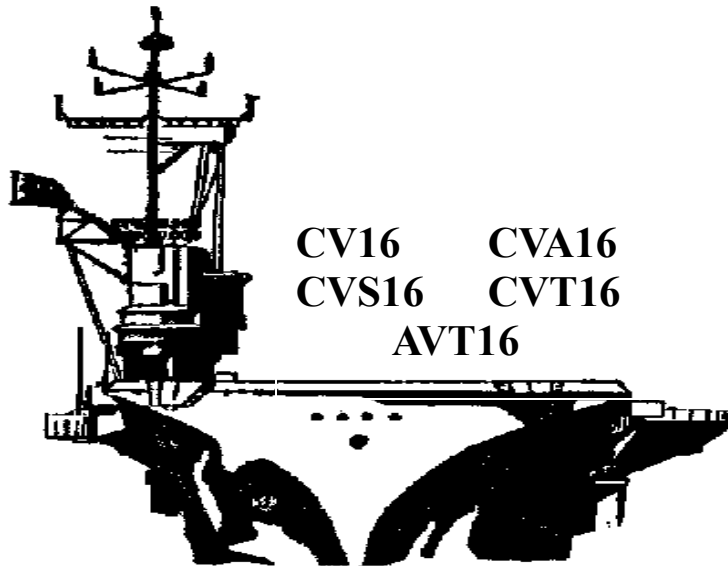









Home Port of:
USS Lexington CV 16 Association
P. O. Box 16
Lexington, IL 61753



CV16 CVA16
CVS16 CVT16
AVT16

USS LEXINGTON

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The Sunrise Press

USS LEXINGTON CV16

49 YEARS OF SERVICE
 NOW THE USS LEXINGTON MUSEUM ON THE BAY
 IN CORPUS CHRISTI, TX

April, 2011



A Word from Lance Wagner:
 Look at the list of new members; if you see someone you once knew and want his address and phone number, write to me and I'll get it to you. If you know someone who served on the Lex, let me know and I'll send them some information about our group.

Please remember if you move to send me your change of address and new telephone number. Please be sure to include the area code, as many have changed.

Another thing, **look at the date after your name on the label that was used to mail you this newsletter.** It is the date your dues are paid to. If it is 2010 or before, you are behind on your dues.

**Send dues to: Lance Wagner,
 71-21 73rd Place
 Glendale, NY 11385**

Remember that dues are **\$15/yr;** make checks payable to: USS Lexington Association.



If anyone has any articles they'd like to see included in the newsletter, please send them to me and I'll put them in, space permitting, including a byline to credit you with the submission. My postal address is: **23428 College Avenue, Robertsdale, AL 36567.** Otherwise for electronic submissions, my e-address is **gplante@gulftel.com.** PLEASE put USS LEXINGTON or even just LEX in the subject area so that my spam filtering software won't delete it on me.
 Thanks, Greg Plante.
Editor, Sunrise Press

Sunrise Press Newsletter is a quarterly publication of the USS Lexington Association CV, CVA, CVS, CVT, AVT16, It's Editor is Greg Plante, with contact information in the box to the left, if you have any questions about anything in the newsletter, or would like to offer anything for inclusion.

WEBSITE:

www.usslexingtoncv16.org/

Association Officers:

*President: Allen Zellers
 Vice President: Bob DiMonte
 Treasurer: Lance Wagner
 Secretary: Lloyd Friedli*

WELCOME ABOARD

NAME	SPOUSE	DIVISION	YRS. ON LEX
Scott Flowers			
William B Bond III	Diane	V1	1968-1971
Charles G Avery		V	1944-1946
George Agrecy	Susanna	V-4	1980-1984 & 1987-1990



TAPS



Harry Walton, Jr.
 Patricia Fullam (wife)

Richard Adelson

Richard Morland

John E. Locke

----- Original Message -----

From: Shay Cornelius scornelius@Intrepidmuseum.org

Sent: Wed 16/02/11 4:21 PM

Subject: Fwd: Seats of Honor at the Intrepid Museum

To Whom It May Concern,

I hope this message find you well. My name is Shay Cornelius, and I work at the Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum in New York City. As you may know, the Intrepid Museum is a fellow former Essex class aircraft carrier that served both in times of war and in times of peace. Docked on the West Side of Manhattan at Pier 86, the Intrepid Museum is dedicated to its mission to "honor our heroes, educate the public and inspire our youth" through educational tours and innovative exhibitions.

