



NEWSLETTER

Of the USS REID Reunion Group

Vol. 10 No. 3

August, 2006

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Last Call

Despite the paucity of news, we do need to have a newsletter in the mail in this time frame to give the upcoming reunion one last boost. Our reunion date fast approaches and those who can go, need to finalize their reservations with the motel, the airlines and John Gallup. I'll review on the back pages of this issue the information needed, location, dates and so on.

Unfortunately there are all too many who are no longer with us and of those still fighting the good fight, many feel they can no longer travel. We will miss them.

Those who are coming will have a good time. Leah (nee Gallup) is planning a good time for all, plus a surprise or two. You will also have the opportunity to meet our Web Master, Jim Wilson.

For those who may be apprehensive about getting from the airport to the motel, we hope to have volunteer drivers on call to pick you up. Give Leah your itinerary so that we can plan to meet you. Bring your cell phones, if you have them, and give Leah the number. Our goal: Nobody gets lost.



A twilight view of a monument to the history of our years

News from Shipmates & Their Ladies

Rufus Porter

McLean, VA

A belated thanks for the excellent pictures from the Pennington party. I have been in the hospital, but am back to battery. Severe tightness in my chest and shortness of breath after two blocks of my normal eight-block walk. Five hours of tests in the Bethesda ER then to the Cardiology ward for several days of more tests -- including shots every two hours and blood drawn every four hours each night. They concluded it was not a heart attack and was diagnosed as an angina attack. Who really knows?

I am back to walking every day, although it is not all that easy with Neuropathy. As you may know, Diabetes requires keeping blood flow to your feet.



In a later note, Rufe writes, "I have made reservations for Angelique and myself, but attendance is doubtful at best right now. This could be my first miss in decades."

Gordon Seastrom

Batavia, IL



An update on Sally. Sally had a very difficult setback about a month ago. She became very ill one morning for which I had to call 911. To make a long story short, she spent the next 4 weeks in the hospital with numerous problems. It was pretty much touch and go for a few days. After several antibiotics, things got much better. Now she is at the local nursing home for rehab. With 4 weeks in the hospital, she became very weak.

With 2 weeks of rehab, things are very much improved to the point where she can walk with a walker. If she continues to improve, she may be home in a few days. I hope so. Her attitude is really good now.

We have not given up on going to the reunion. We plan on being there.

Mack Massa

Ventura, CA

An e-mail to Mack Massa came back undeliverable. So I called to see what was going on with him and Irene. Irene answered the phone and reported everything was pretty normal. Their e-mail system was out of whack and she will let me know when it is operational again.

Mack had just celebrated his 89th birthday and got on the phone. But he has a hearing problem and Irene had to come back on to relay our brief conversation.



Ed. Note: - Why is it that men seem to be the ones with the worst hearing problems? Is it true what women say, that we just tune them out? But when we men can't even hear each other, something definitely is wrong! I have finally admitted to myself that I have a hearing problem and have made an appointment.



My problem is trying to sort out conversation from background noise, some of which is internal ringing in the ears.

That reminds me of one of Henny Youngman's one liners. Patient: "I have a ringing in my ears." Doctor: "Don't answer."



Harold Neilson

Anna Boslowski

Cherry Valley, CA

I want to thank you so much for the write up you did for Finn [Askildsen]. I attend a monthly meeting at our church and I gave our Pastor the Reid newsletter. The pastor started reading it and got tears in his eyes. He and Finn were close friends. We all miss him. I've become good friends with another couple at church who knew Finn and Betty many years.

I appreciate receiving the Newsletter and enjoy reading the history. I pass it on to a friend in Nebraska who is interested in the history. I really enjoyed attending the reunion with Finn and meeting the people he talked about.



Anna and Finn at Chicago reunion

Kathryn Neilson (Harold)

Marion IL

I am enclosing a check for stamps or whatever. I enjoy reading the Newsletter.

[I enjoy hearing from those who do. It is what makes it all worthwhile. Do you have a sweetheart picture you would share with us? - Ed.]

