind him when he was on the bridge relaying orders and messages to anyone the captain addressed them to. I would deliver messages or orders on foot to anyone on the ship that wasn't on line at the time. A very important duty of the messenger was to wake the next watch crew at night so we would be relieved of duty on time. I enjoyed this duty because the time passed so fast and I felt like I was second in command. (Ha) The messenger got to know the captain much better than most members of the crew.

One day when the captain came on the bridge, he told me we were going to have a man overboard drill on that watch. Not more than ten to fifteen minutes later, we were notified another ship was coming alongside to transfer personnel. Captain Phelan told me he was expecting a new officer and asked me to call another officer to replace him as he welcomed the new officer.

When the captain's replacement made it to the bridge, I relayed the captain's order to hold a man overboard drill after the transfer was over and everything settled down. About twenty minutes later, I was ordered to start the drill. I told the bos' n mate to sound "man overboard" after I had about two or three minutes to go below and throw a box or something off the fan tail. He waited for my call to the bridge while I looked for something to throw overboard.

When I got to the fantail, there was a wooden box, sitting conveniently on the smoke screen operator. I pushed it off and walked to the quarter deck, called the bridge and reported a man overboard. At that point my part of the exercise was over so I started back to the bridge and met Newel Bickford, the boatswains mate, as he took a break. We joked around for a while and slowly made our way

back to the bridge. We arrived at the same time as the captain and the new officer.

The ship had made a circle and was bearing down on the box. The captain and new officer had binoculars watching the box. The new officer suddenly went ballistic. "Captain...Captain...that's my box....Captain.....that's my box! That's my clothes in that box!"

To say this outburst was surprising is to put it mildly. The captain quickly trained his binoculars on the box. I quickly found a pair of binoculars myself, zeroed on the box and sure enough there was the officer's name. The captain ordered the gig (a small boat) lowered into the water to retrieve the box. They couldn't get a hold on it, so they bumped it alongside the ship and dropped a cargo net and captured it.

When they finally got the net around the box, only one corner, about ten inches high, was out of the water. The crew cheered! As the box was brought aboard, the captain, the new officer, Bickford and I had made our way to the scene. I knew I was in trouble—bad—as water came gushing out of the cracks in the box on the deck.

"Scott," the captain said, "who threw this box in the ocean?"

I knew the jig was up so right there in front of forty or so men, I said, "I did, Sir." You could see the red going up in his face like a thermometer.

"A box with that much in it—you thought it was empty?" he asked.

"It was sitting on the smoke screen generator and all I had to do was give it a little shove, Sir. I didn't pick it up to see how heavy it was, Sir, "I spewed out.

"On the smoke screen generator?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir," I answered. The captain visibly calmed down.

After a moment he told me to clean all the officer's clothes, dry all

his books and return everything in as good order as I possibly could. Then he turned to Bickford close by and said, "You help him, Bos'n. We won't need either of you on the bridge for a while."

We took the clothes to the laundry and told the man in charge to drop everything else. Captain's orders. He gave us an armload of cloth scraps. We dried pages in books one by one, but were at a loss when we came to wedding pictures. We finally laid them out and blotted them with rags weighted down with books. We removed the rags every few minutes and surprisingly, the pictures came through the ordeal in good shape. The officer was happy anyway.

The next day on watch the captain more or less told me he was satisfied how well Bick and I had handled the job of restoration. The captain ended the conversation by lowering his voice and saying, "The damn fool shouldn't have left the box on the smoke screen generator in the first place."

As he walked away, I knew the case was closed.

To be continued in March 2006

**USS PURDY
2006 REUNION**

APRIL 19-23

NASHVILLE, TN

**NASHVILLE
HOLIDAY INN**

CHRISTMAS MENU USS PURDY (DD-734) 25 DECEMBER 1961

Commanding Officer A. A. STEINBECK, CDR

Executive Officer A. J. HODDER, JR LCDR

Supply Officer A. R. MACDONALD, SC, ENS.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Turkey Gumbo Soup
Saltine Crackers
Chilled Tomato Juice

R. W. Shook CSC

R. E. Wisniewski, CS1

A. Cruz, SD1

COOKS

E. F. McCorey, CS2

A. L. Herman, SN

F. O. Jackson, TN

COOKS

R. T. Palmer, CS3

J. J. Moran, SN

H. L. Pryer, SD2

BAKER

Z. J. Brunisifski, CS2

JACK OF DUST

R. L. Trickel, SN

Roast Tom Turkey

Giblet Gravy

Cream Whipped Potatoes

Buttered Whole Kernel Corn

Oyster Dressing
Stuffed Celery
Pineapple Cottage Cheese on Crisp Lettuce Leaf
Stuffed Olives
Fruit Cake
Butter
Nuts
Cigarettes
Chilled Fruit Tray

Oven Baked Ham

Cranberry Sauce

Candied Sweet Potatoes

English Peas

Pumpkin Pie

Bread

Candy

Milk

Ice Cream

Rolls

Cigars

Coffee

This menu was submitted by Captain J. M. Clark USNR-RET. He had a handwritten note on the menu that said the following: "Christmas Day, cold, clear, and snow in Newport—a very nice day."

THE JOYS OF OLD AGE

I've sure gotten old. I've had two by-pass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded and subject to black-outs. Have bouts with dementia; have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore, can't

remember if I'm 85 or 92; have lost all my friends. But.... Thank God, I still have my driver's license!

Morris, an 82 year-old man, went to the doctor to get a physical. A few days later the doctor saw Morris walking down the street with a gorgeous young woman on his arm. A couple of days later the doctor spoke to Morris and said, "You're really doing great, aren't you?"

Morris replied, "Just doing what

you said, Doc: 'Get a hot mamma and be cheerful.'"

The doctor said, "I didn't say that. I said, 'You've got a heart murmur. Be careful.'"

A very elderly gentleman walks into an upscale cocktail lounge. Seated at the bar is an elderly looking lady. The gentleman walks over, sits along side of her, orders a drink, takes a sip, turns to her and says, "So tell me, do I come here often?"