

THE SCUTTLEBUTT

The Newsletter of the USS Buchanan DDG-14 Association

June 24, 2001

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<http://www.uss-buchanan-ddg14.org>

Editor: David B. Malone

Happy birthday! This month marks our two year anniversary. Our beginnings were humble, with a mere 8 members at the outset. Two years later and we have over 100 dues paying members, with people continuing to discover us every week.

This year's reunion in Pensacola didn't come off for a variety of reasons, and there is an article in this newsletter regarding that. We are looking forward to our next reunion which will be in San Diego next year, February 21-24. There is some brief information in this newsletter about that reunion as plans are coming together for it. Hopefully everyone has received a questionnaire from ML&RS, the outfit we are working with to plan this reunion. They take care of all the arrangements, put a representative on site at the reunion to act as a liaison and take care of any problems, and we each pay an extra 10% on the bill. A good exchange for any headaches. If you haven't received a questionnaire, call Rob Browning at (408) 377-5099, and he will send one to you. Dino promises to post the questionnaire on the website, along with a reunion info package from ML&RS within a week or two.

For those like myself, who live in the Great White North and get mighty tired of all the ice and snow, February is a great time to be in Southern California. So, keep thinking about San Diego. Make sure you put some time aside to get together there with your shipmates.

REUNION TALK

First of all, lets talk about the Pensacola reunion, which did not come off. That reunion didn't happen simply because there wasn't enough interest among the

membership in attending. Personally, I think that Pensacola is a wonderful place for a reunion. But for me, it was happening too close to the San Diego reunion which is due to happen in less than a year. I wouldn't be able to afford going to both, and opted for San Diego. I suspect that others were in the same boat, and didn't sign up for it. Eventually, the event coordinator, Jim Wallace, decided to call the event off. Hopefully, every one got the word on it.

Now, let's talk a bit about San Diego. Hopefully you all received a copy of ML&RS's questionnaire that will indicate what we want at the reunion. It's got a lot of options on there. They sent out a real nice info package that Dino will have up on the website shortly. Please fill it the questionnaire and get it back in ASAP. The reunion is scheduled for February 21-24, 2002 and will be at the Red Lion Halhalei Hotel. What we do there will be up to us all. There is a luaua that they put on that looks pretty good. There are a lot of attractions in San Diego. More than what was there when I was last in town. Perhaps we can arrange some sort of a tour to the Navy base as 32nd street?

Fill out the questionnaire and let ML&RS know what you want to do in San Diego. If you didn't get a questionnaire, let Rob know and he'll get one.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Congratulations to former Buchanan sailor James G. Roche, who recently was nominated as Secretary of the Air Force by President Bush. Jim was a Commanding Officer of USS Buchanan from 1973 to 1975. During his tenure as skipper, the Buchanan won the coveted Arleigh Burke Trophy as the most improved unit in the

Pacific Fleet in the area of combat readiness. Following his retirement from the Navy, Jim worked as a Vice President for Northrop Grumman Corporation. Jim's nomination was just recently confirmed by the US Senate, and he took up his new post earlier this month.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Balance 1 March 2001	\$405.26
Dues	140.00
Ship store sales	1,352.58
Ship store expenses	<u>168.29</u>
Balance 1 June 2001	\$1,729.55

NEW MEMBERS (10)

As of June 1, 2001

Bell, Ronnie	IC3	1964 - 66
Beltran, David	TM1	1977 - 79
Congdon, Bob	CDR	1967 - 69
Fend, Tony	RD1	1961 - 65
Fouste, Bob	STG2	1964-68
Herrman, Larry	LT/LCDR	72-74/81-83
Looney, Glenn	LT	1965 - 67
Pearson, Bob	QM3	1963 - 67
Pickell, Stewart	FC2	1981-84
Seachrist, Richard	MS3	1980-84

PAID MEMBERS (99)

