



NEWSLETTER

Of the USS REID Reunion Group

Vol. 1 No.4

August, 1997

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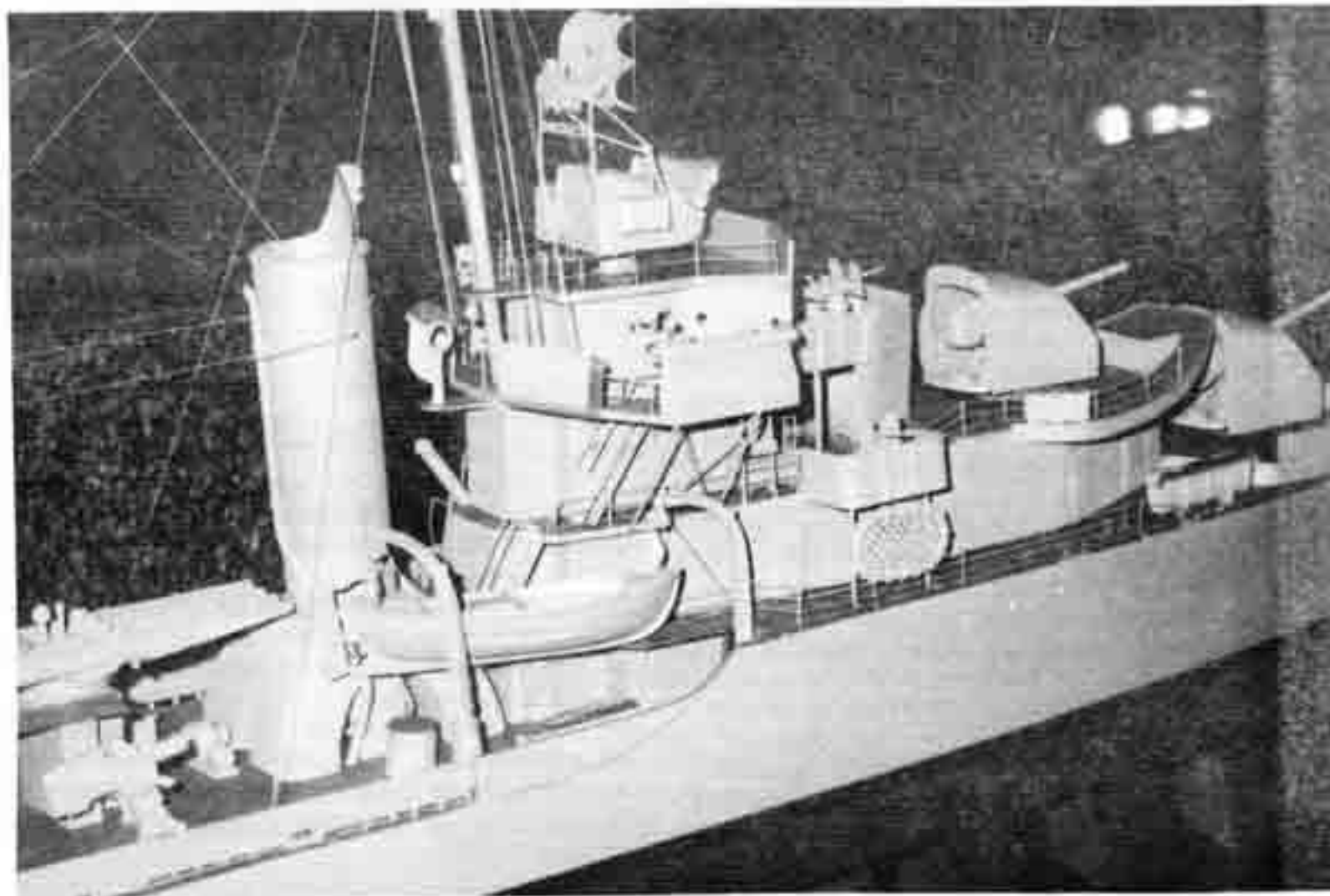
NEXT EVENT -- REUNION

Inside: Everything you want to know - Where? When? What?

Twenty to thirty years ago we got together because we were still fit and sassy. We could still remember what happened 25 to 35 years earlier. Television had kept our war alive. We had survived both the war and the tough years of economic depression in our youth. We were still bonded. A new *Reid* has kept the memory of the old *Reid* alive. We had then, as we have now, a lot to remember and to be thankful for.

It's time to think about where do we go from

here. We have two tangible legacies and we should give some thought to how they can be preserved. What are those legacies? One is a commissioned, fighting ship of the U.S. Navy named *Reid* which may soon go out of service. Can we in any way influence the commissioning of another *Reid* in the future Navy? The other is the model of the *Reid DD369* now in the Navy Memorial. How can the model and its story be preserved for future generations to remember us by? Let's talk about it.



The Model. Why isn't Frenchie on the bridge?

BIOGRAPHIES

If you have been reading the Newsletter carefully, you will remember that I am trying to start a new feature: Shipmate Biographies or Bio Sketches.

With the help of **Bill Alford**, I persuaded **Rufe Porter** to help us get this biography idea off to a good start by making the first contribution. Rufe came through and his bio appears on another page.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, **Walter Fox**, an alert shipmate from western New York, reading my plea in the last issue for bio material, beat everyone to the punch.

Walter E. Fox

Edgar and Luetta (Haberer) Fox were living in Langford, NY when their only son Walter was born on February 21, 1925, in Langford, NY, approximately 25 miles south of Buffalo. A few years later, the family moved a bit closer to Buffalo where his father could get work. So it was in the town of Blasdell where Walter and his three sisters grew up.

