



NEWSLETTER

Of the USS REID Reunion Group

Vol. 10 No. 1

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Reunion 2006

Plans are beginning to shape up for the reunion later this year. Who would have thought 60 to 65 years ago that you or I would still be around in 2006 to go to a reunion? Unfortunately, a great many of our shipmates are not around. So, let's get serious about attending this gathering of an increasingly exclusive club.

Leah Gallup, John Gallup's daughter, volunteered when last we met to put this year's reunion together for us. She has just recently arrived in Fort Myers, Florida, the site for the reunion and is working on hotel and

activity arrangements. The plan is to hold the reunion the 3rd week in Oct, so mark that on your calendar. For possible activities, she is looking at tours of the Thomas Edison & Henry Ford homes, a river boat cruise, lunch at Joe's crab shack. She also is working on a possible speaker and transportation details.

Based on past reunion attendance, we estimate that 25 to 30 hotel rooms will take care of us. But we do need feedback. Anyone definitely planning to attend (health permitting, of course) or, if you have suggestions concerning the reunion arrangements, please contact Leah at <leahgallup@shaw.ca>. Or you can call me and I will pass it on.

USS REID 369

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Welcome to the USS Reid 369 website.

This site is a tribute to all the men who served on the USS Reid 369.



New USS REID Home Web Site

Great News!

The USS REID DD369 has its own officially registered web site on the internet. The BLOG was fine, but this web site gives our ship official status in cyberspace. It is all thanks to the vision, dedication and contribution of James Wilson, son of our shipmate Fire Controlman Willie Wilson. Check it out at <www.us Reid369.org>

Wilson has been working at an especially fast pace in order to get on line in time for an announcement in this issue. In the coming weeks and months, we will be proofing and adding more material, records, pictures, and links. But James has done an outstanding job already of finding links and connecting them to our site.

If you like this site and its potential, give Wilson a "well done" at <wilson.james@verizon.net>

Remembering

Finn Askildsen

Redlands, CA

Finn Askildsen passed away on January 2, 2006. He was 87. In Capt. Porter's words, he was both a great sailor and shipmate and a personal friend - a friend to us all. He was also a nordic tale teller of epic proportions. Just the mention of his name would bring on a smile.

Finn's daughter, Lollie Beall sent in a note thanking the Reid Reunion Group " . . . for the beautiful flowers that were sent for my dad's services. . . . I wish all of the survivors could have been to my dad's service. Everyone who was there, especially the people who didn't know him well, said what a guy he must have been and wish they'd had the opportunity to meet him. His pastor did an incredible job with the service, as he knew my dad well, spiritually and as a friend.

"It's been two weeks today that he left this earth and it already seems like a life time to me, but he's with my mom and my brothers now and I'm sure heaven's rejoicing, they have a new angel."

Lollie sent in a brief account of Finn's life which I have paraphrased as follows:

Finn was born in a firehouse in Kristiansand, Norway

in 1918. His father migrated to the U.S., saved his money and after several years was able to send for his wife and three children to join him in Staten Island, NY. Finn enlisted in the Navy in 1940 to get three square meals a day, (according to one of the stories he once told me.) and reported aboard the Reid in February, 1941. He was transferred early in 1944 and while on leave in San Diego married Bettie.

Finn left the Navy in 1947 but decided to return to military life the next year and joined the Army. He served in Japan and Korea as a demolitions expert and was discharged once again in 1952.

Finn eventually settled down as an insurance salesman for the Lutheran Brotherhood. With his Norwegian heritage, it was a calling that must have suited him very well.

Family tragedy took both sons in their middle years and Bettie died in 2001.



Bettie and Finn 1987



Finn, Swede Nelson (ctr) & friends in San Francisco - 1943

Derwood Polk

Hico, TX

I learned from Bill Terry that both Wayne and Derwood Polk had passed away. I called Derwood's wife Berta and learned that he had died from cancer in 2002.

