

Turner Times



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NEW ORLEANS Memories

BY MIKE MANIA '53-'54

Prior to my enlisting in the Navy, I had been a part-time musician. I played a snare drum in my high school marching band, the tympani in the school orchestra, a tenor drum in a state championship drum and bugle corps, the traps in a pretty good high school dance band and in an adult dance band prior to my military service. After my discharge, I ended my physical association with music—but not my love of music. So, instead of playing an instrument, I play records, cassette tapes and CD's.

Many evenings, as I sit alone in my living room and tire of the imbecilic programs and trashy movies on TV, or if my eyes water from reading too long, I'll listen to an hour or two of some of the old ballads and novelty songs that were big hits when I was a kid. Many are ones I used to play with those very same arrangements. How they bring back such wonderful memories of days gone by.

However, something new has

been added to my nostalgia through the music that thrills me so much. Not too infrequently, I'll hear a song that places me in a certain city or state in which one of the fantastic TURNER reunions was held. That's when the memories doubly manifest themselves by purging all thoughts from my mind except the great times I had at that particular reunion. The first one I remember was POOR LITTLE ROAD ISLAND—Providence. Then, CHICAGO, CHICAGO, THAT TODDLIN' TOWN—need I tell you where that reunion was held? Or this one, MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS? How about I'M ALABAMI BOUND? Try Mobile. Remember Glenn Miller's famous PENNSYLVANIA 6-5000? I'm certain Philadelphia brings back many fond memories to you, also. Don't forget THE EYES OF TEXAS ARE UPON YOU. What a time we had in San Antonio. For many years Johnny Mercer was getting royalty

checks for a song his good friend Hoagy Carmichael wrote. It was entitled, GEORGIA ON MY MIND. That great, memorable reunion was held in Savannah. I also heard the late, great Al Jolson the other night on one of his recordings sing CALIFORNIA HERE I COME, and I remembered San Diego had hosted another fabulous party for former TURNER crewmembers, their spouses and guests. One of my novelty records almost had me getting ready to SHUFFLE OFF TO BUFFALO for next years get-together.

A tune I heard last night settled me into a bit of reminiscence that really hit home. The fourth song on a CD by Harry Connick Jr. was DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS? Wow. How could I not know? I had such a marvelous time just several short weeks ago in that fantastic town. One of the outstanding memories about it

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NOTICE

The TURNER Reunion Association Committee is pleased to announce that, henceforth, handicap accessible rooms have been added to our room block at the various hotels in which we will be holding our future reunions. If you are using a wheel chair or some other method of mobility, be sure to notify the hotel and Armed Forces Reunions (AFR) as such when you make your reservations.

Also, please be advised that the tour buses the committee hires can only accommodate **regular and battery operated wheelchairs**. They are the ones that can fold fairly flat. Other modes of transportation such as the larger and more sophisticated scooters are just too cumbersome to handle and **much too large** to fit the space allotted in the luggage compartments of the buses. Thank you for your cooperation.

\$ SHIP'S STORE ¢

The following items can be ordered from Carl Ackerman, 7436 Daisy Cir., Macungie, PA 18062, Ph: (610) 398-0145. All items are postpaid. Please make checks payable to Carl L. Ackerman.

- ▶ Up-to-date rosters — \$5.
- ▶ Turner baseball caps embroidered with Turner logo — \$18.
- ▶ Mesh polo shirts embroidered with Turner logo. Colors: Red, White or Navy Blue. Sizes M to XXL. All sizes come with a pocket — \$45. Sizes 2XL to 3XL — \$50.
- ▶ Sweat Shirts embroidered with Turner logo. Colors: Navy Blue or Gray. Sizes M to XXL — \$50. Sizes 2XL to 3XL — \$55.
- ▶ DVD of 1961 Med Cruise photos — \$10.

▶ USS Turner Auto license plate frame is polished chrome plating over a zinc die casting. The letters "U.S. NAVY" are on the top of the frame and "USS TURNER DD/DDR 834" is on the bottom of the frame. These letters are also in polished chrome plate with a painted navy blue background. This license plate frame is legal in all 50 states. See photo in column 3— \$20.00

▶ Auto license plate with colored picture of USS Turner... \$25 (to be used indoors in your office or hung on wall).