He attended Our Mother of Good Council School for eight years of primary schooling, then shifted over to Blasdell High School until his junior year. On his seventeenth birthday, he decided to join the Navy and quit school.

He didn't leave for boot camp right away. The Navy had space and scheduling problems in the early days of the war. About six weeks later, on April 9, 1942 he reported to Great Lakes, Illinois. Following boot training he was assigned to the Machinist Mate school, apparently to fill a quota. Walter says he had no particular interest in being a Machinist Mate at that time. Just the luck of the draw.

Walter then reported to Treasure Island in San Francisco, boarded a troop ship going to Pearl Harbor and was assigned to the USS Reid. He came aboard the Reid as a Fireman Second Class about the end of September, 1942, after the ship returned from its Alaska assignment.

Walter's duty station aboard the Reid was the number one fireroom and that was still his station when the ship went down on December 11, 1944. On that fateful day and hour, Walter, now a Boilermaker Second Class, reports that he had just climbed out of the engine room to get water for the crew down there, when a kamikaze hit forward. Walter was struck by shrapnel in both elbows and his leg. When the ship rolled over, he walked off the side and dove in without a life jacket.

After making his way back to the States, Walter took a 30 day home leave and then was assigned to the



Walter Fox in La Jolla, 1945

San Diego Naval Repair Base. He remained there until the end of the war and was discharged on December 12, 1945.

Walter went back to his home town of Blasdell, joined the Volunteer Fire Company and was married to his first wife, Margaret, in December, 1947. Over the course of ensuing years there were five children, four boys and a girl. Walter found work at Bethlehem Steel in Lackawanna, NY. After about seven years he moved to the Ford Motor Company at the Woodlawn Stamping Plant as a fireman for nearly 29 years more, retiring on January 1, 1982.

DD369 REUNION

When? Sunday, Monday & Tuesday, October 5 - 7

Where? Holiday Inn - Sunspree Resort, 39th & Oceanfront, Virginia Beach Virginia

Agenda:

Sunday	Hospitality Room opens	4:00 PM
	Dinner on your own	
Monday	Naval Base Tour leaves	9:30 AM
	Lunch on Base on your own	
	Tour returns	3:00 PM
	Business meeting	4:30 PM
	Dinner on your own	
Tuesday	Harbor Cruise Tour leaves	10:00 AM
	Lunch aboard included	
	Tour returns	2:30 PM
	Another business meeting (if needed)	4:30 PM
	Banquet - dinner	7:00 PM
Wednesday	Hospitality Room closes	10:00 AM

*(Dress code for dinner: Civilian attire. Your wartime uniform is also acceptable!
But if you can't button it up, be prepared to sit in a dark corner.)*

Hotel Reservations: Make your own reservation with the hotel. The easiest way is to call their 800 number (1-800-942-3224) and guarantee payment with your credit card. Or you can cut out and send in the reservation form reproduced on a nearby page.

Payment for Tours and dinner: Send payment to Art Bish no later than 15 September for whatever tours you are going on **and** for the dinner. Don't forget to multiply the rates by the number in your party!!

Forgot to tell Art Bish you are coming? You can still make it. You can still get on the tours. Call Art today!! 1-757-424-3251

Travel from Airport. When you arrive at the airport, there is an airport shuttle bus which runs continuously to the beach front. Cost is \$18.25 per person. If there are two or more to a party, you might do better taking a taxi.

NOTE!! Warren Law sent me a note saying that another destroyer is having a reunion in Virginia Beach the same week we will be there. The Sullivans, both DD537 and DDG68. The notice doesn't say what hotel they are using.

Tours for USS Reid 1997 Reunion



Tour #1 Monday, October 6., 1997 9:30 AM - 3:00 PM
MacArthur Memorial Naval Base Tour
Virginia Beach Norfolk Riding Tours

Package Price: \$21.00 per person, inclusive.

Visit the MacArthur Memorial for a glimpse into our country's history. A unique collection of artifacts, documents, photographs and memorabilia housed in Norfolk's historic city hall trace the life and times of five-star General Douglas MacArthur. The General is entombed in the rotunda of the memorial.

Enjoy riding through Norfolk's beautiful historic district and restored area. View the lovely homes along the Hague, the Chrysler Museum, old St. Paul's Church, the Moses Myers House and many other points of interest.

Next, tour the Norfolk Naval Base and Naval Air Station, the largest naval installation in the world, headquarters of the Atlantic Fleet, and home port to more than 126 ships and 26 aircraft squadrons. See the historic homes along "Admiral's Row" which house the flag officers. Enjoy lunch on base on your own.

See beautiful views of the Atlantic Ocean and the Chesapeake Bay as you ride through Virginia Beach. See the historic lighthouses and the First Landing Cross at Cape Henry where English colonists first came ashore in 1607.

Tour #2 Tuesday, October 7, 1997 10:00 AM - 2:30 PM.

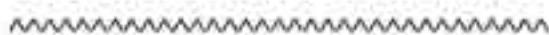
Spirit of Norfolk Lunch Cruise and Waterside

Package Price: \$42.00 per person, inclusive.

Visit Waterside, Norfolk's exciting waterfront festival marketplace located on the picturesque Elizabeth River. Spend time shopping and browsing in the many shops, boutiques, kiosks and bazaars. Featured are specialty food shops, craft and gift shops, a Christmas shop, the Virginia Shop, unusual clothing stores, a music store and pushcarts where independent merchants vend jewelry, handcrafts and specialty items.