I realize that only a select number of Essex class aircraft carriers still exist today, and I wanted to take this opportunity to tell you about an important and inspiring new program going on aboard the Intrepid called *Seats of Honor*. This program is a special way to dedicate an inscribed plaque in our theater for current or veteran military men and women. It is a very moving way for families, friends or veterans themselves to commemorate their role in preserving freedom and serving our country. We are reaching out to all military men and women, but our former crew members and the former crew members of other Essex class aircraft carriers are an especially important part of our community.

We know some of your members will want to participate, and we will invite them to a special dedication ceremony that we expect to be Memorial Day weekend. I would very much like to know if you have a suggestion for how we might tell people about the program in the USS *Lexington* Association, perhaps either by email, mail or possibly put a notice in your newsletter about the project. I look forward to speaking with you about it, but for additional information, please visit www.seatsofhonor.org.

Thank you for your time and please let me know if there is a good time to speak. Have a pleasant day!

All My Best,

Shay Cornelius

Development Associate and *Seats of Honor* Coordinator

Intrepid Sea, Air & Space Museum

One Intrepid Square

12th Avenue & 46th Street

New York, NY 10036-4103

(P) 646-381-5272

(F) 646-381-5275

scornelius@intrepidmuseum.org

Honor a veteran with a dedicated Seat of Honor at the Intrepid Museum! Visit www.seatsofhonor.org.

BATTLE STARS AND NAVAL AWARDS

A 700 page book listing the battle history of **7,568** American naval fighting ships that earned awards during WWII and Korea. Over **20,000** Battle Stars were earned in those wars, and now you can review individual war records **of each ship** to read of battles participated in and the dates of engagement. The book lists Battle Stars earned from the European Invasions of Italy and Normandy, to the South Pacific battles of Luzon, Guam, Eniwetok, Tarawa,

Palau, Leyte, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa.

All types of ships are presented in the book: Destroyers, Submarines, Landing Craft, Attack Transports, PT Boats, Cruisers, Battleships, Merchant Marine, Tugs, Mine Sweepers, Mine Layers, and Coast Guard ships. Aircraft Carriers (and their fighter aircraft) are included. The book also lists Navy ships and Marine corps or Navy UNITS that were awarded **Presidential Unit Citations** or **Navy Unit Commendations**.

If a ship's hull number can be determined by looking through old photo-

graphs or when watching war movies, you can look up the ship's war history to see where the awards were earned, the date, and the war operation (or operations) participated in.

The price is 29.95 per book, plus \$3 dollars shipping and handling.

(e-mail inquiries to: Tamaroa@aol.com)

Make your check payable to:
Jim Perkins
8975 Wildwood Lane North
Seminole, FL 33776-2628

SCHOLARSHIP AWARD PROGRAM

USS Lexington CV16 Association Sponsored

The Association Scholarship Award is a one time award to a graduating high school senior in the amount of \$1,000 to assist them in furthering their education at a college of their choice. It is open to any senior who is a family member (son, daughter, grandson, granddaughter, niece, etc.). Complete this form and send it to the address shown at the bottom of the form.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

High School Name: _____

GPA: _____

PSAT Score: _____ (or circle) Did Not Take

ACT Score: _____ (or circle) Did Not Take

Attach a typed essay of 250 words or less concerning the United States Navy of a historical nature or more topical with respect to the current US Naval fleet.

