

THE SEAWEEED

SPRING, 2006

NO. 1

Hello from Smithtown, Long Island. I am happy to say that Winter is on the way out. Looking forward to seeing the green grass, and that little white ball. Just in case you did not know who the guest whose picture was in the last issue of the "Seaweed", it was none other than yours truly and my wife Gal. Yes, all the hair and mustache was really mine. Picture was taken in Solvang, CA, a few years ago. Great little town.



Being a plankowner in the Navy Memorial, I would advise all who are not members to think about signing up soon. Do it now while you think about it. And remember, it's *free* now. (There used to be a \$25.00 charge). However, there is a charge of \$25.00 if you want your photo included. If you have any questions, contact the Navy Log at 1-800-NAVYLOG (1-800-628-9564). Better yet, if you have computer access, go to www.lonesailor.org/

There is talk about our reunion group joining with another Destroyer group, as our attendance is falling off. The DD-600 (U.S.S. BOYLE) and the DD-604 (U.S.S. PARKER) are two ships that have been contacted. Let me know your feeling about this issue. If you have any other ideas, let me know.



With the arrival of Spring, it is time for your editor to get in shape for the Long Island Senior Games. I started working out on the first of March. The games consist of swimming, running, and all sorts of other outdoor and indoor events. I have been in the games since the year 1978. My best year was in 1987, the year that I won seven medals. As they say, "you don't stop playing because you grow old... You grow old because you stop playing". So get off your butt and start now to get into shape.



TAPS

Paul William Wentzel (MM2/C) died on the 14th of February, 2006 from Alzheimer's and cancer. He served aboard the Champlin from 1942-1945. He was always proud of his service on the Champlin.

Records show the following: Paul William Wentzel, born 21 February 1921, lived in or near Bradley, AR. He enlisted in the Navy 11 August 1942 at Indianapolis, IN, received basic training at Great Lakes NTS, ID# 626-81-80. He reported aboard the Champlin 16 February 1943, where he remained for 1026 days, leaving 8 December 1945, receiving his discharge 14 December 1945 at Great Lakes.



This by Jack Brawdy: "While serving aboard the U.S.S. Hart, I kept a personal diary and my entry for August 12th, 1945 stated that I had sighted the 601 and that most of my early experiences were on the Champlin, in the Atlantic. She was a fighting ship if there ever was one—convoy duty, submarine warfare, shore bombardment, she had done it all. And now she had come over to help in the Pacific.

My diary entry for August 13th, 1945 tells me that I actually took a whaleboat trip over to the Champlin, but could not get aboard as she was getting underway for somewhere. What a disappointment! I was eagerly looking forward to the look on the faces of the torpedomen when I walked in the torpedo shack and said, 'Hi, guys'. In Okinawa especially Stover and Higgins.

Seeing the Champlin that day was like was like bumping into the High School Sweetheart you had your fist crush on. The heart went pitter patter, a little shortness of breath but the reality set in and my life went on. In My case I had found a new sweetheart—HART. But those feelings would always linger on.

I wonder what the odds would have been if I had bet that some day the two ships that I served on during WWII, the 601 and the 594 would be anchored side by side in the Pacific. It happened on August 12th, 1945 in Okinawa. Only for a few brief hours, but it happened. Seems like yesterday. For those few brief hours I was a very happy young sailor. Of course this is all from my point of view. ---Jack Brawdy.



If anybody knows how to get in touch with Blair Gamber, please let me know.



"ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE"
Known as "The Navy Hymn"

Eternal Father, strong to save
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave.

Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep.
Oh hear us when we cry to thee,
For those who peril on the sea.

O, Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep,
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those who peril on the sea!

Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace,
Oh hear us when we cry to thee
For those who peril on the sea!

Oh Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoever ere they go.
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



A TRIBUTE TO JOE TRICARICO

It doesn't seem fair
That the high mountain air
Should bring to the end
A streak of a friend.

While making reunions
Have all had a ball
But only one man can say
That he made them all.

From St. Louis to Lincoln
And Baton Rouge too
San Diego and Plymouth
To name just a few.

He has been faithful
And Marie has been too
Marie says, "If you go,
Then I go with you."

Our reunions are fun
They are never a bore.
So come let us tell you
How we won the war.



Three men are sitting stiffly side by side on a long commercial flight. After they're airborne and the plane has leveled off, the man in the window seat abruptly says, distinctly and confidently, in a loud voice, "Admiral, United States Navy, retired and married, two sons, both surgeons".

After a few minutes the man in the aisle seat states through a tight-lipped smile, "Admiral, United States Coast Guard. Retired, married, two sons, both Judges".

After some thought, the fellow in the center seat decides to introduce himself. With a twinkle in his eye he proclaims "Master Chief Gunnery Sergeant, United States Marines, retired, never married, two sons, both Admirals."



Quotable Quote Department

"After a battle is over, people talk a lot about how the decisions were methodically reached, but actually there's always a hell of a lot of groping around."

--Admiral Frank J. Fletcher, USN



"The Navy is the asylum for the perverse, the home of the unfortunate. Here the sons of adversity meet the children of calamity, and here the children of calamity meet the offspring of sin."

--Herman Melville



"I Was a Sailor Once"

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

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

I liked the Navy vessels—nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibies, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers.

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

vercome.

I liked the lean angular names of tin cans and escorts,—Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy, Damato, Leftwich, Mills—memories of heroes who went before us. And the others—San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago—named for our cities.

I liked the tempo of a Navy band blaring through the topside speakers as we pulled away from the oiler after refueling at sea.

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

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

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

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

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

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them. I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Arleigh Burke. A sailor could find much in the Navy: comrades in arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could 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 chiefs' quarters and mess decks.

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.

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

---Vice Admiral Harold Koenig, USN



GUESS WHO?

