



2nd Quarter
2012

"Rest well, yet sleep lightly and hear the call, if again sounded, to provide firepower for freedom..."

THE JERSEYMAN

10 Years - Nr. 74

Keep the Legacy Alive



Support the Big J!

How you can help! See the next page...

THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

A Note from the new President & CEO of the Battleship New Jersey

First off, I'd like to thank Tom Helvig for giving me this opportunity to speak to you about the Battleship's current financial situation and provide some details on our Spring Fund Raising Campaign. The USS New Jersey is currently facing a very difficult situation due to a loss of 98% of our funding from the State of New Jersey. In February Jim Schuck, the ship's President/CEO resigned and the Board of Trustees appointed me to replace him. As I got settled in to my new position I quickly discovered the true depth of the ship's financial condition and immediately formulated a plan to raise the funds needed to get the ship back on a sound financial footing. The first phase of the plan was to reach out to the ship's volunteers and members of the Board of Trustees and ask them for significant donations of support. In the near future we'll also be reaching out to our association membership and today we are reaching out to you, the readers of *The Jerseyman*.

For those who read *The Jerseyman* regularly, you may recall that in 2010 we reached out to former Battleship crew members who served onboard during the Vietnam period of service asking for donations to help fund the opening of an exhibit covering that period. The initial estimate to create this exhibit was \$5,000, later, after seeing the costs of creating other exhibits rise dramatically; the estimate was raised to \$10,000. I bring this up in an effort to assure you that although the ship is currently in a tough financial situation, the donations received for that exhibit are safe in an account that will only be used for that exhibit. Our curator is currently at work on the scope and estimates for the exhibit, and hopes to have it open in time for the ship's crew reunion later this year.

With regard to our Spring Fund Raising Campaign, the overall goal is to raise \$600,000 in the next 90 days -- pretty ambitious for sure, but necessary. A sizable portion of this money will come from the aforementioned ship's volunteers, board members, and association members, but we also have high hopes for this fund raising effort. This campaign offers various levels of structured support along with our traditional levels of association membership and special rewards for larger donations. On the following page are details on the items we are offering and information on *How You Can Help*. The Navy entrusted her to us and we're doing the best we can to keep her legacy alive, right here in Camden where she belongs. The Home Port Alliance for the USS New Jersey, Inc., is a non-profit 501c3 organization so a portion of your donations will be tax deductible and a letter will be provided from the ship acknowledging your donation and indicating the portion that is tax deductible. In closing, I would like to thank you in advance for your support of the Battleship, and we look forward to seeing all former crewmembers onboard the ship in August.

- Phil Rowan, President & CEO



THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

Levels of Support for our Spring Fund Raising Campaign

Battleship Supporter T-Shirt -

For a donation of \$25 you will receive a Battleship Supporter T-Shirt. This shirt features an image of the ship underway superimposed on the stars and stripes on the front, and the "Ten Commandments of Damage Control" on the back. This is a great t-shirt to wear this Summer, plus you will be helping support the Battleship, a real win-win scenario!

Front Image

Keep the Legacy Alive

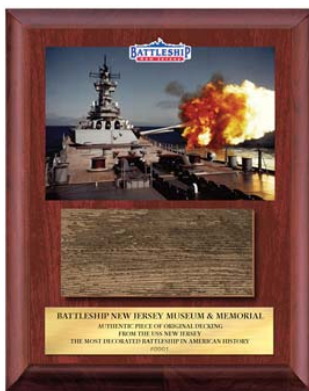


Support the Big J!

Back Image



Commemorative Brick - For a donation of \$100 we'll place a customized Commemorative Brick on the ships pier for you. Each brick can be imprinted with up to three lines of text, each line containing a maximum of 15 characters (spaces count). This is a great way to show your support for the ship that will be there forever! We'd love to see the entire pier filled with Commemorative Bricks by the time the crew returns in August. Please call or send us an e-mail to receive an order form for your brick.



Teak Decking Wall Plaque - For a donation of \$100 you will receive an individually numbered wall plaque featuring an actual piece of teak decking from the ship with a brass plate attesting to the authenticity of the teak. The teak on these plaques was removed from an area just aft of Turret #3 during a restoration project several years ago.

For those willing to pledge donations at a level above \$100, we have select pieces of teak decking available to reward you for your support. Please call or e-mail us for more information.

For more information on this fund raising campaign, or on how to join our association, please visit the ships website at: www.battleshipnewjersey.org

Ordering Information - Please send your check or money order to the address listed below. Be sure to include a list of the item(s) you would like and an address where they should be sent. If you have questions about our fund raising efforts, or if you would like an order form for a Commemorative Brick (form is also available on the ships website), please give us a call or send an e-mail using the phone number or e-mail address below.

Address to send checks or money orders for your support

Battleship New Jersey
Development Department
62 Battleship Place
Camden, NJ 08103

For questions, or to request an order form for a Commemorative item

Phone: (856) 966-1652, Ext. 211
E-Mail: p.rowan@battleshipnewjersey.org



THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

USS SPENCE... (DD-512)

Richard Strand lost his brother, Robert Strand, MM2/c, when USS Spence capsized during Typhoon Cobra on December 18, 1944. Robert Strand had served aboard USS Spence from two months following her commissioning in January of 1943 until she was lost in December 1944. His loss, and that of many others aboard Spence, followed after two years of combat duty with Arleigh Burke's DesRon 23, known as "The Little Beavers". - TH

According to Richard Strand, "it has been my personal project of trying to reach the families of those who served on the USS Spence and it continues. Last fall I sent letters to the editor of three different veteran publications covering the 67th anniversary of the loss of the Spence in December, and mentioning my standing offer of a free naval history of the Spence available to families and friends. Unfortunately none of the Veteran publications ran the letter and I was also surprised and disappointed that none acknowledged even receiving the letter.

The USS Spence website remains my only way of reaching out. Last year I received a request on the average of every other month from this free offer. Since 1998 I received 348 requests and have sent out nearly 280 free document copies to those respondents. I now have three 3-inch binders filled with their letters and my responses to them. I have now responded to more than 110 families of the 319 who were lost at the time which means there are still over 200 families that I have failed to reach. I continue to read my e-mail each day in hope that others will take advantage of my free offer.



**Robert Strand, MM2/c
Lost aboard USS Spence (DD-512)
December 18, 1944**

Obviously, those who actually served on the Spence continue to decline each year. In 2003 I took over a mailing list from **David Meskill** who had been sending out a Spence newsletter since 1983 when the first "Little Beaver" squadron reunion was held. He passed away in 2003 and I have continued to send out an annual newsletter so we could keep in touch with those who served. There were 33 on the list when I received it and after sending out my letter last December, the mailing list has now shrunk to just eight (8). My records also show that only 3 of the 24 that survived the loss of USS Spence are still with us today." (Continued...)



USS SPENCE... (DD-512)

THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

USS SPENCE... (DD-512)

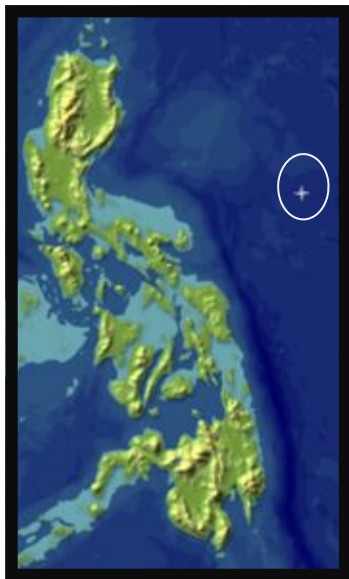
"The many veteran groups of today, such as *The Jerseyman* for the USS New Jersey, should be commended for their efforts in keeping alive the naval memories of World War II, Korea, Vietnam and so on...