Applicants Signature

Date

USS Lexington CV16 Association Member Name: _____

Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Association Member Signature

Mail this form and essay to: Allen R. Zellers;
728 E. Maple;
Lebanon, PA
17046

All submissions must be postmarked no later than July 01, 2011

A BETTER NEWSLETTER!... AND IT'S FREE!

The cost of publishing the newsletter, printing and postage, is growing, and a decrease in the number of newsletters mailed out will greatly help.

We are looking for people who have a computer with e-mail, or access to e-mail, and are willing to receive their newsletter in their e-mail.

The Press can be stored and read on your machine at your leisure, or printed to take with you. It is also better than the print version, with

color graphics, pictures, all sorts of stuff including 2 - 6 bonus pages not in the print version.

PLEASE give this some real consideration !!! To give you an idea of what you're missing, go to the Association website where the last several issues are posted and see for yourself. That's www.ussexingtoncv16.org

Send your e-mail address to gplante@gulftel.com. Please remember to put **Lexington** or **Lex** in the Subject line so my virus filter will leave it alone.



It was discussed at the last reunion business meeting that there were so many different patches for the Ship and the air groups that it was impractical for the ship's store to try and carry them all. The cost would be too great to the Association. So, it was moved and seconded that the patch that Roland King designed and copyrighted be considered the official Association patch. The motion carried, and the ship's

store will soon enough have a supply of both the smaller and larger patches of the same design. Contact for the patches will be:

Lance Wagner
71-21 73rd Place
Glendale, NY 11385

LEXINGTON GETS MODERNIZED AGAIN?!!

Well, sort of. Modern technology is helping us become a better Association of shipmates. We have the newsletter going to MANY email addresses now, enabling us to give you a much better newsletter to enjoy.

Lloyd is updating the website to perk it up a little, and now *The Lexington Association is on Facebook*. Now I know that not everyone is on Facebook, but there are a few of us brave old souls that have ventured out and tried it. We're finding we like it, too. I encourage you to sign up for a Facebook page (or have your grandkids do it for you and show you up). Then, seek out USS Lexington CV16 Association in the friends utility, and send a friend request. (You can also look it up using the e-mail address cv16crew@gmail.com) I'll try to check it periodically while I'm on the road to accept friend requests. After that, the success of the site is up to you. Connect with friends, share thoughts and ideas, etc.

I intend to post any pertinent info on the page as well as we get closer to things like our reunions. I really see this as a way to help us become a closer and more tightly knit Association of shipmates.

I hope to see you online!!!

Got a letter from Glen Seibel in the mail, and he's looking for someone that is likely living with family now after a stroke. He knows that he belonged to the Association and isn't sure if he's still alive or not. His name is Dewey Wilkinson, and he used to live in Pasadena, TX and is now MAYBE in La-Porte, TX.

Any help you can give in helping him will be appreciated.

Glen Seibel
 507 East 6th
 Lamar, MO
 64759

From: joy cone
joy.cone@gmail.com
Sent: Sun 09/01/11
Subject: USS Lexington question

I am also looking for information on someone (my Grandfather) who was on CV16 1943. If you hear anything about William Haven Cone please pass it along. Thank you,

Joy.Cone@gmail.com

I am looking for two men. Frank Covelo and Troy Sinyard.

They were on the Lex in 1957 with me.

We were in the Log Room, (Engineering Office).

Would like to talk to them again. Thanks

Deane Dietel YN3
 USS Lexington

EMAIL RECIPIENTS!

I'm often asked in e-mails for dues expirations by various members, since there is no address sticker on a mailer label. We've come up with a solution.

Lloyd Friedli, a man of many talents, has found a way to get his databases to tell him all of those fine things, and he will do a mailing twice a year to anyone that comes up showing in arrears, so, watch your e-mail for a note from Lloyd and don't delete it. You'll need it to know what you owe.