▶ BONDED LEATHER 8 ½" X 11" BLACK ZIPPERED PORTFOLIO: Outside front cover silk-screened with our ship's logo and the printing: "USS TURNER DD/DDR834". Interior Includes: 30 page 8 ½" X 11" writing pad, Elastic pen loop,

Ship's Store continued in column 2

FROM THE OF THE PREZ

GREETINGS FELLOW SHIP-MATES

HAPPY THANKSGIVING, MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND GOOD WISHES FOR A PEACEFUL NEW YEAR.

OUR ANNUAL REUNION HAS PASSED AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL. THE WEATHER IN THE NORTHERN CARIBBEAN (NEW ORLEANS) WAS PROBABLY THE BEST WE'VE HAD ALL SUMMER. WE GIVE SPECIAL THANKS TO ALL THAT MADE THIS REUNION MEMORABLE. THEY PUT TOGETHER A GREAT PROGRAM THAT WILL BE REMEMBERED BY ALL FOR YEARS TO COME.

WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO THE NEXT REUNION TO BE HELD IN BUFFALO NY. DON'T FORGET THAT YOU WILL NEED A PASSPORT TO GO INTO CANADA.

ROY TURCOTTE

Card holders, Mesh holder and calculator. 3 Interior pockets: 1 with a zipper and 1 expandable. Outside of portfolio is zippered for security. SEE PHOTO below. Price \$20 total (while supplies last)



▶ Denim Shirts: Short sleeve, light blue with dark blue Turner Logo.

Sizes M to XXL — \$50. Sizes 2XL to 3XL— \$55.

▶ Ship's patches: Both the Tiger and Double Eagle, 4" round with color embroidery. Also official Navy patch just like on the ball caps. Blue/gold lettering of "USS Turner DD/DDR 834" around gray destroyer profile. 3"H x 5"W. Cost is \$5 per patch.

USS Turner License Plate Frame



A young man with a wild and multi-colored hairstyle sits next to an old man on a park bench. The old man stares at the young man.

"What's the matter, old man?" says the young man. "Never done anything crazy in your life?"

The old man replies: "Yeah. When I was in the Navy, I got really drunk one night and had sex with a parrot. I thought you might be my son."



• SHORT HITCH •

George Washington always wanted to be a sailor. But this was against his parents' wishes, and the only voyage he ever made was when, as a lad of 19, he sailed to the West Indies and back.

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is knowing everyone else at the reunion had an equally great time! And yes, I certainly do miss New Orleans.

But before I get into the reunion in depth, I want to say a few words about the outer fringes of this trip—no less important than the main body of the story, I might add.

The weather could not have treated us any better. It was wonderful, especially if you took one of the many paddle wheel boat excursions up and down the MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI. There was always a cool breeze blowing to fan away the warm rays of the ever present sunshine to make it very comfortable. I took a tour on the Creole Queen and got myself a bit of sunburn--nothing harmful or painful. It was gone in two days.

One of the biggest attractions to New Orleans for me was the seafood. And how I did eat it. There were no complaints from anyone I spoke to about the quality of the food in any of the eateries. It was fabulous.

And speaking of music, as I did just a moment ago, I did get to hear some fantastic New Orleans JAZZ in person! I was convinced I had died and gone to heaven. While I most assuredly love music of all kinds, jazz is my heart, my soul, my breathe, my life. 'Nough said.

I would be remiss if I didn't mention the wonderful people who live and work in and around the city of New Orleans. They couldn't have treated the TURNER folk any better. Yet, I'm certain, the way they responded to us was just normal routine for their personalities. They are beautiful people, all.

Without a doubt, one of the best stories to be told of this four day bash concerns the finest tour guide the TURNER group ever had the pleasure of listening to, learning from and absolutely enjoyed having in their company. Her name is Barbara Robichaux, and she is a very proud Cre-

ole, who loves with a passion, New Orleans, her native background, seafood, tour guiding, the New Orleans Saints and everyone of the TURNER people with whom she came in contact. As far as I know, Barbara is the only tour guide who has ever been invited to attend a TURNER banquet. That, in itself, speaks volumes about this woman's knowledge of her subject, New Orleans, her character and personality. She accepted the invitation and had a great time. It was a pleasure to have her aboard. We wish her continued success.