Derwood was born in Texas in 1920 and joined the Navy in July, 1940 and joined the REID in October of that year. He remained aboard the ship and was a Shipfitter 1/c when the REID went down. He left the Navy at the end of his six year enlistment and returned to Texas to work in pipe line construction for a time and was a dairy farmer. He and Berta had 7 children.

I don't have a picture of Derwood, but Berta has promised to send me some of both Derwood and Wayne for the next issue, and maybe one of herself.

Berta has moved to a different address in town: 623 West First St., Hico, TX 76457. Tel: 254-796-4482.

Wayne Polk

Cleburn, TX

Wayne Polk died in 2005 following a stroke. His wife Lenita also has passed away.



Wayne never filled out a bio sheet for us, but he is in one of the pictures that Willie Wilson sent in some time ago. Wayne joined the Navy in July, 1941, a year after his brother and joined his brother on the REID in September, 1941. He too stayed aboard and was a Fire Controlman 2/c when the ship went

down. His sister-in-law Berta said that he worked for the railroad as a civilian.

Maxim Firth

San Rafael, CA

Received a note that Capt. Maxim Firth passed away in 2003. He was a LUG gunnery officer with the first crew in 1936. He was never active with us. I sent this information to those who might remember him, but received no replies.

Martha Callahan (Joseph)

Coronado, CA



Mrs. Callahan, her son & CWO Lehmkuhler at FFG ceremony.

Frenchie called to say that Mrs. Callahan had passed away. She was the widow of Rear Admiral Callahan who served as engineering Officer and Lieutenant on the REID's first crew. The Callahans were both supporters of the Reunion Group. Some will remember seeing her and her son at the decommissioning of the FFG 30.

Mail returned (No information)

✓

J. J. Walsh
Cape Coral, FL

This and That

Thank you for the many holiday greeting cards that we received. Those with news I have included here.

We received a inquiry from a brother of Robert Clay McElhone about the exact location where the REID went down in December, 1944. He wanted to visit the site. McElhone was a Seaman 1/c, Gunners mate striker and went down with the ship. Fortunately, Capt. Porter knew the exact location and sent it to him: It was off the southern tip of Leyte, Philippine Islands in the northern Mindanao Sea. The exact position of the sinking was: Latitude 09 degrees - 55 minutes North; Longitude 124 degrees - 55 minutes East. We will add that information to our new web site.

News from Shipmates & Their Ladies

Walter Smudzin

San Diego, CA

I came aboard the REID in 1938 after graduation from electric school in Norfolk, VA. The ship was in Mare Island shipyard. I made the trip to the east coast through the Canal. I think we visited Haiti and Santo Domingo on the way to the shipyard in Washington, D.C.

I was to go home to Pennsylvania, but that was cancelled and we returned to the west coast to the World Fair on Treasure Island and from there to Hawaii.

I made the trip to Australia, Pago Pago and Fiji and then left the REID in August 1941 to go to IC school.

she took a cruise to Alaska and a helicopter ride out to a glacier.

John Daniels

Paramount, CA

Frenchie passed along an e-mail he had received from John's daughter Judy, who said,

"I want to let you know that my Dad was hospitalized in the VA Long Beach hospital last Friday, October 28th. The doctors have determined that he was having mini strokes.

He is feeling better and they are trying to find out what caused them. Allie is a trouper and is at his side all the time, our family is so blessed that Dad found such a wonderful lady.

Hopefully he will be home soon and will get over this problem, he is not paralyzed in any way and Thursday when my husband and I drove back to Arizona after staying with Dad he was already starting to bark orders at the staff and us."

I called Judy recently and understand John is much better and doing well at home.

Hank Kolsom

Eatonton, GA

Just a note to let you know I am still trying to do my thing. I am still recovering from my accident last May and am having good and not so good days.

I was one of eleven who recently attended a Pearl Harbor Survivors remembrance dinner in Macon.