Len Olson

Stillwater, MN



Len's son-in-law David Olmon sent in a couple of sweetheart pictures of Len and his wife June. His note read:

"Len's wife's maiden name was June Casterton, from Decorah, Iowa. They celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary this past January 26."

A. J. Ordogne

Mandeville, LA

A note from A.J. says that he has other commitments and won't be able to join us at the reunion.

Tony Fieri

Seal Beach, CA



Tony called a month ago or so and was trying to figure a way to get to the reunion. His problem is that he doesn't see very well.

Let us know your flight schedule, Tony. We will try to arrange a pick up.



MAY, 1953

Sea Story

Tom Barnett sent in this story that appeared in a newspaper last year when the hero of the story passed away. Many of you will remember the story at the time it made the news.

Wheeler Lipes was a pharmacist mate aboard a submarine in 1942 when a shipmate came down with acute appendicitis. With no doctor aboard, the captain ordered Lipes to perform the appendectomy. Lipes had assisted in such operations but had never performed the actual surgery.

The wardroom table was the operating table and the galley was the source for instruments. Bent tablespoons served as retractors, a tea strainer with gauze became an anesthesia mask. Instruments were boiled and rubber gloves were sterilized with torpedo alcohol.

Lipes performed the operation in a little over 2 hours and the patient was back on duty a few days later no worse for the experience.

The reporter who broke the story during the war got a Pulitzer Prize and the home front got a morale boost. The incident was integrated into the story lines of two movies and a television series.

Lipes stayed in the Navy and became a commissioned officer, retiring in 1962 as a Lieutenant Commander.

Wayne called a couple of times to talk about the reunion and to discuss an article he read in a magazine called "Sea Classics." Wayne sent me the September, 2005 issue. It was devoted entirely to WWII articles and included a number of personal sea stories. Wayne took issue with the facts in one of the sea stories.

Wayne refers to "... a well written article by the doctor of USS Russell (DD 414.) The doctor writes about the Russell's capture of a mortally wounded enemy flyer during the invasion of Biak Island off the west coast of New Guinea in June 1944. . . . He mentions that the Reid was being attacked and was firing back. (At the time, the Reid was taking evasive action, which prevented major damage. However, we experienced our first fatality. A fragment from a near miss penetrated the radio shack and killed a radioman.)

"The first page . . . says that the Russell was the only destroyer which captured an enemy flyer during the war. Of course we know that this statement is not accurate, because the Reid captured three crewmen of an enemy torpedo plane off the coast of New Guinea in 1943."

Wayne's recollections of the New Guinea campaign brought to mind the excellent account, by a pilot of a P-38, of the early landings and battles off New Guinea in the fall of 1943

Since I have very little material to fill up the pages this time, I am including this somewhat different sea story than you are accustomed to reading in these pages. This account appeared in an unidentified publication that Bill Alford found and copied, and which I inherited from him. It reads almost like a movie script. I don't know how anyone could remember all the details that are described here, unless perhaps you were the pilot.

As you read it, remember that many of these dogfights and much of the action took place over or around us on the Reid.



Those who were aboard the REID in the latter half of 1943 will find many place names and other names in the following article that will rustle the cobwebs of your memory. Those of you who were stationed topside during those battles will recall the twin tailed P-38s twisting and turning in and out of friendly fire as the dogfights took place overhead. You may also remember the torpedo planes that sneaked in on us during one of those battles and launched two torpedoes at us, one of which passed directly under the ship amidships, while the Captain was maneuvering to avoid the other.

(In this account, the identifiers P-38 and Lightning, Zero and Zeke are used interchangeably.)

New Guinea Campaign

"Preparations for the Lae assault continued. American and Australian forces were within sight of Salamaua and a determined effort was made to convince the enemy that it was the next objective. This worked . . . A total of five thousand Japanese were waiting at Salamaua, while at Lae there were only half as many.