My Dad served on the USS Lexington in 1943. His name, Paul D McDonough, Aviation Machinist Mate First Class. Looking for someone that might have known him. He was aboard ship when it first crossed the equator, if that helps, Thank s , Terry McDonough tbonemcd@hotmail.com

I would love to receive the News Letter. My father was Elvin Everett Tackett, he served on the Lexington during WWII. I do not have any more information on him during that time and would love to find those who may have known him then.
 Alexa Stoner
stoner.alex@yahoo.com

Air Group 94 - We are looking for information concerning LTJG Barham F. Dillard Jr. who was in Air Group 94 and KIA in September 1944. The information is desired to include in the Clemson Alumni's 'Scroll of Honor' (<https://cualumni.clemson.edu/scrolllofhoror>). Anyone with info contact Luke Dawson at dbluke7@bellsouth.net or Lloyd Friedli at (309) 846-5707

LOOKING FOR INFORMATION - Virginia Wheatley is looking for information concerning her grandfather Myron E. Wheatley who served aboard the USS Lexington as a medic during World War II. Anyone who knew Myron, and/or has information please contact Ms. Wheatley at vwheatley2002@yahoo.com or Lloyd Friedli at (309) 846-5707.

I am looking for anyone who knew my father Ronald Ray Overson, who was on the USS Lexington between 1962-1966.
 Trish Delicino
trish@nmedu.org

WAR LORE

Submitted by: *W. Lee Andrus*

Editor's note: Sometimes I have to edit things for space, or content, but the following is going to be the first in a series of memoirs that were sent to me by shipmate W. Lee Andrus in full as it was given me, as I think it best represents his heart and soul in putting this together. I hope you enjoy getting to know him as much as I did. Greg Plante

PART II

We left Pearl Harbor for "Operation Galvanic" 10 November 1943; the taking of the Gilberts. D-day would be 20 November 1943. We would go back down the Gilbert Islands with 108,000 Marines, Sailors, and US Army Soldiers. The Army's 27th Infantry Division with 6,472 U S Army soldiers would take Makin Island from the 800 Japanese defenders there. The Second Marine Division's 18,600 men would go ashore at Batio at the Tarawa Atoll. We arrived on station 19 November 1943 with several other aircraft carriers and their screens (entourage). Our airmen would interdict enemy airfields in the Marshall Islands nearby and in the Gilbert Islands and assault the landing beaches. They would try to eliminate any enemy forces that might attempt to interfere.

On 18 November 1943, Submarine USS Sculpin (SS191), while on the surface, was torpedoed and sunk by a Japanese submarine close by; all 78 men were lost.

The Tarawa Atoll islet of Betio, with it's airfield, was well fortified and defended by Japanese Rear Admiral Keiji Shibasaki with 1,497 Japanese Soldiers and Ko-

rean laborers. Keiji averred, "The Americans could not take Tarawa with a million men in a hundred years." D-Day, the 1st Marine Division, fresh from their victory at Guadalcanal, had great difficulty passing over an offshore coral reef in their LCVPs (landing craft, vehicle, personnel) because the tides did not do what was expected. It resulted in great loss of life and horrible casualties for the Marines. They took their lumps desperately, bravely, and courageously fighting their way ashore. Many waded in



W. LEE ANDRUS FCO/3c

armpit deep water, into intense machine gun fire and artillery fusillades. They took Betio from Keiji Shibasaki. Shibasaki's warriors killed 1,010 U.S. Marines and sailors and wounded 2,101. The Marines killed Rear Admiral Shibasaki and all but 145 of his defenders.