Nick Shuman

Manchester, CT

Nick called recently to give his shipmates an update. Nick was a fireman on the REID, but transferred just before we got into the war to naval aviation as a machinist mate. He stayed in the Navy riding shotgun on various aircraft until he retired. A more complete resume' was printed in the August 2000 issue.

Nowadays, Nick is more at home in the kitchen. His wife Lillian is bedridden and Nick is the chief cook, bottlewasher, housekeeper, shopper and caregiver to the girl he married nearly 63 years ago.



Jim and Dorothy Swift share dinner conversation with Walter and Terry Smudzin

Along came the war. The officer in charge of the school was leaving for new construction (USS Fletcher) and had me transferred to his ship instead of returning to the REID.

Bonnie Hiller (Loren) Powell, WY

Bonnie Hiller called to say that she has been unable to contact Lois (Elmer) Childress. I tried the phone number last listed for Lois and it is no longer in service. White pages on the internet do not list either Lois or her daughter, Nancy Erickson. The last issue of the newsletter evidently was forwarded somewhere. It wasn't returned. Anyone with information, please contact the editor.

Bonnie herself is doing well. For her 87th birthday,

Henry Heinaman

Sedalia, MO

My wife Mary and I are doing fair. We have the usual aches and pains, but who doesn't? Certainly enjoy the newsletters and do appreciate receiving them. Our health keeps us from attending reunions.



Mary and Henry in Branson 2003

Elizabeth (Sherwood Ellis) Sprague

Beaverton, OR

I just received the October newsletter and checked out the Blog site and the Reid web sites mentioned. Wonderful pictures of the Reid.

The account of the sinking made me realize how lucky my late husband Sherwood K. Ellis was to have survived the sinking. He was on Gun #3 (40mm?) having traded stations with someone named Mc or MacDonald who had money riding on a crib game in the magazine. He told of seeing the plane coming at him (strafing). The next thing he knew he was in the water with rats climbing on him. Only had a life jacket on him. He was told later that he was found on the deck below the #3 gun with nothing on but still alive, so they put a jacket on him and threw him overboard to be picked up by an LST. He was the only survivor from #3 gun and Blackie Blackwell was the only survivor from #4 gun on the other side of the stacks. Thanks again for the newsletter and for the "Blog."



Warren Law as a young Chief

Tribute to Warren Law

by Bill Pennington

When I came aboard the Reid in the middle of February, 1943, fresh from the Navy Supply Corps School to replace Stan Parker as Paymaster, there was a very experienced chief storekeeper preparing the payroll and seeing to the general smooth operation of the office. Much to my consternation, he also was transferred to a new assignment!

Warren then took over the payroll and many of the other administrative tasks of the division. At this time, Warren was First Class, not Chief.

Somewhere along the line, the Supply Corps determined that the Disbursing Officers of destroyers were to become Supply and Disbursing Officers taking over the duties from a line officer assigned the duty of Stores Officer.

While we had a very ancient Chief Commissary Steward, Joe West, (he reminded me on occasion, that he had more years in the service than I was old!) all administrative work was handled by my office. We were on a money allowance for food. (Incidentally, as an aside. Australian boneless beef cost 15 cents per pound!)

The ship's store became the province of the Supply Officer and Warren ran that operation, along with what small amount of clothing and small stores that we handled.

It was my pleasure to request that Warren be promoted to Chief and, while it met with some initial opposition because of his limited time as First Class, his promotion was sent forward to the Navy Department and was approved.

I left the Reid on May 17, 1944 at Hollandia and I didn't reconnect with him until 1974 when Marcia and I were driving down the Pacific Coast from a professional CPA meeting. Of course, we met subsequently at a number of meetings of the Reid Reunion Group.

I appreciated Warren for his attention to duty, his loyalty to and participation in our Reunion Group and as a personal friend. I'll miss him!

