

USS EVERETT F LARSON DD/DDR 830

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Venice Italy, March 1951
Courtesy Andy Wilken

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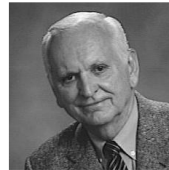
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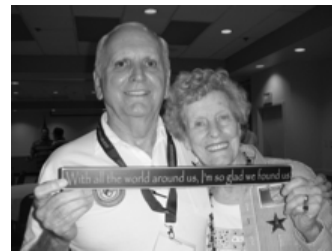
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PRESIDENTS CORNER



It was with great sadness that we learned of the passing of Edith Larson Sanborn, twin sister of Everett F. Larson. Edith suffered a massive stroke on November 3, 2013 and passed away on the 18th. She was 93 years old.

Edith attended many of our reunions, including the last one in Nashville. She was an honorary Plank Owner of the ship named after her twin brother. On a personal note, Edith presented me with a gift in Nashville. Here we posed together with that gift.



On the back of the gift Edith had written, "To Bill, because you just had to touch her once more." That was in reference to my trip to South Korea in 2012 and the visit to the South Korean Navy museum ship Jeonbukham, the former USS Everett F. Larson (DD/DDR 830). Edith's smiling face in the picture is how I will always remember her.

Not only were we fortunate to have served in USS Everett F. Larson, we were equally fortunate to have our lives touched by Edith, the twin sister of our ship's namesake.

On a happier note, on the heels of a successful reunion in Nashville last year, we look forward to our next gathering in San Francisco. Clyde and Debora Bingham are hard at work to ensure an equally good time. See the reunion agenda later in this newsletter. I hope to see all of you in San Francisco.

- Bill Forbes



From the Vice-President

Had a great time at the Nashville Reunion and looking forward to San Francisco. Everyone should take advantage of San Francisco, its a great place for a reunion. Meet some new shipmates and connected with old friends. It is always a nice time for me and my wife.

We were very sorry to hear of Edith's passing but know we will see her once again.
- John Clements



From the Treasurer

Fellow Shipmates,
We have \$13,578.51 in our checking account as of 12/31/13. It has been an honor serving as your treasurer for the past 6 years. Please consider volunteering for this office since I will not be serving a 4th term.
Your Shipmate, Frank Wyzywany



Notes from the Larson Historian

Edith Larson Sanborn was born 9/3/1920, the twin sister of Everett F. Larson. They were very close, and after he was killed in Guadalcanal, she joined the Womens Army Air Corps to continue the fight. She also stopped celebrating birthdays until her family convinced her to celebrate her 90th. She didn't feel right celebrating when Everett couldn't, she said. She was present at the commissioning ceremony in 1945 where her mother christened the Larson, and at the decommissioning in 1972.

Edith got in touch with the Larson Association early in its history and attended her first reunion in Virginia Beach in 1991. She attended all but one or two after that. Until she was in her late 80's, Edith would spend hours, possibly hundreds of hours, making special craft items for our fundraiser auction, which were so valuable that we had a separate auction for those things.

Through her, we got to appreciate and to honor Everett as a person, not just a name on the fantail.

Until very recently, Edith and her husband Bob, an Army combat veteran of the Pacific Theatre, would be the last ones off the dance floor, and she was referred to as the Belle of the Ball by lots of us. She would drive hundreds of miles to get there, dance us all into the floor, and drive back the next day.

We lost her November 18, 2013. (continued)

Those who knew her can tell you story after story of her generosity, her courage in the face of adversity, her love of life, of what a joy it was to be around her. I'm sure at the next reunion we'll do a lot of that.
Thanks - Gene



From the Secretary

Minutes of the USS Everett F. Larson (DD/DDR-830) Association Executive Committee meeting September 6, 2013 at the Radisson Hotel Nashville Airport, Nashville, TN.

The Executive Committee meeting was called to order at 9:00 AM by President Nick Nicholoff.

