

THE PURDY REPORT

Volume 18, Issue 4

March 2009

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS PURDY DD-734



Special Points of Interest

- *Read President Di-Pasquale's message on the cover.*
- *Welcome Mat on page two has three new names. Please continue to search for new members.*
- *See what news Chaplain Fred has for you in his column on page two.*
- *Tom Knepell adds to the story of Purdy's patrol of the Dominican Republic. See Mail Call on page three.*
- *Two articles about Chiefs that you'll enjoy are on pages 3, 4 and 6.*
- *Find out about veteran's salutes during the National Anthem on page*

A MESSAGE FROM THE PREZ

Hi again shipmates and all you Purdy ladies and friends. By the time you receive this Report, it will only be a few weeks until our Philly reunion, and I hope that many of you are getting packed and planning to be there. Karen and I are looking forward to the reunion, and to seeing many of you again, and also hope to see many new faces (first-timers), and some of you who haven't been able to attend a reunion for the past few years. All should have received your reunion registration package, and I hope you filled it out and returned it to ML&RS. It looks like ML&RS has a great itinerary lined up for us. Some great tours, and some free

time for those who want to explore on their own. Being that Philadelphia is centrally located on the East-coast, and most of you live in this area, I'm counting on a large showing of shipmates. If that turns out to be the case, I'm going to suggest that future reunions stay on this coast. I don't mean to slight shipmates from other areas of the country, but last year's reunion in Branson (even though it was a great reunion) was poorly attended. That may have a lot to do with the economy, and I guess that many of you don't want to travel any great distances. There are many East-coast cities that we have yet to visit such as Myrtle Beach, Savannah,

Pittsburgh, Albany, and many others. Give this some thought, and we will discuss the site for next year's reunion at this year's reunion business meeting.

For those of you who haven't yet paid your dues for 09, and are attending the reunion, Sec./Treas. Jim Meechan will be accepting those dues payments while there. If not attending, send Jim a check for \$5.00 made out to "Purdy Association" to him at 145 Laura Dr., Gahanna, OH 43230-2140. Jim will also accept any donations to our association, especially if you happen to win at Harrah's Casino while at the reunion.

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

ion. Those dues and donations help pay for this Purdy Report.

Even though we have limited amounts of Purdy ball-caps, shirts and jackets available, VP Bill Dow will be taking orders for those items at the reunion if you wish to make a purchase. If you aren't going to be there, and you are interested in any of these items, call Bill at 860-426-1278, or on his cell at 860-922-1788 for prices and availability.

Looking forward to seeing many of you at the reunion in Philly.

Sincerely,
Larry DiPasquale
President, Purdy Association



WELCOME MAT

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

Robert Molinelli, Sr
(1950-53) EMFN
16 Mangrove Ct S
Homosassa, FL 34446
352-382-2868

Alan MacDonald
(1961-63) Supply Officer
26 Berkshire Rd
Williamsburg, VA 23188
757-565-2123

Milton Baker (1970-73) ETR3
1901 S Knights Pl
Lincoln, NE 68506
402-486-1415
mabayer48@hotmail.com

CHAPLAIN FRED'S REPORT

Greetings to all my Anchor Plankers,

As I write this report I am in the Canadaigua with my dear Judy the Cutie. She has a new knee. If I was a scar I would love to be on her beautiful leg. Hopefully, she'll be in a dancing mood by our Reunion. I called Bill Statt. He lived in Arizona. I talked to his wife and she said he sailed West a few years ago. Chuck Gerardi found Mr. Donahue's number. He lived in Salem, NH. Chuck was too shy to call, so I called. His wife, Evie, answered the phone and I told her who I was and that I served on the Purdy with her husband. She told me he too sailed West twelve years ago. I told her how much we all liked Mr. D, and told her many fond memories. She said we made her day, and she will be at our picnic in Gloucester, Mass. Dan the Man Z lives in the same town and he will bring her with him. I called R.E. Williams. We all remember Willy from S division. His heart is giving him some troubles, but he will try to be in Philly. Cletus won't be there. His truck blew up. He said it took all his reunion money.

