

USS EVERETT F LARSON DD/DDR 830

WINTER 2012 Official Publication of the U.S.S. Everett F. Larson Association
Newsletter Address: 83 Stonehedge Lane South, Guilford, CT 06437
WWW.USS-EVERETT-F-LARSON.COM



PRESIDENTS CORNER



Another year logged and I found out a lot about politics; back room meetings, dirty complaining, payoffs, strong arming; I tried them all and still got nominated. All kidding aside our Past Presidents have done a great job and I look forward to a couple of good years!

I've gotten a couple of suggestions for the next reunion and I will run them by the board. A company has contacted me about producing a Reunion book, we are looking into the cost and so on.

On the subject of reunions, what a wonderful job by Tom and Peggy, thanks again. I'm looking forward to the 2012 reunion, we have never been to that part of the east coast.

We missed the 2010 reunion and when you miss one, its like missing a family get together. If you know of a shipmate on the east coast, see if you can notify him or his family, I had two in Connecticut I'm trying to find. The only thing that will improve our reunion is more shipmates and their families.

Jone and I hope you all had a Happy Holiday and smooth sailing until we meet on the coast.

Liberty call 1600
- Nick Nicholoff

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From the Vice-President

Each year men from the Larson travel from the four corners of the United States to spend some time together. Past reunions with them, and their families, are a special time for me and my wife.

I am proud to associate with such a group of fine Americans.

I will do my best as Vice President with this association. Be well and hope to see you at the next reunion!

- John Clements, RD3 1966-1968



From the Treasurer

Another successful reunion in which we ended up on the plus side by \$264.63. Our checking account balance as of 12/31/2011 is \$16,481.82. I have agreed to serve as Treasurer for a 3rd term. Happy new year! Your Shipmate - Frank Wyzywany



From the Secretary

Larson Mugshot blurb - 01/20/12 As Secretary I take minutes of the annual meeting and the annual meeting of the Executive Committee. I also update the Association's By Laws as directed by the Exuctive Committee and maintain a life of minutes and newsletters. I'm also in a positon to help members of the Association find answers to questions or submit stories, photos, and anecdotes for the record. If I can help you, please email me at tmw@sisqtel.net or use my phone or address listed on the front page of this newsletter.

Minutes of USS Everett F. Larson (DD/DDR 830)

Association meeting October 8, 2011 at the Embassy Suites Hotel, Deerfield, IL.

President Gene Maresca called the meeting to order at 0830 AM. The Pledge of Allegiance was recited by those present.

The Treasurer's report was read by Treasurer Frank Wyzywany and approved. The account balance as of August 30, 2011 was \$14,811.19.

Minutes of the last annual meeting were read by Secretary Terry Weathers and approved.

The Crown Plaza Hotel in Warwick, RI was announced as the site of the next annual reunion slated for starting September 19, 2012.

Numerous potential sites for the 2013 reunion were discussed before Nashville, TN was selected with Andy Anderson hosting.

A tentative selection of San Francisco, CA was made for 2014.

Stew Carter presented the Nominating Committee's proposed slate of officers, all of whom were subsequently elected by vote of those present: President: Vice President: Treasurer: Secretary: Director: Director: Director.

Nick Nicholof, John Clements, Frank Wyzywany (incumbent), Terry Weathers (incumbent), Don Erskine, Max Schwald, Doug Rice (incumbent).

Webmaster Harold Vaughn made a plea for Larson stories for the website.

Max Schwald moved that Gene Maresca be formally appointed as the Association's official Historian. It was so moved.

Bill Forbes made a very interesting audio-visual presentation on a relatively little known radiation treatment for prostate cancer known as Proton Therapy, following which the meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

The Executive Committee meeting was held immediately following the annual meeting of the general membership. Outgoing President Gene Maresca and incoming President Nick Nicholof discussed who should preside and it was decided that Gene Maresca would conduct the meeting.