Next, enjoy a fascinating narrated tour of the Hampton Roads Harbor while cruising on board the beautiful Spirit of Norfolk. This beautiful ship will thrill you with its elegant decor and sleek design. See the sights of the historic harbor and the naval base with an up-close view in the comfort of climate controlled decks.

Feast on a magnificent buffet and then sit back and enjoy the rousing Broadway revue.



Buses will pick us up at the hotel for each of these cruises.



HOTEL RESERVATION
USS REID
October 5 - (8), 1997

Hotel Check-in time is 4 PM. Check-out is 11 AM. Cut-off date for reservations is September 14, 1997. After that date, reservations will be honored on a space-available basis at convention rates.

NAME
ORGANIZATION
POSITION/TITLE
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
BUS. PHONE HOME PHONE

*Conference Rates: \$ 65.00 Oceanview \$ 65.00 Oceanfront

\$ 75.00 Two Room Suite w/2 dbl. beds/sleep sofa/kitchenette

Rates are per night, per room, and are based on single/double occupancy. Please add \$10.00 per night for each additional adult in room. Virginia Beach hotel tax is 10%. Room type requests ARE REQUESTS ONLY and are based upon availability.

ARRIVAL DATE: DEPARTURE DATE:
Please check type of room requested: Std. Dbl. King Suite
Smoking Non-Smoking Handicapped Accessible

DEPOSIT REQUIRED

All rooms must be guaranteed individually by credit card or a deposit equivalent to the first night's room plus tax.

Method of Payment: Please check applicable box

Personal Check VISA Discover
Company Check Mastercard Carte Blanche
Cashiers Check AMEX Japan Credit Bur.
Money Order Diners Club
Credit Card Number Exp. Date

Signature
If payment is by check, please indicate amount enclosed...\$

Please mail this reservation with your payment, or call our toll-free number (800-942-3224) between 9AM and 5PM prior to 9/14/97. (reservation cut-off date).

REUNION SIGN-UPS

If these lists are not correct, or, if you wish to make a change or add your name to any list, please notify Art Bish right away!!

Art Bish
3561 Byrn Brae Dr.
Virginia Beach, VA 23464
(757) 424-3251
e-mail = CHAR107@JUNO.COM

Attending the Reunion

Leo Alfred (2)
Dee Barber (2)
Art Bish (2)
H.M. Blackwell (2)
Elmer Childress (2)
Joe Driscoll (2)
Ed Emanuel (2)
Walter Fox (2)
Donald French (2)
Len Gardner (2)
John Goodrich (2)

Charles Grantham (2)
Wayne Haviland (2)
William Kautz (2)
Edmund Kawecki (3)
Warren Law (2)
Tony Lucente (2)
Frenchie Manckia (2)
Mack Massa (2)
Joseph Nettles (4)
Leonard Olson (2)
Peter O'Neill (1)

Bill Pennington (2)
Chester Perreault (2)
Ted Ploeger (1)
Rufus Porter (1)
Gordon Seastrom (2)
James Swift (1)
Joe Taylor (2)
William Terry (2)
Glenn Williams (2)
Richard Woll (2)

Naval Base Tour

H.M. Blackwell (2)?
Ed Emanuel (2)
Walter Fox (2)
Donald French (2)
William Kautz (2)

Ed Kawecki (3)
Warren Law (2)
Tony Lucente (2)
Frenchie Manckia (2)
Peter O'Neill (1)

Bill Pennington (2)
Chester Perreault (2)
Gordon Seastrom (2)
Glenn Williams (2)
Richard Woll (2)

Harbor Cruise

Art Bish (2)
H.M. Blackwell (2)?
Joe Driscoll (2)
Ed Emanuel (2)
Walter Fox (2)

Len Gardner (2)
Charles Grantham (1)
Tony Lucente (2)
Mack Massa (2)
Joseph Nettles (4)

Peter O'Neill (1)
Leonard Olson (2)
Ted Ploeger (1)
Glenn Williams (2)
Richard Woll (2)

BIOGRAPHY

On top of my urging to provide his story for this issue, Rufus' family also has been working on him to record his recollections. Under all this pressure, Rufe put together a 12 page pamphlet. I don't propose to print it all, but it is great source material.

His story can be viewed in two parts: early years and post war years. I have used much of Rufe's own account for the early years. Most of us septuagenarians can relate to his experiences.

Rufus Clemens Porter, Jr.

The Porters were a southern family that served the Confederacy, survived Yankee occupation and reconstruction and moved on to help build a new South. Rufe's grandfather enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of 18. The war and the suffering of his and other southern families in the years that followed were the source of stories and conversations that were part of the upbringing of his parents and of young Rufus as well.

Rufus Porter, Sr. was a civil engineer for the Southern Railroad surveying through the Carolinas at the time Rufus Porter, Jr. was born on October 17, 1918, in Gastonia, NC. Rufe and his two younger sisters, Anne and Allison, grew up in Alabama.