" . . . Radar cover of the seas through which the convoy would have to pass was incomplete and it was believed that Japanese aircraft from Wewak or Madang could fly behind the mountains to Lae, while others

could cross the Vitiaz Strait from New Britain without being discovered until it was too late. It was suggested that posting a destroyer, equipped with radar and radio sets, between Lae and Finschhafen would solve this problem.

... The amphibious force gathered off Buna on September 3. The following morning the invasion convoy was moving toward Lae. The *Reid* took up position as aircraft control ship off Finschhafen, and as the landing craft made ready, Allied aircraft were coming from Moresby, Dobodura, and Tsili Tsili.

The fighters and bombers swept over the beaches, strafing and bombing, as five destroyers shelled the



beach. By 6:30 A.M. the first Australian troops had landed, and except for an attack by three bombers, enemy interference was slight until the afternoon.

[It was during this waiting period, about noon, that our lookouts on the REID spotted a UFO directly overhead, through scattered clouds. The fighters were sent to intercept, while fire control tried to get a fix. All to no avail. Someone aboard finally figured out that the UFO was the planet Venus. - Ed.]

... About two o'clock in the afternoon, as the support ships were preparing to withdraw, their part of the invasion completed, the *Reid* picked up a formation approaching from southwest of Gasmata and less than a hundred miles away. As the destroyer flashed details to the fighter controllers at Dobodura and Tsili Tsili, fighters took off... Sixteen Headhunter P-38s of the 80th Squadron were already on their assigned patrol over Lae, led by Major Ed Cragg. Lt. Jay Robbins' flight was the first to make the interception, racing toward about thirty Zekes.

"Robbins dragged the nose of his P-38 up a little as the Zeros saw the Lightnings and changed course to

meet them. The P-38s were still below the Japanese fighters, and one tried to turn and get on Robbins' tail, so he hit the rudder and climbed left; turning the other way to the Japanese, the P-38 was almost level with the enemy fighter as Robbins turned again to get behind. The Japanese also turned, but Robbins was gaining on him. He glimpsed more Zekes behind him but a long way away.

"The Japanese pilot tried to dive away, but the P-38's fire chewed into his right wing, and smoke streamed back. Robbins kept firing as pieces flaked from the enemy fighter, until finally the whole wing tore off and tumbled back past the P-38.

"Turning to escape the other Japanese behind him, Robbins pulled out of his dive and zoomed up. He saw another Lightning boxed in by Japanese fighters, and headed toward them. Seeing Robbins coming, several Zeros broke away and turned to meet him head on. Robbins saw the nearest open fire, but he was too far away. When the range was right Robbins fired a short burst -- the Zero broke to the left and Robbins tried to slip the P-38 to the right and keep him in the gunsight ring. The planes whipped past each other.

"A second enemy fighter was now headed for him, and almost in range by the time Robbins saw him and wrenched the Lightning into a firing position. This time the Zeke pilot didn't miss, and the green P-38 was being hit before Robbins could retaliate. He pressed the firing button, the two aircraft roared together, and the Zeke began to take hits. Robbins hunched in the cockpit as he heard the enemy fire smacking into his P-38. Then the Zeke pulled up and Robbins watched his shells ripping



Mitsubishi Zeke or Zero

into the belly and wing. Black smoke jetted from the enemy fighter, and he spun down. Not seriously shot up, Robbins watched his second victim turn into a fiery ball as it headed for the water - - but he watched a moment too long. A pattern of holes suddenly appeared in his right wing, and he instinctively pushed the control wheel forward. The damaged P-38 dived, a Zeke following and shooting. The heavy Lightning plummeted down, slipping away from the Zero. Nearing the end of a ten-thousand-foot dive, Robbins had to pull out. He eased back on the throttles and pulled the yoke back, hoping the shells hadn't weakened the wing. As the P-38 strained out of the dive Robbins was crushed into the seat. His vision blurred and sweat rolled down his face. He tried to keep from blacking out entirely as the P-38 gradually leveled off. There was a lone Zeke a long way off, but the enemy fighters which had chased him into the dive were still following, moving up on each side. Robbins eased the Lightning down to close in on the Zeke ahead, keeping an eye on the others behind him to his left. As some of the enemy fighters moved out ahead on both sides, the lone Japanese pilot saw him and tried to turn in behind the Lightning. Robbins turned left, catching the Japanese by surprise, and without waiting to get on his tail, lined the Zeke up for a deflection shot. While the other Japanese watched, the gray Zeke began to collapse between the engine and the tail. It was perfect shooting. The fighter was out of control, trailing pieces of itself in a coil of smoke, but the Japanese pilot managed to straighten his plane long enough to jump over the side.