Jack Colopy reported aboard the REID in Pearl Harbor in August, 1944 as an 18 year old fireman and went down with the ship in December, 1944

His sister, Jo Renzi, contacted me and we have exchanged several e-mails and letters. Mrs. Renzi hopes some of you may remember Jack Colopy and write to her. Her address is 159 Grayling Drive, Fairlawn, OH 44333.

[She writes,] *My name is Jo Renzi. My maiden name was Colopy. I was wondering if you knew my brother Jack who served on the USS Reid as a fireman second class from July to December 1944. The ship went down on December 11. He was such a great guy - I was hoping that maybe you knew him or something about his time on the ship. Do you know if there is a monument somewhere in honor of those who died on board? Any information that you can give me would certainly be appreciated. He served in the Navy for only seven months before losing his life. We have much history of that time and many wonderful memories of a great son and brother who was a true son of the sea. Thanks, Jo*



I gave her a run down of the ship's movements and activities during the time that her brother was aboard. I told her about the model in Washington and the plaque in Fredericksburg, TX and sent her the brochure.

Now it's your turn. You know how meaningful it can be to hear some recollection of a loved one. If you have any recollection of this young shipmate of ours, please send Jo Renzi a note.

Greetings from New Orleans. My family and I are back together in New Orleans after evacuating to Fort Worth, Texas. I actually have been back working in New Orleans for the last couple of months, but my wife and nine year old daughter are just coming back for school, which reopens tomorrow (3 Jan). My son went back to Coronado to his old high school and thinks Katrina was the best thing that happened to him recently. The city is gradually putting itself back

together, no thanks to the local leadership, whose chief activity seems to be pointing fingers everywhere else but where the responsibility really lies. (I am reminded of the occasional integrity-challenged ship Captain who ran his ship aground or otherwise hazarded his vessel and then sought to avoid the responsibility that he signed-up for. As you no doubt have read, this city ran hard aground.)

At any rate, our new mailing address is: Reid and Karen Senter, 246 Audubon Blvd, New Orleans, LA, 70118. We had just moved to this address a couple of months before Katrina. Timing is everything: our old house stayed completely dry; our new one got four feet of water in the first floor. But contrary to what your shipmates used to say: We did NOT leave swimming. My wife and daughter evacuated prior to the storm. Five days after Katrina, my son and I left wading vice swimming--we only had four to five feet of water to

deal with. Wading and shooting, I should say--I also had to fire warning shots from my I2 gauge at the looters breaking into cars near my Ford Expedition escape vehicle--but that's another story.

To get to the point--other than to update our address above: Below, I have sent you the link to the D-Day Museum. Probably many of your crew have already visited it. I don't know what you have in the works for another get-together, but if there is enough interest, Karen and I would be happy to help organize a reunion here in New Orleans.



If you think this a good idea, maybe you could float this out there to your shipmates. I would recommend late spring or the fall of 2006. By then the city will be even further along the road to recovery. Most of the old restaurants will be open by March or so. The Museum is open now and has an excellent wing dedicated to the Pacific Theater.

I read your newsletter with great interest, though I am saddened to see the passing of your shipmates, some of whom we were privileged to have aboard FFG-30. Please let me know if you think this New Orleans reunion idea is viable and I'll get my best person (Karen) working on it!!

Warm regards, best wishes and very respectfully,

[My response:]

Great news to hear from you and to hear that you all survived. Many on our e-mail circuit have been trying to reach you. . . . I will pass along the news. Also I will put your e-mail account in the next newsletter. <sentersnola@bellsouth.net>

At our last reunion in October 2004, John Gallup's daughter offered to set up the next reunion for us in Ft Meyers in Sept. or Oct. 2006. She really wanted to do it in 2005, considering our advancing years, but the assembled shipmates said to keep the schedule at every 2 years. Personally I think that is getting too chancey, and we should consider every year for those of us who can make it.

Your offer of a gathering in New Orleans is a wonderful idea and most generous. Would it be possible

to schedule it for 2007? If so, I think it would be gratefully accepted. Maybe we could expand it to invite FFG30 veterans too, if they can be found. Some of them may be retired by now.

