



KNOX KNEWS

JANUARY – MARCH 2009

Plans are shaping up for the 2009 Reunion. Invitations will be coming in the mail soon. As stipulated in the association By-laws only those current members with paid up Dues Cards receive the invitation to attend a reunion.

We want to thank all of the members who sent Greeting Cards for the Holidays, they are most appreciated. Also received a notice from Terry Miller of Tin Can Sailors that JOSHUA W. RUSSELL of Tyler Texas has joined the ranks of destroyer veterans. Josh Was one of the winners of a Tin Can Sailors Certificate at the Reunion.

REUNION 2009

We have contracted to stay at POINT PLAZA SUITES AND CONFERENCE HOTEL.

950 J. Clyde Morris Blvd. Newport News, VA 23601

Phone: Toll Free (800) 841-1112, (757)599-4460 BE SURE TO MENTION: USS Frank Knox DDR-742

Room rate; \$89.00, Suite \$119.00 Plus State & local tax. Breakfast Included. Date is Oct. 14 – 17make your plans now! Reunion invitation will be mailed upon receipt of 2009 Dues. Remember you **MUST** be paid-up member to attend a reunion. Room rates are good 3 days before/after reunion. There will be a cut-off date with the invitation.

There will be a Hospitality Room where we will provide snacks, beer & wine. You provide conversation! Banquet will be Saturday evening. All of this information AND more will be forthcoming with your invitation. Don't delay, send in your Dues NOW!

I don't believe we told you the picture of the Knox refueling alongside the battleship was courtesy of KEN BULLOCK of Indianapolis, IN. THANKS Ken.

Sadly we must report the passing of old friend BILLY JACK SMITH on December 30, 2008 at Crown Point, Indiana. Smitty was a Plank Owner serving on the USS Frank Knox from November 1944 until June 1946 as a TM3. I recently read the following poem

and thought immediately of Smitty.

THE DASH

Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak
At the funeral of a friend.
he referred to the dates on her tombstone
from the beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of her birth
and spoke of the following date with tears,
but he said what mattered most of all
was the dash between those years.

For the dash represents all the time
she spent alive on earth...
and now only those who loved her
know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own;
the cars...the house...the cash.
What matters is how we live and love
and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard...
are there things you'd like to change?
For you never know how much time is left
that can still be rearranged.

If we could just slow down enough
to consider what's true and real,
and always try to understand
the way other people feel.

And be less quick to anger,
and show appreciation more
and love the people in our lives
like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect
and more often wear a smile...
remembering that this special dash
might only last a little while.

So, when your eulogy is being read

with your life's actions to rehash...
would you be proud of the things they
say about how you spend your dash?

Linda Ellis
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Once again we remind everyone we receive too many returned mailings because of insufficient or unknown address. If you know any of the following please send me a corrected address.
BORTZFIELD, John, Pacific, MO
GRECIO, John A., Buffalo, NY
CHEECHOV, Gerald, Vacaville, CA
HANSARD, George, Sherman, TX
LIGGETT, Hiram, Chesterfield, MO
NELSON, Capt Perry, Short Hills NJ
WHITMAN, Rev. Amos, Cedartown, GA
WILLCUTT, John, Santa Maria, CA
WILLIAMS, Meredith, Claremore. OK

Postal costs have risen, last year it cost \$.75 to mail the roster, this year it is \$1.17 and the Post Office tells me to expect another increase in May!

Just received from ROGER F. CARTER –
A pleasant memory . . .
In Korea on a letter home we would write the word "FREE" on the envelope in place of a stamp.

Yeah Roger, I remember we could do that when in a war zone. Thanks for the memory!

The Association has made a \$100.00 donation to the Save The Tower Campaign of the Pacific Aviation Museum at Pearl Harbor.

Also a donation of \$100.00 to the Korean War National Museum for which we will receive a five-hour DVD of the Korean War.

Received word that BRUCE Y. THOMPSON (12/65 – 5/67) PASSED AWAY JANUARY 27, 2009. Bruce and Linda attended 10 reunions.

Ken Arthurs sent information that Nancy Trudell, wife of Dave has had a recurrence of cancer and is on Home Hospice care. Please keep Nancy and Dave in your prayers.

In the JAN. FEB. MAR. issue of Tin Can Sailors James Gibbons had a letter published in “Mail Call” concerning an event that took place at San Diego. The article does not mention when this occurred but I know it didn’t happen from 1950 to 1954. We never had a flooded magazine. James was aboard 1/67 – 3/70; perhaps some of you recall the incident.