The USS Spence, (DD-512) was one of only a few warships involved in so many meritorious actions of World War II in its short two years of existence, that began with her commissioning in January of 1943, and ended with her loss during Typhoon Cobra in December of 1944.

She earned eight battle stars and the Presidential Unit Citation during that very short period. Memorial plaques and exhibits of USS Spence are located in the US Navy Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C., at the Washington Navy Yard Museum, the National Museum of the Pacific War in Fredericksburg, Texas, and the National Cemetery in the Philippines, and all are well deserved. USS Spence served in Destroyer Squadron 23, and which is still operational today in the Pacific fleet. The current Squadron 23 has also continued to honor USS Spence by holding a memorial 10 year service in the Pacific waters where she was lost on December 18, 1984, 1994, and 2004 on the 40th, 50th and 60th Anniversaries of the loss of Spence in Typhoon Cobra.

At the 40th anniversary reunion of DesRon 23 in 1983 and held in Washington, D.C., the wartime skipper of the USS Spence, Admiral Arleigh Burke, offered the following epitaph: **"The USS Spence (DD-512) is a great ship-she lives-surrounded by a group of sailormen who 'have the watch; on to eternity at Latitude 14 degrees north and Longitude 127 degrees east."**

The star shown just east of the Philippine Islands insert pinpoints the location of one of the greatest calamities in U.S. Naval History.



"Little Beaver" companion to the title character in the Adventures of Red Ryder" 1938-1964 newspaper comic strip by Fred Harman.

Subject of 27 feature films and, later, television programs. Adopted by Captain Arleigh Burke as an insignia for the squadron, and after viewing torpedoman James Bowler's artwork decorating Claxton's torpedo tubes, on 25 October 1943.

From the official ship reports, including the deck log, the war diary, and the operation reports stored at the National Archives, a daily history of the operations and locations for the USS Spence in all of 1943 and 1944 have been compiled. Since 1988, when the compilation was completed, an effort to send copies to all who served aboard the Spence, as well as to the 319 surviving families of those lost has been underway. Almost 300 copies have now been distributed, and the offer remains available at the USS Spence website.

It is important that the nation remember the gallant naval service of our sailors almost 70 years ago."

Submitted by:
Richard Strand
Lakeland, Florida

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EPILOGUE—by Richard “Dick” Strand

The Internet has been an outstanding resource for studying Naval history. Web sites such as those found offering history of our World War II Navy destroyers are full of facts on most Naval ship activities. In addition, many Navy ships such as the USS Dyson provide a detailed summary of her gallant exploits, including her own battle with Typhoon Cobra.

It peaked my interest in that the USS Spence shared many of her wartime activities with her Squadron sister-ship, the USS Dyson. My brother, Bob, served in the Spence's engine room, and I had never seen this USS DYSON sister-ship website until the Editor of The Jerseyman, referred it to me. If other readers are interested, and would like to see additional photos of Typhoon Cobra that are not found anywhere else, please contact me at: graceras@earthlink.net, and I will share those links, including the USS Dyson with you...

In recent years I have been an avid reader of *The Jerseyman's* quarterly publications, and a good friend of The Jerseyman's Editor, Tom Helvig. Tom also recently referred me back to **The Jerseyman's December 2003 issue**, where Typhoon Cobra was headlined through the eyes of many who survived the ordeal in 1944. I had never before seen this 2003 Jerseyman issue. It contains many individual and personal recollections that were extremely interesting to me, and it will be to others that may want to know more about this terrible event that caused the loss of almost 800 sailor's lives.

Over the last fourteen years I have been reaching out to contact those who served on the Spence. I made a number of personal contacts during that time including two visits to the homes of those who survived the sinking. They were **Edward Trajeski of Turners Falls, Massachusetts**, and **Charles Wohlleb from Newton, New Jersey**. I feel badly that I did not have a tape recorder with me to record their recollections. Too much information was passed along for my failing memory to process and to retain. Unfortunately, Ed Trajeski passed away a few years ago, and just last December I also lost my mail contact with Charles Wohlleb, who had moved to Tucson, Arizona.

During the past ten years I have sent an annual letter to those who served on the Spence and for whom I had a current mailing address. **David Meskill**, a past Spence officer, had sent annual letters for 20 years starting with their initial Spence reunion in 1983 and until his death in 2003. I picked up the mantle at that time with 32 names still on the mailing list.

After my mailing last December, the active mailing list has now shrunk to just eight. However, one contact that I have not lost is **Dean Strahm of Defiance, Ohio**. He is the only person I have been in contact with that remembers my brother. He also worked in the engine room so they had spent time together. My wife and I stopped in to his Ohio home a few years ago to be able to meet him personally rather than over the telephone as we have done so many times.

Our direct contact with those who lived out those glorious naval days is fast disappearing. It is important that we get their memories in print so that generations to come will never forget the greatest generation - our veterans of World War II. May God Bless them all...

Submitted by:
Richard Strand
Lakeland, Florida

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Editor's Notes: We are grateful to shipmate Roland Garber of Battleship New Jersey, for helping to bring the next two stories to us. The stories on these pages were written by Cathy Kapulka, Citrus County Chronicle Staff Writer, in recognition of the 67 years since Admiral Halsey's Third Fleet steamed into the path of Typhoon Cobra. We are grateful for the stories, and photos, that are reprinted here with the kind permission of the Citrus County Chronicle, Crystal River, Florida. - TH

WWII Veteran remembers Philippines' typhoon

By Cathy Kapulka, Staff Writer, Citrus County Chronicle, Crystal River, Florida

Carl Hartzell, 88, holds a photo of his ship, USS New Orleans, CA-32, a heavy cruiser in the Third Fleet that he served in during WWII, and which sailed into a devastating category-4 typhoon on Dec. 17, 1944 in the Philippines.

HOMOSASSA — It was 67 years ago today, but Carl Hartzell, 88, remembers it like it was yesterday.

Hartzell was 21 years old and serving in the U.S. Navy aboard the USS New Orleans, CA-32, a heavy cruiser in the Third Fleet sailing in the Philippine Sea during WWII in December 1944.

"We were supposed to go out with the (aircraft) carriers to protect the carriers against attacks from the Japanese," he said.

On Dec. 17, his ship and others in the fleet sailed directly and unwittingly into a category-4 typhoon, which was later named Typhoon Cobra or Halsey's Typhoon.

Weather reports were inaccurate and plotted the storm further north than its actual position. The sustained winds were tracked at more than 145 mph.

"Weather reporting was nothing like it is now," he recalled. "The seas were making up days before to the point the destroyers were unable to fuel, and then the rain came."

He said the rain was torrential and caused limited visibility for sailors on his ship and those on other ships, which they were trying to protect. Despite worsening conditions, the ships in the Third Fleet remained at their stations.

He said the USS New Orleans made it to the edge of the eye of storm where the ship sailed through large swells, some up to 60-feet high.

