

The FLAGSHIP

Volume 10 Issue 1

February 2002

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS ROWE & USS WATTS



Special Points of Interest

- *Bob Wood has information you may be interested in. Read his article on page one.*
- *Ten newly located shipmate are in WELCOME MAT on page two. See if you recognize any names.*
- *TAPS on page three honors two former shipmates who have passed on.*
- *Are you a plank owner of the Watts? If so, you may want to get in touch with the writer of the letter in MAIL CALL on page three.*
- *You'll be moved by the piece "I Am An American Sailor" on pages three and four.*
- *"Navy Language" is the subject of the article on page four. You'll get a kick out of it.*

KAMIKAZE SURVIVORS REUNION ASSOCIATION

The Kamikaze Survivor's Reunion Association is to take place May 20-22/23, 2002 in Everett, Washington. It has taken 57 years for this event to take place and to inform the world about what actually happened.

The reunion is to be held at the Howard Johnson Plaza Gold Medal AAA Hotel. The lowest possible room rate of \$82.00 will extend from Sunday 5/19 through Friday 5/24.

Admiral Robert Spiro, Jr. USS MORRIS, will attend. The Admiral lives ten miles from the Pentagon, and believes he can help us receive the Medal and

possibly bring Tom Brokaw.

For more information, contact:

Bill Sholin
PO Box 7438
Bonney Lake, WA 98390.
Telephone 360-897-8040.

I, Bob Wood, am thinking about going and will have to decide within the next couple of months. Minimally they expect 500 people and have reserved 800 maximum seating for the banquet hall.

If you have an interest, I would also appreciate your contacting myself for more information or to help me make up my own mind. Thank you.

Bob Wood

MARK YOUR CALENDARS FOR SEPTEMBER 19-22, 2002

Don't forget about the ROWE/WATTS reunion in Reno, NV on September 19-22, 2002. Surveys are coming in and we want to urge everyone who has not already sent theirs in, to do so soon. The hotel will be the Holiday Inn & Diamonds Casino.

You will receive the registration packets approximately 90 days prior to the reunion. Be sure you keep your calendar free for the days of the reunion. We hope to have a good turnout this year. Reno will be an interesting city to visit, so you don't want to miss this one! Hope to see a big crowd there.



WELCOME MAT

The following shipmates have been located since the last issue of the newsletter. Welcome aboard. If we missed anyone, please accept our apology. Let us know and you'll be in listed in the next issue.

USS WATTS

Lawrence Burkin (1955-56)
2293 Keokukl Dr
Pella, IA 50219
larrybee@kdsi.net

Frank Dulwick (1945-46)
SN1/c Sonar
3868 St. Andrews Loop South
Salem, OR 97302
503-315-8737
aldermost.qwest.net

USS ROWE

Allan Doerner (1953-55)
SO3 O Div
4815 Via Palm Lake Apt 1404
West Palm Beach, FL 33417
561-682-0740
adoerner@webtv.net

Robert Lupia (1957-59)
SN 2nd Div
6815 45th Ave
Kenosha, WI 53142-3831
262-657-0358
woodpatch@acronet.net

James Thompson (1958-59)
E-3 O Div
271 Kitty Hawk Lot 24
Universal City, TX 78148
210-566-3376

Dennis Lenahan (1959-60) FN
61 Stephenville Blvd
Red Bank, NJ 07701-6244
732-747-7260
blackfin29@aol.com

Robert Sauer (1957-59)
SN 2nd Div
26 Kelly Ct
Kings Park, NY 11754
bsauer@webtv.net

William Davies (1955-58)
MM2 E Div
1959 Holbrook Ln
Hoffman Estate, IL 60195

Kenneth Quandt (1952-55)
SO3 O Div
8 Jacobo Ln
Townson, MD 21286-8007
410-583-9189
quandtduo@aol.com

Jack Jeffress (1957-59)
BT3 E Div
1049 N 775 W
Cedar City, UT 84720-4018
435-586-9767
ccuman2@juno.com

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Balance after 11/01 **Minus \$171.62**

Funds received since 11/01 issue
\$360.00

Funds available for 02/02 issue
\$188.38

Funds Expended for 02/02 issue
\$231.98

Ending Balance MINUS \$43.60

Please mail contributions to ML&RS, Inc. at our address at the right and say it is for the Rowe/Watts newsletter. Funds will be needed for the next issue.

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The Flagship is the official publication of the USS ROWE and USS WATTS Association. From now on it will be published quarterly in February, May, August and November, *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 ROWE/WATTS. A financial statement appears in each issue of the newsletter.

The newsletter 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.