The nineteenth annual USS TURNER DD/DDR 834 reunion, which was held at the Doubletree Hotel—New Orleans, began on September 27, with the opening of the hospitality room and reunion registration desk at 1:00 p.m. The cash bar opened at 6:00 p.m. in the Crescent Ballroom whose windows afforded a beautiful overview of the city. It didn't take long before the room began to fill. Old friends were greeted, new friends were made and tired old sea tales began their deployment, once again, around the room.

The Welcome Dinner Buffet in the Ballroom started at 7:30 after a few words of greetings by Grant Wilcox and Roy Turcotte.

Toward the end of the buffet, the 50-50 Drawing was held. Lucky winners were Ty East and Dan Herman, each garnering \$20.00, while Tom Beard wrapped his hands around eighty big ones after he won the third prize. Good going, guys! The evening, in the Ballroom, ended at 8:15 p.m.

At 9:00 a.m. the next morning, the tour bus was boarded and under a clear, sunny sky, with a mild temperature, we began a great circuit of the very eclectic Big Easy. Our city sojourn began with a trip down the historical St. Charles Avenue. This ride afforded us an opportunity to view Tulane and Loyola Universi-

ties, many well cared for city parks, old oaks and a genuine streetcar system still shuttling back and forth. Seeing the stately charm of some of New Orleans pre-Civil War homes brought us from one century right into another when we passed by some of the present day dwellings inhabited by an elite group of upper caste New Orleans citizens.

We made a stop at one of the cities famous above ground cemeteries, and as she did through the entire tour, our wonderful guide Barbara, gave a most comprehensive dissertation on the cemetery and some of its famous inhabitants.

As we wove through the French Quarter, we were subjected to the sights of independent old French and Spanish cultures, yet were witness to their melding together as a third or another separate culture while forming a new and modern lifestyle.

Free time was enjoyed at the Jackson Square, the heart of the daily activity and night life in the French Quarter. Lunch was on our own in the Jax Brewery, an old landmark converted into a present day labyrinth of shops and small eateries of all sorts. The Quarter also boasted of many fine restaurants. After lunch, it was back on the bus and a brief ride back to the hotel for the afternoon, evening and dinner on our own.

Wednesday morning, at 8:45 a.m., the bus was once again boarded by our group of happy, boisterous tourists and subsequent to a brief ride downtown, we entered the NATIONAL WORLD WAR II MUSEUM. At the time of its dedication in 2002, it was known as the NATIONAL D-DAY MUSEUM. As soon as the government donated some money for its support, they became a partner and had the name officially changed. This remarkable edifice and its ancillary building is an extraordinary tribute to the courage, determination and sacrifice of our

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men and women during World War Two and the American will to keep our great country great and free. It was a somewhat somber and sobering visit. I've been wanting to see it since its inception. My dream had finally been brought to fruition.

The bus arrived back at the hotel approximately 12:45 p.m. The afternoon and evening were, once again, on our own.

Thursday morning, the general membership business meeting started at 9:30 with the introduction of officers by President Roy Turcotte, after which a few words of greeting were spoken by Carl Ackerman. Joe Stepanek gave the treasurers report and made a strong plea for more members to please pay dues. A motion was made and passed to send \$250.00 to the TIN CAN SAILORS ASSOCIATION.

The following dates for the Buffalo 2011 reunion were announced as; Mon. Sept. 19, Tues. 20, Wed. 21, Thur. 22. This reunion is to be held at the Adams Mark/Doubletree Downtown Buffalo Hotel.

Colorado Springs, CO., Nashville, TN., and Jacksonville, FL. were discussed as possible cities for the 2012 reunion. Jacksonville was the member's choice, so that's where it will be held. Someone suggested a cruise for the 2013 reunion and it did receive a very favorable reaction. However, there were too many things about a cruise to be considered for the moment, so the discussion was shelved until the next reunion in order to have more time to research the situation in depth.

Dues were then collected and the meeting was adjourned at 10:15 a.m.