Cletus is spending money on garlic and olive oil. Dom V. told him it will make his hair turn black. Judy and I met Jim Martin, SO3 Fox Division. Last time we time we saw each other was in 1961. We went to Livonia Hotel. We had a great conversation, but the food was lousy. Jim and his wife are going to try to make the Philly Reunion. I was recalling some things that happened when I was aboard the Purdy. One time we were infected with crabs. We all stood nude on the fan tail covered with crab powder while they fumigated the below decks. In Nashville, Cletus said, "Remember when we all had cockroaches?" I said, "Cletus, they were crabs." You know Cletus. We used to call crabs galloping dandruff. When we came from Boston to Newport, and a ship ran into the back of us, I think it was the Batty, old fat Farr popped out the door after steering like a cork out of a cheap bottle of wine. Once in the North Atlantic when we iced up it was so rough I heard Captain Holley say to the OD, "I am going to call Descom and get permission to surface." If anyone sees Ltjg. JP Morgan, tell him Donal Anderson is looking for him. Thank Chuck Gerardi for the for the following names: Jerry (Smiley) O'Neal, Johnny (Bulb) Sanders, Lenny (Dee) Dervigelio and Carl (Yogi) Sansome. If you are looking for someone, call Chuck and he will find them. Hi Sweetie and Uncle Art. Gus, I have your shirt. Lee Ely, I will see you in Philly. Joe Friday lived in Philly, but I can't find him. The Longs are going to be there. Well, I have to close. Judy needs to be fed, I have to dump the kitty litter, do the laundry, vacuum, water the plants, do the dishes, sweep... A man's work is never done. My mom always said, "You can always tell an Irishman, but you can't tell him much." I will close with this thought: If the Bible says it, believe it and that is all there is to it.

God Bless,
Chaplain Fred and Judy the Cutie

PS. Isabella Strauss, see you and all our fond memories of Bobby in Philly.



TAPS

We regret to announce the PURDY REPORT was notified of the following shipmate's death. The entire crew extends the hand of sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased.

Michael Dynko (1953-55)
Died November 18, 2008

Stephen Leoce (1952-54)
Died March 7, 2009

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

Jim,

An add-on to Larry DiPasquale's story about our patrol off Dominican Republic in 1961:

We were sent from Gitmo, where we were a little anxious because every night at anchor we manned our 5 inch gun mounts to "protect" the base from Cuba and Castro. Now we were patrolling Dominican Republic in case Cuba tried to create a crisis there. Our air search radar was down. But we stayed on station, high alert (but not General Quarters) because we didn't know what to expect on this patrol duty.

The night was pitch dark, Caribbean seas were calm, we were on mid-watch on the bridge. Suddenly, and without warning, the bridge was lit up with 1 million candlepower of light. I am sure most of us who saw it thought it was a nuclear attack. Turns out it was the searchlight of a P-2V aircraft trying to identify us. Without air search radar we had no warning. One at a time we left the bridge for a change of skivvies.

Tom Knepell
ENS (at the time) aboard 1961-62

Dear Sirs:

It has been exactly sixty years since I last sailed the Purdy on summer cruise as reservist from New Orleans to Vera Cruz, Mexico after two years in World War II and on board the Purdy 1945-46 to Pacific and Japan.

This makes it all the more disappointing that I can't be there at this year's reunion.

Regards,
Alvin Barnes

Purdy Sailors,

It is with sadness but with swelling pride that I let members of the USS Purdy know that our loving father, Michael "Mike" Dynko, passed away this November 18, 2008 in Saratoga Springs, NY. Mike was embraced by his loving family after a long and courageous battle with Alzheimer's disease.

Mike was born and resided in Cohoes, NY, after his military service and was involved with and retired from the family business at Bilinski Sausage Mfg Co, Inc. In addition to the family business he was an active communicant and trustee of St. Peter & Paul's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Cohoes and a member of the Ukrainian American Citizens Club. Mike also enjoyed golfing, bowling, and was a former horseman.

Mikes' wife Pauline also recently passed away in February of 2009 and is survived by five loving children along with cherished grandchildren and great grandchildren.