"The worst thing was really fear," he said. "My most vivid memory was taking a 38-degree roll. We were on the open bridge; we were hanging on to the polaris (a navigational device). You had to hold onto something to keep from going over the side."

He said more than 50 percent of the crew on his ship were seasick and cans of rations were strewn throughout the ship. Hartzell said he did not get seasick and had to stand numerous watches filling in for those who couldn't. He said one of the aircraft carriers in the fleet was the USS Monterey. It was on fire because some of its own aircraft had slammed into the ship's bulkhead and exploded during some of the violent rolls. He said one of Navy men fighting the fires was then Lt. Gerald Ford, who was later President of the United States.

The name "Halsey's Typhoon" was a United States Navy designation for the tropical cyclone that devastated the U.S. Pacific Fleet on that infamous day. It was named after Admiral William "Bull" Halsey, who unknowingly sailed the Third Fleet into the heart of the storm.

As a result of the storm, three destroyers capsized and sank, the USS Hull, the USS Monaghan and the USS Spence, resulting in 790 casualties. More than 100 aircraft were damaged or washed overboard.

"We were with him (Halsey)," Hartzell said. "The reason why he went into the typhoon, it was his job to protect those invading the island of Mindoro just south of Luzon and because of poor information furnished to him by the meteorologist of that day. 'I don't hold him responsible for it at all.'"



'Way more scary than the Japanese...'

Vets bond over shared experience with 'Halsey's Typhoon'

Tuesday, January 17, 2012 at 11:26 pm -

By **Cathy Kapulka, Staff Writer, Citrus County Chronicle, Crystal River, Florida**

PINE RIDGE — Carl Hartzell and Ray Raphael, both 88, have more in common than just their age. Ray Raphael, right, shows Carl Hartzell medals that he earned during WWII, as Hartzell points to the medals that they have in common during a meeting at Raphael's home in Pine Ridge. Both served in the U.S. Navy during WWII and both went through a category 4 typhoon in the Philippine Sea.

They were both 21 years old and serving in the U.S. Navy. They both served in the Third Fleet sailing in the Philippine Sea during WWII in December 1944: Hartzell aboard a heavy cruiser, the USS New Orleans CA-32, and Raphael aboard a destroyer, the USS Abbot DD-629.

On Dec. 17, both ships and others in the fleet sailed directly and inadvertently into a category 4 typhoon, which was later named Typhoon Cobra or Halsey's Typhoon.

The two had never met but decided to meet at Raphael's home after a Chronicle story was published in December. Both Citrus County residents talked about the storm and exchanged war stories. They both shared the same sentiments about the storm.



"I was scared, but we got through the typhoon very well," Hartzell said. "You're helpless." "You can't fight nature," Raphael said. "The typhoon was way more scary than the Japanese."

Both agreed the swells were enormous, bad enough that you would lose sight of a ship that was sailing next to theirs.

"The typhoon don't care how big or small the ship is," Raphael said. They said the rain fell horizontally and the wind gusts were immense. Sustained winds were tracked at more than 145 mph. "You can't even imagine the wind and the turmoil," Raphael said. "I never ever want to be in something like that again."

Hartzell said the destroyers were there to protect the cruisers. "These guys really put their lives on the line," Hartzell said. The name "Halsey's Typhoon" was a United States Navy designation for the tropical cyclone that devastated the U.S. Pacific Fleet on that infamous day. It was named after Admiral William "Bull" Halsey, who unknowingly sailed the Third Fleet into the heart of the storm.

As a result of the storm, three destroyers capsized and sank — the USS Hull, the USS Monaghan and the USS Spence — resulting in 790 casualties. More than 100 aircraft were damaged or washed overboard. "There ain't no part of war that's good, no part, no part," Raphael said.

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LOOKING BACK... Carl Hartzell, USS New Orleans (CA-32)

Here is my story regarding the Typhoon. I recognize it is lengthy so you have my permission to edit it as you wish or toss it into file 13 if you do not like it. Just let me know.

I know that your contacting me was due to a recent article that appeared in the local newspaper, the Citrus County Chronicle, written by Cathy Kapulka, where I discussed the Typhoon.

I served aboard the heavy cruiser, USS New Orleans, CA-32 from August 1943 until April 1946. At the time of the Typhoon I was a Yeoman Second Class assigned to the Captain's Office. For Condition Three watches I was a Talker on the Open Bridge and for General Quarters I was the Captain's Talker, also on the Open Bridge.

In 1943 and 1944 we operated with the Third and Fifth Fleets during air attacks and bombardment missions. We also covered invading troops in the various atolls and island groups. Just a few months prior to the Typhoon we had operated with the Third Fleet under Halsey's command off Leyte Gulf as part of the firing line and went North with Halsey as he chased the Japanese carriers. When Halsey retired southward in his attempt to catch the Japanese Fleet before it could re-transit San Bernadino Strait we were left in the north with two CL's, one other CA, and a few destroyers on a mission to sink any remaining enemy vessels and or cripples. Our unit sank a badly damaged aircraft carrier and a destroyer.

I mention some of the above in order to set the stage for Halsey's actions during the Typhoon. He had been severely criticized for leaving Leyte Gulf to go north after the carriers. During the Typhoon he stuck doggedly to his mission which was to support the troops invading Mindoro. I believe the criticism for leaving Leyte Gulf is one of the reasons he stayed with the Typhoon as long as he did.

We had left Ulithi and the beautiful island paradise of Mog Mog, about a week before we were in the Typhoon. As I indicated previously, our mission was to support the troops invading Mindoro. For a couple of days the fleet aircraft were able to destroy Japanese aircraft and airfields. Then the weather started to close in. As I recall Halsey decided to refuel. Although the seas were beginning to make up a bit the New Orleans was able to take on a full belly of oil. But a number of the small ships were not able to complete refueling. I believe Halsey tried to have some of the destroyers refuel from the larger ships, but the attempts were not successful.

On December 17th we ceased our basic operations due to an incoming storm. As we were retiring we actually ran into the Typhoon. The wind was howling through the bedsprings of the forward radar. And they continued to gain strength. The last recorded speed that I can recall was 105 knots with gusts of around 125 knots (118 to 141 land miles per hour).

The Captain had all unnecessary personnel cleared from topside positions. He also removed all personnel from the bow (below decks). All watertight doors in the bow were shut as far back as the officers wardroom. I was called to stand watch as the Captain's Talker on the Open Bridge. As I was climbing the ladders from the Signal Bridge to the Open Bridge the wind was actually blowing me upwards. The rain was coming down in buckets. Morison writes in his Naval History of World War II that some ships, due to the rain, reported visibility was less than 6 feet. While ours was never that bad, at one time we could not see the gun barrels coming out of Turret Two - probably a distance of 30 feet. The wind and rain was now coming in at the Open Bridge almost horizontally. Salt spray was coming directly off the waves. I would guess the waves crested at about 60 feet. Another thing that I noticed is that the rain actually stung as it hit your face.



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The original bow of the USS New Orleans had been completely blown off at the base of Turret Two during the Battle of Tassafaronga. The new bow had a slight vibration and no-one really trusted it. But we would be sliding down one of the swells and when we would get in a trough the bow would dive into the incoming swell. Slowly the bow would climb out of the swell shivering and throwing tons of water in the air, then we would begin sliding down the next swell and the fear would take over once again.