Minutes of the 2012 executive committee meeting were read by Secretary Terry Weathers and approved as read.

Treasurer's report was presented by Treasurer Frank Wyzywany and approved.

John Clements reported that refunds for this year's reunion were due only to Art Jacobsen (\$104) and Doug Rice and that Doug had requested that his funds be donated to the Association. Art's refund was approved and Doug's contribution gratefully accepted.

By-Laws suggestions:

1.It was suggested by Secretary Terry Weathers that the By-Laws requirement that elections be held every two years be deleted because current officer and executive committee positions usually require an election annually for at least one position.

2.It was further suggested that By-Laws include a requirement that the Treasurer shall submit a financial summary to the annual meeting of the Executive Committee.

3.Max Schwald suggested that the Treasurer be required to keep financial records for five years, after which they may be destroyed.

Suggestions were accepted and Secretary was directed to add changes to the current list of By- Laws modifications.

With no further items for discussion, meeting adjourned. Respectfully submitted, Terry Weathers.

Minutes of USS Everett F. Larson (DD/DDR 830) Association meeting September 7, 2013 at the Radisson Hotel Nashville Airport, Nashville, TN.

President Nick Nicholoff called the meeting to order at 0900 AM. The Pledge of Allegiance was recited by those present.

Minutes of the last annual meeting at Warwick, RI were read by Secretary Terry Weathers and approved.

A financial report was presented by Treasurer Frank Wyzywany showing a bank balance as of July 31, 2013 of \$12,481.11. The report was approved.

The President had all members present stand and tell what years they served aboard Larson and what duties they performed.

2013 reunion co-sponsor John Clements, who with his wife, Leesa, has made this reunion run smoothly, reminded us that Jesse Anderson was actually the sponsor.

Clyde and Deb Bingham are hosting the 2014 reunion in San Francisco. Clyde reported that a hotel has not yet been selected, but will probably be one near San Francisco

International Airport, because those tend to be more affordable than those nearer downtown San Francisco. Activities will likely center about the Fisherman's Wharf and Coit Tower area and Friday will include a tour of the USS Hornet in Alameda, where the memorial service will be held. The date will probably be near the last weekend in September or the first weekend in October.

President Nick advised that the Executive Committee had agreed to present the Larson banner to next year's reunion sponsor, so Clyde should plan on taking it home with him to have on hand for next year's reunion.

Site selection for the 2015 reunion produced suggestions including Las Vegas, Long Beach, Philadelphia, Cape Cod, and Florida. A vote showed agreement that we should follow precedent in rotating between East Coast, Midwest, and West Coast. A second vote for a 2015 East Coast location resulted in acceptance of a central Florida site.

Donna Kendall reminded everyone that the proceeds of the raffle that would follow the meeting are used to provide the refreshments for the hospitality room at the next reunion. She also pointed out that this year we would have a separate raffle for a beautiful blanket that had been created by Maureen Fregia.

All crewmembers who served aboard Larson during the Vietnam War when the ship visited Da Nang or other "in country" locations were urged by member Larry Laub to register with the Veterans Administration for recognition of such service even if they have shown no symptoms so far of exposure to Agent Orange. President Nick Nicholoff and others recommended also contacting an American Legion and/or VFW Veterans Service Officer.

There was a brief discussion of a "Peanut Butter Conspiracy", but no details were forthcoming. Secretary Terry Weathers pointed out that numerous members were still receiving hard copy newsletters even though they now enjoyed email capability. He offered to make a list for newsletter editor Doug Rice of those members who were willing to save the association money by receiving their newsletter via email only. Some half dozen members responded.

