

The FLAGSHIP

Volume 16 Issue 2

August 2008

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS ROWE



Special Points of Interest

- *John O'Meally sent us his story about the Midshipmen's Cruise of 1956. It's our cover story for this issue.*
- *"Tales of Leaving the Navy" begin on page three. You'll enjoy seeing what it was like for your fellow shipmates when the time came to depart the Navy.*
- *The Fourth Fleet is back in operation. See page five for details.*
- *Some history from USS Rowe's 1952-53 time period is on page six. Do any of you remember this time?*
- *If you're going to the 2008 reunion in Indiana, you have to know what a "Hoosier" is, so we have some information for you on page six.*
- *Guidelines for displaying the U.S. flag are on page eight.*

MIDSHIPMEN'S CRUISE OF 1956

BY JOHN O'MEALLY

Rowe returned from a four month Med cruise in February of 1956. It was my first trip to Europe and I was into my second year as a destroyer sailor. I could not be any happier. We got the word sometime in May that Rowe would be going to Northern Europe on a Midshipmen's cruise in July and August. Preparations for the trip included a short availability in the shipyard, loading stores, spare parts, and ammunition onto the ship, and getting my personnel gear. By the 4th of July we were ready. Time to go sailing again. For me, a twenty year old EM3, it was time to see more of the world.

We departed CE piers at Norfolk and proceeded up the Chesapeake Bay to Annapolis where we an-

chored out at the Naval Academy awaiting the midshipmen that would be assigned to Rowe for the trip. I don't recall if liberty was granted while we were at Annapolis. This cruise consisted of two battle ships, four cruisers and twenty-two destroyers, plus two fuel oil tankers. We were told it would be the largest fleet to sail in the North Sea since the Second World War. We stayed at Annapolis for a few days and then we were underway for Northern Europe. The first liberty port for Rowe was the English naval shipyard in Chatham, England. We were told this was an operating shipyard during the Revolutionary War. Just like the trip to the Med, I saw that our country, the USA, is a baby among nations, being only 180 years

old at the time. That is like a blink of the eye as far as Europe is concerned.

It was a short train ride to London from Chatham, so that is where my liberty was spent. We had to be back on the ship by midnight. One had to be very careful crossing the street in London. It was my first time experiencing traffic that operated differently from what I had lived with for twenty years. I was crossing the street and looked to my left for on coming traffic before stepping off the curb. Much to my horror, I was almost run over by a car coming from the right. That close call has stuck with me to this day. Now when I am in England, I have no trouble driving or walking in the street. My mind shifts to the English mode of driving

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like I live there.

Another first that I experienced in England was drinking warm soda and beer. I was at the train station and purchased a Coke. It was a hot day and I anticipated a nice cold Coke while I waited for the train. I asked the vendor for a bottle which he took off the shelf, opened it and handed it to me. That's when I remembered being told about no ice or cold drinks being available in most of the taverns. This was part of the learning experience of being a sailor and seeing the world. Next stop was Copenhagen.

Copenhagen was great. We tied up at the main pier and the destroyers that were in the group of ships visiting Denmark held an open house for two days. A thousand visitors per day came aboard the ship to see an American Naval vessel.

Because it was summer, the sun set around ten o'clock in the evening and started to rise again around two in the morning. You had to keep a close watch on the time because at twelve o'clock midnight when liberty expired, it was not yet dark. All too soon it was time to go to sea. After all, this was supposed to be a learning experience for the midshipmen. And learn they did, at least some of them. They learned how hot a fire room can be when you are riding the checks on the sight glass watch, or how much noise a turbine and reduction gear make at flank speed. Overall, they were good people, and with few exceptions, tried to learn how to become good officers.

On the way home we had to transfer someone by high line to the battle ship which had the admiral of the task force on board. It was a Sunday afternoon. Our CO decided that because it was Sunday and we would be alongside the flagship, the uniform topside would be undress whites. So the tin can Navy, the dungaree Navy, all dressed in whites, comes alongside this battle wagon and what do

we see? It's like Coney Island. Everyone is laying out on deck in shorts, bathing suits or, you guessed it, dungarees. There were a few comments aimed at the CO that day.