[His reply:]

2007 would be fine, but there is a remote possibility we may transfer from here, depending upon how my work goes. . . . I will stand by for 2007 details--with the D Day Museum and other attractions back online here, it should sell well with your group. We can set up some easy tours and some good meals.

Very sorry to hear about Finn--his story about the "rescued" belaying pin was one of the highlights of the pre-decommissioning party.

Wayne Haviland

Venice, FL

A Christmas card from Wayne reported that they have moved to an assisted living community named Harbor Chase in Venice. Their new address is 950 Pinebrook Road, #140, Venice, FL 34285.

[Wayne, this is the pictorial record I have of you. Terrible, isn't it? How about some good shots of you in uniform as well as recently?]



Dee Barber

Oakland, CA



Dee called to say she had a heart valve replacement in January. I called back recently to see how she was doing. Dee says she has been in and out of the hospital and doctor's office quite a few times since then, but is finally turning the corner. Her friend Saul has been taking good care of her. She has lost a lot of weight, but is starting to go out.

Dee apologizes that her health prevented her from getting out her usual Christmas greetings this past season, and wants everyone to know she is still kicking at 88 years. (Can you believe that Saul is 92 and still plays golf 2 to 3 times a week!)

Burton (Hawk) Christie

Long Beach, CA

In the June issue last year there was a brief report from Hawk and I asked for some pictures. Behold! His daughter, Jeanne Glass, rounded up some pictures never before seen. She also sent in some notes.

She says that, "the picture of Custer and Hawk was taken July 22, 1943 in Vallejo, CA. Dad wants to know if anyone knows what happened to him, where is he now?"

Dad said he was nicknamed HAWK by the crew, and doesn't know why. My brother and I suspect it was sharp eyes that see all, but Dad thinks it was related to the size of his prominent nose. Which is it gentlemen, the eyes or the nose?

The picture of Half Hitch and Hayden: Hayden, could be a last name or a first name. Half Hitch is all that is known about the other. The picture was taken in San Diego while the three of them (Dad, Half Hitch, and Hayden) were on liberty.

My Mother . . . caught my father's eye and became the sole love of his life. My father, Burton M. Christie, was a Boatswain, and was transferred off the REID a couple of months before it sunk.

After leaving the Navy, he married my mother and bought a small house in Long Beach. As their three children were born, he expanded the house, yard, and even added on an additional garage, which was necessary to accommodate his motorcycle, air compressor, metal and wood working toys. Dad spent his spare time building or fixing

something, helping his parents on their ranch, and fishing. He worked for the City of Long Beach as a police motorcycle mechanic for 34 years. He took an early retirement and still lives today in the house he bought in 1947. Today his hobby is watching sports on TV, and teasing my mother. Dad would appreciate any information you have regarding Billy, Half Hitch, and Hayden.



**Billy Custer and Hawk Christie
1943**



**Verna Christie in 1945
(I love these sweetheart pictures.)**

Lets's have some feedback!

I don't have any records on what happened to Custer. He was never found as a Reid veteran. According to the rosters I have, he enlisted in 2-13-1942 and came aboard the REID the same time as Hawk on 5-20-1942. He was a coxswain in 1943 and evidently was transferred sometime in 1944.



Hawk and Verna today -- 60 years later

Jeanne also sent in another mystery picture for you guys out there to identify. On the left is Halfhitch and the other is Hayden or Hovden. I have no record of either one ever having served on the Reid. (Of

Tony Fieri

Seal Beach, CA



Halfhitch & Hovden? Anyone recognize them?



Just a short note to keep everyone up to date. I moved from Rolling Hills to Leisure



course my records have gaps.) I see in the picture that Half Hitch was a petty officer second class and was a right arm rate. Of course, Hayden and Half Hitch may have served on another ship and not the Reid. Can any of you guys out there make a guess who Halfhitch may be? How about Yardbird? I asked about Yardbird in the last issue, but didn't get a single call.