A little hint: He was one of the three men who started our ship reunions. As he would say, why do they need a first class Carpenter's Mate aboard a ship of all steel? He was a first class guy and we thank him for getting our reunions started along with two other great guys. Now a little note about one of the other men who helped get our reunions going.

As visitors to the Navy Memorial approach the entrance to the Naval Heritage Center they will notice a bronze plaque marking the site of the Chief Petty Officer Centennial Time Capsule. A significant component of the Navy Memorial, this time capsule honors the Navy's senior enlisted leadership from 1893 to the present. Listed here are some of the articles in the time capsule: Roster of all chiefs on duty in 1993. An original chief's cap device. History of the Chief Petty Officer, and a diary kept by CHIEF GLENN ECKLUND from 1937 to 1957. Way to go, Chief!

Wildwood Crest, New Jersey Mini-Reunion was another great time, thanks to Larry Suter. Those in attendance were the Bermans, Lou Gilbert, Doris Higgins, Hal and Becky Medvedeff, the Mortons, the Styles', Richard Valentine and friend, Flo and Bob Vanwinkle. Also Larry Suter's Irish friends, great bunch of people. Good weather, good golf and a good time by all. We did miss Joe and his wife Marie, hope they are feeling better. Now all we need is a volunteer to run the next mini-reunion. Larry has done a great job and we appreciate it very much.

Hey! After 60 years, Lou Gilbert finally got his well-deserved medals. How about that?!

Another sad note: I just learned about the passing of another shipmate. Rocco Farina, born in Waterbury, CT died April 25th, 2006, age 80. Rocco was a seaman in the Second Division.

Top 10 "Don'ts" for Being a Good Neighbor

1. Don't mow at the crack of dawn on weekends.
2. Don't hang a wind chime collection near your neighbor's window.
3. Don't leave your inflatable Santa up until the Fourth of July.
4. Don't holler "What's for dinner?" every time your neighbor starts his grill.
5. Don't plant invasive perennials near your neighbor's garden.
6. Don't make your neighbor's bay window an automatic home run when you play baseball with the kids.
7. Don't run over windblown garbage can lids even if you are in a hurry.
8. Don't rake only half the leaves from the maple you planted on the lot line.
9. Don't aim the snowblower at your neighbor's driveway.
10. Don't forget to smile and wave goodbye as you go by.

I am running a little behind in getting this Seaweed out, so I will bring it to an end so I can get it in the mail. Don't forget I could use some help in my putting this Seaweed out. So if you have a story, please send it to me.

At this time I want to thank Pete Kappes for his help in doing the front page of the Seaweed...great job.

It seems the older we get the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for. Being young is beautiful but being old is comfortable. So take care, keep well, and God Bless.

Now the news you have been waiting for: Information about the Colorado Springs reunion. Don't delay—make your plans now.

CHAMPLIN REUNION GROUP - COLORADO SPRINGS SEPTEMBER 13-17, 2006

Residence: The Embassy Suites Hotel - Phone 1-719-599-9100 for reservations,
7290 Commerce Center Drive, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80919
One King or 2 Double Beds \$99.00 Single or Double Rate
The Rates are good two days before and two days following.

September 13th, Wednesday,

A time to gather, refresh our friendships, enjoy spirits and spirited conversations,
relax and enjoy being together. Hospitality Room.

TOURS:

Sept. 14, Thursday Pick up at 8:45 a.m. Departing at 9:00 a.m. - 2:30 p.m.

Air Force Academy and Chapel and a tour of The Garden of the Gods.

The 18,000 acre Air Force Academy, view Diamond Lil, the B-52 Bomber. Next, a lovely scenic overlook off North Gate Road. The exquisite 17 spired, interdenominational chapel, where cadets march in their inspiring Noon Formation. Other attractions include Falcon Stadium, the cadet glider port and the new 3.8 million dollar visitor's center. Afterwards, you travel to the Garden of the Gods Park, the most photographed site in the United States. One of the world's greatest natural wonders, this gallery of amazing red rock sculptures was created more than 300 million years ago by violent geological forces. Fantastic formations jut skyward at heights of over 300 feet, see Balanced Rock and the Kissing Camels.

With lunch at the Academy Officers Club included \$42.50

Sept. 15, Friday Bus at 8:45 a.m. Departing at 9:00 a.m. Return 2:00 p.m.

Colorful Colorado Tour - Traversing the North Cheyenne Canyon, tour through the Broadmoor area, history is visible to all in the viewing the 5 star hotel and the estate homes that surround it. (Do not have the complete itinerary.)

Lunch at the Trading Post included \$45.00

Sept. 15 Friday EVENING . Departing 5:00 p.m. Return 9:30 p.m.

The Flying W. Have you ever dreamed of cowboys and Indians, covered wagons and chuck wagon supper. Flying W, is a working cattle ranch that has specialized in western food and entertainment since 1953. The Wranglers will dish up a delicious supper of barbecued beef, baked potatoes, the famous Flying W beans, applesauce, Dutch oven biscuits, spice cake and coffee. After supper, enjoy a rip roaring stage show, with real cowboys singing songs of the Old West. The show is filled with great music, laughter, and Western entertainment.

Dinner and Show included \$35.00

Sept. 16 Saturday 9:30 a.m.

Business Meeting - Hospitality Suite

Sept. 16 EVENING - Cocktail Hour with the Hotel

BANQUET - 7:00 p.m. Chicken Cordon Bleu Top Sirloin Steak Filet of Salmon

This sheet is for you to remove and keep so you have the schedule at all times. Please complete the form on the following page, write your check and mail. As you know it is difficult to host a reunion unless you know who is planning to attend. Please sign up NOW. Cancellations can be accepted until Sept. 5th.