[Continuing in his own words.] *"From about 10 years old, I spent most of summers "working" at my father's survey camps in Alabama and Georgia, where hydroelectric dams were being located and built on all major rivers. I learned about the woods, snakes, yellow jackets, machetes and how to be one of the guys. Back home, we kids could hardly wait for March. That's when we started going barefooted and didn't have to put shoes back on until late October.*

"We wore shoes to church and Sunday school or to town but not to school. Shoes would have been helpful on the day I was practicing throwing an ice pick into the ground. Somehow, I took a step and threw it through the top of my foot and out the bottom. I hobbled home and somebody pulled it out, but they had to rush me to the hospital for tetanus shots. Growing up was full of such milestones, as it is for all kids. The first time I had the breath knocked out of me in a neighborhood fight, I thought, "This is it, I'm going to die before even growing up." Once I was showing a buddy how the trigger on my father's pistol would make the hammer come back. We were sitting on the grass with our feet stretched out in front of us--the bullet went right between my two feet.

"In 1932 my father was recruited to locate and build a 6000-acre game preserve near Kellyton,



Rufus Porter, Jr., Midshipman, 1941

Alabama. It was totally financed by the wealthy chairman of Electric Bond and Share company in New York, who had been born and raised in that part of Alabama. The family moved there when I was 14 and enjoyed the country life for many years. In addition to the main lodge, there were stables, kennels for about 30 hunting dogs, and farm buildings, tractors and road-grading equipment. In the summers I drove a Caterpillar tractor--50 cents a day. The Harley-Davidson motorcycle taught me a few painful lessons about excess speed on a dirt road. I learned a lot about horses and hunting.

"But my growing-up-at-home education was drawing to an end. In 1934 my parents decided that the local schools weren't challenging enough, so they enrolled me at Marion Military Institute--borrowing money for the tuition.

"Marion dated back to the pre-Civil War days. It had high academic standards and an honor ROTC unit. My father and I arrived on a September afternoon and were pleased with the hospitality and friendliness of officials and senior cadets helping me register and draw gear. After the paperwork they suggested that my father take me to dinner in town then drop me off at my

barracks before he headed home--which he did.

"Then reality reared its ugly head. I was unpacking and meeting my roommate when we heard a very loud invitation: "All rats in the hall!" This was a surprise to a country boy like me, not yet 16. I didn't even know I was a "RAT." My roommate and I stuck our heads out tentatively and found both sides of the hall lined with these big, old guys swinging 1 x 5's whittled down into paddles with long handles. Some of the flat ends had holes bored in them. There was no sign of any of the friendly officials but some of these old guys looked familiar. They definitely weren't friendly anymore though. We learned one inescapable lesson that night--barracks life was run by upperclass cadets, period."

Rufe graduated in 1938, President of his class, Commander of the Cadet Corps and a Second Lieutenant in the Army (inactive.)

But he really preferred the Navy and was on standby as an alternate for appointment to Annapolis. The appointment came through, and he entered in June 1938 with 741 other men. Because of the war in Europe his class missed out on the traditional summer cruise to Europe, and course work was accelerated. His class of 1942 was graduated five months early, on December 19, 1941. Ensign Rufus Porter was ordered to the USS Reid in Pearl Harbor.

"I rode from San Francisco to Pearl in the WHARTON and reported to the REID in January 1942. Coming up the channel I'll never forget the oil-covered harbor and damaged and half-sunk battleships. A terrible sight!"

"The hazing by seniors that had followed me from Marion and through the Naval Academy didn't stop when I reported to the REID. I was out checking the mooring lines to the next destroyer in our nest on a dark rainy night, as directed by Lt. Nels Johnson, when I suddenly realized that both ships rose and fell with the tide together (unlike when moored at a pier) and that Johnson and the other old guys were laughing their heads off back in the wardroom. And I'll always remember the exquisite hazing, taken to an art form, when we crossed the Line in '42. Every Shellback seaman and fireman was my senior that day. When I first qualified for top watch as OOD underway, I was very proud of myself until I entered

the wardroom after getting relieved and found the Old Man (Squire Pullen) and all officers sitting at the wardroom table in kapok life jackets with all tie-ties tied, solemn-faced as they ate dinner and saying nothing as I came in. Of course, once they saw I had been relieved, they started taking the life jackets off, but still not saying anything. Such was the life of a junior officer in the REID."

Rufe served aboard the Reid for nearly three years of war and was its Executive Officer when the ship went down in December 1944 in Philippine waters. He was with us in all those places and all those battles most of us remember during that time.

Rufe was one of the many shipmates wounded during the sinking of the Reid and was transferred briefly to the hospital ship Bountiful. Then it was back to Pearl aboard the damaged cruiser Nashville and on to Washington to close out the records of DD369 and write to relatives of those who were lost.

In the final months of the war, the shipyards were still producing destroyers, and Rufe was assigned to one briefly as Executive Officer. However, the event of lasting significance during this period was the chance meeting of Lt. (JG) Betty Goodrich. Their paths later diverged when Rufe went back to sea and Betty left the Navy.

Rufe "tracked her down" in La Jolla, and they were married in December 1946.

There followed the usual one to three year assignments that naval officers expected during the



Capt. Rufus Porter & family (1960's,) change of command, Destroyer Division 282

post-war period. It made for a nomadic way of life for a family with three children: Poppy, John and Julie. After more than 20 years of packing and unpacking, the Porters finally settled down in McLean, VA.

Meanwhile, back in the Navy, Rufe got his first command, a destroyer escort. In later years he was to command a destroyer during the Suez crisis, a destroyer division during the Cuban Missile Crisis and a destroyer squadron in Vietnam. There were other line and staff assignments. His last assignments were in the Pentagon where he completed his naval career and retired as Captain, USN, in 1972.

With lots of good years left, Rufe, now a civilian, joined the Federation of People-to-People programs, becoming its Director. Later he held a position with a small shipyard in Alabama before retiring for a final time from the workforce. Nowadays, Rufe keeps busy with volunteer work. Betty, his wife of 49 years, passed away in 1995.