"This time Robbins didn't watch. He turned toward the land, now about fifty miles away, with several fighters in his path, coming head on. He knew his ammunition must be low, and he had heard the telltale discordant sound which meant one of his guns must have jammed.

"A Zeke dead ahead. Robbins waited until he was within range. Some of his guns fired, some didn't, and his P-38 was hit again. The Zeke flashed past. Robbins pressed his mike button and called for help but got no answer. Another Zeke was straight ahead and opened fire first - - Robbins squeezed off a short burst and, still heading for the coast, dived to three thousand feet. Robbins heard his starboard engine missing as a Zeke turned in ahead. He fired another short burst, but the Lightning was hit again. Robbins was now on the deck, with only a few guns firing and an engine running rough. One Japanese fighter turned and lined up behind to close

in, and there was another ahead, coming down. Robbins pulled the nose up slightly, and when he fired, the tracers flying out from the P-38's nose told him that he was down to his last few rounds. His aim was good, the shells ripping into the Japanese plane as it turned away. Robbins turned after him and got a deflection shot at his wing. The wing broke away from the fuselage and the burning Zeke plunged down straight into the sea.

"Robbins looked around. It was clear ahead, but he had to reach land before his engine went or he was caught from the rear. With a sinking heart he saw two Tonys and a Hamp closing in. He managed to get to six thousand feet and now he could only bluff. He angled the damaged P-38 for a head-on pass. When the wings of the Japanese plane trailed wisps of smoke, Robbins' one gun with ammunition answered. Then he was down at a thousand feet again, radioing for help.

"The enemy were on both sides, and Robbins could either bail out or try to dogfight - - he could not fly straight for shore and hope to survive. He turned into a



Mitsubishi "Betty"

Japanese fighter - - it fired, missed, and whipped by. Another peeled off and Robbins drove toward him. The P-38 was hit again but Robbins straightened the crippled plane. A Tony peeled off to make a pass. Robbins tried to be facing each attack, skidding his P-38 to ruin their aim. The enemy shells smacked into the Lightning, knocking out the radio and whanging into the armor plate at the back of the seat. Robbins was thinking of ditching, but turned toward some ships of the U.S. invasion fleet off to his right. The Japanese fighters were nearly within range as Robbins went almost down to the water to get more speed.

"As he raced across the waves toward the ships, bursts of fire exploded near him. Robbins stood the P-38 on one wing to show the silhouette to the Navy gunners, and hoped. The American ships realized what was happening, and their fire began building an explosive carrier between the Japanese fighters and their quarry, and the enemy fell back. Alone at last, Robbins decided to try for Moresby and crossed the Owen Stanleys at eleven thousand feet. He got the P-38 down safely and dragged himself from the cockpit, completely exhausted. He had destroyed four Japanese aircraft and his battered P-38 would fly again.

"... In all, the enemy had been met by about forty P-38s and twenty P-47s, and for the loss of one P-38 twenty Japanese planes were shot down, but others got through to the shipping. Dive bombers damaged two destroyers and hit a landing craft, and torpedo planes hit another. Three hours later another attack set fire to an ammunition dump but by this time the congestion on the beach had been relieved, and the engineers had pushed a road through to Hopoi village, four hundred yards inland. The action was successfully completed. The next step was the paratroop invasion the following day."