Time became our own until 5:00 p.m. when picture taking for the Memory Book began. The cash bar opened at 6:30 and at 7:00 the banquet began with some very good music. Seven-thirty, Roy Turcotte made

his welcoming remarks. Carl Ackerman then led everyone in singing GOD BLESS AMERICA, which was followed by the Invocation and toast. The food was then promptly served to a total assembly of seventy-eight hungry former Navy chow hounds and their beautiful spouses and friends and was enjoyed by all.

After dinner, the second and final 50-50 Drawing took place. The first surprised winner was my brother, Joe Mania, who gladly accepted his \$25.00 winnings. Joe Zimmerman was \$25.00 happier than my brother. He won \$50.00. Gene McArdle was \$25.00 more ecstatic than the two previous winners. He pocketed a \$100.00 prize.

Four Red Ticket prizes of one free nights stay at the hotel were raffled off next. Happy winners were: Kathleen Turcotte, Joe Mania (where did we hear that name before?), Tom Beard and Jerry Weitz.

Al Gould garnered a great bottle of wine on the next drawing while Madge Ackerman won a beautiful TURNER shirt. Henry Litchendorf was the happy recipient of a carry bag and Bill McGuire was another winner of a bottle of wine. Ty East won a huge tub of Trick or Treat goodies after which Jerry Mikulski would finally learn how to tell time by the beautiful clock he won. The last drawing of the night offered a bottle of wine and though you may be growing tired of hearing the name MANIA, at least the first name is different. This time it was MIKE not JOE. I sensed an undercurrent of restlessness in the crowd. They may have had an idea "the fix was in."

The music enticed many couples to the dance floor where it was quite apparent love was still king! What a beautiful sight. What a perfect way to end a most beautiful and perfect reunion in a most beautiful environment—The Big Easy.

"Do I know what it means to Miss New Orleans?" Need you ask?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Mania:

You'll probably recall that we were in touch in connection with my research on the USS TURNER explosion when I was working on my book recalling World War II in New York.

As promised, I'm enclosing a copy of the book. I also sent the book to John McDonald of New Jersey, whom I interviewed.

If you would be willing to mention the book in the TURNER TIMES and on the USS TURNER web site, I'd be grateful.

Sincerely,
Richard Goldstein

The book is entitled HELLUVA TOWN and is published by FREE PRESS. I can truly say, the book is a good read. I thoroughly enjoyed it and the pictures that were in it. (Mike Mania)

ATTENTION ALL HANDS!

We need articles for the newsletter!

Send your USS Turner remembrances to the Editor

30 Ways to Simulate Being in the Navy When You're at Home (this is the 21-30 ways)

1. Smash your forehead or shins with a hammer every two days to simulate collision injuries sustained onboard Navy ships.
2. When making sandwiches, leave the bread out for six days, or until it is hard and stale.
3. Every 10 weeks, simulate a visit to another port. Go directly to the city slums wearing your best clothes. Find the worst looking place, and ask for the most expensive beer that they carry. Drink as many as you can in four hours. Take a cab home taking the longest possible route. Tip the cabby after he charges you double

4. Use fresh milk for only two days after each port visit.
5. Keep the bedroom thermostat at 2 degrees C and use only a thin blanket for warmth.
6. Ensure that the water heater is connected to a device that provides water at a flow rate that varies from a fast drip to a weak trickle, with the temperature alternating rapidly from 2 to 95 degrees C.
7. Use only spoons which hold a minimum of 1/2 cup at a time.
8. Repaint the interior of your home every month, whether it needs it or not.

9. Stand outside at attention at dawn and have the poorest reader you know read the morning paper out loud. Be sure to have him skip over anything pertinent.
10. Every four hours, check the fluid level in your car's radiator. Check the tire pressure and replace air lost from excessive pressure checks. Be sure to place red tag on ignition stating "DANGER: DO NOT OPERATE" while you perform these checks. Inform your neighbor as to the results of these checks, have him tell you to repeat the checks because he did not see you perform them.