President Nick Nicholoff announced that increased responsibilities with veterans organizations dictated that he resign from the Association's Presidency. A brief election was held and Bill Forbes was promptly elected our new President.. Treasurer Frank Wyzywany announced that he would continue to serve this next year, but would need to be replaced at the next reunion in San Francisco. He expressed a desire to work with a potential candidate to have them up to speed by next year.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

- Terry Weathers, Secretary



Chaplain Francis E. Juntunen

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

FP2 Ronald G. Tranchant
CAPT Carl R. Quanstrom
QM3 William L. Shirtcliff (Plank Owner)
S! Abel G. Jardin (Plank Owner)

(In Memoriam Continued)

CSC Al Pierre

BM1 Edward W. Kalkauski

CAPT David D. Ansel

CAPT Donald R. Shaffer (C.O 1964-66)

Peggy Nordquist

FTG3 Robert A. Swanson

Edith Larson Sanborn

EM3 William E. "Bunk" Spiller

S2 Clarence H. Krieger (Plank Owner)

LTJG O. D. Vanderworth (Plank Owner)

ETC Richard A. Weidinger

RM1 Alejandro Fontilla

Joseph T. Murphy

MM3 William A. Wilson

STG3 Henry R. Schadler

Charles E. Carlton

RM3 Joseph Murphy

Mail Call

You're In God's Hands Now..."

The 21-year old American B-17 pilot glanced outside his cockpit and froze. He blinked hard and looked again, hoping it was just a mirage. But his co-pilot stared at the same horrible vision. "My God, this is a nightmare," the co-pilot said. "He's going to destroy us," the pilot agreed. The men were looking at a gray German Messerschmitt fighter hovering just three feet off their wingtip. It was five days before Christmas 1943, and the fighter had closed in on their crippled American B-17 bomber for the kill.



Brown's Crippled B-17 Stalked by Stigler's ME-109

The B-17 pilot, Charles Brown, was a 21-year-old West Virginia farm boy on his first combat mission. His bomber had been shot to pieces by swarming fighters, and his plane was alone, struggling to stay in the skies above Germany. Half his crew was wounded, and the tail gunner was dead, his blood frozen in icicles over the machine guns.

But when Brown and his co-pilot, Spencer "Pinky" Luke, looked at the fighter pilot again, something odd happened. The German didn't pull the trigger. He stared back at the bomber in amazement and respect. Instead of pressing the attack, he nodded at Brown and saluted. What happened next was one of the most remarkable acts of chivalry recorded during World War II.



COURTESY OF ROBERT THROGS

USAAF Lt. Charles Brown

Charles Brown was on his first combat mission during World War II when he met an enemy unlike any other.

Revenge, not honor, is what drove 2nd Lt. Franz Stigler to jump into his fighter that chilly December day in 1943. Stigler wasn't just any fighter pilot. He was an ace. One

more kill and he would win The Knight's Cross, German's highest award for valor.

Yet Stigler was driven by something deeper than glory. His older brother, August, was a fellow Luftwaffe pilot who had been killed earlier in the war. American pilots had killed Stigler's comrades and were bombing his country's cities. Stigler was standing near his fighter on a German airbase when he heard a bomber's engine. Looking up, he saw a B-17 flying so low it looked like it was going to land. As the bomber disappeared behind some trees, Stigler tossed his cigarette aside, saluted a ground crewman and took off in pursuit.

As Stigler's fighter rose to meet the bomber, he decided to attack it from behind. He climbed behind the sputtering bomber, squinted into his gun sight and placed his hand on the trigger. He was about to fire when he hesitated. Stigler was baffled. No one in the bomber fired at him.

He looked closer at the tail gunner. He was still, his white fleece collar soaked with blood. Stigler craned his neck to examine the rest of the bomber. Its skin had been peeled away by shells, its guns knocked out. One propeller wasn't turning. Smoke trailed from another engine. He could see men huddled inside the shattered plane tending the wounds of other crewmen.

Then he nudged his plane alongside the bomber's wings and locked eyes with the pilot whose eyes were wide with shock and horror.



COURTESY OF ROBERT THROGS

Luftwaffe Major Franz Stigler

Stigler pressed his hand over the rosary he kept in his flight jacket. He eased his index finger off the trigger. He couldn't shoot. It would be murder.

