

THE MESSENGER

Volume 9 Issue 3

January 2002



Special Points of Interest

- See if Ben Booth's story on pages one and two remind you of your own tour. Let us hear from you about your days on-board your ship.
- Page three has the WELCOME MAT. See how many new names were added this quarter!
- TAPS on page three remembers six of your former crewmembers.
- In MAIL CALL on page three, a former shipmate requests to hear from guys from his era. Hope he gets lots of responses.
- The Messenger is now available on line. See how to subscribe on page four.

MY TOUR ON USS ARCADIA

By Ben Booth

I guess my tour on the USS Arcadia (1963-1965) was noteworthy. As an Aviation Storekeeper 2nd Class I was about as far away from aviation store-keeping as one could get when I was stationed on the USS Arcadia. I was ordered to the USS Arcadia to support parts for the Remote Control Dash Helicopter that was in use on many Destroyers that we tendered. However, unlike the other Destroyer Tenders, the Arcadia did not have a helicopter repair capacity and no aviation spares on board and no intention of ever having any. At Newport, RI, our homeport, we were teamed with the USS Yosemite AD 33.

Like any good sailor I accepted my situation and hove to and made my mark in the Supply Central Storerooms. During my spare time on the Arcadia I built a large nut and bolt display board which received rave reviews from all the snipes and repair department types that were always having to replace nuts, bolts, screws and such. With the display board the customers could compare what they needed with what we carried in supply. That display board and the ensuing attention resulted in my being named Sailor of the Quarter in 1965. I was the 2nd Sailor of the Quarter for the USS Arcadia since that honor system was imple-

mented the previous year. A lot of my shipmates called me "Airedale" since I was the only aviation rate they had ever encountered. I was even called "Airedale" once when being paged over the ship's 1MC. During the later months of my tour I began working closely with Storekeeper Chief Leroy Rupp in an effort to automate the supply records. As a result of a great effort on the part of the supply department leadership I was allowed to change my rate. I left the USS Arcadia heading for Machine Accountant School to change my rate. I thanked God repeatedly over the years for putting me on the Arcadia vs. some carrier. It provided

(Continued on page 2)

me the only afloat tour of my 20 years in the Navy.

Shipmates I can remember were Cdr. Coryell, SC, USN, the Supply Officer; Ltjg. Cast (Stagecoach Cast) S1 Division; Leroy Rupp SKC S1 Division, Oliver Grossman SK2, John Shields SK3. The skipper during my tour was Capt. Leahy. I remember many other faces, but not the names. We had good Supply Department leadership while I was on board and we managed to win the Supply E.

A funny story was told on one of our young officers and has probably been used on every ship in the Navy at one time or another. Goes like this. On a trip to Puerto Rico, the skipper came to the bridge one evening and asked the navigator, "How far are we from San Juan?" The navigator responded by holding up his hand with the forefinger and thumb about an inch apart saying, "About this far." That navigator was known as Magellan from that day forward.

Another time we were steaming for Puerto Rico I almost got in trouble. As usual when we were underway many hours were spent overhauling our spaces and getting rid of things not needed. One of these items was about 12 cases of punch cards that were no longer needed. We had packed the boxes of cards into the cases and then taped them good so that the cards would not get loose and the cases would sink. As cases were made ready, the boys carried them to the fantail and were instructed to heave them over the rail into the ocean. About 20 minutes into this job the Officer of the Day called and ordered me to the bridge. As I neared the bridge I became aware of a lot of smirks and stifled chuckling. The Officer of the Day took great relish in explaining to this "Airedale" that I needed to get a better grip on my troops. Instead of throwing the cases over the fantail as they had been told to do, they got the bright idea to open the boxes and cast the cards into the wind. Handful after handful of punch cards were hurled up into the wind. Those cards by the thousands caught the breezes and

soared high into the air behind the ship and were quite an unusual sight as each card constantly flipped over and over. As bad luck would have it, the cards were picked up on the ship's radar and caused quite a panic in CIC and on the bridge as they rushed out to get a visual. Lucky for me it was taken lightly and provided another funny story.

During the time I was stationed on the USS Arcadia, we steamed to Puerto Rico two or three times and once to the Mothball Fleet at Orange, TX.

The trip to Texas was very interesting. In the Gulf of Mexico we had a submarine surface about 200 yards off the port side. Quite a show.

As we were entering the Sabine Pass, it was past breakfast and many of us were leaning on the rails drinking coffee and smoking and watching the scenery. Seemingly from the depths of hell, the water filled with sharks that appeared to be in a feeding frenzy. The water started churning as hundreds of sharks were darting about. It suddenly got very quiet along the ship's rails as all hands slowly straightened up and backed away from the rails. The deck was 20 feet from the water, but no one was taking a chance on a misstep.