The rain was so heavy that the scuppers on the Open Bridge could not handle it. The standing water was over our shoe tops.

Early in the morning we learned that the carrier Monterey was fighting fires and had lost propulsion. A Task Unit (TU38.1.4) consisting of the USS New Orleans as OTC, The USS Monterey, Commander Destroyer Squadron 47 in the Twinning, plus the McCord, with orders to stand by and be prepared to tow the Monterey. Captain Hurff of the New Orleans took over the con. How we were supposed to get a line over to the Monterey with seas as they were is beyond me.

At one stage the rain lightened up a bit and you were able to see some of the other ships. Off the port bow there was an orange colored object probably 3 or so miles distance, but the rain closed in again. Perhaps 30 minutes later once again the rain lightened and we were closer to the object now. Captain Hurff took one look and said: "My God, it's a destroyer - hull down!"

I think it is time to bring this to a close. I would like to say that one of us committed some heroic act, but I cannot. We had one of our aircraft damaged so badly that we had to toss it overboard. The canned foods in the Jack O the Dust lockers had broken loose and were all over the place, the smell of those shipmates that had gotten seasick was overpowering for a couple of days.

But soon the reports started to come in. Three destroyers had capsized, the Spence, Hull, and Monaghan. All the carriers had taken damage to their flight decks and hangar decks. Reports of rolls over 70 degrees and righting themselves came from a number of ships, the carrier Langley (new) reported a roll of 70 degrees, the carrier Hancock reported scooping green water on her flight deck some 60 feet above the water line and during a roll, a light carrier reported scooping up water into her gun positions.

But here is the main reason for my telling the stories of the Typhoon. There were 790 men that lost their lives and no one seems to give a damn about them. From what you have told me Tom, Desron 23 held memorials in those same Pacific waters during December of 1984, 1994, and 2004, and I commend them for it.

To my knowledge though, no Purple Hearts for any of the 790 brave men who lost their lives. No monuments. Just a letter perhaps, or a telegram to the family. Maybe someday some politician in Washington will hear about their enormous sacrifice and recommend a proper memorial, or some other type of recognition. But with our politicians of today, I truly doubt it.

Submitted by:

Carl Hartzell

Homosassa, Florida

Editor's Notes:

Carl Hartzell is the author of:
"From Bremerton to Philadelphia 1943 to 1946 - The unfinished story of the Heavy Cruiser U.S.S. New Orleans CA-32", a 255 page book published in 1997.

From the book (Page 140):

"In addition to the loss of life from those that were on the destroyers that capsized, there were men who were washed over the side from other ships. In one case, we watched a man washed overboard from one of the carriers. As he was floating down the side, lines and life jackets were being thrown to him. By the time he was nearing the fantail he caught one of the lines and was hauled back aboard. A very lucky sailor..."



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LOOKING BACK... Typhoon Cobra—Captain Philip J. Rush, USN/Retired

From June of 1943 to June of 1945, Philip Rush served in USS New Orleans (CA-32). It was also during this time frame that New Orleans earned the last 10 of her 17 battle stars. His duties aboard New Orleans included gunnery division officer, assistant navigator, and catapult officer for the scout aircraft, plus CIC, bridge and quarterdeck watchstander. But it is Typhoon Cobra that he remembers here in detail...

“Yesterday, I received a letter from Carl Hartzell, mentioning a request he had received from you and asking for letters from persons that experienced the typhoon in December 1944 in the western Pacific... the one that did so much damage to our naval forces there. It was deadly, and I remember it with awe, even 68 years later.

“It was apparent to all of us that very serious weather lay ahead. The barometer was dropping and my ears felt like I was going up inside a very high-speed elevator. The ship was closed up (Condition ZEBRA), with watertight doors and hatches closed and the ship rigged for heavy weather.

The seas were building up, and then became very confused. The sea and wind seemed to come from all directions. I could hardly look into the wind and spray.

The ship was rolling (up to 30 degrees as I recall), pitching at the same time. The ship was in formation with other ships and on assigned courses, and thus could not maneuver freely.

The hull plates, especially in the bow, were banging as if being hit from the outside with a giant hammer. The cruiser Pittsburgh, in a later typhoon, had a similar experience and somehow determined that the bow might be torn away... and all personnel were evacuated from the bow. The bow did break off, but the ship survived.

Our watchstanders in the antiaircraft director could not come down because they would have had to come down on an outside ladder to do so.

The violent motions of the ship and the seas, twisted some of the steel ladders on the weather decks, causing welded steps to pop out.

The scouting aircraft were in the hangar. If food and other supplies from a replenishment could not fit in the regular lockers, the hangar had to be used for additional space. Some potatoes and crates came adrift and did some damage to the aircraft. (Some aircraft carriers had far worse situations, with loose aircraft and ordnance, and fires.)

The windspeed anemometer on a yardarm spun off the shaft and so we did not get a reading on the highest windspeed.

The few persons who had to go out on the weather decks were in life jackets and extra lines had been rigged, but such traffic was held to a minimum. A person swept overboard had little chance of being recovered.

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LOOKING BACK... Captain Philip J. Rush, USN/Retired (Continued...)

While on watch in the Combat Information Center (CIC), I heard the radio conversations (short range radio—except when ducts in the atmosphere carried the transmissions for long distances) among Task Group and task Unit Commanders giving various recommendations to higher authority (ending with Fleet Admiral Halsey). I was told later that some had recommended breaking up the formation and letting each ship fend on its own best course and speed. This was not done.

I'm sure everyone was apprehensive. At sea, air attacks, and gunfire are scary, but they don't go on continuously for days. We learned of the three destroyers (DD's) that had been unable to complete refueling and had disappeared. That was combined with the fatigue from simply holding on, whether to a bunk, a desk, or ladder... and eating cold sandwiches.

When we arrived at the Ulithi anchorage, I saw a destroyer escort (DDE) anchored there. It was just a hulk—no mast, no boats, no exhaust stacks, deck structures smashed. I'm sure the crew was happy to be just afloat. I have heard that the DE's then had a stronger righting moment than the DD's, which gave them a jerkier motion in heavy seas, but that they were more seaworthy in heavy seas. (That may have come from a World War II DE man.)

Epilogue...

I read later that the typhoon had caused more damage to the US Navy in the Pacific than the navy had suffered that entire year in combat.

Soon after the typhoon, the order was put out to all ships — likely by Fleet Admiral Nimitz — that any ship detecting clear signs of a typhoon was to break radio silence with a warning.

At the Postgraduate School — in late 1945 or 1946 — I met Commander Marks. He had been the Commanding Officer of one of the three destroyers which had capsized in the typhoon. He, and about 6 others, all in lifejackets on the bridge, were the only survivors he told me. The ship just sank under them, leaving them in the water. I'm sure I must have asked him, but I don't recall his answer, as to how they were rescued from those violent seas and nearly no visibility. Even later, it would have been hard to spot a few persons in that expanse of water.

Best wishes to you in your effort to capture the memories of veterans who served in the U.S. Navy's combat areas. During the final (24th) reunion of the New Orleans association, in Austin, Texas, from 13-17 April 2010, a volunteer in connection with a Library of Congress project—conducted interviews of some of the attendees, and they are on DVD's.