Stigler wasn't just motivated by vengeance that day. He also lived by a code. He could trace his family's ancestry to knights in 16th century Europe. He had once studied to

be a priest. A German pilot who spared the enemy, though, risked death in Nazi Germany. If someone reported him, he would be executed.

Yet Stigler could also hear the voice of his commanding officer, who once told him: "You follow the rules of war for you -- not your enemy. You fight by rules to keep your humanity."

Alone with the crippled bomber, Stigler changed his mission. He nodded at the American pilot and began flying in formation so German anti-aircraft gunners on the ground wouldn't shoot down the slow-moving bomber. (The Luftwaffe had B-17s of its own, shot down and rebuilt for secret missions and training.) Stigler escorted the bomber over the North Sea and took one last look at the American pilot. Then he saluted him, peeled his fighter away and returned to Germany.

"Good luck," Stigler said to himself. "You're in God's hands now..." Franz Stigler didn't think the big B-17 could make it back to England and wondered for years what happened to the American pilot and crew he encountered in combat.



COURTESY OF ROBERT THROGS

Charles Brown, with his wife, Jackie (left), with Franz Stigler, with his wife, Hiya.

As he watched the German fighter peel away that December day, 2nd Lt. Charles Brown wasn't thinking of the philosophical connection between enemies. He was thinking of survival.

He flew his crippled plane, filled with wounded, back to his base in England and landed with one of four engines knocked out, one failing and barely any fuel left. After his bomber came to a stop, he leaned back in his chair and put a hand over a pocket Bible he kept in his flight jacket. Then he sat in silence.

Brown flew more missions before the war ended. Life moved on. He got married, had two daughters, supervised foreign aid for the U.S. State Department during the Vietnam War and eventually retired to Florida.

Late in life, though, the encounter with the German pilot began to gnaw at him. He started having nightmares, but in his dream there would be no act of mercy. He would awaken just before his bomber crashed.

Brown took on a new mission. He had to find that German pilot. Who was he? Why did he save my life? He scoured military archives in the U.S. and England. He attended a pilots' reunion and shared his story. He finally placed an ad in a German newsletter for former Luftwaffe pilots, retelling the story and asking if anyone knew the pilot.

On January 18, 1990, Brown received a letter. He opened it and read: "Dear Charles, All these years I wondered

what happened to that B-17, did she make it home? Did her crew survive their wounds? To hear of your survival has filled me with indescribable joy..." It was Stigler.

He had left Germany after the war and moved to Vancouver , British Columbia , in 1953. He became a prosperous businessman. Now retired, Stigler told Brown that he would be in Florida come summer and "it sure would be nice to talk about our encounter." Brown was so excited, though, that he couldn't wait to see Stigler. He called directory assistance for Vancouver and asked whether there was a number for a Franz Stigler. He dialed the number, and Stigler picked up.

"My God, it's you!" Brown shouted as tears ran down his cheeks.

Brown had to do more. He wrote a letter to Stigler in which he said: "To say THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU on behalf of my surviving crewmembers and their families appears totally inadequate."

The two pilots would meet again, but this time in person, in the lobby of a Florida hotel. One of Brown's friends was there to record the summer reunion. Both men looked like retired businessmen: they were plump, sporting neat ties and formal shirts. They fell into each other's arms and wept and laughed. They talked about their encounter in a light, jovial tone.

The mood then changed. Someone asked Stigler what he thought about Brown. Stigler sighed and his square jaw tightened. He began to fight back tears before he said in heavily accented English: "I love you, Charlie."

Stigler had lost his brother, his friends and his country. He was virtually exiled by his countrymen after the war. There were 28,000 pilots who fought for the German air force. Only 1,200 survived.

The war cost him everything. Charlie Brown was the only good thing that came out of World War II for Franz. It was the one thing he could be proud of. The meeting helped Brown as well, says his oldest daughter, Dawn Warner.



They met as enemies but Franz Stigler, on left, and Charles Brown, ended up as fishing buddies.