Shipmates Write

Frenchie Manckia

El Cajon, CA

The Newsletter was beautiful! The pictures add so much. Enclosed are the pictures I promised. You can add the "Crossing the Equator" one if you have it--I don't.

Bill Denny and I hosted an appreciation dinner for Captain Zeimba, Commodore Morrell and their wives, Capt. Bill Egan and Bill Denny and guests, as well as myself and Marie.

Engraved wrist watches (USS Reid DD369 Capt. Zeimba) were presented to Captain Zeimba and Captain Morrell (Zeimba made the list of promotions!).

Bill Halfpap

Green Bay, WI

[This is the rest of Bill's letter]

Very sorry to read about the Bills - Albers and Alford, and probably many more of whom I am not aware.

I haven't been a reunion member of late as I feel I couldn't really contribute anything of interest. Also, my gimpy knees tell me not to partake of too much stress [such] as for reunion trips, although I still manage to continue fishing in northern Wisconsin and Canada. *[You just compromised your excuse with that fishing admission, Bill -- Ed.]* I feel very fortunate in that the only medication I take are a few aspirin every now and then for colds.

(new address)

1159 Packerland Drive, Apt. 7, Green Bay, WI 54304

Butch Marriot

Franklin, NC

Change of address, from PO Box 251, Los Alamos, CA, to 216 Lee Batos Road, Franklin, NC 28744.

I served on the 369 from July 11, 1941, to April 1944. Went to new construction, commissioned AP-120 USS Benson. Discharged September 28, 1945. Recalled 1950-1952. Recommissioned - USS Hailey DD556. Spent 7 years 7 months total with Reserve Actual Duty.

Haven't seen much of old 369 crew since launching of the FFG30. See Massa at Pearl Harbor Survivors Luncheon maybe once a year, Chapter 4.

Question: Did the rest of the 369 crew who were at Pearl on the 7th get the Congressional Commemoration Medal as did our Chapter 4?



Frenchie at 17 - Just what Hollywood should have been looking for in a sailor Boy! Could he dance!.

Henry Heinaman

Sedalia, MO

Enjoyed the Newsletter and the material was great.

Enclosed are the photographs of men [from the Reid] receiving purple hearts. Don't ask how I came by them, ha! I believe these are the ones mentioned in the last Newsletter.

Unable to attend the reunion.



Purple heart presentation ceremony to USS Reid wounded in Noumea, New Caledonia. Note unadorned whites worn by those who lost everything when the ship went down. (Picture from Henry Heinaman)

Warren Law

Portland, OR

I don't do much letter writing anymore, and what I do is the old fashioned way - manual typewriter with no spell-check. It's not as easy as it once was with arthritis in the hands and periodic problems in the circuitry between the brain and fingers, which sometimes leads to some strange letter combinations. But this time I have to write.

Ever since the FFG30 was commissioned in 1983, I have had hopes that someday it would come to Portland as part of the Rose Festival Fleet. This year due to the high river level caused by a record runoff of snow melt, one of the larger ships couldn't get under one of the bridges, and the Reid was substituted. When I saw that in the paper, I couldn't wait for it to arrive. As soon as it was tied up I went aboard, and when they saw I was from the 369 they couldn't do enough for me.

The CO, CDR Reid Senter is a very friendly person and emits warmth and enthusiasm for the 369 and its history. LCDR Roland Yardley, the XO, was just as friendly and filled in nicely when Captain Senter was busy with his official duties. Actually, everyone I came in contact with was as gracious as could be to this old man from another world.

Gerry and I, along with our daughter who lives in

Portland and her husband and 8 year old son had Sunday Lunch aboard. Then Gerry and I rode the ship down the Willamette and Columbia Rivers to Longview, Washington, as the Captain's Honored Guests. Quite a thrill.

I talked to **George Gillispie**, but he had to visit the VA Hospital for his medical problem and couldn't visit the ship. I also called **Elmer Faulkner** thinking he might be able to come up from Albany, but he is having medical problems too and couldn't make it. His grandson did come up Sunday, and I had a short visit with him. Guess I'm lucky to be able to get around.

Keep up the good work on the Newsletter. I enjoy it and like your format. Computers are great--when you know how to use them. I wish I did.

John Church

Colorado Springs, CO

Bill Pennington writes. Check received. Please add John Church to the mailing list.

John H. Church

5735 Harbor Pines Pt.

Colorado Springs, CO 80919

Apparently John left the Reid in 1942. He was later commissioned and two of his sons graduated from the Naval Academy.

Charles Grantham

Lumberton, NC

I plan to be at the Reunion in October and hope for a good one as this will be my first time.

It is nice to receive the Newsletter and read what some of the fellows say about how they are doing now and some comments about their experiences during the war.

I spent four years aboard the Reid from November 1940 through the sinking of the Reid December 11, 1944.

I am sorry I was not a member of the Reunion Group for so many years, so maybe I can catch up a little in October.

Harold Steed lives in Maxton, NC, about 20 miles from Lumberton. I met him about three years ago, and he got me started in the Reunion Group.

Looking forward to seeing the guys in October.

Ed Emanuel

West Bend, WI

I read the Newsletter several times each issue as a matter of fact, and like the rest of the crew, I'm impressed with the quality - which gets better every time.