I still think the IOWA-Class battleships were the most beautiful ships in the Navy, plus fast, maneuverable, and capable.

Submitted by:
Philip J. Rush, Captain, USN/Retired
Arlington, Virginia

THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

LOOKING BACK... John Seubert

I was 13 years old at the time the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I remember that day as clearly as yesterday. My father and all my uncles, WW 1 vets, wanted to go down and re-enlist right then! However, cooler heads prevailed as my cousins and I picked up the family tradition, dating back to the 1880's, of serving our country. Eight of us served during World War II. One was killed while serving in the Navy at Casablanca, one died while in the Army during the Normandy Invasion, and two others died of their wounds received while serving with the Marines at Guadalcanal and Bougainville after the war.



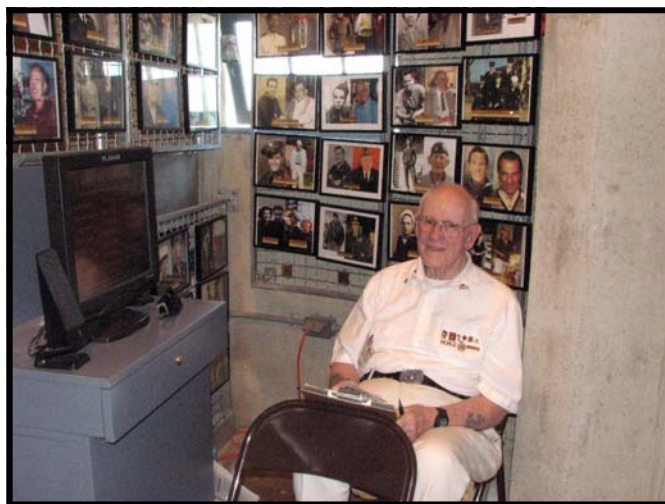
I wasn't about to miss my opportunity to serve in this war. I first began to serve my country as a messenger for the Office of War Information with the Boy Scouts in 1942, and also as a messenger for the Philadelphia Civil Defense team. At the age of 16, I volunteered for service in the Merchant Marine. It was in the winter of 1944 that our government realized that there was a critical shortage of men available to man the ships supplying war materials to the armed forces around the world. In June of 1944 the recruiting drive began to invite "Young Men" to enlist in the US Maritime Service. Basic Training was 6 to 8 weeks and took place at Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, New York. Upon completion we were turned over to the U.S. Coast Guard who issued the Merchant Seaman's Documents. I was selected to attend the Cook's and Bakers School but it didn't take long before I realized this is not where I wanted to be so I opted out and requested sea duty.

The Army Transport Service, aboard the SS General George Simonds was the first assignment. This ship spent months transporting farm workers from Jamaica and Barbados back and forth to New York. This program became necessary because there was such a critical shortage of men to work the fields. I was assigned as room steward, galley assistant bakers helper. However, the smell, the heat and the constant rocking made me sick all the time. So much for the Army Transport Service.

My second ship was a tanker carrying molasses between the States and Cuba. Again I was assigned to the Galley. I didn't get seasick much but the roach situation was intolerable. They seemed to find their way into everything. Incidentally, this molasses was used in the manufacturing of explosives. When the ship returned to the DuPont Plant at Deepwater, New Jersey, I signed off.

At this time I wasn't sure if I wanted to go back to sea again, but the excitement and adventure held me on this course. I spent the next 10 days trying to decide what to do next. I decided to get my position changed to the Deck Department. After some heated exchange with the "spar" in the Coast Guard Office in Philadelphia, it was off to the Liberty Ship, SS Fredrick H. Baetjer as an Ordinary Seaman in the Deck Department. The ship left Philadelphia a few days later and proceeded to Earle Ammunition Depot in New Jersey. It took on a full cargo of 155 mm shells, small arms ammo and aircraft bombs. From there the ship sailed to Bayonne and took on a full load of deck cargo consisting of aircraft, tanks and trucks.

The ship received its orders to sail and it was the beginning of a thrill a day. We pulled anchor but were unable to secure. It had become entangled on a cable on the river bottom. Being the youngest and the lightest I got the job of going over the side in a boatswain's chair to cut the cable free. The ship never stopped and proceed down the harbor and through the submarine nets. I should have known what kind of voyage this was going to be.



THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

LOOKING BACK... John Seubert (Continued...)

Our first destination was to be Nova Scotia, where our convoy would be turned over to our British and Canadian escorts for the trip across the North Atlantic. The trip was take 14 days, each day with its challenges and dangers. Our first serious challenge came a few days out when we ran into a three day fog. Fog is the great bane of a convoy this size and can cause major disruption of convoy positioning and danger of collision. The fog came up really fast and I was on watch on the starboard side of the wing bridge. Without warning the fog horn, which was only 10 feet away sounded with an extremely loud blast. To this day, whenever I hear unexpected loud noises my body goes into sudden shock.

A few days after the fog we were hit with a North Atlantic Storm that lasted 4 or 5 days. The storm did a good deal of damage to our deck cargo and tore away one of our life rafts. But that was only part of the story. One day during the storm an Armed Guard Sailor and myself were on watch in the gun tub on the bow of the ship. We hit a very large wave and fell off it to our starboard side only to be hit by a second wave right behind it. When we looked up we couldn't see high enough to see the top of the wave. It hit the bow of the ship and washed us out of the tub. To this day, I have never figured out why we weren't killed. By some miracle, when the ship came out of its dive we were scooped up by the same gun tub. It should be noted that if you were washed overboard, ships could not stop to attempt a rescue.

The next day I was on standby watch when the Boatswains Mate came and got me. A large cable had broken loose from the main mast and I was to climb the mast to secure it. Everything seemed to be going okay as I waited for the ship to roll back and bring the cable close enough so I could grab it. Just as I reached and grabbed the cable, the ship fell off another wave. The next thing I knew the cable had pulled me off the mast and I was floating over the deck and the ocean. Fortunately it suddenly flew back towards the mast and I was able to grab the ladder and secure it. At the age of 16, I guess you don't know enough to be afraid. Amazingly I had to go back up that mast as though nothing had happened.

The last incident was probably the most frightening. I had just finished my watch as Helmsman at midnight and everything seemed to be okay. Our convoy had been under attack for the past several days but things seemed to quiet down while I was at the wheel. There was some activity on the other side of the convoy with the escorts but our side was very calm. I had been relieved and retired to the focsle. I climbed into my top bunk and shortly thereafter a terrible explosion hit the starboard side of the ship. It appeared that the bulkhead came in and touched my feet. The next few seconds are a dull memory but next thing I remember was standing in the passageway to the boat deck. We never found out what caused the explosion but it sure took a few years off our lives.

When we arrived in England, our ship, because of our cargo had to anchor out between the Isle of Wright and the English mainland. The Germans were still sending Buzz Bombs and V2 rockets over to England. The English didn't want a ship carrying ammunition to be hit in one of their port cities. We were allowed one "short day" to unload our deck cargo in Southampton but were then forced back out. We were then dispatched to Antwerp to unload our ammunition. As we approached the port the Germans began to shoot Buzz Bombs into the city and surrounding seaways. We were pulled back and sent to Cherbourg, France, where our cargo was unloaded by Russians prisoners.

Photo # 80-G-702869 USS Fargo at Trieste, 29 June 1946



THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

LOOKING BACK... John Seubert (Continued...)