Tom Blow Orlando, FL

Tom sent in his wedding picture and writes,

"We have led a full and happy life together, have six fine children and three great grands. Notably, we spent several enjoyable years in Germany on assignment from the National Security Agency.

We are both into genealogy and, as a result of our research, found that Shirley is a direct descendant of Spanish King Ferdinand III (ca. 1200 AD) while I am the direct descendant of Ferdinand's sister, Berengaria.

So, after some 25 generations, we finally found each other."

[Tom doesn't say what year they were married. The only date mentioned in his letter was 1200 AD.]



Tom & Shirley 19??

World in Seal Beach, CA, a retirement community. I live alone in my own apartment, away from the house and all the upkeep.

I can't see well enough to read the newsletter, but I can enjoy some of the pictures. Hope all the rest are well and happy. I appreciate all your efforts to keep the group together.

William C. Pennington

A bio sketch by himself

[Thank you, Bill. To those of you who still haven't written your bio's, there is still time. Everyone's story is interesting. - Ed.]

I was born in Washington, DC and raised in Chevy Chase, MD, attended public schools in Maryland then high school in DC. We had a High School Cadets program and I ended up as a 1st Lt., Battalion Quartermaster. (One of those strange things—during the war I ran into classmates a number of times at the "O" Club at Pearl.)

I went to George Washington University for two years and did a lousy job as a pre-med (didn't miss many parties or dances however). I switched over to the University of Maryland, graduating from the business school with a major in accounting.

Just before graduation, I received a "probationary" commission in the Supply Corps of the Navy. Then, in August it was off to the Supply Corps School, then located at the Harvard Business School in Boston. I volunteered for a fast class so I could get out there sooner.

I reported to Com 12 (San Francisco) on December 15, 1942 and got the Matson Liner "Lurline" to Pearl, arriving on Christmas Day. Coming up the channel. We were awed at the devastation that was Pearl Harbor. This was more than a year after the attack.

They loaded five of us Supply Corps officers on the Mahan (DD364), one for the Mahan and four as passengers. We headed south to Bora Bora, with the usual initiation on crossing "The Line." We picked up a couple of freighters coming out from the Canal and it was the usual slow convoy to Noumea, New Caledonia. I caught a hospital transport up to Espirito Santos where I joined the Reid on February 11, 1943, almost two months after leaving Boston!



Bill Pennington, as his clients knew him

I served as Disbursing, then Supply and Disbursing Officer of the Reid until I was relieved by Spence Bostwick in May of 1944. I was put on an Aussie attack transport as a passenger which was transporting troops to an island north of New Guinea and the last time I saw the Reid was at a great distance doing the usual pre-invasion bombardment.

Then it was back to the Supply Corps School for the "War Readjustment Course" (or how to be a junk dealer in uniform.) As an example, when the war against Germany ended, so did the DE program and everything for them was sold or scrapped. I did this kind of work until I was released from active duty in April, 1946.

In the meantime, after the war had ended, I met the love of my life—she was a cute WAVE, stationed in my home town (Washington) while I was stationed in hers (Philadelphia.) We were married in May of 1946 so we are coming up on 60 years of marriage!

I went to work for a couple of businesses owned by uncles—an automobile agency and an industrial feeding company. While there, I crammed at night for the CPA exam and passed the exam in 1947.

I went on to become a corporate treasurer and when the company was sold I joined the Air Force Office of Special Investigations as a criminal investigator primarily doing procurement fraud work at Wright Patterson Air Force

Base. I left that work to open my own CPA firm in Maryland in 1952. Our firm eventually merged with another and our younger son is now managing partner.

Marcia and I have two sons and two daughters. Our other son went into medicine and is an internist with a practice in Bethesda, Maryland. Both sons have been listed in the Washingtonian Magazine as "best" in the DC area. Our elder daughter teaches advanced placement courses in a high school in Tampa, and the younger daughter is a partner in an outplacement firm in Washington, DC, that specializes in assisting lawyers. We have 7 grandchildren and they all live within 15 minutes of our house.

