

THE MESSENGER

Volume 17 Issue 1

January 2010

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF USS MARIAS, USS CADMUS, USS AMPHION, USS ARCADIA



USS MARIAS



USS CADMUS



USS AMPHION



USS ARCADIA

Special Points of Interest

- **We got some great hitchhiking tales for our cover stories. If you didn't get one in, send it for the next issue.**
- **George Fitzhenry tells about a practical joke played on a fellow shipmate. See his story on page four.**
- **Charles Zuis shares his story about meeting and greeting President Harry S. Truman during his time at the Pentagon. His story is on page four.**
- **Twenty-three new names for Welcome Mat are on page five. Welcome aboard!**
- **Larry Eckard has a suggestion for your 2011 reunion. See page six.**

ADVENTURES IN HITCHHIKING

Editor's Note: An e-mail was sent out asking for stories about hitchhiking while in the Navy. We are happy to print the following responses:

Fred Lux, MR2, USS Arcadia 1961-64:

While the Arcadia was home ported in Newport, RI, my family lived in Rochester, NY and my girlfriend attended school in Fredonia, NY. I spent every possible weekend hitchhiking home. The amazing thing was that you could hitchhike that distance almost as fast as you could drive it.

In January of 1972, I believe, the Arcadia was scheduled to get under way on a Monday morning for Operation Springboard in San Juan, Puerto Rico. I was leaving Rochester, NY with five other local Arcadia sailors at 8 PM for the eight hour trip to Newport. This time I was driving to leave my car at the base to rebuild the engine when we returned from Puerto Rico. We didn't make it. The engine blew up in Springfield, Mass, while coasting down Jacobs ladder on the turnpike about two in the morning. I didn't know what to do since I

had to get back to the ship by 0800. A tow truck driver arrived and I couldn't afford to store the car until we returned or to have it repaired. My only alternative was to give the tow truck driver the keys and title to the car and hitchhike (in freezing cold and snow) the rest of the way back to Newport. We all made it back to the Arcadia just in time for quarters.

That was not a fun trip at the time, but when you look back at it now, it brings back fine memories of my time on the ARC.

Roderick Langevin, SFP3 1956-58:

I hitchhiked from San Diego to Oswegatchie, NY when I was discharged from the USS Sperry in Jan. 1958. It took me 3 days with one motel stopover with a bar and women, so I had a great time.

(Continued on page 2)

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Randy Brown, Sr. USS Amphion:

I had just returned to Norfolk, Virginia after several months overseas in October 1968 and really looked forward to seeing family and friends in Philadelphia, PA. So, instead of paying \$5.00 for a bus ticket, after making \$108.00 a month, that sounded like a lot. So I decided to hitchhike. Well, I began my trip at 8 am and it took 12 hours. What I thought would be a one or two car trip turned into nine transfers. I saw every small town and landmark on Route 13 all the way to Philadelphia. Little did I know a Greyhound bus would get me home in 6 hours. After that, it was Greyhound all the way.

Although that was over forty years ago, hitchhiking is a no-no. REMEMBER, IT IS BETTER TO PAY THAN PUT YOURSELF IN HARMS WAY.

Ed Sweeney, USS Arcadia:

I was picked up early evening outside of Springfield, MA by a bus driver "dead heading" to Albany, New York. We stopped at a small tavern the bus driver knew about. Several hours later I was at the wheel, arriving at the bus depot in Albany. From there I continued to hitchhike to Buffalo, NY.

Bob "Cappy" Capriotti, SM3 USS Cadmus 1964-66:

On Thanksgiving Day 1965, Jim Hagan, RD3, and I hitchhiked from Norfolk, VA to his parents' house in Fort Wayne, IN on a four day liberty.

Everyone who picked us up insisted we share Thanksgiving dinner with them at a restaurant along the way. Suffice it to say, by the time we got to his house, we were beyond stuffed.

One couple dropped us off in DC and we got to see President Kennedy's grave and several of the monuments. One trucker who picked us up let us sleep in the back of his sleeper cab. While in Indiana, I was introduced to a couple who had lived in Brooklyn many years earlier. After exchanging Brooklyn stories, we discovered they knew my grandfather back in the 1930's. It truly is a small world, even back in

1965.

If memory serves, it was a 24 hour ride each way. Quite an adventure for a 19 year old kid.