After the ship was finally unloaded, we left France for Swansea, Wales. There it picked up coal as ballast for our return trip to the States and the Port of New York. I vividly remember when we pulled into New York Harbor. The sight of the buildings and the Statue of Liberty gave me the feeling that my family was welcoming me home.

I served on the Fredrick H Baetjer and other vessels from December 1944 to June 1945 and making a few more uneventful trips. I celebrated my 17th birthday in Europe and like many of those “young men” who turned 17, I returned to the United States and enlisted in the Marine Corps in July 1945. At Marine Boot Camp, Parris Island, the Marines were preparing for the invasion of the Japanese Home Islands. However the Japanese surrender was not far off and I was assigned to the Marine Detachment aboard the USS Fargo, CL 106, a Fargo-Class Light Cruiser, and as the Gun Captain of a 40mm position.

The USS Fargo sailed from Philadelphia on April 15th 1946 on a Good Will cruise of Caribbean and South American ports. On May 31st we were ordered to the Mediterranean where we became the United States Naval Representative in Trieste, Italy. We were among the first to serve in what would later be dubbed the “Cold War”. The Fargo became artillery support for the U.S. Army’s 88th Division. They stood between the Italian and Yugoslavian Armies when the Communists tried to annex the Port City of Trieste.

I remained in the Marine Corps until my discharge in July of 1949 and signed up for Reserve duty in September, 1949. It wasn’t long before my unit, the 6th Marine Infantry Battalion from Philadelphia, was activated for possible deployment to Korea in 1950. Fortunately the Division was never deployed and I remained in the Reserves until 1953.

It took 43 years for me to receive the decorations that I had earned for my Merchant Marine service. I didn’t even know that I had earned them until I applied for Veteran’s Status for my service in the Merchant Marine during WW 2. I already had Wartime Status from Marine Corps service so it never occurred to me to look into my Merchant Marine Status. When you are working and raising a family, you don’t think much about the past. The present takes up most of your time.

John Seubert
Cape May, New Jersey



THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

LOOKING BACK...

Jim Rodan - USS Monssen (DD-798) (Jim Rodan's story of USS Monssen is a continuation from *The Jerseyman* 2012-1Q...)

We (USS Monssen DD 798) arrived in the Pacific Area of Operation from Pearl Harbor , and off of Saipan on June 15th as part of Task Group 52.16 for screening and fire support operations. During the Saipan landings we fired over 5200 rounds of 5" shells. The firing was so intense that at one point our gun in number 3 turret caught fire!

We left Saipan on June 17th and rendezvoused with Task Force 58 west of Guam, and by June 19th, it brought about the beginning of the Battle of the Philippine Sea. We were under constant attack from Japanese carrier based planes, splashing two and damaging a third. July 24th saw us screening transports and providing fire support for the ground troops on Tinian. September 15th and 16th had us standing off of Peleliu providing radar picket and screening duties for the transports and also providing fire support. We were moved to Anguar on September 17th and remained there until September 23rd.

On October 11th we departed for Leyte Gulf as part of the screening force for TG 79.11 through October 20th. As part of Destroyer Squadron 54 (DesRon 54) we were then moved to take up our screening position across Surigao Strait. It was here that the Japanese Navy's Southern Force approached the transportation area for the Leyte landing beaches. At 0310 on the morning of the 25th

we and our accompanying destroyer USS McDermut, fired our torpedoes at the Battleship Yamashiro and her escorting destroyers. One of our fish scoring a hit on the Yamashiro. We then retired North along the Leyte Coast departing for Hollandia and to take up screening duties for Leyte reinforcement convoys through November. It was a very busy time.

However, nothing could have prepared Monssen and the crew for what was about to come...

On returning from a 400 mile round trip assignment to pick up a downed PBV pilot, we took up our screening position along with the destroyers USS McNair and USS McDermut. Admiral Halsey's Flagship, USS New Jersey, was not too far away. We were also low on fuel but refueling was then out of the question.



THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

LOOKING BACK... (Jim Rodan...Continued)

The seas began to build up on the 17th with rising winds and heavy rain, but there was little indication as to what was coming our way. There was little to no preparation for heavy weather other than the ballasting of our fuel tanks with sea water due to our fuel situation, and dogging down hatches and doors. This would turn out to be a major factor in our survival. As December 18th broke over the fleet, Typhoon Cobra overtook our Task Force with 90 plus of our ships at her mercy.

As a Watertender, my duty station was below deck in the fire room. I couldn't see what was taking place topside but the effects defy description. With every wave, many reported to be between 70 to 100 feet high, the ship would plow through the crest and slam back down with a tremendous shudder. It seemed like the ship would come apart at any time, although I never actually believed that it would. We would roll to port at 70 degrees and just as quickly snap back to starboard at the same angle. As you look at the photo of Monssen, our beam was only 39' 7" and our maximum draft was 14'. In weather like this, destroyers are like a cork. It was as though you could actually stand on the sides of the ship or be suspended in air. The noise was unbelievable and water was everywhere. The ordeal continued for what seemed forever. Sleep was near impossible as our racks were towards the bow and suspended from the overhead. If you were lucky enough to get in, the seas would just toss you out. I spent the better part of 4 days in the boiler room.

As the storm subsided we were able to assess the damage. We had been lucky and only lost our whaleboat. It was not much after that the word came down that three ships, USS Hull, USS Spence and USS Monaghan had been lost.

The fleet paid a terrible price, and in my view, it was so Halsey could stroke his ego. To me, all he was concerned about was maintaining fleet formation and taking his ships south to support MacArthur's upcoming landings. Hell, MacArthur wasn't even there yet! In my view, Halsey was responsible for the loss of three ships and almost 800 of our shipmates.

Submitted by:

Jim Rodan

Cape May, New Jersey

Sources: Personal Interview and Jim Rodan's personal World War II diary.

Editor's Notes: On Jim Flood's recent visit to Battleship New Jersey, he mentioned completing a new painting of **RMS Titanic**. With Jim Flood's permission, and especially granted for his Vietnam Era shipmates, Jim's latest painting is shown below. - TH

LOOKING BACK... RMS TITANIC

**RMS Titanic Arriving at Chelsea Piers, New York
Wednesday, 17th of April, 1912**

© James A. Flood 2011

In this painting, RMS *Titanic* does not sink into the Atlantic; indeed, she makes it to New York on Tuesday, nearly a day ahead of schedule, spends the evening at anchor for Customs, and heads for her berth early Wednesday morning. Once she is moored the passengers will disembark. However, this is not the age of speedy travel; it will take a week to get everything in order for the next voyage. In this setting it is Wednesday morning and crowds have gathered and are waiting to share in the spectacular event.

Titanic and her world are merging at Chelsea Pier 59. Here the rounded curves of living horses, the opulent glory of carriages, the classic (and since destroyed) pier architecture, and the elegant period clothing - all come together to be part of the day that should have been...

This is the first in a series of 'What If' paintings by **James A Flood**. For the purpose of delivering the artist's intended message, some details of this setting have been altered from what might actually have appeared. For instance, the wall that (at that time) connected Chelsea piers 59 and 60 has been removed to better reveal the ship.