In no time we are back anchored off Annapolis. We are to off load our midshipmen the next morning. However, one of our midshipmen, a senior, apparently cannot wait to see his main squeeze. He jumps over the side and swims ashore. That's how you slam the breaks on a Naval career before you even get started. Someone sees him jump over the side. They search the harbor before he turns up on shore. I wonder where he is today. We went back to Norfolk and after several trips to the Caribbean, I left for Submarine school. I saw more of the world while on board the Rowe than the next eighteen years in the submarine force.

Years later after I retired, I obtained a pilot's license. The flight station where I rented the planes I fly was owned by a man who had a restored corsair with "Marines" on the side. One day we were talking about the military and he said that he graduated from Annapolis and went into the Marines as a pilot. He did his obligated service and got out. He mentioned a midshipman cruise the summer of '56 and I asked him if he remembered the name of the ship. He said it was the USS Ross. Ross was the sister ship of Rowe. It continues to be a small world.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Balance after 05/08 **\$468.54**
 Funds received since 05/08 issue
\$0
 Funds available for 08/08 issue
\$468.54
 Funds Expended for 08/08 issue
\$171.46
Ending Balance for 11/08
\$297.08

This issue is being mailed only to those who returned the coupon to receive a paper copy. Others can view the newsletter at the website www.mlrsinc.com/rowe. Please send contributions to ML&RS at the address to the right.

WELCOME MAT



The following shipmate has been located since the last issue of the newsletter. Welcome aboard. We hope to see you at the next reunion.

Randall Lane (1957-59)
 864 Jasmine C4
 The Villages, FL 32163
 352-259-4956

2008 USS ROWE REUNION

SEPTEMBER 4—7

INDIANAPOLIS, IN

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Our reunions work so you don't have to.

SHANGHAIED

Just in case you didn't know it, the term "Shanghaied" originated in the Chinese port of Shanghai. Here, masters of American tea-clippers delayed for want of crews, would pay the Chinese owners of dives where drunken sailors were carousing, to slip drugs into the seamen's drinking glasses and hustle the unconscious sailors aboard the waiting ships.

TALES OF LEAVING THE NAVY

“What was the process of leaving the Navy like? Was there any kind of ceremony, or did you just pack your duffle bag and walk off the ship? Did you have any kind of celebration, either with your Navy buddies or back at home? How was your trip home?”

These questions were posed by e-mail to USS Rowe Shipmates and we are happy to publish the following responses:

Allan Doerner:

I was aboard the Rowe during Christmas/New Years week 1954. Things were very quiet, with many shipmates on leave. A radio message was shown to me that they were looking for volunteers (sonarmen) to do some secret-type duty in the Caribbean. I volunteered and was accepted.

I still had about 15 months left on my four-year enlistment.

No fan-fare. Most of my friends had already finished their duty on the Rowe by then, so I felt that I couldn't turn down the chance to spend the rest of my service on some secluded Naval base in the tropical oasis of the Bahamas!

Steve Painter:

When I got off the Evan DD-754 in August of 1964, (after being transferred from the Watts DD-567 the previous year) I simply packed up my stuff, said my goodbyes and was transferred without fanfare, to the barracks located on shore at Long Beach. First though, they made me run a check-out sheet around to all the officers on the ship to sign. I'll never forget what the Captain said, as he was the last to sign my slip..."You'd better think about staying in and shipping over as it is mighty cold on the outside." I told him, "Sir, then I'll just have to freeze."

So then they transferred me to the onshore barracks and as a 2nd class (E-5) electrician's mate, they sent me out to the parking lot that night to pick up cigarette butts. This is the thanks the Navy gave me, from

a guy that was in charge a day before, of the electrical gang on the ship! No party no nothing, just a grand feeling the next day as I passed out of the gate for the last time, never to return.

I then said good bye to my girlfriend, which was a sad affair, set off on my small Honda motorcycle, and took about four days to get home to Nebraska. No celebrations there either, just a search to get a job.