Author unknown

Submitted by Jim Jensen. This would be taken sometime between 1945-1949. I previously sent some communication with information about my grandfather, Fred Brune, who is in the 4th row, near the center, standing left of an African American (22nd from left if you count those in the 3rd & 4th rows together). As I try to notice details, it would appear that he's wearing the uniform of a seaman? If so, this would be very early in his naval career, like his first assignment perhaps. He was drafted into service and became a Chief in rank as a boilerman.



***OUR* TURNER TIMES**

WHAT WE REMEMBER ABOUT OUR TIME ON BOARD

**Captain Pauly
Remembers
Part Six of Six parts**

When we were back operating with our own squadron, we were again doing competitive exercises which required having an officer observer from the squadron staff ride us to observe and grade us. After completion, we were ordered to send him back to the flagship by underway highline transfer, but the seas were very rough. The squadron flagship at that time was a DLG which was much larger than TURNER and more stable in heavy seas, which perhaps kept the Commodore from realizing it was getting so rough. As we prepared to do the transfer, the staff officer came to me and said that he did not want to make the transfer in the present sea conditions, and I told him not to worry because he would not be transferred. So he was somewhat perplexed as we made all preparations and then increased speed for our approach to come alongside the flagship. Green water came over our bridge as TURNER's bow dug into the seas. I was showing the Commodore that TURNER could make the approach and stay alongside in position even in those rough seas, but I knew that the Commodore would then decide that the transfer was too risky - which he did. It was proper for me to try hard to carry out the plan, and let him cancel it, as I knew he must. Those underway personnel transfers were always exciting. The person to be transferred sat in a small chair, which was suspended from a pulley running on the line stretched between the two ships. We often joked about the two ships rolling toward one another and slacking that line which would dip the person in the water. But then as they rolled apart the line would suddenly be-

come taut, and pull the chair up violently which sometimes made it swing. We called that "dipping and spin drying". But it was never funny to the person in the chair. And I rode those chairs many times in my years at sea.

Underway transfers and replenishments were always risky because we had to stay between 80 and 120 feet abreast of the other ship, which required continual course changes. If we got closer we were sucked into a collision, and if we got too far out the rigs would part. We also had to maintain station closely in the fore and aft direction, which involved small speed changes every few minutes. We did these events in every kind of weather and often at night, with no lights showing - even our running lights were off - a violation of the International Rules of the Road, but required to permit our crew to see in the dark without losing their night vision. I recall an ammunition transfer underway in the Med on a Sunday during a hard rainstorm. The rain was in my eyes so bad that I turned around and faced aft as I kept the ship in position alongside for over an hour, transposing things in my head to give the right conning commands. All went well, and afterwards I authorized a shot of medicinal alcohol for each man who got soaked by the cold rain. That made a nasty and tough evolution a bit more enjoyable for that hardworking TURNER crew.

Our return to Mayport after this six-month cruise was again very happy. This time while crossing the Atlantic, we made a large papier-mâché tiger and mounted it on the height finding radar antenna, which had a sector scanning mode. When we

pulled into the pier, the large tiger was swinging back and forth looking over all the families on the pier.

After a period of leave we began local operations again. I recall a time when we had two civilians come aboard as guests of a program run by the Secretary of the Navy. They were going to ride TURNER for a few days to see what destroyers did at sea. Unfortunately a hurricane was headed our way and the senior officer present ordered all ships to get underway immediately. It was almost midnight, and the two guests had just come aboard a few hours before expecting a leisurely departure in the morning. We got underway at midnight and were in some rather rough seas getting away from the path of the hurricane. The guests said they enjoyed their ride with TURNER, but I think they were just being polite.

We were sent to visit New Orleans and have the ship open to visitors. That was a great experience. New Orleans is 120 miles up the Mississippi so we entered the river delta at night. The first thing we saw was a large merchant ship hard aground on the riverbank - our pilot said because of a steering problem. We made most of the transit in darkness because we were due at the pier in the morning. A welcoming committee met us, and I was presented with a gold key to the city, which I still have - it is good for nothing, but was a nice gesture. We had thousands of visitors aboard, the crew really enjoyed New Orleans and we got a big write-up in the local newspaper. On the return downstream, we entered a narrow part of the river in the delta region and the pilot made a mistake and gave an order, which would have

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Final Roll Call

Since our last issue we have learned that these shipmates have answered the call of the Supreme Commander:

George W. Adshead	45-46	F2
Lester A. Garringer	45-46	SM3
Wendell L. Creasey	57-60	SN
Ralph R. Gernhart	46	MM2
Joseph R. Gimeli	45-46	PHM2
Foster O. Greene	47	MMC
Howard R. Hansell	50	SA
William J. Masterson	46-48	RDM3
Donald R. Sorenson	46-48	BM3
Norbert Stiglmeier	55-56	RM3
Edmund J. Stronski	62-63	CDR
Paul L. Storms	45-46	EM2
Leonard F. Wallachy	65-67	TM2

immediately run us aground on the riverbank - so I relieved him. It is not only pilots in foreign ports who make mistakes. After we got out into the Gulf of Mexico, I decided that we would do our annual full power run around the tip of Florida and up past Miami. That requires that the engineers go to General Quarters to man all four boilers, and all equipment is run at maximum capacity with readings taken throughout to see if everything still operates as designed. We gradually built up speed, then held 33 knots for four hours, and then gradually slowed. We hit our 33 knot maximum as we raced past Miami with the Gulf Stream current pushing us, so our actual speed was close to 37. That was a thrill, because you run close to shore passing Miami, which makes your fast movement very apparent. At that speed, the wake boils up high over the stern in a mini rooster tail effect. The crew takes a lot of photos when that happens.

One day in Mayport I was doing paperwork in my In Port Cabin when the XO came to see me. He said that the OOD had called him reporting an enlisted man from another ship was on our quarterdeck asking to see the Captain. This was unusual since normally only Captains had business

with other Captains, so the OOD asked the nature of his business. He said he was the Captain's adopted son, and the business was personal. To the surprise of the XO and the OOD, I said "Bring him up to my Cabin." It was Billy Brown. We had a joyful reunion. He said that his marriage was great, they now had three children, and he had been promoted to Boiler Technician First Class. He was now on a destroyer from another homeport, which had just briefly stopped in Mayport. We had coffee together and a very nice visit. Finally he asked if I remembered the letter I had written to his wife from Guantanamo. He said that she still kept that letter in her dresser drawer and read it regularly. I was amazed, since I could not remember what I had written five years before, and asked him to get me a copy if he could. But I never heard from Billy Brown again after that visit, even though I have tried to find him in recent years. I sometimes joke that if I had a copy of that letter, I might get into marriage counseling as my next career.

We did another dependents cruise one day but GOODRICH, the ship that was supposed to go with us decided to cancel out. That meant we would have to think of some things to do to replace the exercises that required two ships. For one such thing, I decided to fire a 5" gun, which was forbidden on such cruises for safety reasons. So when we got out in an area with no other ships or boats in sight, I turned 90 degrees, trained the gun mounts abeam, and fired plaster loaded shells into our wake. Firing into the wake insured that nothing was in the target area, because we had just passed through that water. Firing plaster loaded shells insured there could be no accident such as an in-bore or premature shell explosion, and by using the forward gun of the

forward mount as it trained abeam with all dependents kept much further aft, it was really quite safe. The dependents saw the big splashes as the plaster loaded shells impacted in the wake and did not realize they were not true explosions, so that was a highlight of the day for them. Nobody ever "told" on me, so I got away with it.

It was now August of 1968, and my two years in command of TURNER were about to end. I had received orders to become XO on the heavy cruiser SAINT PAUL then operating off Vietnam, and even got a nice welcome letter from its Captain. I traded the 1966 Comet Cyclone for a 1966 Dodge station wagon with air conditioning, believing I was going to drive across the southern US to San Diego, which was the SAINT PAUL homeport. But my orders suddenly were changed. It seems that BuPers finally realized I was junior to some Department Heads on SAINT PAUL, probably because I had become a destroyer skipper so early. So my orders were changed to become Commodore of Escort Squadron Eight in Newport. The TURNER officers gave me a farewell party and presented me with a beautiful "Captain's Chair" which is still in a place of honor in our guest bedroom. The day I was relieved was very sad for me. I hated to leave TURNER. We went through the formal ceremony with Rear Admiral Ike Kidd as our senior guest. I gave a speech as is customary, and we followed with a brief reception in the Wardroom. Then with the sideboys on the quarterdeck saluting, I was piped off for the last time. There were tears in my eyes as I departed TURNER.

