

The SEAWEED

Publication of the
U.S.S. CHAMPLIN REUNION GROUP



DECEMBER 2007

GODDARD F. BECK

"Goddie" was born and raised in Columbia, PA. He has retained those classic small town values throughout his life, focusing on family, church, athletics & work. He has always had a job, like being a newspaper boy; he was an entrepreneur with his own home-made root beer business, which he sold to the construction workers building his church addition.

Goddard F. Beck graduated from Columbia High School, class of 1935. They just had their 72nd high school class reunion & he continues to go and enjoy his remaining class members, which is about 20 from a class of 104. He was a standout athlete in both football & basketball. He also played baseball for community teams. He played basketball for a semi-pro team, the Columbia Merchants & competed against such teams as the Harlem Globetrotters & the All-American Red Heads, a girl's team. He was honored in 1981 by being named to the "Susquehanna Valley Chapter of the Pennsylvania Sports Hall of Fame" for both football and basketball. He continued playing under community teams until World War II and going into the Navy.

Goddard was honored to serve his country in the hour of great need during World War II in the United States Navy on the destroyer USS Champlin. He kept a daily log journal of his experiences which he still views and discusses quite often. He has maintained contact with his shipmates through the reunions and by reading the Seaweed, the ship's newsletter.

The Seaweed is his great delight, for when he reads about someone he served with or reads about some past great event the Champlin was involved with, he is able to fill in more details and share stories about the people and or incidents.

After his honorable discharge from the Navy at the end of the war, Goddie returned to Columbia, Pa. & reunited with his wife Dorothy & young son. He returned to his position at Armstrong World Industries. He was also involved in playing sports, especially basketball & baseball.

Goddie moved to Lancaster, Pa. with Dorothy & there raised 7 children, 4 sons and 3 daughters. He was a very involved father, attending all the children's activities & sporting events. Armstrong Closure Plant was bought by Kerr Packaging Corp. Goddie spent 47 years in management there until his retirement. While working at his regular job, he also had a great interest and talent in property restoration, doing all the work himself including papering, painting, plumbing & electrical. He would add walls to rooms & do the plastering masonry, or whatever was needed. He had restored 10 properties, including his own historic home on Wheatland Avenue, where he still lives. He has had numerous tenants in his properties & continues to oversee this part of his life today.

Goddie has always had a great variety of interest & hobbies. He has had summer cottages, one along the Susquehanna River & one along the Conestoga River, which he still has & continues to enjoy. He likes boating, which stems from his Champlin days at sea. Goddie was honored along with other World War II veterans last year on the anniversary of the end of the war with a service medal by the Pennsylvania House of Representatives.

Goddie thrives on his 10 grandchildren & 1 great grandchild. He regularly attends football games, soccer & field hockey matches, swimming meets & track & field events. He also goes to piano recitals, vocal concerts, art exhibits & other events that these grandchildren are involved in.

He & Dorothy, his wife, traveled to Seattle to visit his son & family a few times. He also has a granddaughter & great grandchild in Boston, as well as other grandchildren in Princeton & Marlton, New Jersey, as well as locally.

Goddie follows the Philadelphia Phillies through good times & bad. He is also a Steelers fan & enjoys professional tennis. He used to regularly play tennis with his sons. Perhaps Goddie's favorite hobby is his model trains layout which features about 20 trains on a well-organized platform of 2 stories that occupies a full room in the house. He has antique trains that date from his youth. His grandfather was a railroad man, & he has retained this interest & enjoys it with grandson Patrick.

Goddie has a busy fulfilling life with family, neighbors & friends. He has the unofficial, but sincerely felt title of "Mayor of Wheatland Avenue." He entertains on the front porch daily & it is a real gathering area for all the joggers, & animal walkers, as well as family & friends, and it was the scene of his 90th Birthday on August 27th. Goddie misses his wife Dorothy, who passed on April 10 at the age of 91. They were married 66 years & enjoyed dancing together as well as raising their children & grandchildren. He does keep busy & is adjusting to the change & the loss. He has some projects going on that keep him busy. He also loves the mail, where people keep in touch. He especially looks forward to the Seaweed and information like it.