"... The surprisingly rapid victories at Lae and Salamaua meant a change of plans. Finschhafen, on the Huon Gulf sixty four miles beyond Lae and intended for future Allied use, had been marked for attack four weeks after Lae fell. The weakness of Japanese resistance led to an acceleration of the timetable, and the Finschhafen operation was brought forward to September 22. This barely gave time to get the landing barges and destroyers up from Milne Bay for loading at Lae, and as the bombers struck at Japanese airfields and supply dumps, the fighters shepherded the shipping movement to Lae and the loading there. In the night of September 21 the convoy moved out and around the tip of the Huon Peninsula.

"Scarlet Beach was the carefully chosen landing point, and in the early morning the invasion was heralded by a naval bombardment. . . . The landing was almost unopposed and there was little need for air support.

"Just before noon the shipping began to go back to Buna. An hour after they had left, the fighter controller aboard the destroyer *Reid* was plotting large formations coming from New Britain. Once again, the Japanese had chosen a bad time. Three fighter squadrons had been patrolling the area for several hours, and while they were

due to be relieved in a few minutes, they still had enough gas to fight for about an hour. More fighters were preparing to take off and relieve them, so at least five squadrons could make the interception. The controllers on the *Reid* sent them all to positions over the convoy, and the Japanese force - - twenty to thirty bombers and thirty of forty fighters - - flew straight into the jaws of the trap.



Lockheed Lightning P-38

"The top honors went to the 432nd Squadron, which had been in combat for a little over a month. They had already taken off when they received the first radar plot, and circled between ten and twelve thousand feet until they were told that the enemy was in sight from six thousand on down. The P-38s dived and saw eight or ten bombers with four Zekes covering them and another twenty-five fighters diving and swarming at five thousand feet. Two flights of Lightnings hit the Zeros while the others continued down to get the Bettys. The P-38s were flying through friendly fire from the ships as the battle raged for forty-five minutes between sea level and five thousand feet. Twelve 432nd squadron pilots accounted for the eighteen Japanese which fell to the squadron, Captain Frederick Harris getting a Betty and two Zekes, and four other pilots scoring two each. In less than an hour the Japanese lost ten or more bombers and twenty nine fighters to the American fighters and the ships' gunners had knocked down nine of ten torpedo bombers which came through at low altitude. The convoy was left intact, . . ." [but two of their torpedoes almost got the REID that day.]

I wonder if those who remember E.P. (Ed) Emanuel RMI/c realize that he was a poet as well. He would work on some verse while sitting at GQ in the radio shack. Here are selected verses from a poem he wrote in February 1944 off the New Guinea coast. It tracks fairly well with the other story about the New Guinea campaign.

We were watchdog of the squadron
Scanning the sea and the air
Always warning in plenty of time
Not once needing damage repair.

At first we steamed as a lone wolf
Earning the name of "Duckbutt" and then
We became the home of Squaddog
five
And commander of DesDiv Ten.

Well, we chased all the Japs from
Morobe,
Then took Salamaua and Lae
And they loved us at dear old
Finschafen -
It was there that many Japs died.

Lady luck did not always bless us . . .
And the Henley will battle no more,
But we got the sub that destroyed her
And more or less evened the score.

Then the Perkins, who was our
flagship,
While two hundred miles from the
fight,
Was rammed by a freighter - blind as
a bat -
And disappeared on a starlit night.

The Japs knew the Reid and she
should have been hit
With some of the stuff that they threw
us,
But it always seemed that the biggest
chunks,
Went around, instead of going through
us.

Well, four months of bombs,
torpedoes and subs,
Is just four months in hell too long
And if someone had said we were
getting run down,
He wouldn't have been very far wrong.

Then out of the sea came a rumor,
Which to us sounded pretty damn
nifty,
Old Duckbutt herself would soon be
relieved
By a brand new twenty-one-fifty.

"The first of the month" was the
byword,
And spirits began to grow high -
Little did we know that before we
could go
Many more sailors would die.

Then came a flash from the
grapevine,
"They'll be here by the 15th for sure."
This dope was straight - know what I
mean?
So - as usual, was just plain manure.