"Any man who may be asked in this century what he did to make his life worthwhile...can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction, 'I served in the United States Navy!'"
President John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Submitted by Bob Kelly: A Story of Survival

I'm a former RM3 who served aboard the Turner from June of 67 until Sep of 69. Attached is a recent article that appeared in our local community magazine in Hunter's Creek, near Orlando, Fl. It concerns my recent fight with male breast cancer. I'm hoping that publication of this kind of information might help spread the word that men can get breast cancer too. Awareness is the key. Early detection saved me. It might do the same for other ex Turner sailors out there. Thanks. //Bob Kelley

(The following is reprinted with permission from Hunter's Creek Community Association, the August of Life at Hunter's Creek)

His Side of the Story: Breast Cancer

By Felipe Medina-Marquez. "You gain strength, courage and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face." ~ Eleanor Roosevelt

On April 22, Bob Kelley came face to face with fear. After waiting six sleepless days for the result of a biopsy, the results were in. He was diagnosed with breast cancer.

Bob was in disbelief. "I was vaguely aware that men could get breast cancer, but I thought it was extremely rare." He was half right. Breast cancer in men is rare, but not *extremely* rare. "For men, the lifetime risk of getting breast cancer is about 1 in 1000," the American Cancer Society reports.

Men account for only 1% of all breast cancer cases (women are 100 times more likely to develop the disease). This disparity stems from anatomical differences in the way pubescent males and females develop, according the ACS. "Breast cancer is less

common in men because their breast duct cells are less developed than those of women and because their breast cells are not constantly exposed to the growth-promoting effects of female hormones."

There are many factors that increase the risk of cancer in males: age (between 60 and 70), abusing alcohol, having a liver disease, using estrogen-related drugs, having Klinefelter's Syndrome (men born with an extra X chromosome), and being exposed to radiation. The news was especially troubling because aside from his age, 63, Bob wasn't a high risk candidate for getting cancer. "I am not overweight, I do NOT smoke, and I have no significant family history of cancer," he said. For these reasons, he wasn't concerned when he noticed a lump behind his right nipple in January. He was convinced that it was a cyst, so he ignored it.

Two months later, the lump wasn't gone. Bob hadn't seen a doctor in the 34 years since leaving the Navy, but he was still concerned. So reluctantly, he made an appointment with a doctor his friend recommended. One mammogram and one biopsy later, Bob learned that he had Stage 1 Breast Cancer.

"Once that information got out to my friends and co-workers," Bob said, "I was told a group of them simultaneously lifted the shirts and started feeling their breasts for lumps. And that's what it takes to stop the disease – early detection." Bob says men should check themselves regularly. But what symptoms should they look for? The website for National Breast Cancer Awareness Month writes: "It is important to see a doctor if any of the following changes to the breasts is noticed:

- A lump or swelling in the chest area
- Dimpled or puckered skin

- A nipple that is inverted (facing inward)
- Redness or scaling of the nipple or breast skin
- Discharge from the nipple."

With his wife of 44 years, Marsha, and his two sons, Robert and Richard, alongside him, he underwent a mastectomy on May 3. He said, "Incredible as it might seem, they sent me home that afternoon." They told him, "If you can stand up and pee, you can go home today," so he went home with a tube and drain imbedded in his chest. Then came the good news: the cancer has not spread to his lymph nodes. Now he is waiting for a test to see what the actual chances of recurrence are.

Throughout the ordeal, he says it was important to stay in touch with family and friends. "The more people that know about your condition, the more contact you'll receive ... and that's what helps you get through it." He said going to his grandson Noah's little league games helped to keep his mind off the illness. "My advice to anyone just diagnosed: Keep a positive outlook and try to keep your family and friends close," Bob said.

Bob is making a full recovery and he intends to start working again soon enough. Having gone through the ordeal, he wants to create awareness for this issue with men of all ages, but specifically those men who have a higher risk of developing the disease. He emphasizes that detection and prevention are key. "I think about how many other men might have a different prognosis because they either don't notice a lump or they simply dismiss it and wait far too long before having it checked," Bob said.