We thank Goddard's daughter, Kathleen Beck, for sharing his story.





TO MAKE
GOOD USE
OF LIFE,
ONE
SHOULD
HAVE IN
YOUTH, THE
EXPERIENCE
OF
ADVANCED
YEARS,
AND IN
OLD AGE,
THE VIGOR
OF
YOUTH.

DEEP-SIXING

Why do we call the destruction of a person or thing Deep-sixing?

Deep six is an old expression, originally meaning a grave. Why not deep eight? Probably six was chosen because of the custom of digging a grave six feet deep—thus the expression six feet under.

Deep Six was particularly popular among sailors, and it is likely that the reference was to six fathoms. Sailors used deep six to refer specifically to drowning victims (ie anyone six fathoms—thirty six feet—down in the sea was in a literal or metaphorical grave) and also to equipment jettisoned overboard that fell down to the bottom of the sea.

We have John Deans' testimony during the Watergate hearings to thank for the resurgence of this expression: Dean, President Nixon's counsel, testified that when he informed John Ehrlichman that there were incriminating documents found in Howard Hunt's White House safe, Ehrlichman suggested that it might be prudent to deep-six them in the Potomac River.

AN
EXPERT
IS ONE
WHO
KNOWS
MORE
AND
MORE
ABOUT
LESS AND
LESS.



PORT AND STARBOARD

Why is the Left hand side of a ship facing forward called the Port?

Why is the right hand side of a ship facing forward called the Starboard?

Why are the windows around the perimeter of a ship called portholes when they are found on both sides of the vessel?

Ancient ships were usually steered with a large sweep oar Starboard is Old English for steer board or paddle, so it is easy to see how the right hand side became known as the starboard. Because the steering gear was all contained on the right, old ships had to tie at dock on the left, or port side as well.

Originally, however, the left hand side was called the larboard from the Anglo Saxon laere (empty) and bord (board or paddle). The middle English laddeborde also appropriately, meant Lading side. In the early seventeenth century, mariners abandoned larboard for port, undoubtedly because when maneuvering in a wicked storm, larboard and starboard were too easily confused.

The original purpose for the porthole was not to amuse cruise passengers but to serve as gun ports. In the earliest ships, gun ports were on the port side only. Sailors had primitive, claustrophobic facilities below decks. Portholes as windows were added centuries later, and by that time the word porthole had stuck.

THE REALLY
HAPPY MAN
IS THE
ONE WHO
CAN
ENJOY
THE
SCENERY,
EVEN
WHEN HE
HAS TO
TAKE A
DETOUR.

ATOMIC BOMBS

"To quell the Japanese resistance man by man and conquer the country yard by yard might well require the loss of a million American lives and half that number of British. Now all this nightmare picture had vanished. In its place as the vision—fair and bright indeed it seemed—of the end of the whole war in one or two violent shocks"

Sir Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill

JAMES S. ROPOG WT 3/C

Our Dad, Jim, was a fun loving sailor. A warm smile and firm handshake of all everyone he met.

August 1943 volunteering for the Navy at age 30 made him one of the "old men" on the Champlin. He was separated out from the Navy in October 1945. He spent his entire time as a proud crew member of the Champlin. Dad had many stories about his adventures both onboard ship and on shore leave.

Some of the "sailor stories" are best not repeated. Like shore leave in Oran or Italy . . . Hmmmm! Then the time Dad dropped a bag of "goodies" breaking all the bottles while being piped around after a successful shore leave at an undisclosed location. We'll bet you sailors can guess the contents of the bottles.

Other stories are more noteworthy. The ramming and sinking of a German U-Boat off the US East Coast.

Sweating it out in the engine room keeping the water levels correct in the heat of battle.

The "fun" of cleaning the boiler tubes.

Escorting President Roosevelt's group to Malta from where Roosevelt took a plane to the Yalta Conference.

Riding out a typhoon in the Pacific.