Charles T Zuis, US Navy 1949-58:

When I was hitchhiking in 1950 from Washington, DC where I was stationed at the Pentagon, to Herkimer, NY, my home at the time, I received a ride from the actress portraying Stella Dallas, accompanied by her husband. She was a popular radio show personality in the 1940s and 50s. They were partying in NYC and picked me up at the Hudson Parkway ramp and took me about half way up the old Route 9W toward Albany, NY, then they turned off to go to their home in New England. We had a marvelous conversation about show business and the party life in NYC.

Francis Schmolke:

I was aboard the USS Cadmus when we were anchored out in Kingston, Jamaica. We were the only ship there in port at the time and had our own shore patrol.

About eleven of us hitchhiked back into Kingston and, in our nice clean white uniforms, got a ride in a dump truck! Had no money and they would not give us advance pay.

The next day to get around, we pooled our money and one of the guys had a wrist watch. Only way it would work was to hit it and it would start to run again. My buddy said, "Smokey, get this watch going." That was another ride back to town.

The Lake Champlain came into port and all the prices went UP.

We pulled out the next day back to Norfolk. The Lake Champlain stayed down there.

When we got back to Norfolk, we watched on television the Lake Champlain's recovery of astronaut CDR Allen Sheppard, the first man to go into space for the USA.

John Pasquale, SK3 USS Marias 1961-64:

I hitchhiked from Norfolk to Logansport, IN one winter. I had no trouble getting rides all the way to South Bend, IN, which is 70 miles from Logansport, IN. It took me two hours to hitch the next ride and it was from South Bend to only Plymouth, IN, 40 miles from Logansport, IN. My next ride I had to wait 3 hours in the snow to get a ride in a semi that was going to Peru, IN, which is 15 minutes from Logansport. I waited another hour to catch the last ride home. I could have called my parents and been home in no time, but I always liked to see the surprise on their faces when they opened the door to greet me.

Edward Gates, HMCM USN (Ret):

I have nothing very exciting on hitchhiking while in the Navy, however one trip from NAS Jacksonville to my home 125 miles south of Jax is memorable. Another sailor and I were picked up by an inebriated driver who had two problems. One was a predilection to drive too fast and the other was staying on the road. After the second stop to top off his blood alcohol level, he let me drive. I drove to the point where I needed to go in a different direction and parked on the street. I was unable to awaken him, and just left him there. By the way, my fellow hitchhiker had bailed out of the deal after the first bar stop. This was about 1952 before I had my own car.

Roberto Lopez:

I did not hitchhike, but I did walk a mile or so in the snow to go call the ship (USS Cadmus) from a public phone at a service station. I informed the OOD at the Quarterdeck of my situation, he made a note and everything was okay. I explained to him that I was stranded along with thousands of other folks on Highway 95. we were coming from Sugarloaf, Maine to Newport, RI, during the

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snow storm of 1969. The reason for all this effort, walking in the snow to go find a phone and call the ship was because of fearing of going before the Captain for a Captain's Mast for not getting back on time, as it was often the case with folks that were late coming back to the ship. Some friends and I had gone snow skiing to Sugarloaf, Maine for the weekend. We got the word of the storm on Sunday, so we started to come back to Newport, but we only traveled for about an hour or two when the traffic came to a halt that Sunday evening until the next day after lunch when we finally started moving again. This was a first time experience being stranded on the highway, freezing temperatures, and snow up to the bumper of the car. Fortunately, a car or two behind us was a load of single ladies from Salem, MA, and they had munchies and we shared what we had and we all became good friends. I hope one of these retirement days a revisit to those familiar and beautiful places like Sugarloaf, Salem, Boston and Newport will be on the itinerary.