The 27th Infantry Division

had 64 soldiers killed and 150 wounded taking Makin Island. Battleship USS Mississippi (BB-41) suffered a main battery turret explosion, while bombarding Makin Island with her 14 inch rifles that killed 43 men in the turret. On 20 November 1943, Light Carrier USS Independence (CVL-22) close by, was attacked by six enemy torpedo bombers. One put a "fish" into her. She survived, but 17 of her sailors were killed. On 22 November 1943, Submarine USS Corvina (SS-226) was depth charged and forced to the surface by Japanese Destroyer Yamagumo who then sank her, taking 79 of her 80 men to a watery grave. Escort Carrier USS Liscome Bay (CVE-56) was torpedoed by Japanese Submarine I-75 on 24 November 1943, at 0513 hours at the Tarawa assault. She blew apart with an horrible roar, and in only 23 minutes, Linscome Bay was in Davy Jones's locker, taking 644 of her 912 man crew with her. Her debris rained down upon nearby ships, killing two other men. At home, 1,873 blue stars in front windows were changed to gold by sad, weeping mothers, wives, sweethearts, and families. It was a Pyrrhic victory. History records it as "Bloody Tarawa!" So shall it ever be.\

MARSHALL ISLANDS

4-5 December 1943

We were part of Task Force 50 in the Marshall Islands, just north of the Gilberts raiding on 4 December 1943, the heavily fortified Japanese Kwajalein and Wotje Atolls.

Seven “Kate” Torpedo Bombers attacked early afternoon while our morning strike was in it’s landing pattern, coming aboard. The first Kate came at Lexington on our starboard beam. Sky #1 took him on. We killed



him with our first round at 6,200 yards range. I watched the 52 pound 5 inch projectile in my rangefinder throughout it’s 3 mile flight. I could see the pilot’s face clearly through his windshield. The 5 inch round hit the Kate right in the engine cowl at 2,650 feet per second. The Kate became an instant fireball. I see the pilot’s face even yet, and I suspect he will haunt me forevermore. Although there were many more times that I had the enemy in my rangefinder, I never ever again wanted to see his face. Another came across our bow headed for our sister ship USS Yorktown (CV-10), cruising some 3,000 yards on our port beam. When our director slewed us onto him, and he came into my rangefinder’s view, I could see our 40mm crews’ rounds ripping him asunder right before my eyes, so we did not fire our five inch at this one.

Some of those 40mm rounds hit Heavy Cruiser USS San Francisco (CA-38) some 4,000 yards off of our port bow killing two of her Marines. The boys in Sky 2 splashed a third Kate just behind us. Our F6F Hellcats, in

their landing pattern, dropped their belly tanks in order to vacate the area quickly. Some gunners were mistaken, in the melee, for Kates, thinking the belly tanks were torpedoes, and three of our Hellcats were also splashed. Luckily, three very unhappy Lexington fighter pilots survived and were returned to us.

Don’t be awed by we men in the gun directors, for without the Gunner’s Mates’ skills in the gun mounts and the Firecontrolmen’s expertise in Plot we could do nothing. We were an Air Defense TEAM. Surely one knows that each man aboard was essential for all that we did, and we all shared the peril as well.

Our director officer, LTjg John Crane, was awarded the Silver Star Medal for his initiative even though he opened fire without waiting for orders (which was a no-no) and splashed this Kate just before it launched it’s torpedo. He wrote all of us Sky1 sailors up for the Silver Star Medal, but our skipper deemed that we had just done what we were trained to do. Surely he was right in that. We in Lexington had splashed three of the seven Kates. Yorktown splashed three more (with some help from her destroyer screen) before they could harm her. The seventh escaped. It was probably an observation plane along to report results. The task force splashed 28 more torpedo bombers that night under a full and brilliant moon. We got our share with our five inch rifles using our Mark 37 Director’s firecontrol radar.