Japanese surrender aboard the Missouri in Tokyo Bay.

Ice covering just about everything as the Champlin plowed the frigid seas off Murmansk Russia.

We lived in Cleveland, Ohio. Later moved to a new house in Willoughby. Dad was an avid Cleveland Indians fan even in their tough times.

He was life long friends with his shipmate Jack Strubank and his family of Detroit, Michigan. We spent many weekends with the Strubanks.

Dad loved to bowl, shoot pool, play cards, baseball, fixing just about anything, and travel. He and Mom tried to get to as many of the Champlin Reunions as possible. Seeing former shipmates brought back good times. An occasional fine

cigar and "a bit" of smooth whisky were also favorites.

After retirement as a tool and die maker for nearly 35 years Dad and Mom were drawn to Florida. First living in Ft. Lauderdale then Port Richey. They really enjoyed their retirement years in Florida.

In 1995 Dad fell ill and he and Mom moved to the Columbus, Ohio area to be near his two daughters and their families. Grandchildren became the attention of affection and ready listeners of "sailor stories". We can only hope they will remember the stories.

Dad passed away in December 2000. We trust he is still being a "good sailor."

We hope you have enjoyed reading about our father.

Stephanie (Ropog) Yeager and Virginia (Ropog) Mitchem, saluting all the USS Champlin officers and crew members.

"For those who will fight bravely and not yield, there is triumphant victory over all the dark things of life"

CHARLES "Chuck" MEEHAN

Sometime early in 1944 while I was in the Navy holding station at Pier 92 (I think?) I received orders to report to Portland, Main. I was to become part of the crew of the USS Champlin DD601. However when I arrived in Portland, the Champlin had departed. I was disappointed and confused and then to be shipped back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Having just turned 17 years old, this seemed very exciting. I couldn't understand why I was directed to a dry dock that held a big 'boat' that apparently was broken.

I soon learned of this noble and gallant ship and its crew who fought and sank a German U Boat—not far off shore. My adventure of a lifetime began and I was alone. I stored my gear below in the Fire Control Computer room where the deck became my bunk for a while. "O" division quarters eventually provided a bunk. The long gapping hole in the crews mess was just 2 doors beyond the computer room and the ship's office. The pungent odor of welding, raw material, burnt paint and ship yard activities was near over whelming.

Sixty years have passed as the blink of an eye. The positive experiences of the Champlin have served me well. At the age of 80 I'm still gainfully employed and enjoying the friendship of shipmates. Signed Chuck Meehan

DUES ARE DUE

2007-2008

\$15.00

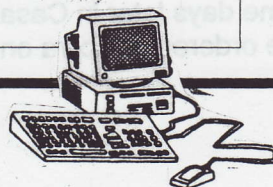
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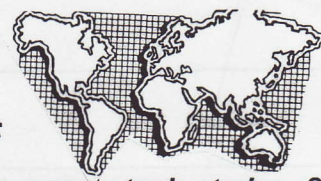
\$5.00

Mail to Norm Prewitt
May the Joy of
Christmas be with
you throughout the
year





HAROLD 'HAL' MEDVEDEFF



After the annual banquet at this year's reunion, we all met in the hospitality room to trade stories. Some of mine were on the unusual side, so I was asked to write them for the Seaweed. I agreed and hope that all will find them interesting. Hal Medvedeff

I was born in Harbin, China on the 1st of April 1918. My mother knew Latin, so she was in charge of the pharmacy at the railroad hospital. She was also fluent in Russian, French, and German. Her boss was a German doctor who was in charge of the hospital. He was also my godfather. My father was in communications installation for the Chinese Eastern Railway. It must have been a good position as he had a railroad car for his own use when there was construction outside of Harbin.