We were just about ready to give up
all hope
When . . . remember that glorious
day?
Six new twenty-one-hundred ton cans,
In a column, steamed into Milne Bay.

White hats were scrubbed, and blues
broken out.
Poor Pete worked his hands to the
bone.
We counted our cash and in each
sailor's eyes
The bright lights of Market Street
shone.

And then did we leave? Hell no, we
did not!
For much to our dismay and chagrin,
ComseventySix sends orders that we
"Must first break the new squadron in."

Now war in itself is bad enough,
And a helluva strain on the nerves,
Yet in spite of that fact, they gave us
the job
Of breaking in all those reserves

If there were any changes, they were
for the worst.
And the days piled up 'till weeks
passed.
We hit Gloucester, Arawe, and Saidor
too . . .
And each stinkin' trip was the last.

Well, they got "broken in," no doubt
about that
And the Brownson and Beale boys will
tell
That it wasn't too long before they
caught on
To our own special brand of hell.

Then down past Morobe and Buna,
Through the reefs steamed a tired
Squadron Five.
All hands happy over new orders,
But gladder to just be alive.

And where do we go from Sydney?
To new duty, you probably believe,
But you're wrong, for the time spent
"down under"
Was only a ten day reprieve.

Yes, we're back again - right where we
started . . .
I guess that's just how it goes.
But maybe someday our luck will go
wild,
And we'll tie up in Frisco - who knows?



E. P. (Ed) Emanuel 1941
Radioman striker

WHAT TO EXPECT IN FT MEYER

by Leah Gallup Moen

All rooms have balconies and waterfront views over the Caloosahatchee River. The restaurant on premises is the Pinchers Crab Shack with a beautiful view over the water. There are other area restaurants around for quick bites. The itinerary will go as follows:

Oct 19th, the hospitality suite will be open early afternoon for refreshments and greetings. Dad, mom & I will be checked in on the 18th and in our Cape Coral house sometime a week before. If anyone would like to reach us, the phone # is 239-542-6203.

Oct 20th we will kick off the morning with a continental breakfast served in the hospitality suite. Hopefully, my buddy Cal [Sims] will be joining me in opening up! This day, Friday, will be open to catching up, filled with lots of laughter and plenty of rest. We have a sunset cruise available for all who care to join. It picks up at our dock at 4 p.m. and lasts about 2 hours. It is a nice cruise along the river and refreshments will be provided. Following the cruise, there will be BBQ Bun & Beer and other goodies in the hospitality suite around 6 p.m.

On Oct. 21st we will start our morning with Cal and me singing and serving you a continental breakfast in the hospitality suite. Then on to our Ford & Edison home excursion. We have two means of transportation by boat or van. The boat is the same as the sunset cruise boat - a flat 47 passenger sightseeing boat which can be all enclosed. I am confident the weather will be a 75 to 80 degrees and calm. The cost of transportation is \$6.00 per person round trip. The Edison tour starts at 10 a.m. and lasts about 2 hours. The tour portion cost is \$13.57 pp tax incl. We will wrap up our day with dinner about 6 p.m. I am still negotiating on the dinner location. *[Leah hints there may be a surprise at dinner.]*

Oct. 22nd is Sunday. Once again Cal & I hopefully will be meeting you for a breakfast show. We will be saying our good byes but I encourage all to stay for awhile, as this time of year is beautiful.

I believe it will be a nice weekend without disappointment. I hope we have a good turn out.

Picture yourself here in Ft. Myers



Edison & Ford waiting for Reid tour group



Unknown sweetheart on beach - Who sent this in?

2006 USS REID REUNION DETAILS

October 19 - 22, 2006

**Best Western Waterfront Hotel
North Ft. Myers, FL.
Tel: 800-274-5511**

Make reservations directly with the hotel. You will not be charged until checkout. Be sure to mention USS REID Reunion.