Secretary Terry Weathers read the minutes of the 2010 Executive Committee meeting and they were approved as read.

Treasurer Frank Wyzywany referenced the report submitted earlier to the general membership meeting and it was approved as previously submitted.

Doug Rice reported on the mailing of the membership renewal postcards and it was decided to repeat such mailing every two years. Doug further reported that currently the newsletter is emailed to 167 members and hard copies are mailed to 381 addressees.

Treasurer Frank Wyzywany reported that he would submit the list of new officers to the Association's bank. Art Colson suggested that Article 7 of the By-Laws include provision that the Treasurer shall attend meetings of the Executive Committee. Secretary was directed to incorporate the provision in the next revis

Doug Rice was congratulated on his excellent performance as editor of the Association's newsletter.

It was noted that a former Larson crewmate is on the board of Tin Can Sailors, but is not an active member of the Association.

There being no further business, the meeting of the Executive Committee was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted, Terry Weathers, Secretary

Mail Call

Photo # NH 98647 Commissioning of USS Everett F. Larson, 6 April 1945



Named after Everett Frederick Larson (1920–1942), a decorated Marine who was killed on Guadalcanal, USS Everett F. Larson (DD-830) was a 2,425-ton Gearing class destroyer that was built by the Bath Iron Works at Bath, Maine, and was commissioned on 6 April 1945. The ship was approximately 390 feet long and 41 feet wide, had a top speed of 35 knots, and had a crew of 367 officers and men. Everett F. Larson was armed with six 5-inch guns, 12 40-mm guns, 11 20-mm guns, ten 21-inch torpedo tubes, and depth charges.

Photo # NH 98648 Commissioning ceremonies on board USS Everett F. Larson, 6 April 1945



Shortly after being commissioned, Everett F. Larson was converted into a radar picket ship and sent to the Pacific in August 1945, several weeks before Japan surrendered. The ship arrived at Tokyo Bay, Japan, on 29 September 1945, after the war ended, and spent the next fifteen months in the Far East, assisting in the occupations of both China and Japan. Everett F. Larson returned to the United States in late 1946 and arrived at San Diego, California, on 21 December. She then was sent to her new home base at Newport, Rhode Island, where she arrived on 19 March 1947 to join the US Navy's Atlantic Fleet.

While serving with the Atlantic Fleet, Everett F. Larson was re-designated DDR-830 in March 1949 because of her radar capabilities. She made seven deployments to the Mediterranean and was active in numerous Atlantic Fleet operations and training exercises.

The ship also participated in anti-submarine warfare (ASW) exercises off the eastern coast of the United States and in the Caribbean as well.

In June 1956, Everett F. Larson returned to the Pacific and remained there for the rest of her career. She completed four Far Eastern deployments between March 1957 and March 1961. During the last six months of 1962, Everett F. Larson was modernized as part of the

“Fleet Rehabilitation and Modernization” (FRAM) II program, which replaced her distinctive radar features with a mostly new superstructure that contained a hangar for DASH helicopter drones. The ship also received some new anti-submarine weapons and was once again designated DD-830 after the overhaul was completed.

Photo # NH 98646 USS Everett F. Larson firing five-inch guns off Vietnam, 1972



From 1963 to 1970, Everett F. Larson was sent to the western Pacific on an annual basis. From 1965 until the end of her career, the ship used her 5-inch guns to bombard targets along the coast of Vietnam. During the war in Vietnam, Everett F. Larson also served as a plane guard for aircraft carriers, patrolled in the Sea of Japan for several weeks in January 1968 during the famous Pueblo Crisis, and participated in numerous training exercises involving US warships and those from allied navies in the region. During one such exercise on 3 June 1969, Everett F. Larson came to the rescue of the destroyer USS Frank E. Evans after that ship was cut in two in a terrible collision with the Australian aircraft carrier HMAS Melbourne. Seventy-four American sailors were killed when the bow section of Frank E. Evans sank after the collision. Everett F. Larson assisted in salvaging the stern section of the ship, which was later brought to the Philippines and sunk as a target in Subic Bay on 10 October 1969.