It must have been when I was five that we left Harbin by train. We went to Pusan, Korea. Later we were in Yokohama, Japan and left on The President Madison of the President line. We arrived in Seattle, Washington, and my parents found an apartment across the street from Pacific Grade School. In September, when my father entered me in the first grade, I did not know a word of English. I must have learned some as I passed to the second grade. My parents found a larger apartment on 5th avenue across from the Seattle General Hospital. I was there in the second and third grades. We moved again to a larger apartment and I was put in fifth grade. Actually, it was a two bedroom house. Later, I was in the first year at Broadway High school, when I had to visit with the registrar. He asked if I was planning on college. When I said yes, he said I had to have a foreign language. I said I already knew Russian, and he said it was not in my records, so it did not count. After that I took German where I got help at home. The teacher was a German and constantly surprised when all of my assignments were always done and constantly correct.

After high school, I entered the University of Washington. I started in the college of Engineering, but after four months, switched to Forestry. ROTC was always my favorite, and I got all A's. When I finished college, I was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps. On June 3, I was ordered to active duty and assigned to Fort Rosecrans in San Diego, CA. In September 1941 the Army allowed officers to go through pilot training in grade. In November 1941 I was informed that I was accepted for pilot training and to wait for additional orders.

On December 9, seven Army officers were ordered to meet with the executive officer. We lined up in front of his desk and the first thing he said, "I want each of you to tell me why you shouldn't be sent to the Philippines immediately." My response was that I had been accepted for pilot training and was waiting for further orders. I was the only one not sent to the Philippines, and the others never came back.

My orders came in February, 1942, and I got my wings in September, 1942. In January, 1943, I was ordered to West Palm Beach for transportation overseas. On March 10 I found myself with 20-some others on a train to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There, we were placed on the WYOMING, a French freighter. After five days at sea and seeing ships get hit, I was on deck and looked over and saw something in the water. The next thing I knew, we were hit by the torpedo, and I was thrown some distance away on the deck soaking wet.

I ran back to the cabin for dry clothes and made it back on deck where the lifeboats were being loaded. I got into one and it was lowered to the water. A French sailor used a hatchet to cut a line and hit his wrist instead, dropping the hatchet overboard. Fortunately, I had my knife and cut the line. We rowed a little way from the ship, which went down in ten minutes. Then, heaven sent the CHAMPLIN to look for survivors, and they picked us up. All 22 officers were taken on board and 90 or so of the French crew.

Life on board the CHAMPLIN was not without excitement. Suddenly, we were not moving. It seems the wrong fuel tank was turned on. We just floated around until the problem was corrected. Another destroyer came and circled us until we regained motion. At the same time, a freighter was torpedoed by a sub but it did not sink. The CHAMPLIN was ordered to sink it. As I recall, two torpedoes were fired. We could hear the "thunk" as they hit the ship but did not explode. We must have detected a sub as the "K" guns were fired and I helped roll the "ash cans" off of the fan tail. That took care of excitement.

We were dropped off some days later in Casablanca, where I got some uniforms. We were there a week or so and most of us were ordered to Accra on the Gold Coast of British West Africa. There, we flew all



the way to Khartoum, and then North to Cairo. After six months or so, we were ordered to Dakar. After four months there, we were transferred to Marrakech. From there, we flew all the way across North Africa to Cairo and back.

Then, in June, 1945, I was sent to Great Falls, MT. After about a week, I was ordered to the commander's office, I had no idea why. There, I was told I was on secret orders to go to Berlin, Germany. I was given airline tickets and told to proceed immediately. I went by commercial air line to Paris and by a U.S. plane to Berlin, Germany. I have never seen such devastation in my life. After such ruin, very few buildings were left standing. Hitler's office building seemed to be in fair shape. After landing, I was briefed, supposedly in secret, that President Truman was coming to Berlin to talk to Stalin. The next day, I was at the airfield, and learned that a plane from Washington, D.C., would land shortly. I helped push the steps to the airplane that just landed. President Truman came to the door and waved a cheery "Hello." When he came down the steps, he was no further than two feet from where I was standing. It seems that he and Clement Atlee of Great Britain were there to talk to Stalin.