Andrew, Randy; Aros, Fred; Baile, Bruce; Barnett, Roger; Bell, Ronnie; Beltran, David; Berry, Willie; Borg, Gene; Boyd, Dave; Brinley, W. Frazier; Browning, Rob; Casmier, David; Chancellor, Odis; Claveria, Cesar; Congdon, Bob; Crammer, Ted; Curtiss, Donald; Daisley, Dick; Darrough, Jim; deSomov, Serge; Dowdle, Charles; Dowe, Tom; Duncan, Robert; Falade, Mark; Falkenhan, Marc; Fend, Tony; Fouste, Bob; Gant, Charles; Gardella, Paul; Giardina, Joe; Glidewell, Mel; Gottschalk, Gary; Hart, Eddie; Heffernan, Michael; Herrman, Larry; Hlavin, Bill; Holden, J. Wayne; Holian, Francis; Horsley, Chris; Howard, John; Huntington, Ed; Jennings, Gary; Jones, Everett; Kern, Tom; King, Michael; Kirkpatrick, Randy; Kisse, Bill; Kitchen,

Tony; Kohnke, Herb; Koon, Jeffery; Kupec, Cole; Kuykendall, Kirk; Layman, Douglas; Looney, Glenn; Lyon, David; Mackin, Jere; Malone, Dave; Manis, Frank; McClane, Jim; McGilvra, John; Mclean, Grady; McMillian, Ronald; Myers, Dean; Nepper, Jerry; Nightingale, Tim; Osburn, Kenneth; Parks, Bill; Pearson, Bob; Pelzel, Jerry; Perkins, George; Pickell, Stewart; Poplin, David; Randall, Steve; Robbins, Rich; Roche, Jim; Rudisill, Terry; Sample, Eric; Schaefer, Larry; Schmitz, Alan; Seachrist, Richard; Sena, Pat; Smeltzer, Stephen; Steel, Charles; Stanina, Jerry; Stoysich, Claude; Taylor, James; Thompson, John; Tollefson, Tom; Turner, Daryl Jack; Turpin, Tom; Ursich, Al; Wallace, Jim; Walton, Larry; Wigent, David; Wihera, Victor; Williams, Thomas; Witzel, Jahn; Zigler, Crist; Zimmermann, Dick.

DEAD E-MAILS

Don't you just love'em? You send an e-mail out, and bounces back to you. You say to yourself, "Hey! What's going on? Did he change his ISP?" Well, that's the problem we have in the Buchanan Association, only 100-fold. We send out a newsletter, and sometimes as many as 10 or 15 e-mails bounce back. Sometimes it's a syntax error in the address. Sometimes it's a temporary problem in the internet. But most of the time it's because the member changed his ISP and we didn't get the word on it.

Now, many of you have been right on top of things and you've let us know that you were changing e-mails. To those guys go an "Atta Boy." My own little award that sadly comes with no prize whatsoever. Just my ever so appreciative admiration for being considerate of your shipmates, not to mention Dino who is going flat out to keep up with the ever evolving Buchanan Association Crews List.

So, please! When you change ISPs, make sure we know about it. Just drop Dino a line at (dmyers@myers-vacuum.com). His job will be that much easier, which in turn will make mine easier when it comes to the newsletter. More important, you won't loose track of us either.

MIA MEMBERS

Speaking of the above, the following is a list of Buchanan sailors whose e-mail address is no longer working, and we have lost contact with. If you see your name below, please get in touch with Dino Myers at (724) 548-7335.

BEERY, Jack EN3 3/64-66

CASELL, James OSSN 1975-77

CHANEY, Maurice OS2 1986-90

CONRAD, David EM2 1985-88

FANE, Robert GMM3 70-74

HENDRICKSON, Gary SH2 1982-86

LUKSIC, Robert EW1(SW) 4/84-11/88

MILTON, Randy C. HM2 11/73-2/76

SHEETS, Ken ET1 9/82-86

SMITH, Karl EN1 4/84-1/89

SULLIVAN, James (Sully) FC2(SW) 1987-90

WALDEN, Kevin M. PNSN 1980'S

WALKER, Kenneth M. SN 68-69

These Buchanan sailors have had newsletters sent to them via the US Mail, and they have been returned. If you know where any of these guys are, please get in touch with Dino and let him know.