Brown and Stigler became pals. They would take fishing trips together. They would fly cross-country to each other homes and take road trips together to share their story at schools and veterans' reunions. Their wives, Jackie Brown and Hiya Stigler, became friends.

Brown's daughter says her father would worry about Stigler's health and constantly check in on him.

"It wasn't just for show," she says. "They really did feel for each other. They talked about once a week." As his friendship with Stigler deepened, something else happened to her father, Warner says "The nightmares went away."

Brown had written a letter of thanks to Stigler, but one day, he showed the extent of his gratitude. He organized a reunion of his surviving crew members, along with their extended families. He invited Stigler as a guest of honor. During the reunion, a video was played showing all the faces of the people that now lived -- children, grandchildren, relatives -- because of Stigler's act of chivalry. Stigler watched the film from his seat of honor.

"Everybody was crying, not just him," Warner says.

Stigler and Brown died within months of each other in 2008. Stigler was 92, and Brown was 87. They had started off as enemies, became friends, and then something more.

After he died, Warner was searching through Brown's library when she came across a book on German fighter jets. Stigler had given the book to Brown. Both were country boys who loved to read about planes.

Warner opened the book and saw an inscription Stigler had written to Brown:

In 1940, I lost my only brother as a night fighter. On the 20th of December, 4 days before Christmas, I had the chance to save a B-17 from her destruction, a plane so badly damaged it was a wonder that she was still flying. The pilot, Charlie Brown, is for me, as precious as my brother was. Thanks Charlie.

Your Brother,

Franz

Last April Bill Forbes and I started planning on going to Hot Springs, AR to visit another old Sailor we were on the Larson with. Ken Lambert was a Radarman in OI Division with Bill and me. Ken wasn't going to be able to attend the reunion so Bill and I decided to take the reunion to him. On September 1, Bill flew into Little Rock, AR from San Diego. My wife Myrle and I drove to Little Rock from our home in Indianola, IA. We met up with Bill at the airport hotel in Little Rock. The next morning Bill and I drove to Hot Springs and met with Ken and his lovely wife Lynne'. Bill had visited there with Ken and Lynne' a few years before but Ken and I hadn't seen each other since 1960.

The Lamberts were excellent hosts. After the meet and greet, Lynne' diplomatically excused herself so we old Sailors could swap sea stories, discuss countries visited, ports of call and our chosen careers over the last 50 years. Lynne' probably heard the sea stories when Bill was there a few years ago anyway. We spent the whole day

in Hot Springs. I'm sure we could have spent more days together reminiscing and visiting with Ken but Bill, Myrle and I had a Larson reunion to attend. As planned, Bill rode with us to Nashville. Of course Myrle had to listen to more sea stories during the 4 ½ hour drive from Little Rock to Nashville.

In my senior years I appreciate more and more whatever it is that causes individuals to "connect" as special friends early in life and remain so over the years. Come to think of it, that's what the Larson reunions are all about.

Dave Noel

Doug: Wonderful! You folks have done a superb job.

The Larson reunions fulfilled Edith's life, you treated her like a "ROCK STAR"!

Imagine what it must've been like for Edith to have lost her twin brother so soon after enlisting in World War II, then to hear the story of how his life was taken, then to have him recognized for his heroic action and awarded the Navy Cross, then as an enlisted man to have a Destroyer Escort, later changed to a Destroyer (DD 830). And, much later, to have the men who served on that ship honor you. To me, in retrospect, you enabled her to reconnect with Everett in a most magnificent way.

I attended two reunions, one with my wife in 2012 (Fall River, MA) and the other in Bath, ME with my cousin, Emil. I saw the netted, broken Champagne bottle in the hands of Edith and Everett's mother after she had sent the ship on its way, and later attended the commissioning in Charlestown where the ship's commander lifted me up into one of the gun turrets. I told my folks that I was going in the Navy! But, being 6 years of age, I was told I had to wait.

Thank you for the picture and to Bill Forbes (for the pictures and story).

Appreciate all you have done.