I was one of four that were to be interpreters for the President in talking to Stalin. When Stalin came in the next day, the airfield was ringed with Soviet soldiers. He asked if President Truman was going to have interpreters. When President Truman said yes, he asked for the names. President Truman gave him a list of four names, mine included. Stalin returned the list with three names crossed out. Stalin told him that three of the names were not acceptable to him. I came close! The free time gave me the chance to really look around a portion of Berlin that was still standing. I went into Hitler's office, both above ground and his underground apartment. The underground apartment was for Hitler and the Joseph Goebbels' family. This apartment was fixed with a well appointed kitchen and dining room. I went across the street into Joseph Goebbels' office and found an autographed picture of Hitler. I have it today.

When World War II ended I was at Merced Air Base, in California, serving as co-pilot of a B 50.

Editor's note: Next Seaweed will pick up Hal's career at the end of WWII.



From PRESIDENT RICHARD BERMAN—THE NEXT CHAMPLIN REUNION—2008

I have contacted the reunion coordinator for the USS Boyle, Audrey Woodard, who is the daughter-in-law of a Boyle crew member. After a lengthy telephone conversation **we agreed to hold a joint reunion for 2008 in New Hampshire around the Lake Winnepesaukee area resort hotels.** The cities of Concord and Laconia are nearby. For 2009 we would meet in Philadelphia. Audrey will coordinate the New Hampshire reunion and even offered to do it for Philadelphia. Needless to say **I accepted her offer.**

Some very tentative planned activities would be a dinner/dance cruise on the motor ship Mt. Washington, bingo, a visit to the Planetarium in Concord, NH, named for Christa McAuliffe (the school teacher killed on the Challenger), golf, entertainment, 50/50 raffle, banquet dinner dance, etc. **Dates are not firm** yet as they depend on hotel availability, but probably will be in September.

I also contacted the USS Parker and the USS Ordronaux reunion groups.

Sadly, the Parker group has been disbanded in the last year as only three men remain active. They last attended a Tin Can Sailors reunion and were not too happy with it. They felt it too large and too expensive. I invited them to join us in New Hampshire. My contact person indicated that he would seriously consider coming and he would advise me shortly about the others.

The Ordronaux likewise has not held a reunion for the last four years. (Let's not have this happen to us) My contact person said he would e-mail his group and let me know if there was any interest. It does not look very promising.

I also contacted the USS Hulse. They had already scheduled a location for 2008 but he will contact the officers of their association and if they thought it had any merit he would get back to me.

At any rate the next reunion is in the works and **I will keep you all posted via *The Seaweed*** as news develops. I think New Hampshire will be interesting and unique for us and we might even get lucky with leaf peeping. Now, all you shipmates who have not attended a reunion recently please make a concerted effort to join us in 2008. **You know what that means----get up and go**

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CHARLESTON '07 REUNION ATTENTION

...A Good One!

Attention Nathan Lerner, Bill Gustin, Barbara Glass and every other reunion member who didn't make the Charleston meeting:

You were missed!

And you missed a rewarding five days:

- Strolling the ancient streets of Charleston's waterfront.
- Scads of fine seafood and other good eating.
- A great tour of the USS Yorktown anchored at Patriots' Point along with other historic vessels.
- An inspirational tour the impressive and moving Medal of Honor Museum.
- Wandering the fabled parapets of Fort Sumter, a flyspeck of an island in Charleston harbor where the shots were fired igniting the Civil War.
- Watching a young, blond waitress at California Dreaming restaurant deal with 26 different characters and their orders and 15 different checks...and she got them all right and never quit smiling.
- Visiting the storied Citadel campus.
- Visiting the H L Hunley, a Confederate submarine—powered by eight pedaling crewmen—the first submarine to sink an enemy ship. It happened in Charleston harbor.*
- Participating in the Annual Meeting where important decisions were made.

(See the official meeting minutes elsewhere in the *Seaweed*.)

- Hearing Joe Black report he audited the books and found them OK; and also that we are solvent
- Listening to five salty Champlin crewmen discuss an important event in the 601's life and disagreeing on when and where and how it happened.
- Lounging in the hospitality room and sharing anything that came to mind.