Bob Hopper, USS Marias Operations Officer, 1968-69:

I can't think of one specific hitchhiking incident, but I have many not-so significant ones. From the first day of high school, I hitchhiked the last mile-and-a-half to high school every day for four years. Upon starting college at the NY State Maritime College, I hitchhiked home from New York City to Yonkers whenever I had a weekend off. Then on Spring break of my second year, I put on my midshipman's uniform and hitchhiked from NYC to Miami, FL and back. My most interesting experience during that trip was getting dropped off late at night on a totally dark road in the middle of the Dismal Swamp in NC. It was freezing cold and too dark for cars to see me. It was dead quite except for strange animal noises I heard every once in a while. There was very little room between the side of the road and the swamp. After

about an hour, a police car picked me up. I was sure they were going to take me to jail, but I was still happy to see them. I asked them if they could drop me off at the nearest motel and lucky for me, they obliged. I spent a week in Miami, and then hitchhiked back to NY. I continued in the Naval Reserve while attending King's College and hitchhiked every Monday night to the Naval Reserve unit. I put on my Seaman's uniform and hitchhiked the twenty-some miles to the unit in Yonkers. Upon graduating from King's College, I received a commission as an Ensign and have never hitchhiked a day since. I was able to afford to buy a car at that point and no longer needed to rely on that mode of transportation. Oops, I forgot one. While stationed in Paris, France, as a Lieutenant in 1965, I was driving with my very pregnant wife from Germany to Paris when the car broke down at about 11:30 at night, once again on a dark road in the middle of nowhere in a snowstorm. I hitchhiked one more time to the nearest town where there was a railroad station that led back to Paris. I returned the next day (on the train) to get my car fixed.

Hitchhiking was a great mode of transportation back in the 1950s and early 60s. In Europe, in those days, even girls hitchhiked.

Andrew Malone:

I was temporarily assigned from the Arcadia to a unit playing baseball. We sailed from Newport to Norfolk on a destroyer and were given weekend Liberty as soon as we were settled in barracks on land. Heading to New York I was warned not to try and take the ferry across without getting a ride on the Norfolk side. Well, I didn't listen and took the 4 pm across. Midnight I was still on the other side of Norfolk waiting for the last ferry to arrive. A car finally stopped and for \$5.00 I could have a ride to the George Washington Bridge in New Jersey. I finally took a bus and train and arrived

home in Brooklyn around 10 pm Saturday. The following day I took a 10 am train back to Norfolk. It was my last effort to try and make a trip home while we were in Norfolk.

The Arcadia gang made many a trip back and forth with the same gang, driven by George Puleo. We would leave from New York Paramount around 1 am Monday morning, getting back to Newport around 6-6:30 am. We drove with a person looking out the window to try to see in a fog; remember a time with a 7th person sleeping across the feet of the people in the back. It was always a great experience. We probably could have written a book about those trips.

John Burgess:

I was going on ten days leave from Oceanna Naval Air Base. I had gotten into an all weekend poker game and lost the \$150 bucks I had saved up. (This was in 1957.) I hitched rides all the way into New Jersey. I lived in Connecticut at the time. I was let off at a toll plaza. A toll collector asked if I was Navy and I answered yes. He said a fellow Navyman was passed out drunk, lying on his seabag off the road and asked if I'd help him along, as he was going to Rhode Island. I went over and got him up and said to look sharp so we could get another hitch. We got a ride to my exit and got him out of the car and put him on the grass. His wallet fell out, but the guy was so out of it he had no idea what was going on. I looked into his wallet and there had to be over \$300 dollars in it. I was flat broke and I could have emptied it and left and nobody would have been the wiser. I don't know if it was my Catholic school upbringing or shipmate loyalty, but I opened his seabag and put the wallet inside, waking him and telling him what I had done. He was starting to sober up some so I didn't feel bad about leaving him. I'm sure he got home eventually and his wallet was secure in his seabag. I was 19 at the

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time. I've been blessed with three great kids and at present 4 beautiful grand kids. I retired after 25 years on the local police department, so life has treated me well. I will never forget that night, though.

Michael Sherard, USS Amphion 1969-71:

I left Norfolk on a Friday afternoon in dress blues heading for SC in 1969. I was picked up a few hours later by shore patrol and taken back to the ship. I struck out again and caught a ride with a guy who had other not so pure thoughts. I got out of his car and then got picked up by shore patrol again and back to the ship. I tried once again and made it, but it took 12 hours and ended up 30 miles from my house on a dark road. I called home and my father picked me up. The trip back to Norfolk was uneventful, but a long time on the road for a few hours with the girls. When you're 18, though, you will do anything.