Respectfully, Dick Larson

"IN TRIBUTE TO EDITH FRIEDABORG LARSON SANBORN"



Edith Larson Sanborn was born September 3, 1920 in Stamford Connecticut to Hilda (Stenberg) and Hilmer Larson. One of three children, including a twin brother, she grew up in Stamford and then attended Barnard and Nyack College.

Edith began her relationship with her husband Robert Edgerly Sanborn in writing letters after being introduced through a mutual friend. Their first 'date' occurred when Robert was on leave from the Army, meeting one another at the Astor Hotel in NYC and then enjoying a Frank Sinatra performance. They continued their relationship by writing while Robert continued his military service, only seeing one another a few more times before Robert was shipped to SE Asia. Robert had wanted to propose to Edith before he shipped out, but decided that he should not do so as he could be killed in action. However, as time passed, Robert reconsidered this decision and proposed to Edith in a letter. As he

was overseas, Robert enlisted the assistance of his father, Martin, to get the family heirloom ring to Edith. Martin met Edith at the family's summer cottage in Moultonborough, NH. Edith took a train to Meredith and found someone to drive her the rest of the way. When Martin was not able to get flowers for her as Robert had asked (none were available during wartime), he picked lilies from Lake Winnepesaukee (now affectionately known to the family as "New Guinea Orchids"). Edith married Robert on December 8, 1945 at the Evangelical Covent Church in Stamford, CT. They would have been married 68 years in December 2013.

Edith and Robert lived in Boston for a year while Robert attended Boston University before moving to Minneapolis MN. They lived there about 18 months before moving back to Massachusetts, living in Groton and Methuen before moving to Andover, where they have lived since 1960. In December of 2010, Edith and Robert lost their home to a fire and they were very active participants in its reconstruction.

Always involved in her community, Edith worked with the Girl Scouts of America, was an active participant in the Christian Women's Club, the League of Women Voters, the Eastern Star, the Vasa Order of America (a Swedish-American Fraternal Assoc), the Lowell Assoc. for the blind, and regularly visited nursing homes. Edith was active in the formation of Mass CHILD (Children Having Individual Learning Disabilities) an association for families who have children with learning disabilities. During WW II, Edith volunteered in the Women's Army Auxilliary Corps (WAAC), serving as a reconnaissance photographer.

Edith's twin brother, Everett Frederick Larson, serving in the United States Marine Corps died a hero at Guadal Canal (Solomon Islands) in WW II, receiving a Silver Star Medal. In honor of his courageous service, a destroyer was commissioned. The USS Everett F. Larson DD/DDR-830, was launched in April 1945, serving in Korea and Vietnam until being decommissioned in August 1972. About 20 years ago, the USS E.F. Larson Association (veteran crew) located Edith. Since that time, she has attended the reunions as the "Belle of the Ball," traveling all over the United States (Washington, Oregon, Texas, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Florida, Kentucky, California, Rhode Island) most

recently in Nashville, TN this past September.

Edith was a voracious reader. She spent her life surrounded by books. For a number of years she read and reviewed books for the Parlin Memorial Library in Everett. Edith always had a stack of books that she was currently reading.

A lover of trees, she and her husband built their home on the edge of the Harold Parker State Forest and enjoyed summers at their family cottage in the woods surrounding Lake Winnepesaukee.

Edith's creativity was expressed through her creative writing, home decorating and ability to select just the right gift for people.

Most notably Edith was a woman of faith and family. Edith's deep faith in Jesus Christ defined her being. It was her source of life and strength. While her life had great adventures, it was also marked with significant losses. Edith lost her twin brother in WWII; a daughter born with significant developmental disabilities; a son who was still born; the loss of two daughters, both in their 50's within one month's time; and her house destroyed by fire in 2010. It was Edith's profound faith that helped her navigate through these losses.