* The editor noted two ironies at the old Charleston naval base: The men admiring the CSS Hunley were primarily from the north and the object of their admiration was a Confederate sub that sank a Yankee ship; and second, their days on the Champlin were spent seeking and sinking subs.

JAMES H. McINERNEY

The message below was left on our Champlin website by Paul J McInerney of Sudbury, MA. His e-mail address is: pjmciner@yahoo.com

I regret to inform that my father, James H McInerney, who served as an officer aboard the USS Champlin, passed away on October 17, 2007. He was proud of his service to his country and always spoke in glowing terms about his time serving aboard this ship

CAPS—SHIRTS—SWEATSHIRTS

Colors: White—Light Blue—Navy Hats, \$10 Shirts \$20, Sweatshirts \$20 Embroidered S-M-L-XL

U.S.S. Champlin

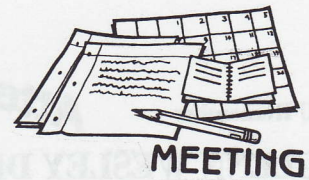
(Picture of the ship)

DD 601

At the Reunion I received several requests for caps, shirts, etc. The list has disappeared, please send or call me your requests, each shirt made to order. Please send request to: Norman Prewitt 2049 Eastridge Dr. Ex. Spgs, Mo. 64024, Phone 816-630-7272, Email: LilbitPBP@aol.com



CHAMPLIN REUNION GROUP
MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL MEETING
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA – 2007



The Annual Meeting of the Champlin Reunion Group was held in the Hospitality room of the LaQuinta Motel in Charleston, South Carolina on October 13th, 2007

In attendance: Richard Berman, Joe Black, Lou Gilbert, Sidney Hotard, Ted Johnson, Thomas Morton, Robert Maitre, Robert McAfee, Charles Meehan, Norman Prewitt, George Styles, Larry Suter, Richard Valentine, and guests Robert Feeney, Hal Medvedeff.

President 'Dick' Berman called the meeting to order at ten a.m.

We made our Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America.

Norman Prewitt gave the invocation.

The minutes of the Annual meeting in Colorado Springs 2006, as printed in the Seaweed, were accepted as printed.

Treasurer, Norman Prewitt, advised that as of September 30th, we have a balance on hand of \$2,843.70 with bills for operations and hospitality yet to be paid.

The books were audited by Joe Black and Lou Gilbert, the books were found to be in order.

There was no unfinished business from 2006.

New Business:

1. President Berman advised the group that he had been working with a hotel in Fort Washington and had secured a price of \$99.00 per night with breakfast, if we choose to meet in the Philadelphia area.

2. Dick strongly suggested that the Champlin Reunion Group merge with at least one other ship. Suggestion of the USS Boyle, the Ordronaux, Squadron 32 and the Hulse DE since it helped us in the sinking of the U-856 German Submarine.

a. Ted Johnson made a motion "The President to have the authority, at his discretion, to consult and negotiate with other Reunion groups in Squadron 16 to hold a "Multi" reunion at an acceptable location and time." Second by Larry Suter, motion passed.

3. The Destroyer Boyle is going to New Hampshire, no date set.

4. Lou Gilbert offered another suggestion of Sunny Hill in New York, a package deal.

5. A vote was taken,

a. First Choice, Fort Washington, Philadelphia area.

b. Second Choice, New Hampshire with the USS Boyle.

c. Third Choice, Sunny Hill in New York.

6. Larry Suter brought up the subject of using different dates, like Monday through Friday for the reunion. No motion was made, subject dropped.

7. President Berman offered Congratulations to Ted Johnson and Norman and Phyllis Prewitt for putting out the Seaweed.

8. Thanks to be given to Becky Medvedeff and Phyllis Prewitt for putting together this Reunion.

9. Larry Suter made the motion, "Phyllis Prewitt to be given the Honorary Title of "Bos'un Mate First Class." Second by Joe Black, Motion passed.

10. Compliments to Nancy Anders for assembling the data concerning the service of her father, Glenn Detro.

There being no further business, Ted Johnson made a motion to adjourn. Second by Larry Suter, Motion passed. Meeting adjourned at 11:10 a.m.