In 1971 and 1972, Everett F. Larson made two final deployments with the Seventh Fleet off the coast of Vietnam. The ship returned to the United States in July 1972. USS Everett F. Larson was decommissioned at the end of October 1972 and was transferred to the Republic of Korea (ROK) Navy. The ship was renamed Jeong Buk (DD-916) and was initially “on loan” to South Korea. But South Korea must have liked the ship, because it remained in the ROK's Navy for nearly three decades. Jeong Buk was finally retired in 2000 and was converted into a museum ship at the Gangneung Unification Park, Gangneung, South Korea. The ship remains there to this day. It is a fitting tribute to a fine warship that was originally commissioned into the US Navy in 1945.

The Navy Reflections of a Blackshoe – written by VADM Harold Koenig, USN (Ret)

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

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

I liked Navy vessels -- nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers.

I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea, Antietam, Valley Forge – memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome. I liked the lean angular names of Navy "tin-cans"--Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy, Damato, Leftwich – mementos of heroes who went before us.

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

I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port. I even liked the never ending paperwork and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and exotic, which she needed to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

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

I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now set the special sea and anchor detail – all hands to quarters for leaving port", and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pierside. The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the 'all for one and one for all' philosophy of the sea was everpresent.

I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness – the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters – they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

I liked quiet mid-watches with the aroma of strong coffee -- the lifeblood of the Navy – permeating everywhere. And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

I liked the sudden electricity of "General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations," followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war -- ready for anything. And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize. I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them.

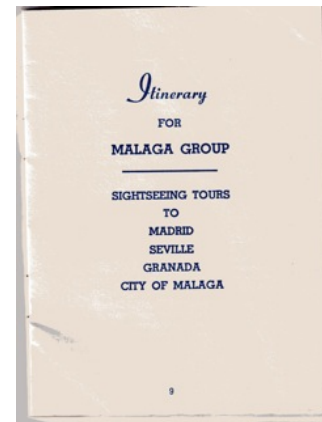
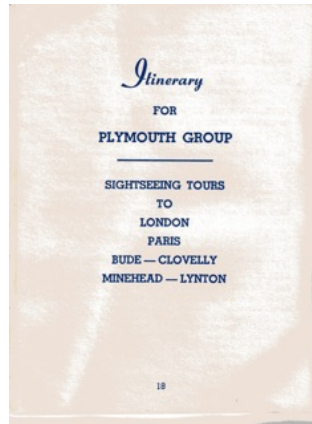
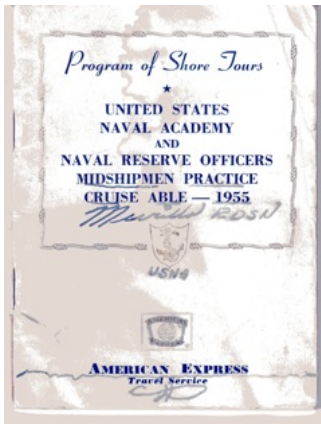
I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke. A sailor could find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood. In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods – the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow.

And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

Remembering this, they will stand taller and say, "I WAS A SAILOR ONCE. I WAS PART OF THE NAVY, AND THE NAVY WILL ALWAYS BE PART OF ME."

I just found a program of shore tours offered to the crew and midshipmen during the midshipmen cruise in June 1955. I have attached 3 pictures; 1 cover, 2 Malaga group, and 3 is the Plymouth group. If you like I will send you the program so you can copy all the pages and add it to the Web. Now days it is easy to laugh at the price of the Tours, a 4 day tour from Plymouth England to Paris France was \$76.50 for Enlisted and \$84.50 for officers, included transportation, hotel and some meals. – Ed Murillo RD3 55 57



Those Were the Days

We stuck together. We worked hard, we played harder, and we gravitated to places where we could be with our shipmates, in locations where people who could and would tolerate our obnoxious conduct, impure verbiage and rollicking nonsense.