Do you know what the Coast Guard and Marines have in common?

Navy wives

I remember by Gerald (Jerry) Newton Part 1

I went aboard the Turner towards the end of 1948. There we were, four of us fresh from E.M. school. It was an exciting time - all kinds of new experiences for an 18 year old, who had never been out of the state of California. The Turner was anchored in San Diego bay, and would go on short cruises off the coast for training.

There were some crewmen aboard who had been in World War II. They told about the Japanese suicide planes (Kamikazes) in the Sea of Japan, and the different sea battles. They also told about the typhoon in Japan in 1945. There were some destroyers lost I'm not sure if the Turner was in Japan at the time - having just been commissioned in 1945 at Bath, Maine.

On one of our short training exercises out of San Diego - on rising in the morning I discovered a rash on my chest. I also did not feel well. I went to sickbay and found out that I had the chicken pox. I was required to stay in sick bay as the ship hastily took off and returned to port. I was dropped off on a pier in the rain to await an ambulance to take me to Balboa Naval Hospital. It seemed like hours before the ambulance arrived. I was in bad shape by the time I got to the hospital. In addition to chicken pox I developed acute tonsillitis; I spent the next month at Balboa. I believe I contracted the chicken pox on one of my journeys to Tijuana.

Back on the Turner awaiting our cruise to China, a popular song at the time played "I'd like to get you on a slow boat to China." I thought of my girlfriend going to college in Pasadena who I would be leaving behind.

All this was taking place as the communists and nationalists were at war in China. Our navy was taking the nationalists to Formosa. We got word that the communists had taken over all of China - so we would not be going there - too late to help. Shortly thereafter we received orders that we were to proceed to Newport R.I. to become part of the 7th fleet in the Atlantic Ocean. Those that wanted to remain on the west coast could transfer off the ship and remain in San Diego. I joined the navy to see the world and stayed aboard!

We soon left San Diego and proceeded to Panama where we could pass through the Panama Canal. Two very unusual things happened as we cruised off Mexico and the coast of South America. The weather became very hot and humid. We were always in sight of the coast and after arid Mexico we soon observed the jungles as we got further south. One Sunday afternoon the captain decided to stop the ship and give anyone a chance to cool off with a nice swim in the ocean. Netting had been placed over the side to climb down to enter the water. As a precaution Gunner's mates with bar's were in whale boats and also up on the bridge. I decided not to join my frolicking friends in the water. It wasn't very long before lookouts on the bridge spotted sharks, the alarm was sounded and I believe some Olympic swimming records were broken as our men raced back to the ship. We could soon see several tiger sharks about ten to twelve feet long.

The next event was almost a tragedy. During mid-watch the generator in the aft engine room shorted out and caught fire. The engine room was immediately filled with hot smoke. Luckily all on watch managed to escape. The hatches were closed and the fire put out. But not before the generator

and the reduction gears had taken damage from the heat. From here on our cruise would be completed on one screw. Our first stop on the east coast would be the navy yard in Boston's Charlestown.

The rest of the cruise was uneventful going through the locks in Panama I thought it very interesting. After our repairs in Charlestown we proceeded to Newport our new home

My memory of the rest of my navy time seems hard to keep straight. I guess because the routine kept repeating itself. As a radar picket destroyer, the only one on the east coast, we became part of the dew line this was an early warning system to detect incoming soviet missiles. We spent a lot of time in the north Atlantic. The seas were very inhospitable to a small man of war.

With summer and Cape Cod nearby many of us would spend our off-duty weekends there. We found nice sandy beaches. Falmouth, Mass. was a great place; problem was it rained almost every weekend. And the water was much colder than we were used to in San Diego.

An addendum to my Turner experiences. I am now eighty years old and in bad health mostly caused by asbestos. This was caused by my exposure while aboard the Turner. Asbestos covered all steam lines, fresh water etc. We did not know the asbestos would destroy our lungs. I am now on oxygen 24 hours a day I would like to hear from anyone who has the same problem

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What do you get when you stand three Navy Ensigns shoulder to shoulder?

A. A wind tunnel!