Jim Haldaman, MM2, Msg (Retired):

I was stationed in Long Beach, CA in the spring of 1956. My tour of duty would be up in 24hrs, and I would either be a civilian or have re-enlisted for another four years. The next morning I was scheduled for an interview with a recruiter. When I met with the recruiter he had a small backlog of sailors to interview, so he wasn't in the best of moods. He simply asked, "Are you going to 're-up' or leave the service?" I decided at that point that I would become a civilian.

So he told me to report to a 2nd Class Petty Officer at 1600 hours. That afternoon I packed all my gear and the rest of the mustering out process would be the next morning. I reported as ordered to the 2nd Class Petty Officer only to find out that I had been put on shore patrol for my last night in the Navy. Thanks a lot.

The next morning was uneventful and after the paper work was signed, my friend and I slid into my 1949 Mercury convertible and headed for Route 66. It took us five days to cross the country. We started to cross the desert and we're told at the station where we filled the gas tank that we should be sure to carry a couple of canvas bags of water hung over our hood ornament as there were no other stations for miles and in those days cars tended to use water, so we took his advice.

We went through all the towns that the famous song "Route 66" refers to and five days later found ourselves in Illinois. I dropped off my friend at his house, where his family

was waiting with great anticipation, and I proceeded to a garage to get my front shocks replaced.

My final destination was Grand Rapids, Michigan, and I was able to make that in a few hours after getting back on the road. My family welcomed me home warmly, but I found myself mentally "wheel spinning" which I guess is something like jet lag only slower. For a number of days, I went around town seeing old friends and trying to reestablish myself in the community, but it just wasn't the same. I think this is the reason that some sailors go back into the service, because they just don't feel comfortable in the civilian environment anymore. When you're twenty-one years old and have traveled half way around the world, and possibly have seen combat, things tend to look different to you after you get back home.

Well, I was one of the lucky ones in that I was able to not only get a job right away, but it was the start of a whole new career from what I was doing in the Navy, because there wasn't much of a demand for MM-2s in those days. So I became a professional photographer and stayed with that profession for over nineteen years, made a career change into Law Enforcement and retired after 22.5 years of service.

I've always appreciated my Navy experiences and would recommend it to any young person contemplating their future.

John Harris, SO2:

Leaving the Navy wasn't nearly as exciting as entering the Navy. When I became a "short timer" I had to make a decision about what to do with the rest of my life. After seriously considering re-enlistment, I decided to get out and use my GI Bill for continuing education.

Leaving my friends and my ship was difficult and somewhat emotional. I left the Rowe and went to NOB about a week before my actual separation date. There was a num-

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ber of us in the Out Going Unit and we were assigned work details in the mornings. Once we found out that we weren't being monitored, those work groups dispersed rapidly. Some of us spent lots of time in the commissary listening to the juke box and eating junk food. I must have heard Paul Anka sing "Diana" a hundred times.

When I finally got my active duty discharge papers and went out of the Main Gate, I was hit with the realization that I was officially out of the Navy. I caught the city bus up Hampton Blvd. to the Greyhound Station for my trip back home to Clarksville, VA. I remember passing the C.E. Piers for the last time and thought of how many times that I had been in and out of the gate there.

I got out of the Navy in late August of '57 and started college in early September, not much time for celebration. I still consider my hitch in the U.S Navy and especially my two years and two months aboard the USS Rowe as one of life's highlights, and it was great seeing some of my friends at last year's reunion after 50 years.

Delbert McFadden:

I remember very little about it. I remember the Lt Commander inviting me into his stateroom and asking if I wanted to go to Officer's Candidate School, and when I found out I would be obligated for 6 more years, I declined. I didn't think I had the mental capacity to make it through OCS. Leaving the ship was just packing my duffel bag, throwing it over my shoulder and walking down the gangplank. Of course I had to go through the disembarkation process, and receive my mustering out pay of three \$100 government checks. I met one of the fellow sailors mustering out and caught a ride with him through Tennessee, Arkansas and Texas, then took a bus into San Marcos, Texas, where my family had moved. I was in time to get into the spring semester at Texas State Teachers College in