Joe Dempsey saying it was taken from the Bonhomme Richard CV-31 in the Persian Gulf in July 1964 sent this picture. He was on the carrier for a week and took off and landed in a radar-dome type aircraft and also was transported by boatswain chair to the destroyer. Sure looks like calm seas.

DIDJA KNOW

Some folks have asked how the location for a reunion is selected.

This was mentioned in a previous Newsletter, the site is determined by vote of the membership. We give you many choices from which to choose and at the last reunion it was the choice of the attendees that only those members who attend a reunion may vote. So it behooves you to attend a reunion to cast your ballot for your choice of site.

How was Virginia chosen? Of all the sites listed Williamsburg received 52 votes, Gettysburg 47, Portland, ME 38, Buffalo 36, Cruise Ship 23. The 2010 site will be from the list in the upcoming questionnaire. We could not find suitable accommodations at Williamsburg so a site close by, Newport News, was selected.

ROGER F. CARTER sent this;

I liked standing on the bridge at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four corners of the globe. I liked the sounds of the Navy – the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship’s bell on the quarterdeck, harsh, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I liked Navy vessels – plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers.

I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea, Antietam, Valley Forge – memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome.

I liked the lean angular names of Navy “tin-cans” and escorts, mementos of heroes who went before us.

And the others – San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago, Oklahoma City, named for our cities.

I liked the tempo of a Navy band.

I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port.

I even liked the never ending paperwork and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the big cities, the mountains and prairies, from all walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word they were "shipmates"; then and forever.

I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now Hear This" "Now station the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side. The work was hard and dangerous: the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea was ever present.

I liked the fierce and dangerous activity on the flight deck of aircraft carriers, earlier named for battles won but sadly now named for politicians. Enterprise, Independence, Boxer, Princeton and oh so many more, some lost in battle, and sadly many scrapped.

I liked the names of aircraft and helicopters; Skyraider, Intruder, Sea King, Phantom, Skyhawk, Demon, Skywarrior, Corsair, and many more that bring to mind offensive and defensive orders of battle.

I liked the excitement of an alongside replenishment as my ship slid in alongside the oiler and the cry of "Standby to receive shot lines" prefaced the hard work of rigging span wires and fuel hoses echoed across the narrow gap of water between ships and welcomed the mail and fresh milk, fruit and vegetables that sometimes accompanied the fuel.

I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and joined with a mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

I liked the quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee - the lifeblood of the Navy permeating everywhere.

And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minute of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

I liked the sudden electricity of "General Quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations," followed by the clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a brief few seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war - ready for anything.

And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and now women who made them. I

liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke.

A sailor could find much in the Navy; comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of a seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, we will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean and all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm tossed green water surging over the bow. And there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

Gone ashore for good we grow humble about our Navy days, when the seas were a part of us and a new port of call was forever over the horizon.

Remembering this, WE stand taller and say, "I WAS A SAILOR ONCE."

Author Unknown

February 4 just got off the phone with Pete Lopez in St. Joseph, MO. Pete says he's coming along very good, getting stronger every day. He sounds great and said to say hello to all his old shipmates.

HELPFUL HINT

Make dish detergent do double duty as a kitchen cleaner by simply adding a splash to a spray bottle of water. This quick and easy low-cost solution makes an effective all-purpose cleaner that is just the thing for cleaning kitchen surfaces.

February 6 received a nice card from Beverly Mitchell, friend of Billy Jack Smith, she is now an Associate Member;

Dear Orv

Thanks for your kind words at the loss of Billy.

I am so pleased to be an Associate member.

No, I do not have email. But my phone numbers are

Home 219-931-5714

Cell 847-917-1632

Best wishes to you and Nancy.

Beverly

Talk about coincidence!

February 7 received email from Don McClanahan with "I Was a Sailor Once" to share with the membership.

You can take a sailor out of the ocean but you can't take the ocean out of a sailor. Thanks Don.

From the St. Petersburg Times, Sunday Feb. 8

HONOLULU

Navy can't budge grounded warship

An attempt to pull a \$1 billion warship free after it ran aground off the coast of Honolulu was unsuccessful Saturday, but the Navy planned to try again after lightening the vessel's weight. Navy tugboats and a salvage ship, the USS *Salvor*, tried to tow out the USS *Port Royal* at high tide early Saturday, but the guided missile cruiser remained stuck on the sandy, rocky bottom, said Pacific Fleet spokesperson Agnes Tanyan. The crew remained on board.

Happens in the best of families. Orv

February 10 St. Petersburg Times

SHIP UNSTUCK, BUT COMMANDER OUT

Capt. John Carroll, the commanding officer of a \$1 billion warship that ran aground along the coast of Honolulu, has been relieved of duty, the Navy said Monday.