The last ten or so miles up the Sabine River was very interesting. We had a man in the chains the whole way throwing the weight to take soundings and more than once the ship heeled over from grounding against the banks. It was a very narrow river for a ship the size of a Destroyer Tender.

We cannibalized many pumps, motors, valves and such from the ships. It was eerie walking through these mothballed ships. They had been sealed up since the late 1940s. When the ship's company had left the ship for the last time, it appeared that they had laid down their pencils and coffee cups and walked out. Charts were still on the table and shaving gear in the wardroom cabinets.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Balance from 10/01 **\$38.21**
Funds received since 10/01 issue
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Funds available for 01/02 issue
\$1019.21
Funds expended for 01/02 issue
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Balance remaining for 04/02 issue
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**Contributions will be needed
for the next issue.**

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

STATEMENT OF PUBLICATION

The Messenger is the official publication of the MCAAN Association. From now on it will be published quarterly in January, April, July, October, *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 Messenger*. 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 and grammar.

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



WELCOME MAT

The MCAAN Group proudly welcomes 210 recently located shipmates. Although the numbers do not allow us to print all the names, we will list the number of newly located from each ship. If you are receiving the MCAAN Messenger for the first time, welcome aboard. We hope you enjoy your first issue

and will contribute not only financially, but also with your stories and anecdotes about life aboard

USS ARCADIA—24

USS AMPHION-140

USS CADMUS—16

USS MARIAS—13

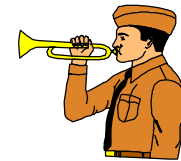
USS NANTAHALA—17

GRAND TOTAL: 210

2002 MCAAN REUNION MAY 16-19

**SAN ANTONIO, TX
FOUR POINTS SHERATON
HOTEL RIVERWALK
NORTH**

**Registration packets will be
mailed in February.**



TAPS

The Messenger learned of the following shipmates' deaths since the last newsletter. The deaths may not have been recent, but we just learned of them. Every member of the Association sends his heartfelt sympathy to the widows, families, and friends of the deceased. If we missed anyone, please accept our apology. Let us know and it will be published in the next issue.

Tony King
USS Nantahala
Date of death not known

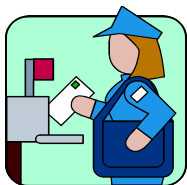
Samuel Heverly
USS Arcadia
Date of death not known

Walter Brooke
USS Arcadia
Date of death not known

John W Strausbaugh, Sr
USS Cadmus
Died December 15, 1997

Frank P Russo
USS Amphion (1948-52)
Died August 30, 2001

George Cornett
USS Nantahala
Died March 23, 1995



MAIL CALL

Dear Sir,

I enjoy The Messenger News very much. Keep up the good work.

I am sorry to report Taps for Frank P. Russo, 8-30-01, USS Amphion, AR-73 (48-52 era), Berghill, OH.

He was not on your list of members, but I'm sure some members will remember him. A really great friend.

I would like to hear from anyone that was aboard the Amphion from 1948-1952 era.

Lewis Willsea
Mill Lake Rd Box 409
Gobles, MI 49055

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 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 Ad-

miral 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

NEWSLETTER AVAILABLE ON LINE

The Newsletter for the USS MCAAN reunion will be available soon to download from the Military Locator & Reunion Service Inc web site.

If you are able to visit our web site and download the Newsletter, and therefore do not need a paper copy mailed to you, please let us know.

Please visit our web site at WWW.MLRSINC.COM, then follow the link labeled Reunions, then scroll down until you see the listing for the USS MCAAN. Click on the button labeled Newsletters, and in a few minutes the newsletter should appear on your screen. (As a side note - it took about 4 minutes on my computer). This will only work if you have Adobe Reader 4.0 or higher. You can also download this viewer for free from our web site.

If this works for you and you would like to receive all future mailings from us in this method, please send me an e-mail requesting to subscribe to the MCAAN E-mail Roster. Each time something new is available, we will send you an e-mail informing you something new is available on the web site. Please let us know if your e-mail address changes so you don't miss any important information.

To subscribe to the MCAAN E-mail Roster please send an e-mail to SubscribeMLRS@aol.com, put the phrase SUBSCRIBE MCAAN in the Subject line and type your name and e-mail address in the body of your e-mail. You will be placed in the e-mail roster.

Your name and postal mailing address will remain in our computers and will appear on all mailing lists, etc distributed to other members of your group.

Dina Coffey