It was just before midnight and I was standing in front of my rangefinder with head and shoulders out of the hatch above me, observing the action. Captain Stump was dodging torpedoes, running at flank speed and laying

our flight deck to steep angles in violent maneuvers to keep the running torpedoes to our stern. Our



radar rangefinder man at my right elbow was doing the range when a Kate loomed up right in front of me, with his machine guns blazing. He pulled up sharply and to his right to avoid our superstructure. I told Hawkins (Sadie, we called him) the computer range man on the sound powered phone, “Hang on Sadie, I think this one is going to get us.” What an awful thing to say to Hawkins, who was on the ninth deck below the hangar deck, far below the water line. Moments later, the torpedo hit. Captain Stump got the torpedo behind us and tried to outrun it and maybe evade it. The torpedo hit us in our starboard stern. It blew off our starboard outboard screw, disabled the inboard screw, and jammed the rudder at 30° to port. We then ran in circles, out of control, among a swarm of enemy torpedo bombers. I hastily got my head and shoulders back into the relative safety of the director. It was the strafing that inspired me. I expected to get wet and was full of fear, gripped by the thought of being blown to bits like the late Liscombe Bay, or perhaps dumped into the sea in the middle of the night in enemy waters. I cowered there in front of my rangefinder with fright, trepidation, and dread. I knew that our Rear Admiral, R.A. “Baldy” Pownall, commanding task force 50 might choose to abandon any survivors rather than risk losing more of his task force. Surely the Japanese would finish us off like the British did the Bismark who also had her rudder jammed from a torpedo hit.

Burial at Sea” by LtCol George Goodson, USMC (Ret)

In my 76th year, the events of my life appear to me, from time to time, as a series of vignettes. Some were significant; most were trivial.

War is the seminal event in the life of everyone that has endured it. Though I fought in Korea and the Dominican Republic and was wounded there, Vietnam was my war.

Now 37 years have passed and, thankfully, I rarely think of those days in Cambodia, Laos, and the panhandle of North Vietnam where small teams of Americans and Montagnards fought much larger elements of the North Vietnamese Army. Instead I see vignettes: some exotic, some mundane:

- *The smell of Nuc Mam.
- *The heat, dust, and humidity.
- *The blue exhaust of cycles clogging the streets.
- *Elephants moving silently through the tall grass.
- *Hard eyes behind the servile smiles of the villagers.
- *Standing on a mountain in Laos and hearing a tiger roar.
- *A young girl squeezing my hand as my medic delivered her baby.
- *The flowing Ao Dais of the young women biking down Tran Hung Dao.
- *My two years as Casualty Notification Officer in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland.

It was late 1967. I had just returned after 18 months in Vietnam. Casualties were increasing. I moved my family from Indianapolis to Norfolk, rented a house, enrolled my children in their fifth or sixth new school, and bought a second car.

A week later, I put on my uniform and drove 10 miles to Little Creek, Virginia. I hesitated before entering my new office. Appearance is important to career Marines. I was no longer, if ever, a poster Marine. I had returned from my third tour in Vietnam only 30 days before. At 5'9", I now weighed 128 pounds – 37 pounds below my normal weight. My uniforms fit ludicrously, my skin was yellow from malaria medication, and I think I had a twitch or two.

I straightened my shoulders, walked into the office, looked at the nameplate on the Staff Sergeant's desk and said, "Sergeant Jolly, I'm Lt. Colonel Goodson. Here are my orders and my Qualification Jacket."

Sergeant Jolly stood, looked carefully at me, took my orders, stuck out his hand: we shook and he asked, "How long were you there, Colonel?" I replied "18 months this time." Jolly breathed, "Jesus,

must be a slow learner Colonel." I smiled.

Jolly said, "Colonel, I'll show you to your office and bring in the Sergeant Major. I said, "No, let's just go straight to his office."

Jolly nodded, hesitated, and lowered his voice, "Colonel, the Sergeant Major. He's been in this G*dd@mn job two years. He's packed pretty tight. I'm worried about him."

I nodded. Jolly escorted me into the Sergeant Major's office. "Sergeant Major, this is Colonel Goodson, the new Commanding Officer.

The Sergeant Major stood, extended his hand and said, "Good to see you again, Colonel." I responded, "Hello Walt, how are you?" Jolly looked at me, raised an eyebrow, walked out, and closed the door.