I hope there is a friend of our loving father gathering at the reunion as we know you had the pleasure to be touched by such a gentle, kind and loving man. Dad never had anyone angry at him, always maintained harmony in the house and had admirers everywhere. And more than anything, Dad loved the Purdy. He wore a beat up Purdy hat (till his last days), a hat he couldn't avoid having spilled food on. It's odd what Alzheimer's couldn't take away from him, his love for his country, his love for his ship, your ship the USS Purdy. It was a long and arduous journey for Dad, one that ended on earth, but that continues in eternity.

Many thanks to all who served on the USS Purdy DD-734 for your service to our Country. I am grateful for what you have done to make our country the wonderful country it is today. Thank you so very, very much.

His proud loving son,
Joe Dynko

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WHITEHAT

Submitted by Larry DiPasquale

One thing we weren't aware of at the time but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given, Chief Petty Officers.

They were crusty bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time tested over more years than a lot of us had time on the planet. The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged-up insignia, faded shirts, some with a Bull Durham tag dangling out of their right-hand pocket or a pipe and tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets, and a Zippo that had been everywhere.

Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a Methodist picnic.

Most of them were as tough as a

boarding house steak—a quality required to survive the life they lived. They were and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took eighteen-year old idiots and hammered the stupid bastards into sailors. You knew instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid. God should have given all sons born to Chiefs a return option. A Chief didn't have to command respect. He got it because there was nothing else you could give them.

They were God's designated hitters on earth.

We had Chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins in my day...hard-core bastards who found nothing out of place with the use of the word "Japs" to refer to the little sons of Nippon they had littered the floor of the Pacific with as payback for a little 7 Decem-

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

ber tea party they gave us in 1941. In those days "insensitivity" was not a word in a sailor's lexicon. They remembered lost mates and still cursed the cause of their loss...and they were expert at choosing descriptive adjectives and nouns, none of which their mothers would have endorsed.

At the rare times you saw a Chief topside in dress canvas you saw rows of hard-earned, worn and faded ribbons over his pocket. "Hey Chief, what's that one and that one?" "Oh, hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave them to us to keep track of the campaigns." We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went. They're all depth charge survival geedunk. "Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a Sailor." We knew who the heroes were and in the final analysis that's all that matters.

Many nights we sat in the after mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were light-hearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply depots where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps. Standing in line at a Honolulu cathouse or spending three hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars and getting loaded. It was our history. And we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life. At least it was clearly that for me. They were not men given to the prerogatives of their position.

You would find them with their sleeves rolled up, shoulder-to-shoulder with you in a stores loading party. "Hey Chief, no need for you to be out here tossin' crates in the rain, we can get all this crap aboard." "Son, the term 'All hands'

means all hands." "Yeah Chief, but you're no damn kid anymore, you old coot." "Horsefly, when I'm eighty-five parked in the stove up old bastards' home, I'll still be able to kick your worthless butt from here to fifty feet past the screw guards along with six of your closest friends."

And he probably wasn't bullshitting.

They trained us. Not only us but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn't for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn't be any U.S. Naval Force. There wasn't any fairy god-mother who lived in a hollow tree in the enchanted forest who could wave her magic wand and create a Chief Petty Officer.

They were born as hot-sacking seamen and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year-old jay-bird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come and go for so many years; they could read you like a book. "Son, I know what you are thinking. Just one word of advice. DON'T. It won't be worth it." "Aye, Chief."

Chiefs aren't the kind of guys you thank. Monkeys at the zoo don't spend a lot of time thanking the guy who makes them do tricks for peanuts. Appreciation of what they did and who they were comes with long distance retrospect. No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership or let's say, when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others.

They had no Academy rings to get scratched up. They butchered the King's English. They had become educated at the other end of an anchor chain from Copenhagen to Singapore. They had given their entire lives to the US Navy.

In the progression of the nobility of employment, Chief Petty Officer heads the list.

So, when we ultimately get out

final duty station assignments and we get to wherever the big Chief of Naval Operations in the sky assigns us, if we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets. I don't know about that Marine propaganda bullshit but there will be an old Chief in an oil-stained hat and a cigar stub clenched in his teeth standing at the bow to assign us our bunks and tell us where to stow our gear... and we will all be young again and the damn coffee will float a rock. Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old Chiefs.

If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding in this thick skull, you would be amazed. So thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable son-of-a-bitches. Save me a rack in the berthing compartment.