Rear Adm. Dixon R. Smith, commander of Naval Surface Group Middle Pacific, relieved Carroll of his duties pending the results of an investigation into Thursday's incident. The Navy freed the vessel, which had been stuck for more than three days, on Monday.

Carroll took command of the *USS Port Royal* in October. Capt. John T. Lauer III, who is currently assigned to the staff of Naval Surface Group Middle Pacific, was temporarily assigned as the guided missile cruiser's commanding officer.

The ship – one of the Navy's most advanced – ran aground when it was offloading sailors, contractors and shipyard personnel late Thursday. Efforts to refloat the vessel over the weekend were unsuccessful.

The *Port Royal* was extracted from a rock and sand shoal about 2 a.m. Monday after officials removed about 500 tons of seawater and 100 tons of anchors and other equipment, the Navy said in a statement. Officials said they plan to examine the wreck site to determine if there was a fuel leak or spill.

Received a packet from CBM Robert Hoefler (RET) living in Deltona, FL with pictures of the starboard K-guns awash during heavy seas (reminded me of my first battle station on those guns). Also some photos of COMDESRON 20 Captains gig with beautiful macramé with some unfamiliar names, McNir, McGowan, Miller, Rooks, Hickok embroidered. Maybe some of you "old timer's" may recall.

MORE SAD NEWS

I sent email to many members when I received word that my old skipper Captain Sam J. Caldwell has passed away at age 92 on January 29, 2009 at Palm Desert, CA. Those of you lucky enough to have served under him knew him as a great individual. He often said that the crew of the Frank Knox was his greatest crew. Condolences were sent to his son Donald Caldwell who replied, "Thanks so much for your

thoughts on my father's passing. I will pass them on to the rest of the family – it means a lot."
Don Caldwell

E-mail from Richard Shaw who was aboard the USS McKean and has been working with Ken Sewell on the book about the sub incident. Dick had previously sent message about Capt. Caldwell's passing:

"I was not sure that you had the information. Ken and I met with Capt. Caldwell in 2006 and he was very gracious at that time. We were both lucky to have such great skippers while we were in the Navy. Both skippers kept us out of harms way. This is all the more reason to have the book written. Ken Sewell is going to be the guest speaker at the USS Walke DD 723 Reunion in Detroit Sept. 2009. The Walke lost 26 sailors and 41 wounded. The skipper and the crew believe they were hit by a Soviet torpedo. The Navy said it was struck by a mine. They were sworn to secrecy at the time as like were. Ken says there is enough evidence that it was a torpedo that struck the Walke. Ken is combining the two stories to get the publishers attention. I had not heard of the Walke incident until reading Tin Can Sailors paper. Will keep in touch and let you know more as it happens.

Dick

Armando Altamirano (who was aboard '45 – '46) recently sent in dues, wife Geneveve sent accompanying letter saying Armando has suffered two strokes and is now in assisted living facility, she also requested a cap saying he wanted to preserve his 50th anniversary cap and that he wears his cap all the time showing his participation in the "Great War"
Keep Armando in your thoughts and prayers.

We have been receiving mail saying the questionnaire has not been received. We will send notice of Dues being due in October to hopefully update the Master Roster timely.

Please remit your dues, sending out reminders causes unnecessary additional postage.

Received phone call from PETE LOPEZ on Friday March 13 stating he was back in the hospital with fluid on his lungs and going to have surgery on Wednesday. Keep old Pete in your prayers. Prognosis is good from his doctors.

Qualifications of a naval Officer

It is by no means enough that an officer of the Navy should be a capable mariner. He must be that, of course, but also a great deal more. He should be as well a gentleman of liberal education, refined manners, punctilious courtesy, and the nicest sense of personal honor.

He should be the soul of tact, patience, justice, firmness, kindness, and charity. No meritorious act of a subordinate should escape his attention or be left to pass without its reward, even if the reward is only a word of approval. Conversely, he should not be blind to a single fault in any subordinate, though at the same time, he should be quick and unflinching to distinguish error from malice, thoughtfulness from incompetency, and well meant shortcomings from heedless or stupid.

In one word, every commander should keep constantly before him the great truth, that to be well obeyed, he must be perfectly esteemed.

Written by Augustus C. Buell in 1900 to reflect his views of John Paul Jones

Fair Winds



Following Seas

*“May the Lord fill our sails with fair wind,
Support our hulls in inviting seas,
Guide our hands upon the tiller toward
pleasant places,
And bring us home, O Lord, to a safe and
loving harbor.”*