Almost nothing made Edith smile more than her family. Even in her waning days, it was her grand children that would bring a sparkle to her eyes and even made her laugh. When they were toddlers, she could be seen sitting on the floor playing with them. One recent memory was Edith and grandson Caleb making mountains of snow out of Styrofoam in the living room. They had a great time, but Caleb's parents were not as amused. As they got older, the grandchildren would come and stay with her during their school vacations or she would travel to them. They would take trips to the library (of course), visit historic locations, or just go shopping (a favorite activity with Carly and Alison)! She would sit and watch her grandsons play video games for hours, even critiquing their technique and offering suggestions. This mother who did not give her own children any candy until they were practically teenagers, was known to buy the grandchildren Easter baskets filled with chocolate. She loved buying them take-out food and even brought home a cake one night for dinner. There was nothing she would not do for them.

Edith passed away on Monday, November 18, at home surrounded by her loving family, after a brief and sudden illness.

Edith is survived by her husband Robert, son Peter and daughter-in-law Susan Kirk Sanborn of North Kingston, RI; son Everett and daughter-in-law Lorna Nartia Sanborn of Andover; grandsons Benjamin and Joshua Sanborn of North Kingston, RI and Caleb Sanborn of Andover; granddaughter Alison Bitzer of Somerville, MA, son-in-law Richard Bitzer and granddaughter Carly Bitzer of Barkhamstead, CT; granddaughter Holly Larson of Benton Maine; and great grandchildren Timothy and Emma Larson also of Benton Maine. Edith was predeceased by her twin brother Everett, daughters Rena Sanborn Bitzer and Alison Ann Sanborn, and a still-born son, John Sanborn

Biography (By Edith Sanborn)



I always felt that I had a special something. I had a twin brother. It was great. Someone your own age to play with. We shared laughter, friends, school and traumas. Our discipline was halved and our fun doubled.

Looking back at the highs and lows of my life - it is the highs that I can recall most vividly. Having parents who instilled honor, decency and hard work, who took us to museums, on Sunday drives, the seashore and on wonderful picnics. Every Sunday we all went to church - twice. We were firmly grounded in a faith that would sustain and lift us in the lows of life.

Our mother's bedtime stories were memorable. She would sit between our beds and tell us tales of the ancient Norse gods. A fierce group of characters that fascinated and fanned our young imaginations. After graduating from bedtime stories my brother and I continued on our own. We made up stories as we talked, he was all of the male characters and I the female. We would walk in the park or along the beach carrying on a running dialog creating outrageous plots and script, talking and laughing as we kicked sand and watched the water lap at our feet. Those were such halcyon, innocent days.

I remember the birthdays my brother and I shared. I would hear him racing toward my room and as the door crashed in he would yell "Happy Birthday Ede" and at the same time I would yell "Happy Birthday Ev." We had an ongoing contest striving to be the first to wish the other a happy birthday. It was usually a tie.

The lows were there too, lurking in the shadows just beyond my peripheral vision, as one by one my family of the past is made smaller. Of our quite large clan only four cousins are still alive and when we do see each other we always reminisce with laughter our shared memories of the past. One thing remains constant: every September third, just as I awaken, I look skyward and say "Happy Birthday Ev." I have a sure feeling that it is a tie.

****CURRENT EVENTS - PLEASE READ****
WE NEED MORE STORIES!!!

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@dslextreame.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.

WE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR SHIPMATES



Left to Right: Sokup, R.R GMG3, Balcauski, James GMG3, Davis A.G. SN, St. Clair R.K. SN

Attention on Deck!

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: _____

**Welcome to San Francisco, California and the
2014 USS Everett F. Larson Association Reunion**

- Reunion Dates – Thursday, September 18 through Monday, September 22, 2014.
- Hotel – **San Francisco Airport Doubletree Hotel**, 835 Airport Blvd, Burlingame, CA 94010.
- The reservation number is **650-373-2258** Monday through Friday 7:30am to 3:30p PST. Be sure to identify yourself as part of the USS Everett F. Larson group, with the code “EFL”.
- The room rate is \$119 a night + \$15.34 tax. If available, this room rate is good for 3 days before and after the reunion dates.
- The hotel offers free shuttle service from the Airport and BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit).
- Parking is \$6 per day.