Had an unforgettable week at Breckenridge during Spring Break this year. Tons of snow, great weather, super skiing, and I wish I was there right now! I left my own skis at home for the first time ever, and rented the new parabolics. Everything they say about them is true, and I wouldn't care to ski on anything else from now on. Super easy carving turns and as fast as you want to go. One of the people in the group was the deaf language teacher whose class I attended years ago, so I got plenty of practice, but I kept wondering how to sign "Avalanche!" with mittens on. She's totally deaf herself. The crowd was huge, but no problem because then can move people so fast you're never in line over 3 or 4 minutes. I'll go again for sure.

I wish I could send you more photos for the Newsletter, but, like (I suppose) most of the other survivors, I have a great album full of pictures, but it's still in the ship. I had occasionally sent a few home during the war, but almost everyone in my family from that era is gone, and I guess nobody thought about saving them. So the two enclosed are just about it, and except for the incredibly handsome Radioman 1st, I don't even know the names of the others. I'd like to, so if anybody recognizes themselves, drop me a line and say hello. I always thought the guy standing next to me (palm tree background) was Tommy Riggs, but a magnifying glass shows he's a Torpedoman, not a Sparky. Besides, this guy looks too sober to be Tommy!

Weather here has finally eliminated white and exchanged it for green, so the big Honda is out of

storage and waiting for me to pile on some mileage. Planning on visiting friends in western MN soon, but that's only a thousand miles or so. Too bad Virginia Beach isn't a little closer so I could ride it there with my partner Ruth who went to the last reunion in San Diego, but don't think she could manage a round trip to Virginia. We belong to a bike club and go on the poker runs with them, but those are usually one day rides in good weather.

Health is pretty good - for an old guy, but I complain anyway just to stay proficient so that when it's really necessary I'll still be good at it. When hemorrhoids make me walk funny I tell everybody it's an old war injury! Get a lot of sympathy that way.



This is one of the pictures that Ed mentions in his letter. I will save the other one for a later issue when I don't have as many to print. Notice that the picture seems to be reversed. The ratings on both on the wrong arms. So who is this guy beside Ed?

THIS AND THAT

This has been a great issue for pictures. As I mentioned, I am holding back several for a later issue when there may be a drought. These include pictures from Frenchie, Ed Emanuel, Ralph Halsey and Henry Heinaman and maybe some others. Need more volunteers for biographies. Step up top the plate. Now you have examples how to do it. I'll arrive at the reunion early Monday afternoon. Have you sent a contribution to Bill Pennington this year?

NOTE WITH REGRET

The Passing of-----

Art Keiselbach, 78, in New Jersey, plankowner on the DD369 in May, 1997.

George Stiefel, 74, in South Carolina, June 28, 1997.

Frenchie writes that **George Stiefel** passed away on 28 June 1997. He was cremated and services were held on Sunday at the Stiefleton Baptist Church in Warrenton, SC. Reverend W.C. Lowe officiated. George's wife **Lillian** said that anyone who wishes may make a memorial donation to his church at the above address. [Frenchie didn't send the address of the church, so any donations could be sent through Lillian at 3721 Richland Ave W., Aiken, SC 29801.]

I'm sorry that we received word too late to send flowers, but I will personally send a donation. George was a loyal shipmate who attended all of the Reunions. George wanted to be buried at sea, so I'll be in touch with his wife and make arrangements with the Navy. Hopefully this can be done by U.S.S. Reid (FFG30).

From the Editor

George Stiefel sent me this picture of himself when he visited Washington in May of last year. The model was still in the Navy Yard museum at that time. Now it can be seen in the Navy Memorial on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington in the general vicinity of the National Archives.

The legend on the glass case just off George's right shoulder reads:

This Mahan-class destroyer, a veteran of three years combat in the Pacific, was lost to enemy action in the Philippines on 11 December 1944. A nemesis to the Japanese in the Aleutian, Guadalcanal and New Guinea campaigns, she had sunk their submarine RO-61, taking five prisoners; pounded their servicemen with high explosives in 13 amphibious assaults and 16 shore bombardments; and shot down 17 of their aircraft. But in her final hour her proven combat readiness, firepower and speed were not enough. Seven enemy planes singled her

out for a concentrated kamikaze attack that no destroyer could withstand. She was blown apart and sank out of sight in two minutes, taking 103 officers and men with her. In remembering her, the authoritative United States Destroyer Operations in World War II said, "Reid was one of DesPac's ace destroyers -- a 'small boy' with a man-sized war record."

Reid's loss was part of the cost of landing and supporting the 77th Infantry Division behind enemy lines, near Ormoc on Leyte's west coast. Destroyer operations in those confined waters, only minutes from enemy airfields, were hazardous and costly. One U.S. destroyer was sunk by surface action a week before the landing. Two more were lost and two were heavily damaged by Kamikazes in a savage, day-long air attack on D-Day. Surviving that melee, in which the Japanese lost 65 planes, Reid went down four days later protecting a resupply convoy vital to the troops ashore. The Sixth Army Commander, General Walter Krueger, said that the Ormoc landing "proved to [be] the decisive action of the Leyte Operation."



ART KEISELBACH

Art passed away in May, 1997 at age 78. (I don't have the exact date.) He and his wife Marie lived in New Jersey at that interesting street address "Yellow Brick Road." Art came aboard the *Reid* as a plankowner in 1936 at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He must have been on that great European shakedown cruise I've heard about. He left the *Reid*

THE ORIGINAL REID

[Based on an article in *Surface Warfare*, March, 1982]



Art in 1936 as some may remember him.

Of course he wasn't the original Reid, after all, he had a father, grandfather and so on, but Samuel Chester Reid was certainly an original in other ways.