NEWSLETTER FINANCIAL REPORT

This Purdy Report is being sent to 181 dues paying members only. Please send your annual \$5.00 contribution to:

Jim Meechan
145 Laura Dr
Gahanna, OH 43230

The following have contributed since the last newsletter

James Cummings
Charles Gerardi
Keneth Manni
Meryl Nelson
Daniel Zavisza
Alvin Barnes
George Tindall:

The cost of this issue is \$212.72

MATE

The term comes from an abbreviation of the French word "Matelot" (meaning sailor). We get Bo'sun's Mate, Gunner's Mate, etc.

VETERAN'S SALUTES DURING NATIONAL ANTHEM

Veterans and active-duty military not in uniform can now render the military-style hand salute during the playing of the national anthem, thanks to recent changes in federal law.

Traditionally, members of the nation's veterans service organizations have rendered the hand-salute during the national anthem and at events involving the national flag while wearing their organization's official head-gear. The most recent change authorizing hand-salutes during the national anthem by veterans and out-of-uniform military personnel, was included in the Defense Authorization Act of 2009, which President Bush signed on Oct. 14, 2008.

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

ORIGIN OF NAVY TERMINOLOGY

Every profession has its own jargon and the Navy is no exception. For the Navy, its bulkhead, deck and overhead and not wall, floor and ceiling. Some nautical terminology has found its way into every day use, and you will find the origins of this and Navy terminology below.

Log Book

In the early days of sailing ships, the ship's records were written on shingles cut from logs. These shingles were hinged and opened like a book. The record was called the "log book." Later on, when paper was readily available and bound into books, the record maintained its name.

Pea Coat

Sailors who have to endure pea-soup weather often don their pea coats, but the coat's name isn't derived from the weather. The heavy topcoat worn in cold, miserable weather by seafaring men was once tailored from pilot cloth, a heavy, course, stout kind of twilled blue cloth with the nap on one side. The cloth was sometimes called P-cloth for the initial letter of "pilot" and the garment made from it was called a p-jacket, later a pea coat. The term has been used since 1723 to denote coats made from that cloth.

Port Holes

The word "port hole" originated during the reign of Henry VI of England (1485). King Henry insisted on mounting guns too large for his ship and the traditional methods of securing these weapons on the forecastle and aftcastle could not be used. A French shipbuilder named James Baker was commissioned to solve the problem. He put small doors in the side of the ship and mounted the cannon inside the ship. These doors protected the cannon from weather and were opened when the cannons were to be used. The French word for "door" is "porte" which was later Anglicized to "port" and later went on to mean any opening in the ship's side, whether for cannon or not.

NAVY CHIEF JOKES

A crusty old battleship Admiral died and found himself standing before Saint Peter at the pearly gates. Peter welcomed him warmly, "Come right in, Admiral! You served your country well and you may enter Heaven!"

The Admiral looked thru the gates and stepped up to Saint Peter, "Just one thing, Sonny. I hope there are no Chiefs here. They are the rudest, most obnoxious variety of human ever, and if there are any of them here, I'm not going in; I'd rather go to the other place."

"Don't worry, Admiral," said Saint Peter. "No Chief has ever made it to Heaven. You'll find none of 'em here."

So, the Admiral goes on into Heaven. Moments later, he comes upon an amazing sight. It is a swaggering figure in khakis, garrison cap cocked slightly on his head, a mostly empty bottle of Jack Daniels in one hand, and a beautiful woman on either arm. Incensed, the Admiral rushes back to Saint Peter and gets in his face. "Hey! You said there were no Chiefs here! So what the hell is THAT!?"

"Don't worry, Admiral," says Saint Peter gently. "That's God. He just THINKS he's a Chief."

Submitted by Larry Di Pasquale

The old Chief finally retired from the Navy and got that chicken ranch he always wanted. He took with him his lifelong pet parrot.

First morning at 0430, the parrot squeaked and said, "Off yer hocks and don yer socks. Reveille."

The old chief told the parrot, "We are no longer in the Navy. Go back to sleep."

The next morning the parrot did the same thing. The old Chief told the parrot, "Look, if you keep this up, I will put you out in the chicken pen."