Marcia Pennington

A bio sketch by herself

[Thank you, Marcia. The Pennington's are a team.

Ladies, your stories are just as interesting as those of the men. If you write them, not only will we be grateful, but your families will be grateful as well.]

I volunteered for military service in my senior year of college at the University of Pennsylvania. I was sworn in as a seaman third class and as soon as I graduated, I entered the next class at the US Navy's midshipman school at Smith College. I was commissioned an Ensign in the WAVES in September of 1944.

I was assigned to the Director of Naval Communications on Constitution Avenue in Washington, DC. Here, I served on watch duty doing coding and decoding of messages from our Navy, the State Department and our Allies. This work was done around the clock in 4 shifts, with approximately 100 Wave officers each

shift. There were no male officers doing this work.

On the day watch, we encoded the positions of all of our own submarines in the hope that our own ships would avoid sinking same. We also crossed off the ships that were no longer in service (most of them sunk). We

were constantly aware of the next invasion point, although much was done to disguise this with dummy messages sent to other locations.

After the war ended, I was sent to the Bureau of Personnel in Arlington, where I operated a secret coding machine still on a watch schedule. I was also given command of a group of male sailors and a Navy Chief who ran the operation very smoothly. I am happy to say. You can imagine my consternation upon being presented to this new command!



Marcia in 1944

The Chief did a wonderful job. Our group sent messages to Chaplains, etc. about wounded and killed Navy service members, most of whom were personnel aboard minesweepers that were clearing harbors after the war. I am sorry to say that we had a lot of this to send.

During the time here, I met a very fine young Navy Lieutenant, senior grade, and we were married May 11, 1946 in my hometown of Philadelphia, PA. I was released from service in June of 1946, having served two years on active duty.

Bill has mentioned our children and grandchildren, most of whom live nearby. We travel a great deal. We still get up each day feeling blessed to be alive and relatively well.

Bill and I love the REID buddies so very much. It is so meaningful to see these good men and their good helpmates at the meetings and we hope all of you are well and happy.



BEARDS & BALD HEADS

I was reading and relaxing between watches aboard the REID when the Captain walked by. He started up the ladder to the wardroom then stopped and said, "Gainer, next time I see you, clean shaven." Gainer blurted out, "What about Kautz?" There I was between the two of them waiting for the other shoe to drop. Skipper said, "Gainer I am talking to you." He then proceeded up the ladder. Whew! An inaudible sigh of relief, I had dodged the bullet.

When the Reid left Mare Island after an update on our equipment five of us in Paul Lipple's watch in No. 2 fire room, Paul, Davis, myself and two others whose names I fail to remember decided to grow beards, mustaches and shave our heads upon leaving for the open seas. That is, all except Davis who was very proud of his hair, but after a threat of dry shaving he joined the ranks.

I went a step further and painted an 8 ball on my bald head.



Bud Kautz 1942 before the shaved head

Address changes

- ✓ Waldemar Morrison
777 E. Woodward Hts Blvd, Apt. 323
Hazel Park, MI 48030-2758
- ✓ Wayne Haviland
950 Pinebrook Rd., #140
Venice, FL 34285
- ✓ Anna (Red) Kawecki
50 Bald Mountain Rd.
Bernardston, Ma 01337
- ✓ Anthony Fieri
1761 Sunningdale Rd, Apt 50D
Seal Beach, CA 90740-4745
Tel: 562-596-3213
- ✓ Berta (Derwood) Polk
623 W. First St.
Hico, TX 76457
Tel: 254-796-4482
- ✓ Capt. Reid Senter
246 Audubon Blvd.
New Orleans, LA 70118

Mail returned (No information)

- ✓ J. J. Walsh
Cape Coral, FL

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3 Cove Circle
Palmyra, VA 22963

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