NAVY STORIES

George Fitzhenry:

When the Cadmus was in Boston (spring and summer of 1969) a group of us had to march in a parade in Gloucester, MA. Somebody screwed up on the start time and we got there about three hours early. We all wound up in the American Legion Post to kill some time—big mistake! After the parade the Lieutenant said, "For a bunch of drunks, we marched damn well!" There was a sailor by the name of Potter who came back and crashed in his bunk. He had a wrist watch that showed the date. Someone took the watch and set it ahead twenty-four hours. About three hours later, when he woke up, everyone convinced him he had slept the whole day. It took him about an hour to reset the watch. (He had to go through the whole calendar to

get back to the right day.)

Charles T. Zuis:

I was stationed in the Defense Printing service in the basement of the Pentagon as a US Navy instructor in offset Lithography from fall of 1949 to Jan of 1952. All of a sudden we had two guests touring the facility. It was President Harry S. Truman and Prime Minister Winston Churchill of England with representatives from the Joint Chiefs of Staff (the old War Department). We, of course, watched them as they walked around the place. I'm not sure Mr. Churchill was still Prime Minister, but he certainly was one of the most important leaders in the free world during WWII.

Another time I attended a scrimmage football game during the fall of 1949 at the Federal Park just below the Washington Monument in Washington, DC, and along came President Truman with his secret service entourage as he was taking one of his famous walks around the White House. The Washington Monument is located just south of the White House. We all rubber-necked the president, but as he turned around to go back to his home, he walked right by me. Being in uniform, I saluted him and said, "Good morning, Mr. President." He was a short man and looked up at me and saluted back saying, "Good morning, Son," much to the angst of the secret service boys. It was the biggest thing in my life... to meet, salute and speak to a President of the United States. For weeks I narrated the episode with great pride.

I was in the regular Navy (as a lithographer) from June of 1949 to April of 1953 and in the reserve from 1954 to 1959. I loved the Navy and ended my career as a LI 2. On board the Cadmus from 1/52 to 4/59. I was in charge of the Print and Photo shop.

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.

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.

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.

MCAAN REUNION APRIL 29—MAY 2, 2010

PHILADELPHIA, PA

MARRIOTT PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT HOTEL



WELCOME MAT

The MCAAN Group proudly welcomes these recently located shipmates. Welcome aboard! We hope you will become an active member in the association by contributing both financially and with stories for the newsletter. We look forward to seeing you at a reunion.

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



TAPS

The Messenger learned of the following shipmates' deaths since the last newsletter. The death may not have been recent, but we just learned of it. Every member of the Association sends his heartfelt sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased.

Robert Daniel (USS Arcadia)
(1960-61) MM2
Died December 22, 2009

Stephen Tagliarino (USS Marias)
(1943-45) HC1/c Sick Bay
Died August 8, 2009

Jim Altadonna (USS Arcadia)
(1951-55)
Died September 2009

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Balance from 10/09 **\$1274.03**

Funds received since 10/09 **\$45.00**

Funds available for 10/09 **\$1319.03**

Funds expended for 01/10 **\$146.99**

Balance remaining for 04/10
\$1172.04

The Messenger is being mailed by USPS only to contributors and reunion attendees who do not have e-mail. All other contributors and reunion attendees will receive it by e-mail, so be sure we have your current e-mail address. You are considered a contributor if you have donated money within the last calendar year from the time of the current newsletter. Please continue to support the newsletter. Send any amount of contributions to ML&RS, Inc. at the address on page five.

FROM ML&RS, INC

OK Guys, here it is! We have found an outstanding reunion site for you – Plano, Texas! Your first question is probably “Where the heck is Plano, Texas”? It is a suburb of Dallas in proximity to all of the major Dallas-Ft Worth attractions. Historic downtown Plano holds something for everyone....shopping, dining, nightlife, culture, etc. Unique and one-of-a-kind of stores and boutiques line the brick street. In addition to shopping you can stop for a bite to eat and one of the many eateries located downtown or a drink after a hard days touring or shopping.

You owe it to yourself to consider Plano for your next reunion; you'll never regret the decision to allow Plano to host your 2011 reunion. We here at ML & RS, Inc heartily endorse Plano!

As your reunion planner for many years, you know we have never so enthusiastically endorsed any reunion site. Since this is an endorsement of Plano, not of a specific hotel, all we'll say about accommodations you will be more than pleased.

Some groups have actually extended their reunion by a day just to take advantage of everything that is available. Let me tell you, in no particular order, just a few of the things that are waiting for you in and around Plano; how much you do depends on how long you stay in Plano.