I sat down with the Sergeant Major. We had the obligatory cup of coffee and talked about mutual acquaintances. Walt's stress was palpable. Finally, I said, "Walt, what's the h-ll's wrong?" He turned his chair, looked out the window and said, "George, you're going to wish you were back in Nam before you leave here.. I've been in the Marine Corps since 1939. I was in the Pacific 36 months, Korea for 14 months, and Vietnam for 12 months. Now I come here to bury these kids. I'm putting my letter in. I can't take it anymore." I said, "OK Walt. If that's what you want, I'll endorse your request for retirement and do what I can to push it through Headquarters Marine Corps." Sergeant Major Walt Xxxxx retired 12 weeks later. He had been a good Marine for 28 years, but he had seen too much death and too much suffering. He was used up.

Over the next 16 months, I made 28 death notifications, conducted 28 military funerals, and made 30 notifications to the families of Marines that were severely wounded or missing in action. Most of the details of those casualty notifications have now, thankfully, faded from memory. Four, however, remain.

MY FIRST NOTIFICATION

My third or fourth day in Norfolk, I was notified of the death of a 19 year old Marine. This notification came by telephone from Headquarters Marine Corps. The information detailed:

- *Name, rank, and serial number.
- *Name, address, and phone number of next of kin.
- *Date of and limited details about the Marine's death.
- *Approximate date the body would arrive at the Norfolk Naval Air Station.
- *A strong recommendation on whether the casket should be opened or closed.

The boy's family lived over the border in North Carolina, about 60 miles away. I drove there in a Marine Corps staff car. Crossing the state line into North Carolina, I stopped at a small country store/service station/Post Office. I went in to ask directions. Three people were in the store. A

man and woman approached the small Post Office window. The man held a package. The Storeowner walked up and addressed them by name, "Hello John. Good morning Mrs. Cooper."

I was stunned. My casualty's next-of-kin's name was John Cooper! I hesitated, then stepped forward and said, "I beg your pardon. Are you Mr. and Mrs. John Copper of (address.)"

The father looked at me-I was in uniform – and then, shaking, bent at the waist, he vomited. His wife looked horrified at him and then at me. Understanding came into her eyes and she collapsed in slow motion. I think I caught her before she hit the floor.

The owner took a bottle of whiskey out of a drawer and handed it to Mr. Cooper who drank. I answered their questions for a few minutes. Then I drove them home in my staff car. The storeowner locked the store and followed in their truck. We stayed an hour or so until the family began arriving.

I returned the storeowner to his business. He thanked me and said, "Mister, I wouldn't have your job for a million dollars." I shook his hand and said; "Neither would I."

I vaguely remember the drive back to Norfolk. Violating about five Marine Corps regulations, I drove the staff car straight to my house. I sat with my family while they ate dinner, went into the den, closed the door, and sat there all night, alone.

My Marines steered clear of me for days. I had made my first death notification.

THE FUNERALS

Weeks passed with more notifications and more funerals.. I borrowed Marines from the local Marine Corps Reserve and taught them to conduct a military funeral: how to carry a casket, how to fire the volleys and how to fold the flag.

When I presented the flag to the mother, wife, or father, I always said, "All Marines share in your grief." I had been instructed to say, "On behalf of a grateful nation." I didn't think the nation was grateful, so I didn't say that. Sometimes, my emotions got the best of me and I couldn't speak. When that happened, I just handed them the flag and touched a shoulder. They would look at me and nod. Once a mother said to me, "I'm so sorry you have this terrible job." My eyes filled with tears and I leaned over and kissed her.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

Six weeks after my first notification, I had another. This was a young PFC. I drove to his mother's house. As always, I was in uniform and driving a Marine Corps staff car. I parked in front of the house, took a deep breath, and walked towards the house. Suddenly the door flew open,

a middle-aged woman rushed out. She looked at me and ran across the yard, screaming "NO! NO! NO! NO!" I hesitated. Neighbors came out. I ran to her, grabbed her, and whispered stupid things to reassure her. She collapsed. I picked her up and carried her into the house. Eight or nine neighbors followed. Ten or fifteen later, the father came in followed by ambulance personnel. I have no recollection of leaving.