San Marcos (President Lyndon Baines Johnson's Alma mater) taking Physics, Algebra, Geometry, English, Mechanical Drafting...a little too much for a fellow who had not been in the academic setting for four years. In the spring I moved to Ogden, Utah and worked in construction building basements, driveways, and sidewalks in new subdivisions as a means to earn money to get back in school, which I did using the GI Bill to help pay a part of my education for a Bachelor of Science. The GI Bill came into play when I got my masters and sixth year specialist degrees as well. The PhD was on my own. I have often thought back over the years about my decision not to go to OCS and wondered about it. After all, I could have remained in the Navy and retired and still done the rest, but maybe on a different track. It is interesting where decisions take you.

STGC Carl Cramer, USNR (Ret):

The USS Rowe (DD-564) was scheduled to leave for a Med cruise and my separation date was before the ship would return, so here is what happened:

07 Nov. 1955 SO2 Cramer was transferred to the Receiving Station at the Norfolk Naval Base

19 Nov. 1955 SO1 Cramer was transferred to the USS Shenandoah AD-26.

12 Dec. 1955 SO1 Cramer was transferred to the Receiving Station at the Norfolk Naval Base.

19 Dec. 1955 SO1 Cramer was separated from Active Duty and transferred to the Inactive Reserve.

March 1957 SO1 Cramer transferred from the Inactive Reserve to the Active Reserve at the Navy Marine Core Reserve Center in Harrisburg, PA

31 Mar 1961 SO1 Cramer was advanced to SOCA.

19 Oct 1964 SOCA Cramer was advanced to STCA (Rate changed from Sonarman to Sonar Technician)

22 Jun. 1965 SOCA Cramer was

advanced to STC (Rate changed from STC to STGC) (G for surface)

31 Dec 1979 STGC Cramer was transferred to the Retired Reserve

01 May 1993 STGC Cramer was Retired from The United States Navy.

To the best of my recollection, I don't remember any ceremonies. However, I'm sure some of us went over to the slop shoot and had a few pitchers to celebrate.

Since I made SO1, I was considering staying in and making it a career. However, I wanted to get out of Deslant and get into Airlant. I went over to the Naval Air Station, Norfolk and went down the hallway until I came to a sign that said ASW (Anti-Submarine Warfare) and knocked on the door. Someone said, "Come on in." He was a Captain and I said, "Excuse me, I must be in the wrong office." He said, "No, what can I do for you?" I told him that I was due to get out and that I was thinking about staying in, however, I wanted to get out of Deslant (Destroyers Atlantic) and get into Airlant (Air Atlantic). He pushed a buzzer and in came a Commander. They said they would go to work on it right away for me. I thought, "Yeah, and that will be the last I hear of this." Well, wouldn't you know it, after I reported aboard the USS Shenandoah AD-26, I received orders to HS-1 (Helicopter Squadron 1) in Weeksville, NC for dipping Sonar. Now I really didn't know what to do and I discussed it with my Warrant Officer. He said, "Do you have your car here?" I told him that I did. He said that he was going to get my liberty card for me and that I was to drive down to Weeksville and spend the night with these guys and see how I liked it. Everyone treated me nice and most of them were trying to catch hops so they could get their 4 hours flight time in for the month in order to collect their flight pay. I came back to the USS Shenandoah AD-26 confused. The very next Sunday I went over to NOB (Norfolk Operating Base) Chapel for church service, and while attending this service, I decided to get out and go home and become a civilian again. I did go in the Naval

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Reserve after I was out a while and one of my 2 weeks training was aboard the USS Independence CVA-62. I went up in a helicopter for Dipping Sonar during this cruise. It was so noisy that we had to speak thru the headsets to talk to each other, even though we were sitting right beside each other. After we made contact with the Nuclear Submarine and he started trying to evade us, the helicopter was flip-flopping every which direction and I got sick and upchucked. (Of course the little bit of scotch I had the night before in the forward Chief's Quarters didn't help.) After we landed back on the carrier, of course I had to clean the inside of the plane. After this experience, I was really glad and thankful that I had decided to get out and give it a go as a civilian. All in all, everything worked out pretty well for me.