Secretary, Norman Prewitt

Do YOU Remember

Attention



GLENN WESLEY DETRO, CM2c?

Glenn Detro, carpenters mate 2c, was one of the original crewmen on the USS Champlin, according to official records.

In October this year his daughter, Nancy Anders, traveled from Pinehurst, NC, to Charleston, SC, to attend the Champlin reunion and learn more about her father's service aboard the DD601. She spoke at our annual meeting and distributed packets containing photographs, copies of letters he wrote home and navy documents.

Unfortunately, none of the members at the meeting remembered Glenn. That's why we're running this story—in hope some readers may be able to add some life and dimension to what his letters and records tell Nancy.

Glenn "entered active duty 22 April 1942." Orders transferring "Glenn Wesley Detro, CM2c, 614-40-91, from USNTS, Great Lakes, Illinois...to USS Champlin" are dated June 3, 1942. His wife, Mildred, went with him and was invited to the ship's commissioning ceremony "Saturday, Sept. 12, 1942 at 2:30 p.m."

For a while, Nancy said, her parents shared a house with Hugh and Sarah Baker in Massachusetts.

Following are excerpts from a couple of Glenn's letters home which may trigger a memory or two:

"March 3, 1943 We left NY today...48 cargo ships and seven other destroyers. It has been foggy and colder than the devil. Could hardly get the ships lined up, took nearly all day."

"March 11, 1943. Well we got one of the subs today and one of the other destroyers got another, some action. It looks like this trip is going to be different than the last one."

"January 25, 1945...I suppose you saw in the paper where Roosevelt was over there with us. That is the reason we had to stay so long. His son is on board with us coming back, seems to be a pretty nice guy. Anyway, I can say I pressed his shirts for him. He gave me a \$5.00 tip the other day for doing his laundry for him. He sure got sea sick the other day though, I had to laugh at him."

Nancy said, Glenn died June 28, 1962, and was interred with full military services at Oakland Cemetery, Sandusky, Ohio. Mildred Detro passed away in March of 2007.

Nancy said: "I also wrote and spoke to Hugh (Baker) and in part he replied 'the daily record that Glenn kept was very accurate. I kept a diary also....I lost my diary along the way some where. Glenn describes what happened very well.'"

If you have memories contact *The Seaweed* or Nancy directly:

Ms Nancy Anders

21 Troon Drive Pinehurst, NC, 28374

Telephone: 910 255-0275 e-mail: canders@nc.rr.com

U S Destroyers in Action

During last month's reunion, we visited the aircraft carrier USS Yorktown tied up at Patriots' Point in Charleston, SC. One of our members found the book *U.S. Destroyers In Action Part 3* in the gift shop. It features our ship. Unfortunately it is identified as DD601 "USS Champlain." Below is an exchange of correspondence between us and the author.

Dear Mr. Adcock:

If you noticed a run on your book *US Destroyers in action Part 3* earlier this month (October) that was us at the book store at Patriots Point in Charleston, SC. We held our annual reunion in Charleston October 10 – 14 and we bought the entire supply—I got the last one. Our ship is in the upper right hand corner of page 29.

It is an interesting and well done book. The only fault we found is that our ship's name is misspelled. As you'll note from the letterhead above, DD601 is the USS Champlin, not Champlain. (Perhaps spell-check is to blame.)

Perhaps when you reprint the book you could send us eight or ten of the corrected copies and I'll send them to our buyers who can then put the accurate version in their libraries.

All the best, Ted,

Thanks for writing and I apologize for the misspelling of CHAMPLIN. I went back to my original text and it was spelled correctly. Guess the Squadron [Publications] proofers changed it.

Squadron will not change any text or mistakes once a work is published.

Even Janes and James C. Fahey makes mistakes and I fall into that category also.

Again, thank you for your interest in Squadron/Signal Publications.

Regards, Al Adcock



The result is better when everyone helps

100th ANNIVERSARY—THE GREAT WHITE FLEET

One century ago Teddy Roosevelt's Navy was the first to show the flag and project U.S. power around the world without firing a shot in anger.