Liberty Bars...

Our favorite liberty bars were unlike other watering holes or dens of iniquity inhabited by seagoing men and women. They had to meet strict standards to be in compliance with the acceptable requirement for a sailor beer-swilling dump. The first and foremost requirement was a crusty old gal serving suds. She had to be able to wrestle King Kong to parade rest. Be able to balance a tray with one hand, knock bluejackets out of the way with the other hand and skillfully navigate through a roomful of milling around drunks. On slow nights, she had to be the kind of gal who would give you a back scratch with a fly swatter handle or put her foot on the table so you could admire her new ankle bracelet some "smoke" brought back from a Hong Kong liberty.

Barmaid...

A good barmaid had to be able to whisper sweet nothings in your ear like, "Sailor, your thirteen button flap is twelve buttons short of a green board." And, "Buy a pack of Clorets and chew up the whole thing before you get within heaving range of any gal you ever want to see again." And, "Hey animals, I know we have a crowd tonight, but if any of you guys find the head facilities fully occupied and start urinating down the floor drain, you're gonna find yourself scrubbing the deck with your white hats!" They had to be able to admire great tattoos, look at pictures of ugly bucktooth kids and smile. Be able to help haul drunks to cabs and comfort 19 Year-olds who had lost someone close to them. They could look at your ship's identification shoulder tab and tell you the names of the Skippers back to the time you were a Cub Scout.

If you came in after a late night maintenance problem and fell asleep with a half eaten Slim-Jim in your hand, they tucked your peacoat around you, put out the cigarette you left burning in the ashtray and replaced the warm draft you left sitting on the table with a cold one when you woke up. Why? Simply because they were one of the few people on the face of the earth that knew what you did, and appreciated what you were doing. And if you treated them like a decent human being and didn't drive 'em nuts by playing songs they hated on the juke box, they would lean over the back of the booth and park their soft warm breasts on your neck when they sat two Rolling Rocks in front of you. Imported table wipe down guy and glass washer, trash dumper, deck swabber and paper towel replacement officer. The guy had to have baggy tweed pants and a gold tooth and a grin like a 1950 Buick. And a name like "Ramon", "Juan", "Pedro" or "Tico". He had to smoke unfiltered Luckies, Camels or Raleighs'. He wiped the tables down with a sour wash rag that smelled like a skunk diaper and said, "How are choo navee mans tonight? He was the indispensable man. The guy with credentials that allowed him to borrow Slim-Jims, Beer Nuts and pickled hard boiled eggs from other beer joints when they ran out where he worked.

The establishment itself.

The place had to have walls covered with ship and squadron plaques. The walls were adorned with enlarged unit patches and the Dates of previous deployments. A dozen or more old, yellowed photographs of Fellows named "Buster", "Chicago", "P-Boat Barney", "Flaming Hooker Harry", "Malone", "Honshu Harry", Jackson, Douche Bag Doug, and Capt. Slade Cutter decorated any unused space.

It had to have the obligatory Michelob, Pabst Blue Ribbon and "Beer Nuts sold here" neon signs. An eight-ball mystery beer tap handle and signs reading:

"Your mother does not work here, so clean away your frickin' trash."

"Keep your hands off the barmaid."

"Don't throw butts in urinal."

"Barmaid's word is final in settling bets."

"Take your fights out in the alley behind the bar!"

"Owner reserves the right to waltz your worthless sorry ass outside."

"Shipmates are responsible for riding herd on their ship/squadron drunks."

This was typical signage found in classy establishments catering to sophisticated as well as unsophisticated clientele.