Clarence Stegeman, WWII Veteran:

Some background before I tell you what happened after I left the USS ROWE DD 564 from Charleston, SC, in August 1946.

There were about eleven or twelve Destroyers in the Pacific Fleet after the peace treaty was signed on September 2, 1945 on the USS MIS-SOURI BB 63. After several more months of patrolling the Sea of Japan and riding out many typhoons, five Destroyers were given the OK for Homeward Bound (USA) on November 18, 1945. These were the USS ROWE DD 564, USS SMALLEY DD 565, USS STODDARD DD 566, USS WATTS DD 567 and the USS WREN DD 568. We arrived in San Diego in early December and many Plank Owners and long time sailors aboard were sent home for discharge. Some of us had to stay, go through the Panama Canal Locks— Caribbean Sea and off Florida coast where we stopped for a half hour swim in the ocean. After that the Commanders agreed for a speed run to Philadelphia, PA Dry Dock. The USS ROWE only had two steam boilers working so we did not win the race. It was 83 degrees in Florida; two days later it was

18 degrees in Philadelphia. We had the shivers. After Dry Dock, sand blasting, a new paint job and all new repair parts installed, these five Destroyers moved to the Charleston Navy Yard and underwent the Moth Ball treatment, Decommissioned, then moored in the Cooper River near the base in case they were needed.

On August 6th, I was advised my job was complete with the USS ROWE DD 564 and I could go home and get my discharge. No goodbyes, only some close buddies—two whom I keep in close contact yet today. I was sent to the Naval Air Reserve Station in St. Louis, MO where I was discharged—no fanfare, just a thank you and went home to Wichita, Kansas. There my family had a gathering and welcomed me home. It was that simple and I was very happy to be home again.

Last May on our way to Atlanta for a grandson's graduation, we met a man at breakfast and began a discussion on the Navy. Francis Lane from Florida mentioned he had served on the USS ROWE DD 564. I said, "What ship did you say?" and he told me again. I couldn't believe it! Then I told him that was the same ship I served on. Francis also said he helped Decommission the USS ROWE the last time. What a coincidence!

John D Bower, MD:

After 4 years I had no idea what the world had in store for me. Before the Navy I had failed out of college and was afraid to go back and afraid not to. There was nothing to do except to return to college since the only money I had was the GI Bill. I was driven by fear of another failure. That fear drove me to complete a 4 year college course in Biology/Chemistry in two and a half years. Med school was next and the GI Bill got me through 2 years. I learned a lot and saw a lot in the Navy and view those 4 years as important as the subsequent 9 years of training. I firmly believe that

every person should serve in the military. I never regretted the time on the USS ROWE. Fear can be a very powerful force properly directed.

U.S. REACTIVATES THE NAVY FOURTH FLEET

Almost six decades after it was discontinued, the U.S. Navy Fourth Fleet as of Tuesday, July 10, 2008, is again sailing the Latin American seas, as it did during World War II.

In an interview via e-mail with AP lieutenant commander Pat Paterson, who is the liaison between the U.S. Andean and Southern Cone navies, said the restoration of the Fourth Fleet is to bring up the region's navy resources and staff up to the level of other existing fleets, such as the Fifth Fleet based on the Persian Gulf, and the Sixth Fleet based on the Mediterranean Sea.

While he rejected the suggestion that the move is intended to counteract Venezuelan President Hugo Chavez, Paterson did concede that "there is concern that President Hugo Chavez may revert the great progress his country has made toward democratic principles and institutions (...) and may threaten his peaceful neighbors or destabilize the region."

The U.S. Navy has some 10-15 ships in Latin America on a daily basis, with some 5,000 — 7,000 troops, and it has no plans to add new ships or staff.

Submitted by STGC Carl L. Cramer, USNR, (Ret)

NAVY PETTY OFFICER MIKE MONSOOR

Mike Monsoor, a Navy EOD Technician, was awarded the Con-

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gressional Medal of Honor posthumously for jumping on a grenade in Iraq, giving his life to save his fellow SEALs.