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

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

MILITARY LOCATOR & REUNION SERVICE, INC

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Newsletter: mlrsnewsletter@aol.com
www.mlrsinc.com
Our reunions work so you don't have to.

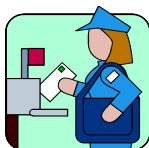


TAPS

The *Flagship* learned of the following shipmates' deaths since the last publication. Every member of the Association sends his heartfelt sympathy to the widows, families, and friends of the deceased. If we missed anyone, please let us know and we will publish it in the next issue.

*John Shinnors (USS Rowe)
Died August 1995*

*Eugene Shipley (USS Rowe)
Died October 25, 2001*



MAIL CALL

Dear Bob,

Sorry we missed the get-together in Pensacola (my wife's hometown), but my own ill health and infirmities made it impossible. Perhaps we will be able to do better in years to come.

Enclosed is a contribution for the newsletter. I've enjoyed it and look forward to each issue, but have not yet recognized any names. I'm a "plankowner" of Watts. Do you know of any others?

Somewhere in my "Lucky Bag" is an issue of a newsletter printed on Watts after one of our raids in the Kurile Islands. Would anyone be interested in reading it? Does anyone remember Helpless, Hopeless and Hopeless, the old gray ghosts of the Aleutian coast?

Till next time. A shipmate,
Don Bowman, TMCM USN Ret
7416 S College Cir
North Richland Hills, TX 76180

LIBERTY GUIDE TO HAVANA, CUBA

(continued from last issue)

HOTELS:

E: expensive M: moderate

There are NO INEXPENSIVE ONES. Rooms are hard to get at this time of the tourist season.

E: NACIONAL; PRESIDENTA; VERADO; COMODORO; COPACABANA

M: VICTORIA; SEVILLA BILTMORE

PLACES TO DINE (Same code)

M: Centro Vasco— Corner of 4th St & 3rd Ave, Vedado (Spanish Food)

M: Castillo De Jagua—23rd and G St (Typical Cuban Food)

M: Rio Cristal—Highway to Rancho Boyers (too far away)

M: Zaragoza—355 Monserrate St (Seafood)

E: Casino Parisien-Hotel Nacional, Vedado

M: Mes Amis—42nd St & 7th Ave. Miramar

M: Atelier—Corner of 16th and 17th St. Vedado

E: Tally-Ho 23rd and J, Vedado

E: Le Vendome—Calzada & C. Vedado

E: Floridita. Monserrate & Obispo, Havana

E: Monseignor: In front of Hotel Nacional, Vedado

M: Club 21_ 21st ST & N, Vedado.

M: El Pacifico. 516 San Nicolas St, Havana (Chinese food)

M: Frascati-357 Prado St., Havana (Italian Food)

E: Gaviria-Front of American Embassy

FREE DAIQUIRIE: Arechabala Bar-Cathedral Square

TROCADERO DISTILLERY— A delicious Banana Cocktail will be served as a compliment upon your arrival. (Phone U-3388)

I AM THE AMERICAN SAILOR

Hear my voice, America! Though I speak through the mist of 200 years, my shout for freedom will echo through liberty's halls for many centuries to come. Hear me speak, for my words are of truth justice, and the rights of man. For those ideals I have spilled my blood upon the world's troubled waters. Listen well, for my time is eternal-yours but a moment. I am the spirit of heroes past and future.

I am the American Sailor. I was born upon the icy shores at Plymouth, rocked upon the waves of the Atlantic, and nursed in the wilderness of Virginia. I cut my teeth on New England codfish, and I was clothed in southern cotton. I built muscle at the halyards of New Bedford whalers, and I gained my sea legs high atop mizzen of yankee clipper ships.

Yes, I am the American Sailor, one of the greatest seamen the world has ever known. The sea is my home and my words are tempered by the sound of paddle wheels on the Mississippi and the song of whales off Greenland's barren shore. My eyes have grown dim from the glare of sunshine on blue water, and my heart is full of star-strewn nights under the Southern Cross. My hands are raw from winter storms while sailing down round the Horn, and they are blistered from the heat of cannon broadside while defending our nation. I am the American Sailor, and I have seen the sunset of a thousand distant, lonely lands.