The morning of December 16, 1907, broke clear and cold over Hampton Roads, Va., a welcome change from recent squalls. Assembled in the bay was the pride of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet—a four mile long double line of 16 battleships, each painted gleaming white with gilt scrollwork on its prow and a full array of signal flags running from stem to stern. Many of the fleet's 14,000 sailors soon lined the rails to salute the arrival of the presidential yacht, *Mayflower*. These men, ranging from young swabs to grizzled Civil War veterans, were about to embark on an unprecedented 14 month, 45,000 mile circum navigation that would carry them to 20 ports of call on six continents. Roosevelt was sending a message: The United States had arrived as a global naval power.

Newspaper editorials of the day used words like "bluff" and "bombast" to decry this latest instance of gunboat diplomacy. But Roosevelt had reason to worry. Across the Atlantic, Germany and Great Britain were flexing their military might with ever expanding navies. Of greater concern was the Pacific front. Two years earlier Japan had handed Russia a stunning defeat, smashing its fleet in the Tsushima Strait. Roosevelt had helped to broker peace between the two nations in a deal that denied Japan monetary indemnity. The President now wondered whether Tokyo might seek to recoup its losses by seizing the newly acquired Philippines.

In the end, Roosevelt's gambit proved a success. Aside from a few mechanical glitches and close calls due to coal shortages, the fleet performed well. Pointed gunnery practice during key layovers proved the Navy's battle readiness. And when Rear Adm. Charles Sperry and his officers stepped ashore in Yokohama, thousands of Japanese schoolchildren were there to greet them. They were waving American flags.

The U.S. Atlantic Fleet, popularly *The Great White Fleet* for its freshly painted white hulls, comprised more than two dozen vessels. The centerpiece of the fleet was its 16 battleships: USS Connecticut (fleet flagship), USS Alabama, USS Georgia, USS Illinois, USS Kansas, USS Kearsarge, USS Kentucky, USS Louisiana, USS Maine, USS Minnesota, USS Missouri, USS New Jersey, USS Ohio, USS Rhode Island, USS Vermont and USS Virginia. Though an impressive sight, many of the battleships were outdated or obsolete. In fact, at San Francisco, USS Nebraska and USS Wisconsin replaced Maine and Alabama, after the latter two suffered breakdowns. Shadowing the battleships was a "Torpedo Flotilla" of six early destroyers and another half dozen auxiliary ships, including supply ships and a hospital ship. The 14 month itinerary included the following major ports:

- Hampton Roads, Va.—depart 12-16-1907
- Rio de Janeiro, Brazil 1-12-08
- Callao, Peru 2-20-08—2-29-08
- San Francisco, Calif. 5-6-08—7-7-08
- Honolulu, Hawaii 7-16-08—7-22-08
- Sydney, Australia 8-20-08—8-28-08
- Albany, Australia 9-11-08—9-18-08
- Yokohama, Japan 10-18-08—10-25-08
- Colombo, Ceylon 12-13-08—12-20-08
- Gibraltar 1-31-09—2-6-09
- Port of Spain, Trinidad 12-23-1907
- Punta Arenas, Chile 2-1-08—2-7-08
- Magdalena Bay, Mexico 3-12-08—4-11-08
- Puget Sound, Wash. (arrive for repairs 5-23-08)
- Auckland, New Zealand 8-9-08—8-15-08
- Melbourne, Australia 8-29-08—9-5-08
- Manila, Philippines 10-2-08—12-1-08
- Amoy, China 10-29-08—11-5-08
- Port Said, Egypt 1-5-09—1-10-09
- Hampton Roads, Va. Arrive 2-22-09

The ships departed December 1907 and returned home February 1909.

All these ships moved with coal burners. Do you wonder how long those ships remained "white" with the black smoke pouring out of the smoke stacks? Teddy Roosevelt "Speak softly and carry a big stick." He sent our Navy to visit the world showing our power without firing a shot.

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