During Mike Monsoor's funeral in San Diego, as his coffin was being moved from the hearse to the grave site at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, SEALs were lined up on both sides of the pallbearers route forming a column of two's, with the coffin moving up the center.

As Mike's coffin passed, each SEAL, having removed his gold Trident from his uniform, slapped it down, embedding the Trident in the wooden coffin. The slaps were audible from across the cemetery. By the time the coffin arrived grave side, it looked as though it had a gold inlay from all the Tridents pinned to it. This was a fitting send-off for a warrior hero.

Submitted by STGC Carl Cramer, USNR (Ret)

USS ROWE (DD-564)

On 28 July, 1952, the ROWE, in company with the USS SIGOURNEY (DD-643), USS WREN (DD-568), and USS BEARSS (DD-654), departed for Halifax, Nova Scotia. They were joined by the USS COLUMBUS (CA-74) on 29 July and arrived at Halifax on 31 July. On 4 August, the force departed for New York, N.Y., arriving on 6 August and after 4 days there, returned to Norfolk, Virginia for upkeep. On 25 August 1952, the ROWE proceeded independently to Charleston, South Carolina for yard availability.

From 26 August, 1952, until February 1953, the ROWE was in the Charleston Naval Shipyard undergoing extensive structural alterations. The 20 mm and 40 mm mounts were replaced by 3"/50 cal mounts and the old stick mast gave way to the new tripod mast.

Upon completion of her yard availability on 3 February 1953, she again returned to Norfolk, Virginia,

and on 11 February 1953 proceeded to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, for refresher training. During this period, the ROWE made liberty cruises to Santiago De Cuba and Montego Bay, Jamaica, D.W.I. On 1 April, after shore bombardment exercises at Culebra Island, P.R.I., she returned to Norfolk, Virginia for upkeep and local training operations. Armed Forces Day, May 12, was spent in Baltimore, MD.

On 5 June 1953 the ROWE departed for anti-submarine warfare exercises at Key West, Florida and after a liberty trip to Miami, Florida, returned to Norfolk and the Chesapeake Bay Operating area.

On 13 July 1953, the ROWE, in company with Task Group 40.2 and with 70 midshipmen, embarked, departed on Midshipmen Cruise Baker for Edinburgh, Scotland and arrived there on 27 July 1953. After a seven day stay in Edinburgh, the task group proceeded to Oslo, Norway for a four day visit. On 10 August, the Task Group was underway for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, arriving there on 26 August 1953. From Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, the Task Group returned to Norfolk, Virginia, arriving on 3 September 1953.

CDR C.S. Arthur USN was relieved by CDR J.E. Shinnars USN as commanding officer on 20 September 1953. The next month was spent in local operations in the Chesapeake Bay Operating area and in upkeep periods in Norfolk.

On 20 October 1953, the ROWE, in company with Task Group 81.2 departed for Hunter/Killer anti-submarine warfare exercises in the Caribbean. Ports visited during this cruise were Kingston, Jamaica, B.W. I. and San Juan, Puerto Rico. On 24 November 1953, the ROWE returned to Norfolk for upkeep and holiday leave. The early months of 1954 found the ROWE engaged in local operations and upkeep in the Norfolk Area.

Submitted by STGC Carl Cramer, USNR (Ret)

WHAT'S A HOOISER?

That's a question most asked by Indiana visitors. No one seems to know exactly where the word "Hoosier" (hoo-zhur) came from, but there are plenty of stories on its origin—30 at last count. Here are some of the more popular theories:

- Hoosiers are well-known for their questioning and it is possible the nickname originated because they could not pass a house without pulling the latch-string and crying out, "Who's yere (here)?"
- In 1851 Amelia M. Murray reported that she heard the name Hoosier originate when settlers shouted "Huzza!" when gaining victory over a marauding party from a neighboring state.
- Kentucky contractor Samuel Hoosier hired Indiana workers to build the Portland canal at Louisville. These superior laborers became known as "Hoosier's Men" or "Hoosiers" and carried the nickname back north with them. Unfortunately, no one has ever been able to prove the existence of Mr. Hoosier.
- Before its use in America, Hoosier was used in England to refer to someone who lived in the hills or mountains. It may be related to the French "osier" meaning someone from the countryside. This term is still commonly used in Eastern Canada.
- Indiana poet James Whitcomb Riley said the origin of the title "Hoosier" came from the pugnacious habits of the early settlers. "They were vicious fighters..(and) frequently bit off noses and ears. This happened so often that a settler coming into the barroom after a fight would see an ear on the floor and ask, 'Who's ear?'"
- That Indiana rivermen were so spectacularly successful in

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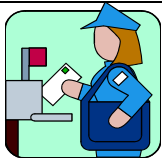
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trouncing or “hushing” their adversaries in the brawling that was then common that they became known as “hushers,” and eventually Hoosiers.

- A theory attributed to Gov. Joseph Wright derived Hoosier from an Indian word for corn, “hoosa.” Indiana flatboatmen taking corn or maize to New Orleans came to be known as “hoosa men” or Hoosiers. Unfortunately, a careful search of Indian vocabularies failed to reveal any such word for corn.

Today the word is used to denote an Indiana native or resident. Although the origin is uncertain, one thing is clear about the word — “Hoosier” and hospitality go hand in hand.

Taken from the official web site of the Indianapolis Convention & Visitors Association.



MAIL CALL

Dear Karen,

Last night my wife Glenda and I attended a concert in Chambersburg, PA. The U.S Navy Band “Country Current” (country bluegrass group) played for a little over an hour.

The show was “outstanding” and one of the songs was “Daddy was a Navy Man” written by Kevin Denney. After the show I went up and asked the emcee where I could find the lyrics to this song. He said it was on the internet, so today I made a copy of the lyrics to send to you.

Don’t know and/or remember seeing this before in our USS Rowe (DD-564) Flagship publication. I thought it was really good and maybe something that you could use in it. The lyrics are enclosed.

Submitted by STGC Carl L. Cramer, USNR (Ret)

Daddy Was A Navy Man

By Kevin Denney

I don’t know why he liked the water,
He’d never seen the ocean before,
But he was young and thirsty for ad-
venture

And our country was at war.

The poster in the window
Promised a chance to see the world
And he figured that he had a score to
settle

For the boys that died at Pearl.

(Chorus)

He’s proud and so am I
That he went and did his part,
And I love to hear the stories that he
tells

Of typhoons, tattoos, Geisha girls

And battles he’s been in

Okinawa, Iwo Jima, and Saipan.

And for the longest time

He wouldn’t drive a car made in Ja-
pan.

Daddy was a Navy man.

Says it was just his duty,
That’s why he volunteered,
And when you’re seventeen years
old,

You’re just too dumb to be scared.

And there’s a friend he talks about,

He says he’ll see again someday,
‘Cause you know old sailors never
die

They just sail away.

(Repeat Chorus)

My daddy was a Navy man

Dear Karen,

Our daughter Leigh drives tractor-trailer long haul all over the United States. During the last couple of years she has purchased some older issues of Sea Classic magazine (never heard of it before) for me in Flagstaff, Arizona. I liked the magazine so well that just this year I decided to subscribe to it for two years. Last month I received my first issue (June 2008) and it had a story in it about the USS Morrison (DD-560). On the 24th of October at approximately 0940 a Judy dive-bomber slipped by defending forces and planted a single 500 lb bomb on the