Again the parrot did it, and true to his word, the Chief put the parrot in the chicken pen. About 0630, the Chief was awakened by one heck of a ruckus in the chicken pen. He went out to see what was the matter. The parrot had about 40 white chickens in formation and on the ground lay 3 bruised and beaten brown ones. The parrot was saying, "By God, when I say fall out in dress whites, I don't mean Kahkis!"

Submitted by Dave McCracken

THE OLD NAVY

HAVE YOU HEARD: How to know when you are in the presence of a 'Real Chief Petty Officer' :

- The CHIEF doesn't sleep with a night light. The CHIEF isn't afraid of the dark. The dark is afraid of the CHIEF.
- The CHIEF's tears can cure cancer.
- The CHIEF once visited The Virgin Islands. They are now simply called The Islands.
- The CHIEF has counted to infinity . . . twice!
- The CHIEF frequently donates blood to the Red Cross, just never his own.
- Superman owns a pair of CHIEF pajamas.
- The CHIEF has never paid taxes. He just sends in a blank form and includes a picture of himself.
- If the CHIEF is late, then time had damn well better slow down.
- The CHIEF actually died four years ago, but the Grim Reaper can't get up the courage to tell him.
- The CHIEF refers to himself in the fourth person.
- The CHIEF can divide by zero.
- If the CHIEF ever calls your house, be in!
- The CHIEF doesn't leave messages; he leaves warnings.
- The CHIEF can slam a revolving door.
- The CHIEF was sending an email one day, when he realized that it would be faster to run.
- When the Incredible Hulk gets angry, he transforms into the CHIEF.
- When the CHIEF exercises, the machine gets stronger.
- Bullets dodge the CHIEF.
- The CHIEF once took an entire bottle of sleeping pills. They made him blink. . . once.
- The first lunar eclipse took place after the CHIEF challenged the sun to a staring contest. The sun blinked first.
- The REAL CHIEF never used a question mark in his entire life. He believes that the interrogative tense is a sign of weakness.
- REAL CHIEFS think Ensigns should be seen and not heard, and

never, ever be allowed to read books on leadership.

- REAL CHIEFS do not have any civilian clothes.
- REAL CHIEFS have CPO Association Cards from their last 5 commands.
- REAL CHIEFS do not remember any time they weren't Chief's.
- REAL CHIEFS favorite national holiday is CPO Initiation.
- REAL CHIEFS keep four sets of dress khaki uniforms in the closet in hopes they will come back.
- REAL CHIEFS favorite food is ship-board SOS for breakfast.
- REAL CHIEFS don't know how to tell civilian time.
- REAL CHIEFS call each other 'Chief.'
- REAL CHIEFS greatest fear is signing for property book items.
- REAL CHIEFS dream in Navy blue and gold, white, haze gray and occasionally khaki.
- REAL CHIEFS have served on ships that are now war memorials or tourist attractions.
- REAL CHIEFS get tears in their eyes when the Chief dies in the movie 'Operation Pacific.'
- REAL CHIEFS Don't like Certified Navy Twill. Wash Khaki is the only thing to make a uniform out of.
- REAL CHIEFS can find their way to the CPO Club blindfolded, on 15 different Navy Bases.
- REAL CHIEFS have pictures of ships in their wallets.
- REAL CHIEFS do not own any pens that do not have 'Property of U.S. Government' on them.
- REAL CHIEFS do not get the mandatory flu shots.
- REAL CHIEFS do not order supplies, they swap for them.
- REAL CHIEFS favorite quote is from the movie Ben Hur, 'We keep you alive to serve this ship.'
- REAL CHIEFS think excessive modesty is their only fault.
- REAL CHIEFS hate to write evaluations, except for their own.
- REAL CHIEFS turn in a 4 page brag sheet for their evaluation.
- REAL CHIEFS last ship was always better.
- REAL CHIEFS know that the black

tar in their coffee cup makes the coffee taste better.

- REAL CHIEFS idea of heaven: Three good PO1's and a Division Officer who does what he is told.
- REAL CHIEFS think John Wayne would have made a good Chief, if he had not gone soft and made Marine movies.
- REAL CHIEFS use the term 'Good Training' to describe any unpleasant task such as scraping the sides of the ship or having to sleep on your seabag in the parking lot because there was no room in the barracks.

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 dues 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.