He was born in Connecticut in 1783 and at the age of 11 signed aboard a merchant ship during the undeclared war with France. [No pampered adolescence in those days!] He was captured by a French privateer and imprisoned for six months in Guadalupe. He later entered the U.S. Navy as a midshipman, but returned to the merchant service when Congressional support for the Navy was cut back. When the war of 1812 broke out he was 29 years of age and captain of the privateer brig, *General Armstrong*.

With few warships in service, the U.S. was ill prepared to defend itself against the British blockade of U.S. ports, which had been stifling commerce for several years. The country's main weapon of retaliation was the privateer - daring, undisciplined merchantmen, with a few guns, raiding the shipping lanes so vital to the British economy and its war effort in Europe. They might be called the vigilantes of their day. Such was the *General Armstrong*.

Reid operated in the Atlantic, intercepting and boarding ships under most any flag. In late 1814, he hove to in the Azores, a neutral port, for fresh water,

in 1939 as a Radioman third class. (I think that's right.) He transferred to submarines and had some real interesting experiences, according to the material I received from his wife. I wonder if he ever wrote them up.

When the defense of the Philippines collapsed, he was aboard the submarine that spirited away the gold treasury of the islands and transported it to Pearl Harbor. According to Marie's account, his was the last US ship to leave Corregidor before the Japanese took over. In addition to the gold, they evacuated a number of nurses. For bravery in that exercise, he was awarded the first of his silver stars.

From his published obituary, Art "later won his second silver star for his part in tracking a Japanese convoy between Hong Kong and Japan. As the senior enlisted man on the boat, he was active in the operation in which the sub was depth bombed for hours in shallow seas, virtually exhausting its batteries, came up and sank a troop ship and then went under again to be depth bombed for a total of more than 20 hours."

He served on six submarines during the war. He retired after 20 years as a Chief Warrant Officer. In civilian life he went into the steel fabricating business with his brother. In 1984 he retired for the second time.



CWO Art Keiselbach

1818, still in use today. Reid died in 1861 at age 77.

By the Way-----

Ted Albers reports that the model, now located in the Navy Memorial, is near the stairs across from the gift shop and it looks great. There's lots else to see at the Navy Memorial too. Drop by and see it if you get a chance. By the way, did you know that the Memorial is supported, not by the Federal Government, but by the U.S. Navy Memorial Foundation? The Memorial's visitors center includes video displays, story boards, sculptures and other displays commemorating Navy life. You can also enter your name, picture and brief bio info into their computer which can be called up by any visitor to the center.

You, too, can record yourself for posterity in Wahington by contacting the Center. Call toll free 1-800-NAVY LOG. The cost to be placed in their computer is \$20.00.

The Crossing of Leyte on Foot

Last issue I printed the story of Henry Heinaman's trek across the island of Leyte after the sinking of the *Reid*. Henry asked if anyone remembers who crossed with him. Below is a picture Henry sent of those who crossed with him. All are wearing purple hearts. Do you recognize anyone? Send me a note.

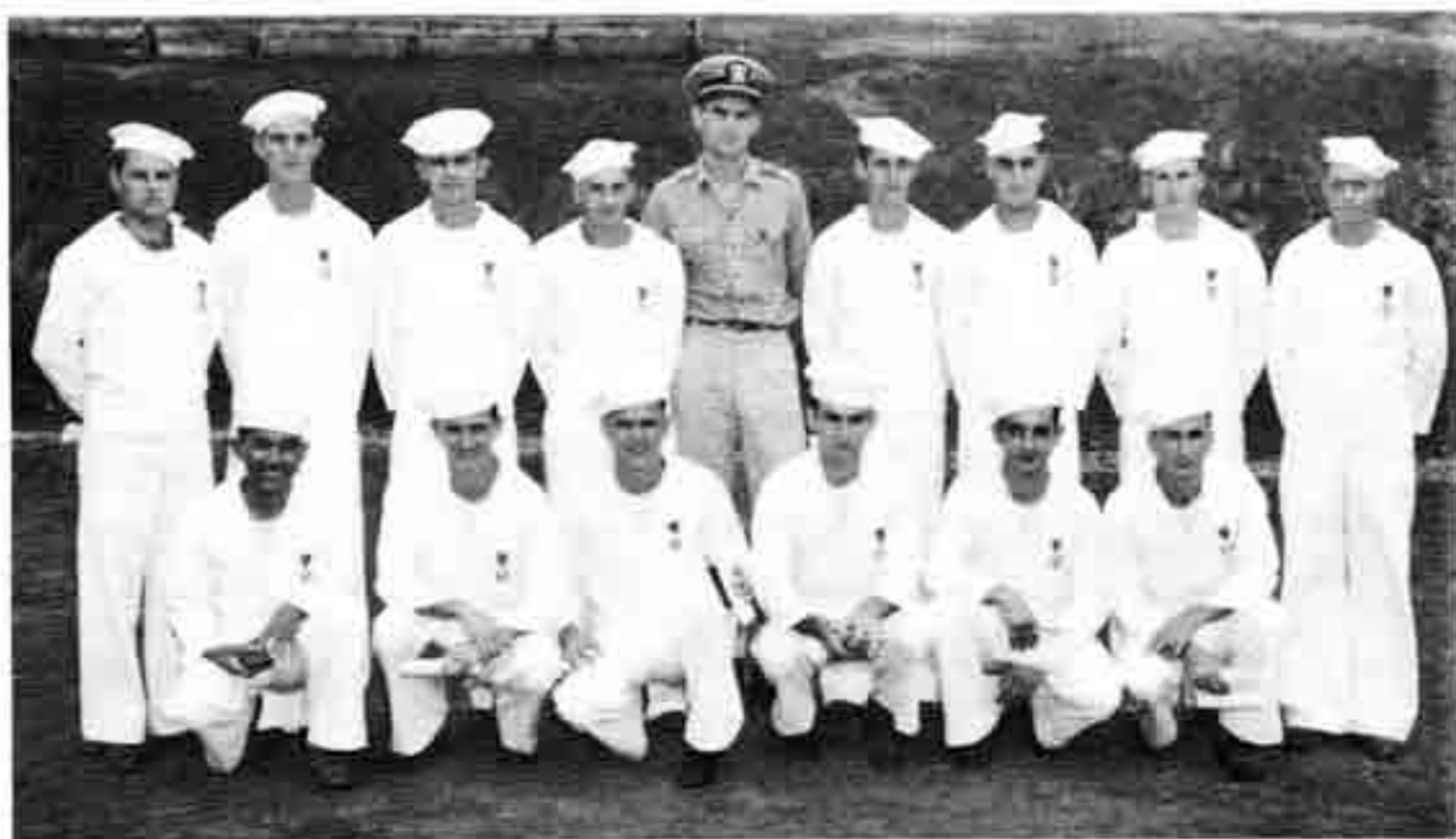
Before he could leave, three British warships come into the harbor and spotted him. There was no escape to the sea. The British attacked the *General Armstrong* all night with naval gunfire and boarding parties. Reid fought them off, inflicting heavy losses on the British, both in lives and damage to their ships. However, by dawn it had become hopeless as the three British ships brought all their guns to bear. Reid scuttled his ship to prevent its capture and sought asylum with his crew in town until the British left the port.