USS REID DD369 2006 Registration Form
(Send the following information and reunion fee checks to John Gallup)
11 Willow St., Edwards, MO 65326

1. Name: _____
2. Guest/Spouse _____
3. Guest _____
4. Guest _____

Tours:

1. Friday 4:00 p.m. Sunset River Cruise (Included in the Reunion package.)
2. Saturday 10:00 a.m. Edison & Ford home tours(optional) Cost: \$13.57 p/p
Transportation bus/boat, if needed
Cost: \$ 6.00 p/p

Reunion fee

(includes sunset cruise, dinner/banquet, transport to dinner, hospitality room, continental breakfast each morning & setups)

Cost \$40.00 p/p x ____ = \$ _____

TOTAL \$ _____

(Send check to John Gallup)

NOTICE!

If you need transport from the airport, tell us your flight # and time of arrival. We will try to have someone meet you. Numbers to call from the airport are 1-403-312-9990, or 1-434-227-0237 or the hotel 1-800-274-5511

Reunion Program

(Tentative)

Thursday, October 19:

Register, Hospitality Room opens
Dinner on own

Friday, October 20:

Continental Breakfast in Hospitality Room
Day free for camaraderie
Sunset River Cruise 4:00 p.m.
BBQ & beer in Hospitality Room ~ 6:00 p.m.
or dinner on own.

Saturday, October 21:

Continental Breakfast in Hospitality Room
Edison/Ford Home Tour (optional) 10:00 a.m.
Business Meeting 2:30 p.m.
Group pictures 4:00 p.m.
Dinner/Banquet 6:00 p.m.

Sunday, October 22:

Continental Breakfast in Hospitality Room
Checkout

Best Western Waterfront

Rate: \$79.99 + tax/night, payable at checkout
(or \$72.99 if over 20 rooms taken)
Reservations: Call 1-800-274-5511
Check in 16:00, Check out 11:00

Hospitality Room:

Opens Thursday, October 19.
Continental breakfast each morning
Bring your own snacks, beer and hard stuff.

What to Bring?

1. Sweetheart pictures to share
2. Old WWII vintage pictures -bring them all!
3. Your USS REID hat
4. Camera, binoculars
5. Coat & Tie (optional) for banquet & group picture



USS Cassin DD372 & USS Downes DD 375 on Dec. 8, 1941. Both ships were destroyed in dry dock in the attack. These were two of the 4 ships in our destroyer division and there, but for the luck of the draw, would have been the USS Reid DD 369. USS Pennsylvania in the rear.

Looking for a Connection

My name is David Kenneweg and I would like to know if you have any information about which Landing Craft was used to pick up survivors after the USS REID was sunk. The Reid and her crew was part of the same force off ORMOC Bay that my fathers ship was (USS LSM-42). I had heard that LSM-42 was used to pick up the survivors. Any information you have would be greatly appreciated.

Very Respectfully,

CMDCM(SW/AW) David S. Kenneweg
 COMMAND MASTER CHIEF
 PCD NEW ORLEANS (LPD 18)
 WORK: 619-556-0831
 CELL: 619-549-2174

Our President, Gil Girdauskas, received the above note. I have researched my records and cannot find a reference specifically mentioning LSM 42. If any of you survivors of the sinking have a recollection of this ship, contact Chief Kenneweg or contact me and I will relay the information along

New address

Mr. Jesse N. Pickeral
 4471 Caliquen Drive
 Brooksville FL 34604
 352-799-3528
 jpickeral1@tampabay.rr.com

WebMaster May Attend Reunion

I invited Dr. James Wilson, our webmaster and son of shipmate Willie Wilson, to come to our reunion in Ft. Meyer. He has indicated he would like to meet us there and perhaps pick up a little oral history. For those who are willing, and time permitting, he will record their memories of the *Reid*. With their permission, he would include them on the *USS Reid* website.

Have you gone on the internet yet to check out our web site? There's a lot in it already and a lot more yet to add and polish. That's mostly in my corner to get it in shape to send in.

USS REID REUNION GROUP
 c/o Len Gardner
 3 Cove Circle
 Palmyra, VA 22963

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