Southfork Ranch, home to the Ewings is probably the most famous place in Plano and no visit to the area would be complete without Southfork on your agenda. You can tour the famed Ewing Mansion and re-live exciting moments from the series in the "Dallas Legends" exhibit, featuring an exciting array of memorabilia from the series. See the gun that shot J.R., Lucy's Wedding Dress, the "Dallas" Family Tree, and Jock's Lincoln Continental. Relax on a guided tour of the ranch grounds. Eat at Miss Ellie's Deli and shop in two themed retail

stores, offering a diverse selection of clothing, accessories, gifts, and collectibles. You will want to plan in advance for the famous South Fork Chuck Wagon-style buffet followed by some cowboy music. This is a special event for groups, not to be confused with the dinner that is open to the public. Anyone who doesn't love a Southfork evening is unTexan!

For a taste of Texas night-life there is “Billy Bob's Texas” the world's largest “Country Music Honky-Tonk” where you ride and shoot the bull. Food is excellent, and there really is live bull riding right in the club – and be sure to take advantage of the photo bull. Did I forget to mention the live entertainment?

For the cowboys in the group a visit to the Ft Worth Stockyard Historic District is a must. Here you can see a real cattle drive. For the drovers heading longhorn cattle up the Chisholm Trail to the railheads, Fort Worth was the last major stop for rest and supplies. Beyond Fort Worth they would have to deal with crossing the Red River into Indian Territory. Between 1866 and 1890 more than four million head of cattle were trailed through Fort Worth which was soon known as “Cowtown” and had its own disreputable entertainment district several blocks south of the Courthouse area that was known all over the West as “Hell's Half Acre”, Now the beautiful Fort Worth Water Gardens.

For the more serious minded, you'll want see Dealey Square, the site of President Kennedy's assassination. See where the President was gunned down, visit the building the fatal shots were fired from, see the Courthouse where Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald. All things and more are awaiting you and the cost is no more than you've been paying. Give it a try!

George Fitzhenry:

When the Camus was in Boston (spring and summer of 1969) a group of us had to march in a parade in Gloucester, MA. Somebody screwed up on the start time and we got there about three hours early. We all wound up in the American Legion Post to kill some time—big mistake! After the parade the Lieutenant said, "For a bunch of drunks, we marched damn well! There was a sailor by the name of Potter who came back and crashed in his bunk. He had a wrist watch that showed the date. Someone took the watch and set it ahead twenty-four hours. About three hours later, when he woke up, everyone convinced him he had slept the whole day. It took him about an hour to reset the watch. (He had to go through the whole calendar to get back to the right day.)



FOR SALE
MARIAS PATCHES 1950s ERA
\$7.50

CONTACT:
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We need to hear from YOU! Stories, letters, memorabilia or anything you think would be interesting for others to read are needed for the newsletter. Please send them to ML&RS, Inc at our address to the right above. Thank you.

YOU COULD HAVE HEARD A PIN DROP

A U.S. Navy Admiral was attending a naval conference that included Admirals from the American, English, Canadian, Australian and French navies. At a cocktail reception, he found himself standing with a large group of Officers that included personnel from most of those countries. Everyone was chatting away in English as they sipped their drinks, but a French Admiral suddenly complained that, whereas Europeans learn many languages, Americans learn only English. He then asked, "Why is it that we always have to speak English in these conferences rather than speaking French?"



MAIL CALL



WELCOME MAT

The MCAAN Group proudly welcomes these recently located shipmates. Welcome aboard! We hope you will become an active member in the association by contributing both financially and with stories for the newsletter. We look forward to seeing you at a reunion.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

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 Funds available for 10/09 **\$1378.11**
 Funds expended for 10/09 **\$104.08**
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Without hesitating, the American Admiral replied, "Maybe it's because the Brits, Canadians, Aussies and Americans arranged it so you wouldn't have to speak German."

You could have heard a pin drop.

MLRS ON FACEBOOK

ML&RS, Inc is now on Facebook! Find us using the e-mail address dina@mlrsinc.com.



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Letters demeaning to another shipmate will not be printed; letters espousing a political position will not be printed.

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.

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.

2010 MCAAN REUNION

APRIL 29—MAY 2

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