Behind the Scene: RMS Titanic's story holds a special place in the collective psyche that never would have been achieved without her tragic demise. Over the passing decades she has gradually resurfaced into a new fabric and in a poignantly timely fashion, the advent of her anniversary merging with a universal longing for something that was lost. Here in this painting waits the ageless crowd, gathered in anticipation for the return of a world that perhaps never was, but yet should be; a world where beauty, symmetry, and perfection - flourish.
Submitted and Painted by:

James A. Flood, Maritime Artist
Former crewman, USS New Jersey, Vietnam
Delray Beach, Florida





SHIP'S BELLS... USS NEW ORLEANS

Editor, The Jerseyman

You recently asked if I would compose a story about the Ship's Bell on the USS New Orleans, CA-32. I will be happy to do so with one caveat, however. That is the information has been gleaned from discussions with persons who served aboard the USS New Orleans (the NO



Boat) before and during World War II and from a Ship's History prepared after the conclusion of hostilities. The Ship's History did have some errors which have been subsequently corrected. I have no other information than these sources.

Following the ships completion and shakedown cruise she was to visit the City of New Orleans. The City wanted to welcome the officers and crew during the visit with various gifts. Somehow the school children in the various parishes in and around New Orleans decided to collect Dimes to melt to make a Ship's Bell. The City itself would present the ship with a piano and the Ship's Silver from the preceding USS New Orleans CL22. As an aside, when the gifts were presented the officers immediately took possession of the piano and kept it in the Officer's Wardroom along with the silver service.

The students met the challenge and when they acquired sufficient dimes they had the bell cast. It weighed around 60 or 70 pounds. The bell had information about the gift when it was cast. I cannot recall what it said.

However, somewhere along the line, federal law came to the fore. You cannot deface U.S. coinage. Now who was going to serve papers on the school kids? So, as I understand the situation, papers were prepared to serve against the foundry owner who was a prominent business man in the New Orleans area. But, unfortunately, whenever they tried to serve him, they were never able to locate him.

The bell was immediately hung on the galley bulkhead on the Well Deck and immediately it began to be rung to tell the time of the watch. It shone in all its glory.

December 7th 1941 the New Orleans was in dock at Pearl Harbor. After the Japanese attacks were concluded and war declared, the New Orleans was ordered to land various valuables such as the Ship's Silver. The bell was retained and painted over. During the war it remained on the Well Deck even when the New Orleans was severely damaged following the Battle of Tassafaronga which required the crew to lighten ship. The piano was cast overboard.

Immediately, when the Japanese indicated their acceptance of the Peace Treaty, the paint was removed from the bell and, once again, the bell shone in her pre-war glory.

Somehow the Bell got into the possession of the City of New Orleans. When we had a Ship's Reunion in New Orleans in 1969 (I believe that is the year, but it could have been 1970) the bell was located outside the door to the Mayor's Office. Later we were (the Reunion Association) informed that the Bell was no longer on display and no one seemed to know where it was.

The then Secretary – Treasurer of the Reunion Association went to New Orleans and after a couple of days



LPD-18

located the Bell and a model of the Ship in a warehouse collecting dust. How he acquired possession of these items I do not recall, but soon they were on display at the Museum adjoining the USS Kidd in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

For a number of years the Museum displayed the Bell and Ship Model.

Then the Prospective Commanding Officer (PCO) of the **USS New Orleans LPD-18** then under construction, contacted me and informed me that he was having difficulties in getting the bell from the museum, and which he wanted to

be placed aboard the LPD. He wanted to display it as well as some information about the CA-32. He felt if he could get the support of the Reunion Association to move the bell that such support would help in his quest.

I presented the request to the membership and, after a very close vote it was approved. Those voting against felt that the Museum had given good care to the old Bell and it should be kept there. So adding to the letter of support we added that if the Bell was to be removed from the LPD18 it was to be returned to the Museum.

The last time that I saw the Bell was in New Orleans at the Commissioning of the LPD18. The Ship's Silver is on display at a museum in New Orleans. I was invited to view the silverware when it was first put on display. The piano is somewhere off the coast of Savo Island.

Carl Hartzell

Homosassa, Florida

THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

LOOKING BACK... A correction...

Just writing to say thanks for the front page photo in *The Jerseyman*, showing the WWII era print shop. One thing though...you misspelled my Grandfather's name. That would be Everett Perrin and not "Everitt" on the far left.

Everett Ivan Perrin PRTM3c

East Grand Forks, Minnesota

October 12, 1907 - July 1, 1970

Aboard BB62 May 31, 1944 - October 17, 1945

It was my privilege to visit USS New Jersey in the summer of 2006. It was very moving to walk the same decks on which my "Grandpa Joe" walked. I know there's been a lot of changes and improvements since then and I hope to visit the ship again soon. Maybe even this summer! Keep up the good work and please give my thanks to any and all of the volunteers that you happen to across.

Christopher Goddard

Phoenix, Arizona



Editor's Note: Thanks Christopher for your note. Please know that as shown, these names were spelled that way, and directly onto the photo, just as *The Jerseyman* received it. We assume that these names were added on (including the misspelling) during the war. Many thanks again for letting us know the correct spelling of your Grandpa Joe's name as - **Everett Perrin**. - Tom

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TAPS...

SHIPMATE WALTER BURSHTIN

Engineering Manager, Community Volunteer

Funeral of Walter Burshtin, March 10, 2012

Remarks after Communion, by son Michael L. Burshtin

The unexpected events of this last week have still left us somewhat in a daze. Dad's sudden illness, so much like Mom's, was a puzzle wrapped in an enigma, and concealed by a mystery. While it was a day we all knew was surely coming, it was one that you could not fully plan for, try as you might. Someday, someone may know the right words.

My Dad had many strengths and few weaknesses, sometimes quick to anger but even quicker to forgive. A child of the Depression, he grew up with few material luxuries, but realized that doing the best you could with your abilities for others was paramount. He had a strong sense of purpose and a willingness to be in the service of others. There were several people that I know he befriended when times were tough for them, but he couldn't just stand by without doing something. If someone needed a dime, he would likely give them our last dollar, and then go looking to find another dollar for them. He believed, and he responded.

I didn't realize it at the time, but in my early childhood our family was really poor (Dad was even taking cases of eggs commuting on the train to work at Philco to sell for the farm). But Dad never complained to us kids that we were poor, and so we never quite realized it. One side effect, however, was that Dad became the world's leading packrat, and never threw anything away. I gave up after years of trying of putting out junk for trash pickup, such as original house windows that were replaced, only to find that Dad had carried everything back from the curb. And he always saved the bacon fat in the jar in the fridge.

He was born Russian Orthodox, but Mom and us kids were raised Catholic. While some others may have been bitter with this difference, we were truly blessed to have the Augustinian Fathers in our parish. Several wise priests such as Father Monti embraced him into the Catholic faith without fuss, for which he was eternally grateful. He then proceeded to apply all of his energies to help his faith for the rest of his life. My sisters and I attended Catholic Schools despite the additional expense: St. Mary's school's very first days, and the early days at St Augustine Prep and Our Lady of Mercy. He was a lay reader at St Joseph's church, Holy Name Society president, and first House of Charity campaign manager. Brother Frank even felt comfortable enough with Dad to go fishing with him. Fr. Kerr, Fr. Hamaday, Fr. Muscat, the Tocsani brothers, Fr. Gattenelli, Fr. LaRosa and others were all friends.