These British ships were intended to participate in the occupation of New Orleans. The nearly two week diversion in the Azores to repair their ships, following their chance encounter with the *General Armstrong*, is deemed by some historians, as delaying the entire British battle plan, giving Jackson additional time to mount defenses and thus contributing to the British defeat at New Orleans in January, 1815.

Although one might say that the war was over before the Battle of New Orleans, the documents were not signed until some time later, and might not have been signed at all if the British had taken New Orleans. It took a while for the word to get around in those days.

By the time Reid returned to the States peace was in celebration. It was an age when the media allowed heroes. Samuel Chester Reid was proclaimed a hero.

Samuel Reid also should be remembered as the one who proposed a design for the nation's flag - thirteen permanent stripes, with a star representing each state. Congress adopted his recommended design in



USS REID (FFG30)

What's Happening?

I haven't heard anything lately from the FFG30. But as I told you in May, I received a thick package from Capt. Ziemba just as I was going to press. It was full of newsy gems that make a great story. All I had time to do with it at the last minute was to find room to clear up the ramming incident off Iran last December.

The Captain sent along copies of his family diary which he entitles "USS REID Deployment Chronicles." It's good source material for his familygrams. It also would make a good contribution to a Navy journal and maybe he should give that some thought. It is so well written in fact, that I suspect the good Captain hasn't yet had the purging experience in Washington where one learns to speak in bureaucrat-ese.

I am not going to be able to do justice in this brief account to his interesting tales that cover many, many pages of tight text, but I think you will be interested in some highlights.

The REID spent Christmas Day, 1996 in the Persian Gulf on the way to Dubai where there was liberty for all hands. The local characters are an English couple that Ziemba describes as "a Harley-driving, Corvette Stingray-driving, leather jacket-wearing couple" who run an international compound that is open to Navy personnel. Also it is possible to get outside the compound to play golf and take camel safaris. Curiously, wherever the Reid hits port, there seems to be a golf course. The Captain is a scratch player. (*Sand wedge, Abdul.*)

Following a few more weeks of patrol and intercept, the Reid pulled into Bahrain for some R & R. In a pickup softball game, the skipper mashed a triple which he completed at first base, having tripped and broken his left elbow. He had to pull rank to get out of the hospital in time to leave port with his ship.

I know the Captain would like me to convey how proud he is of his ship and crew for their performance in the Gulf patrol. I don't know how I can do this other than to say that it is the undertone in nearly every paragraph that he writes. It is quite clear to me, and you will have to take my word for it because I can't reprint the more than 20 pages he sent in, that there is a strong sense of camaraderie here in the FFG30.

In late February, 1997 the Reid headed for Australia, crossed the equator with the traditional indoctrination for slimy pollywogs and then on to the western port of Freemantle. Many parties, games and golf later, the Reid moved on to Melbourne on the southeastern coast for more leave, media attention and

parties. Some wives from the States made the trip to share in the holiday. Ziemba's description of this Australian interlude more than rivals the tales of the grand reception given the other Reid in 1941. It should be mentioned that the Reid reciprocated the greetings and hospitality with receptions and tours of its own.

A side trip to nearby Cowes was a highlight. The Reid was the first US Navy ship to visit Cowes since WWII. "Our crew was overwhelmed by the warmth and generosity of the people of Cowes," Ziemba writes. Here the crew watched crazy Australians race their dirt bikes at speeds of 150 to 185 mph. Seems to be a national sport.



In March, the Reid completed its deployment and headed back to Pearl for more R & R and golf and then to San Diego April 11.

More recently, the Reid is reported to have been in Portland, OR, according to Warren Law. Where it is now, I'm not sure, probably San Diego.

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Palmyra, VA 22963

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