You had to have a juke box built along the lines of a Sherman tank loaded with Hank Williams, Mother Maybelle Carter, Johnny Horton, Johnny Cash and twenty other crooning goobers nobody ever heard of. The damn thing has to have "La Bamba", Herb Alpert's "Lonely Bull" and Johnny Cash's "Don't take your guns to town" in memory of Alameda's barmaid goddess, Thelma. If Thelma is within a twelve-mile radius of where any of those three recordings can be found on a juke box, it is wise to have a stack of life insurance applications within reach of the coin slot. The furniture in a real good liberty bar had to be made from coal mine shoring lumber and was not fully acceptable until it had 600 cigarette burns and your ship's numbers or "FTN" carved into it. The bar had to have a brass foot rail and at least six Slim-Jim containers, an oversized glass cookie jar full of Beer-Nuts, a jar of pickled hard boiled eggs that could produce rectal gas emissions that could shut down a sorority party, and big glass containers full of something called Pickled Pigs Feet and Polish Sausage. Only drunk Chiefs and starving Ethiopians ate pickled pigs feet and unless the last three feet of your colon had been manufactured by Midas, you didn't want to get any where near the Polish Napalm Dogs.

No liberty bar was complete without a couple of hundred faded ship or airplane pictures and a "Shut the hell up!" sign taped on the mirror behind the bar along with several rather tasteless naked lady pictures. The pool table felt had to have at least three strategic rips as a result of drunken competitors and balls that looked as if a gorilla baby had teethed on the sonuvabitches.

Liberty bars were home and it didn't matter what country, state, or city you were in. When you walked into a good liberty bar, you felt at home. They were also establishments where 19 year-old kids received an education available nowhere else on earth. You learned how to "tell" and "listen" to sea stories. You learned about sex at \$25.00 a pop! -- from professional ladies who taught you things your high school biology teacher didn't know were anatomically possible. You learned how to make a two cushion bank shot and how to toss down a beer and shot of Sun Torry known as a "depth charge."

We were young, and a helluva long way from home. We were pulling down crappy wages for twenty-four hours a day, seven days a-week availability and loving the life we lived. We didn't know it at the time, but our association with the men we served with forged us into the men we became. And a lot of that association took place in bars where we shared the stories accumulated in our, up to then, short lives. We learned about women and that life could be tough on a gal.

While many of our classmates were attending college, we were getting an education slicing through the green rolling seas in WestPac, and the Med, experiencing the orgasmic rush of a night cat shot, the heart pounding drama of the return to the ship with the gut wrenching arrestment to a pitching deck. The hours of tedium, boring holes in the sky late at night, experiencing the periodic discomfort of turbulence, marveling at the creation of St. Elmo's Fire, and sometimes having our reverie interrupted with stark terror.

But when we came ashore on liberty, we could rub shoulders with some of the finest men we would ever know, in bars our mothers would never have approved of, in saloons and cabarets that would live in our memories forever.

Long live those liberties in WestPac and in the Med! They were the greatest teachers about life and how to live it. -- Ed Murillo



**In Memoriam
Departed Shipmates
(since last newsletter)**

- Joseph M. Sylvia 1950-54 12/9/11
- RD2 John D. Munger 1961-64 10/28/11
- LT John L. Dailey 1959-61 9/23/11
- BT3 William E. Ruffner 1954-58 10/4/11
- GM2 Robert H. Mack 1955-60 12/27/11
- F2 James A. Clark 1945 (Plank Owner)
11/29/10
- FN William H. Pope 1958-59 9/19/10

****CURRENT EVENTS****

We have received some very interesting and personal emails and letters from those who served on the Larson, that you will find under the "Mail Call" heading.

There have to be hundreds of these stories. We would ask you to think back to those years on the Larson and email it or write it down and send it to drice@ctslabs.com or Doug Rice, 83 Stonehedge Lane South, Guilford, CT 06437. Give us as much detail as possible, with dates, names and we will share it with the Larson crew in our next newsletter!