I am the American Sailor. It was I who stood tall beside John Paul Jones as he shouted, "I have not yet begun to fight!" I fought upon Lake Erie with Perry, and I rode with Stephen Decatur into Tripoli

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

harbor to burn Philadelphia. I met Guerriere aboard Constitution, and I was lashed to the mast with Admiral Farragut at Mobile Bay. I have heard the clang of Confederate shot against the sides of Monitor. I have suffered the cold with Peary at the North Pole, and I responded when Dewey said, "You may fire when ready Gridley," at Manila Bay. It was I who transported supplies through submarine infested waters when our soldiers were called "over there." I was there as Admiral Byrd crossed the South Pole. It was I who went down with the Arizona at Pearl Harbor, who supported our troops at Inchon, and patrolled dark, deadly waters of the Mekong Delta.

I am the American Sailor, and I wear many faces. I am a pilot soaring across God's blue canopy, and I am a Seabee atop a dusty bulldozer in the South Pacific. I am a corpsman nursing the wounded in the jungle, and I am a torpedoman in the Nautilus deep beneath the North Pole. I am hard, and I am strong. But it was my eyes that filled with tears when my brother went down with the Thresher, and it was my heart that rejoiced when Commander Shepherd rocketed into orbit above the earth. It was I who languished in a Viet Cong prison camp, and it was I who walked upon the moon. It was I who saved the Stark and the Samuel B. Roberts in the mine invested waters of the Persian Gulf. It was I who pulled my brothers from the smoke filled compartment of the Bonefish and wept when my shipmates died on the Iowa and White Plains. When called again, I was there, on the tip of the spear for Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm.

I am the American Sailor. I am woman, I am man, I am white and black, yellow, red and brown. I am Jew, Muslim, Christian, and Buddhist. I am Irish, Filipino, African, French, Chinese, and Indian. And

my standard is the outstretched hand of Liberty. Today, I serve around the world; on land, in air, on and under the sea. I serve proudly, at peace once again, but with the fervent prayer that I need not be called again.

Tell your children of me. Tell them of my sacrifice, and how my spirit soars above their country. I have spread the mantle of my nation over the ocean, and I will guard her forever. I am her heritage and yours.

I AM THE AMERICAN SAILOR.

Taken from: "Navy Club of the United States of America", Spring 2001

NAVY LANGUAGE

The Navy has its personal language and is immensely jealous of it. No other service speaks in such traditional code. It is possible for a civilian to hold a 30 minute conversation with a Sailor and not understand one sentence.

The primary rule of Navy code is never to call a ship a "boat." A boat is carried on a ship, Buster, and don't you forget it!

The universe may measure speed in miles per hour, but the Navy uses "knots." One knot is the speed it takes your vessel to travel 2,025 yards in an hour; it is a nautical mile instead of the 1,760 yard mile recognized by everyone else. The Navy scorns the normal clock; it goes by bells; one bell every half hour, accumulatively; One o'clock is two bells. It's not a rope, it's a line. That's not a wall, it's a bulkhead. Even if you are quartered in a barracks on dry land, it is still a bulkhead. You walk on a deck, not a floor, and you clean the deck with a swab, not a mop. Above is the overhead, not the ceiling and you walk down the passageway, not the hallway. You open a hatch, not a door, and you don't go up the stair, you climb the ladder.

You don't go to the bathroom,

Sailor, you go to the "head." You sleep in your sack or bunk.

You eat in a chow hall where spinach is seaweed, ketchup is red lead and other dishes have code designations unsuitable for a family newspaper. Ahead of you is forward, and to the rear is aft. Right is starboard and left is port. You don't stop something, you belay it. If you want a cigarette, you wait for the loudspeaker message: "The smoking lamp is lit." You don't eat candy, you eat pogy bait and your ice cream is geedunk.

A Sailor does not go on vacation or furlough like other humanity, he goes "on leave." He keeps his shaving gear in a "ditty bag" and he wears skivvies, not underwear, next to his skin.

A Navy ship doesn't get torpedoed by the enemy, it "takes a fish." If something needs a temporary repair, you jury-rig it. If you're ailing, report to sick bay. Should your ship sink or your plane go down, you're in the drink. If you don't survive, you deep-sixed it.

A battleship is a wagon and the commanding officer is the old man. A Tin Can Sailor serves in a destroyer. An Airedale is in a flat top. If he is a member of a flight crew, he is a hook tail and his plane is handled by a deck ape.

Navy code is not kind to other services. Soldiers are dog faces, Marines are bellhops and Coast Guardsmen are fresh waters.

There was an attempt to sabotage tradition when reformists tried to destroy the code two decades ago. Official Navy bulletins decreed that, henceforth, the chow hall would referred to as the "enlisted dining facility" and brig would be out, the "correctional facility" would be in. A ship would be an "it" instead of a "she." Fifteen years ago, Navy Secretary John Lehman junked the reform movement and reinstated the old code. This is what the moviemakers violated and they are lucky if they don't get themselves keelhauled.