deck of the carrier Princeton. Next it was Morrison’s turn. When Morrison came alongside, Princeton kept drifting down on her and wedged the destroyer’s mast and forward stack between the uptakes of the carrier. The fire direction radar antenna was smashed and Morrison found herself in irons, wedged against the listing carrier and unable to move. Her stacks and mast were in danger. The TBS antenna was demolished and communication with other ships was lost except by voice, signal light, and semaphore. Then, a tractor and a Jeep fell from the flight deck of the Princeton onto the bridge of the Morrison, endangering everyone on duty there. The wreck slipped down to the main deck, carrying away the port wing of the destroyer’s bridge. There was a good deal of quiet heroism on the decks of the Morrison. Lt J. W. Franklin, Jr. and Lt J.P. Simpson went to the fantail and worked to rescue men there and fight the fire, then ran to the bow and directed fire fighting parties. The reason for writing this story is because Lt. J. P. Simpson is the same (Lt. CDR John P. Simpson, Jr.) who was the executive officer of the USS Rowe (DD-564) when they recommissioned it October 1951 for the Korean War. He was the XO when I reported aboard for duty April 15, 1952. I’m not sure when he left the Rowe, but I believe it was in 1953. He was not the XO when we left in April 1954 for Korea. The Morrison was later sunk by four kamikaze planes. Out of a total complement of 331 men, 179 were recovered and 108 of those were wounded. Finally, it was over. They were stateside bound and the Morrison was left to her watery grave.

STGC Carl L. Cramer, USNR (Ret)

THE CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS was established not by settlement, but by proclamation when Indiana was granted statehood in 1816. The new capital was to be located as near to the center of the state as possible.

GUIDELINES FOR DISPLAY OF THE US FLAG

Public law 94-344, known as the Federal Flag Code, contains rules for handling and displaying of the U.S. Flag. While the federal code contains no penalties for misusing the flag, states have their own flag codes and may impose penalties. Traditional guidelines call for displaying the flag in public only from sunrise to sunset. However, the flag may be displayed at all times if it's illuminated during darkness. The flag should not be subject to weather damage, so it should not be displayed during rain, snow and wind storms unless it is an all-weather flag.

It should be displayed often, but especially on national and state holidays and special occasions.

The flag should be displayed on or near the main building of public institutions, schools during school days, and polling places on election days.

It should be hoisted briskly and lowered ceremoniously.

When carried in procession with other flags, the U.S. flag should be either on the marching right (the flag's right) or to the front and center of the flag line. When displayed on a float in a parade, the flag should be hung from a staff or suspended so it falls free. It should not be draped over a vehicle.

When displayed with another flag against a wall from crossed staffs, the U.S. flag should be on its own right (left to a person facing the wall) and its staff should be in front of the other flag's staff. In a group of flags displayed from staffs, the U.S. flag should be at the center and the highest point.

When flags of states, cities or organizations are flown on the same staff, the U.S. flag must be at the top (except during church services conducted at sea by Navy chaplains).

When other flags are flown from adjacent staffs, the U.S. flag should be hoisted first and lowered last. It must be on the right of other flags and no other flag should stand higher than it. Flags of other nations should be flown from separate staffs. International custom dictates that flags of different nations be displayed at the

same height in peacetime and be approximately the same size. If the flag is suspended outdoors from a rope stretched from a building to a pole, the flag should be hoisted out from the building with the union first. When the flag is displayed other than from a staff, it should be flat or suspended so that it falls free.

When displayed against something, such as a wall, the union should be at the top and to the flag's own right, the observer's left—whether displayed horizontally or vertically.

When displayed over a street or sidewalk, where it can be seen from either side, be sure the union is to the north on an east-west street, and to the east on a north-south street. The same directions apply in a building lobby or corridor with entrances to the east and west or north and south.

When displayed flat against the wall on a speaker's platform, the flag should be above and behind the speaker with the union on the left side as the audience looks at it (again, the flag's right).

When the flag hangs from a staff in a church or public place, it should appear to the audience on the left, the speaker's right. Any other flags displayed should be on the opposite side of the speaker.

The flag may cover a casket, but should not cover a statue or monument for unveiling. It should never be draped or drawn back in folds. Draped red, white and blue bunting should be used for decoration, with the blue at the top and red at the bottom. On a casket, the union (blue field) should be at the deceased person's head and heart, over the left shoulder. But the flag should be removed before the casket is lowered into the grave and should never touch the ground.

The flag may be flown at half-staff to honor a newly deceased federal or state government official by order of the president or the governor, respectively.

On Memorial Day, the flag should be displayed at half-staff until noon.

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The Flagship is the official publication of the USS ROWE 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. 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.

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

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