RUSSELL, Denis ETN3 11/71-9/72

URMSTON, Stuart(Stu) RD2 1/62-4/63

VAN WINKLE, Glindell(RIP) OSC 1969-72

An addendum to a poem that appeared in the last newsletter. I thought I would print it. It comes to us from Pat Sena, who received it from his brother who is a retired CDR.

REFLECTIONS OF A BLACKSHOE

by VADM Harold Koenig, USN (Ret)

I like the Navy.

I like standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe - the ship beneath me feeling like a living thing as her engines drive her through the sea.

I like the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the 1 MC and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I like the vessels of the Navy - nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries, sleek submarines and steady solid carriers. I like the proud sonorous names of Navy capital ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea - memorials of great battles won. I like the lean angular names of Navy 'tin-cans': Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy - mementos of heroes who went before us.

I like the tempo of a Navy band blaring through the topside speakers as we pull away from the oiler after refueling at sea. I like liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even like all hands working parties as my ship fills herself with the multitude of supplies both mundane and exotic which she needs to cut her ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there is water to float her.

I like sailors, men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life. I trust and depend on them as they trust and depend on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for courage.

"Now station the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving ", and I like the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends

waiting pierside. The work is hard and dangerous, the going rough at times, the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the 'all for one and one for all' philosophy of the sea is ever present.

I like the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flit across the wave tops and sunset gives way to night. I like the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and join with the mirror of stars overhead. And I like drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that tell me that my ship is alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch will keep me safe.

I like quiet midwatches with the aroma of strong coffee - the lifeblood of the Navy - permeating everywhere. And I like hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed keeps all hands on a razor's edge. I like the sound of "General quarters," followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of her WT doors slamming shut. In a few brief seconds, the ship is transformed from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war - ready for anything. And I like the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

I like the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them. I like the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, and John Paul Jones. A sailor can find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, and mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent can find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags

snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and messdecks. Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

"I WAS A SAILOR ONCE...
I WAS A BLACKSHOE."

MEMBERSHIP DUES

It's June, shipmates. That means it's time for us all to send in our yearly dues. It was decided by the membership at the meeting last year that our dues would run from June 1 to May 31. The dues have been a big help to us, mostly in the area of the Ship's Store. We have been able to front the money to purchase sales items in order to make them available to the membership. The dues have also provided the funds needed to mail our newsletter to those members who have no internet connection.

For those who paid dues for the past year, you won't need to fill out a membership application again, as Dick has your information on file. You need only send your check for \$14.00 made out to USS Buchanan Association, to:

Dick Zimmermann
2000 S. Eads #329
Arlington, VA 22202

For those who have not paid dues before, please send in your check along with a membership application. You can find the application on our website (<http://www.uss-buchanan-ddg14.org>). For those without internet access, get in touch with Dino at (724) 548-7335, and he'll send you an application.

So, for those who have found us recently, but have been waiting for the beginning of the fiscal year, now is the time to join.

Contributed by Dino Myers.

IT WAS A VETERAN...

It was a veteran, not a reporter
who has given us the freedom of the press.

It was a veteran, not the poet,
who has given us freedom of speech.

It was a veteran, not a lawyer,
who has given us the right to a fair trial.

It was a veteran, not the campus organizer,
who has given us freedom to demonstrate.

It is the veteran, who salutes the flag,
who served under the flag,
and whose coffin is draped by the flag,
who allows the protester to burn the flag.

~ Fr. Dennis Edward O'Brien, USMC

NEW POSTAGE STAMP

The U.S. Postal Service has issued a new commemorative postage stamp that salutes the nation's veterans and those who continue to serve in veterans service organizations and other veterans groups.

For more information:

http://www.usps.com/news/2001/philatelic/sr01_046.htm

Contributed by Dino Myers

SEA STORY OF THE QUARTER

It was the Wednesday afternoon, just before Thanksgiving 1974. Everything aboard USS Buchanan was hushed at the prospect of going home for turkey day. The ships crew were milling around looking for excuses to leave the ship early to start the long Holiday weekend.