Larson hats, shirts and jackets will be available from EMBROIDERY CREATIONS, 5050 Nebraska Avenue, Ste. 8, HUBER HEIGHTS, OHIO. Phone: 937-235-0441. Fax: 937-235-0487. Contact Chuck Hertzman Website: www.embroiderycreations.com or info@embroiderycreations.com

LARSON PATCHES AVAILABLE - Vern Smith, 1855 E. Oakmont Ave., Fresno, CA 93720, (e-mail: yttim2@dslextrême.com) has Larson Patches available and the cost is \$4.00 which includes mailing cost.

THIS IS NOT A DRILL

**Its still important to get dues paid and to get new members. We need to do both!
DONATIONS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME!**

Get Your Larson Newsletter Via Email

With every edition, your Association mails out 383 Newsletters and Emails 170 Newsletters to members. **Please let Doug Rice (drice@ctslabs.com) know if we can just provide you with the email version.** With the rising costs of stamps, envelopes and printing, we would appreciate your help in cutting our costs. Thank you for your help.

Attention on Deck!

Dues...You know the drill!

Please send your 2012 Dues. Fill out this form, send it and your check made payable to: **USS Everett F. Larson DD-830** with a self addressed envelope to:

Frank Wyzywany, Treasurer
12 Ashleigh Court
Lansing, MI 48906

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/Town: _____

State: _____ ZipCode: _____

Tel #: _____

Email: _____

Please Check One:

\$10.00 per year Full Membership

\$120.00 Lifetime Membership (w/ spouse)

\$5.00 per year Associate Membership
(no voting rights at meeting)

Years beng paid for: _____

Mailing Address:

Are you current? Take a moment to check to see if you need to update information.

*Send in the changes to Doug so you will receive your copy of the Larson Newsletter in a timely and cost efficient fashion.

Doug Rice
83 Stonehedge Lane South
Guilford, CT 06437

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/Town: _____

State: _____ Zipcode: _____

Tel #: _____

Email: _____

Rate & Years on Larson: _____

Spouse's Name: _____

Massachusetts Reunion September 16–20, 2012

2012 USS Everett F. Larson Reunion will be held from Sunday, September 16, 2012 thru Thursday, September 20th.

It will be held at the Crowne Plaza at the Crossings, 801 Greenwich Ave., Warwick, RI 02886.

Room rates are \$109.00 plus tax. Room cut off date with the hotel is Aug 17th. Rooms will be available at that rate for 3 days before and after our reunion for those who would like to stay in the area and do more sightseeing.

We will spend a full day at Battleship Cove in Fall River, Massachusetts. Our 2012 Memorial Service will be conducted on board. Battleship Cove is the largest collection of preserved US Navy ships in the world. Ships to tour include the battleship USS Massachusetts, the DD-850 the USS Joseph P. Kennedy, JR. and the USS Lionfish, one of the best preserved WWII submarines.

Our second day of touring will feature historic Newport, RI and the stunning homes along Ocean Drive. After learning about "The Gilded Age" we will tour The Breakers, one of the mansions built for Cornelikus Vanderbilt in 1895.

Our banquet will be held on Wednesday, September 19, 2012.

The hotel will provide complimentary shuttle service to local restaurants and the nearby large mall. Foxwoods Resort & Casino, Providence, Boston and Mystic, CT are all nearby for those wanting to come early or stay late to explore the area.

Those flying into T.F. Green Airport (Providence, RI) will have complimentary shuttle service to the hotel. Flying into Boston and renting a car is another option.

New England in September is spectacular. We look forward to hosting the crew.

For more reunion information contact Norm & Susan Welch (sk-w@att.net) or Art & Lorraine Colson (acollcnett@aol.com)

WE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR SHIPMATES!



Subic Bay P.I OI Division 1961 L to R - Robert Shelton, Jim Arnett,
Larry Johnson, Bob Castner, Red Kinderknech, Jim Turner