Dad pushed himself through many difficult years of night school to maximize his education, and pushed his children through as well. Not only Dad but all of us kids ended up with Bachelor degrees, Master's degrees and professional registrations in our respective fields of endeavor.

We have heard much about the friendship and interest in others that Dad expressed during his life. But it occurred to me this week that a key aspect of Dad's life, was that he was a man who was never afraid of challenges. While he may not have desired or enjoyed them, he didn't moan and complain about them, but proceeded to hit them head on with all of the strength and determination he could muster. He had disabling knee injuries in the Army before he was even 20, and had chronic pain for the rest of his life, but he never let it slow him down. He was broke when he married Mom, and couldn't afford to buy a house, but this Philadelphia boy of the row homes learned a range of construction skills, and built the house in Richland himself. It took several years of weekends to do it, but it was done well. His original career path of manufacturing engineering suffered a recession and he was out of work for a year, but entered an entirely new career of environmental protection and did an equally outstanding job of it. He never let obstacles stand in his way.

Dad in many ways was like a shooting star in our lives, blazing brightly but all too briefly. But we will live for a very long time in his afterglow. His spirit will never die.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS...

The Jerseyman and the Library of Congress...

Attention battleship New Jersey veterans! Your service to our great Nation was distinguished, and your contribution to our Country's freedom renown. During a time when our Nation's very existence was threatened, you put yourself in harms way to close the breach and to stop our enemies. In World War II, Korea, Viet Nam and latter stages of the Cold War, battleship New Jersey and the officers and men who took her to sea, and defined the indomitable spirit of America as few have ever done. You made history, changed the course of world history, our Nation and our Navy.

Unfortunately, the men of the "Big J", and those who stood station alongside her at sea during and after the hundreds of ships that sailed with her since World War II, are also passing into history. Now in their 80's and 90's, statistics reveal about 1,200 of our nation's World War II vets are leaving us each day. With the passing of the Greatest Generation, so too, are their personal accounts of what it was like to go to sea in this magnificent battleship. However, thanks to the efforts of CMC Tom Helvig, he has petitioned the Library of Congress to permanently preserve those stories and memories for present and future generations to read, and to appreciate what the veterans of their families have accomplished.



The critically acclaimed quarterly newsletter, "*The Jerseyman*" written and edited these past 10 years by CMC Tom Helvig USN (Ret.) provides a forum for individual stories to appear, and they have now been formally accepted for permanent filing and archives at the Library of Congress (LOC).

Visit the LOC website at:

<http://catalog.loc.gov/>

enter "JERSEYMAN 2002" in the key-word search block. A directory of available issues for "*The Jerseyman*" will show and they may be requested at: **Newspaper & Current Periodical Reading Room (For Access: See Reference Staff. By Appointment in Jefferson Main Reading Room (MRC))**

While the call-up and reading of individual issues of "*The Jerseyman*" are not available online, those who visit the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., will be able to look up Jerseyman articles, and access specific issues in their entirety. Yes, *The Jerseyman* will be forever maintained on file by the U.S. Government at the Library of Congress.

THE JERSEYMAN 2Q-2012

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS...

According to CMC Tom Helvig, with this retention and accessibility of The Jerseyman at the Library of Congress, and in addition to the stories of Battleship New Jersey, The Jerseyman will also be accepting stories from crewmen of the auxiliaries, carriers, cruisers and destroyers that steamed in company with New Jersey throughout her long and illustrious career.

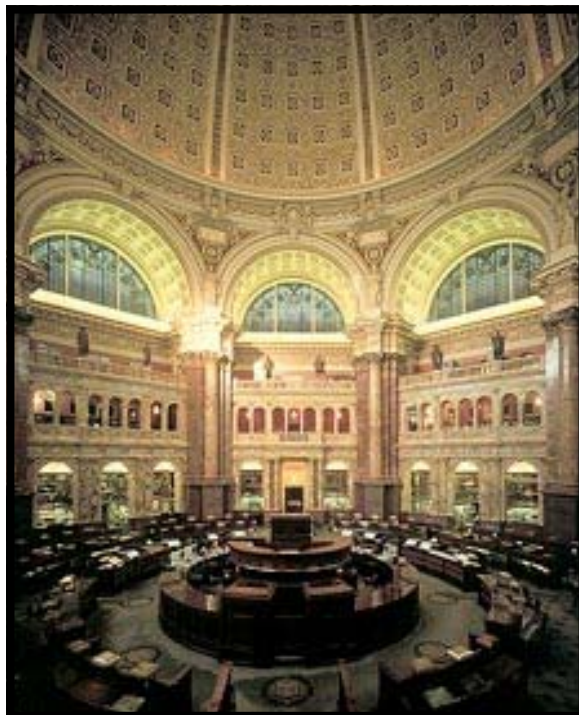
If you were a battleship sailor serving in a battleship built long before USS New Jersey, or a "Tin Can" sailor that kept station on "Big J", please contact us with your story. If you served in a cruiser at the gun line along with New Jersey shelling Communist positions in Korea, we want to hear your story. If you flew off a carrier and provided air spot for her huge 16 inch rifles, then please share your recollection of that experience. If you are a Seagoing Marine... or a US Naval Armed Guard from World War II, you will have a story that we want to read and to document. Refueling and resupplying the "UNREPS" to and from New Jersey at sea provided an up-close-and-personal view of line handling... again, stories, photographs and probably a lot of very funny humor worth telling if former crewmen will but make the effort.

So don't wait any longer, open your old foot locker and dig-out your scrap book. Contact the Command Master Chief at: THelvig@aol.com and he will take it from there.

Help us to archive your articles and photographs for your children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. We need to have many more *Jerseyman* stories destined for retention by the Library of Congress.

All the best Shipmates, and please... let *The Jerseyman* hear from you!

Captain Walt Urban, Jr. USNR (Ret.)
Medford, New Jersey



**Jefferson Building,
Main Reading Room
Library of Congress**

Editor's Notes:

The Library of Congress has requested that *The Jerseyman*, and *The Iowan History Letters* be forwarded each quarter, as they are published.

We need your stories shipmates... please send them on, and *thanks!* - TH

Back Image - Battleship Supporter T-Shirt

Ten Commandments of Damage Control

1. KEEP YOUR SHIP WATERTIGHT.
2. DO NOT VIOLATE MATERIAL CONDITIONS.
3. HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR SHIP'S ABILITY TO WITHSTAND SEVERE DAMAGE.
4. KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND -- EVEN IN THE DARK!
5. KNOW HOW TO USE AND MAINTAIN DAMAGE CONTROL EQUIPMENT.
6. REPORT DAMAGE TO THE NEAREST DAMAGE CONTROL STATION.
7. KEEP PERSONAL ARTICLES PROPERLY SECURED AT ALL TIMES.
8. PRACTICE PERSONAL DAMAGE CONTROL. PROTECT YOURSELF SO YOU CAN PROTECT YOUR SHIP!
9. TAKE EVERY POSSIBLE STEP TO SAVE THE SHIP AS LONG AS A BIT OF HOPE REMAINS.
10. KEEP COOL; **DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!**

I-0177-LF-225-6900



Logo courtesy of Maritime Artist and former USS NEW JERSEY crewman,
James A. Flood

Disclaimer:

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