Date	Event	# of People	Total Amount
Thursday Sept. 18	REGISTRATION , informal gathering w/ food and desserts \$7.00 per person		\$
Friday Sept. 19	SAN FRANCISCO BUS TOUR , lunch is on your own \$40.00 per person		\$
Saturday Sept. 20	USS HORNET , tour, Memorial Service, lunch in the Wardroom \$45.00 per person Hot Turkey ___ Hot Vegetarian Lasagna ___ or Box Lunch ___		\$
Sunday Sept. 21	BANQUET , cash bar & music \$60.00 per person Chicken Breast ___ Pork Chop ___ or Grilled Salmon ___		\$
Monday Sept. 22	Check out. See you next year in Florida!		
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED			\$

Name: _____ First Name for Name Tag: _____

Spouse/Guest: _____ First Name for Name Tag: _____

Address: _____

City/ ST / Zip: _____

Phone: _____ e-mail _____

What years did you serve on Larson? _____

Please complete the form and make your check payable to Clyde Bingham & return by 7/17:
Clyde Bingham, 28 Via Mesa, San Jose, CA 95139-1146, Home #408-360-8816, Cell #408-667-1271

NOTE: One of the fund raising events is the raffle. While we urge shipmates to bring an item for the raffle, there is no obligation to do so. We want to see you at the reunion, raffle item or not.

Welcome to San Francisco, California and the 2014 USS Everett F. Larson Association Reunion

- Thurs. Sept. 18, 2014
- Check into the San Francisco Airport Doubletree Hotel. 835 Airport Blvd., Burlingame, CA 94010. The hotel provides FREE shuttle to and from the airport. Just wait in the hotel shuttle area for the “Doubletree Hotel” shuttle every 15 min.
 - The room rate is \$119.00 + \$15.34 tax per night. The rate is guaranteed for the 4 nights of the reunion. For making reservations call 650-373-2258 M-F 7:30 - 330pm. Our code is “EFL”. Any problems with your reservation, ask for Paula.
 - For 3 nights before and after the reunion, **if the rooms are available** the rates will be honored according to the contract that is why you want to be sure you talk to the hotel when you make your reservation. To obtain the quoted room rate outside the core days **register at the hotel as soon as possible!**
 - Hospitality room will be open for early arrivals.
 - Casual welcome gathering with food and desserts in the hospitality room about 6pm
- Fri., Sept. 19, 2014
- Breakfast is on your own. Eat in the hotel or across the street at LeAnn’s Café.
 - The San Francisco Bus Tour leaves the hotel at 9am and returns at 4pm. We will have a guide with us for 4 hours narrating what we will see about the city. Then we will go about the city and stop and get off the bus at selected sites and be able to shop, eat and get go to the next place.
- Sat., Sept. 20, 2014
- The Executive Meeting is scheduled from 8-9 in the Hospitality room.
 - Breakfast is on your own. Eat in the hotel or across the street at LeAnn’s Café.
 - The USS Hornet Tour, the Memorial Service and a lunch in the Wardroom leaves the hotel at 9am. We should arrive at the Hornet about 10am. This gives us 2 ½ hours to tour the ship. We all need to be to the Wardroom by 12:30pm to begin the Memorial Service followed by the lunch. We need to be back on the bus by 2:30pm.
 - At 5pm the Business Meeting begins followed by the Raffle.
 - Dinner is on your own. There are many restaurants close by this hotel.
- Sun., Sept. 21, 2014
- This is a day to be on your own. You may want to go back into San Francisco, by taking BART. The hotel will shuttle you to BART. Maybe you didn’t get to ride the cable cars, or didn’t get to see enough of the city. Maybe you need a day of rest.
 - The Hospitality room is open.
 - The Banquet, cash bar and music begins at 6pm.
- Mon., Sept. 22, 2014
- Check out. Breakfast is on your own.