The sailors from OE division had been slowly leaving one at a time so no one would become suspicious. As Leading Division Petty Officer, I had taken the

opportunity to reward my guy's for their long arduous efforts at getting the ship "fighting ready".

By 1600 I was about the last one aboard and had made a quick tour of all the spaces to make sure all was well for the weekend. I started down to the berthing area to grab my stuff and depart, when my Division Officer, Lt. Paul Apodaca appeared and said we were to go to the OPS Boss's (Lt. John Howard) state room right away. As I had no idea what this was about, I did what any good white hat would do... and started going through a list of possible things I had done, or not done that I could be in trouble for if the wrong person found out.

When we arrived I was informed that Captain Roche wanted to see me, and when I inquired as to why, the only explanation was that the Captain would explain. Now this made that list I was reviewing in my head real short. The first two things that I thought of was letting my guys go early that day had been discovered, but the whole ship had been on a "liberal liberty" policy, and the second was fact that I was about to leave early also, but had not yet left, so I was safe. However, It crossed my mind that in some religions you did not have to commit a sin, just thinking about it was considered a sin. To the best of my knowledge this had not yet been written into Navy Regulations, so no problem.

It seemed like hours as I waited for the Captain to arrive, although it was only a few minutes, and as I waited I came to the conclusion that this must be something to do with the SPS 55 radar project. Buchanan had received the first shipboard installation with orders to perform an Operational Test and Evaluation on this prototype radar, prior to installing it fleet wide.

John McGilvra and myself had received training from the design Engineers and were two of only four people Navy wide with the knowledge, experience, and the job code. We had been working very close with evaluation team, 'writing preventive maintenance' system parameters (PMS), and operating procedures plus evaluating its strengths and weaknesses. I day-dreamed that I was about to be informed by the Captain that I had been selected to be the ship-wide Sailor of the

Month for December. The general attitude of Lts Howard and Apodaca did not seem to support this, but nothing else fit.

When we went into the Captains Stateroom I was told that the ship had been contacted by the American Red Cross; my parents had been in a car wreck and were in serious condition. I was given emergency leave and they were in process of making flight arrangements for me. I have never had my emotions travel that far, that fast, and pray they never do again.

When I got home my Mother was in bad shape, and passed away Thanksgiving afternoon. The next few days are kind of a blur, Dad in the hospital, making funeral arrangements, etc. We made arrangements for a viewing Friday, and funeral Saturday. Monday was my Fathers Birthday we did not want him to share this sad event with his birthday.

Because of it being a holiday week-end, the accident and death of my mother happening so quickly, and funeral being only two days later, most people, outside the family, did not know in time to send flowers. When I arrived at funeral home there to my surprise beside Mom was a basket of flowers marked "From the Crew of the USS Buchanan".

I was told they were the first flowers to arrive. I did not know how they knew, and been able to get flowers there so quickly but was so very touched that they were there.

When I returned I wanted to thank everyone for the flower, and compassionate thoughts. I was told that Bob Dessert arranged flowers. He told me it started with him wanting to send flowers, contacting a florist in my home-town, and not knowing if she was in hospital or had passed away. He had instructed the florist to check the hospitals, and then arrange the funeral homes, and send what was appropriate. Bob was the impetus, he was the man behind the compassionate act, it was him sending them.

When others found out what he was doing they wanted to participate, to be a part of it, so it became OE Division then some radar men from OI, and radiomen from OC came to him and soon it became the entire Operations Department as word spread. Sailors from Weapons, Engineering, Supply etc., and the ship's Officers came to him as well. Before long, it was the entire crew.

I wanted to thank everyone personally, but Bob said he accepted money handed him and did not keep list. I had been aboard over three years at that time and was known by most of crew. All I could do was post a thank you card on a bulletin board by the ships personnel office, which seemed insufficient. I only wish I could have in some way left a more meaningful, and appropriate "thank you" so that everyone would know exactly what those flowers, and their thoughtful actions, meant to me as I rode that roll-a-coaster of emotions.

"BZ" shipmates, and God Bless You, wherever you are!