The funeral took place about two weeks later. We went through the drill. The mother never looked at me. The father looked at me once and shook his head sadly.

ANOTHER NOTIFICATION

One morning, as I walked in the office, the phone was ringing. Sergeant Jolly held the phone up and said, "You've got another one, Colonel." I nodded, walked into my office, picked up the phone, took notes, thanked the officer making the call, I have no idea why, and hung up. Jolly, who had listened, came in with a special Telephone Directory that translates telephone numbers into the person's address and place of employment.

The father of this casualty was a Longshoreman. He lived a mile from my office. I called the Longshoreman's Union Office and asked for the Business Manager. He answered the phone, I told him who I was, and asked for the father's schedule. The Business Manager asked, "Is it his son?" I said nothing. After a moment, he said, in a low voice, "Tom is at home today." I said, "Don't call him. I'll take care of that." The Business Manager said, "Aye, Aye Sir," and then explained, "Tom and I were Marines in WWII."

I got in my staff car and drove to the house. I was in uniform. I knocked and a woman in her early forties answered the door. I saw instantly that she was clueless. I asked, "Is Mr. Smith home?" She smiled pleasantly and responded, "Yes, but he's eating breakfast now. Can you come back later?" I said, "I'm sorry, It's important, I need to see him now." She nodded, stepped back into the beach house and said, "Tom, it's for you." A moment later, a ruddy man in his late forties, appeared at the door. He looked at me, turned absolutely pale, steadied himself, and said, "Jesus Christ man, he's only been there three weeks!"

Months passed. More notifica-

tions and more funerals. Then one day while I was running, Sergeant Jolly stepped outside the building and gave a loud whistle, two fingers in his mouth... I never could do that... and held an imaginary phone to his ear.

Another call from Headquarters Marine Corps. I took notes, said, "Got it." and hung up. I had stopped saying "Thank You" long ago.

Jolly: "Where?"

Me: "Eastern Shore of Maryland ."

The father is a retired Chief Petty Officer. His brother will accompany the body back from Vietnam . " Jolly shook his head slowly, straightened, and then said, "Which one of my boys was it, Colonel?"

I stayed a couple of hours, gave him all the information, my office and home phone number and told him to call me, anytime.

He called me that evening about 2300 (11:00PM). "I've gone through my boy's papers and found his will. He asked to be buried at sea. Can you make that happen?" I said, "Yes I can, Chief. I can and I will." My wife who had been listening said, "Can you do that?" I told her, "I have no idea. But I'm going to break my ass trying."

I called Lieutenant General Alpha Bowser, Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force Atlantic, at home about 2330, explained the situation, and asked, "General, can you get me a quick appointment with the Admiral at Atlantic Fleet Headquarters?" General Bowser said, "George, you be there tomorrow at 0900. He will see you."

I was and the Admiral did. He said coldly, "How can the Navy help the Marine Corps, Colonel." I told him the story. He turned to his Chief of Staff and said, "Which is the sharpest destroyer in port?" The Chief of Staff responded with a name. The Admiral called the ship, "Captain, you're going to do a burial at sea. You'll report to a Marine Lieutenant Colonel Goodson until this mission is completed."

He hung up, looked at me, and said, "The next time you need a ship, Colonel, call me. You don't have to sic Al Bowser on my ass." I responded, "Aye Aye, Sir" and got the h-ll out of his office.

I went to the ship and met with the Captain, Executive Officer, and the Senior Chief. Sergeant Jolly and I trained the ship's crew for four days. Then Jolly raised a question none of us had thought of. He said, "These government caskets are air tight. How do we keep it from floating?"

All the high priced help including me sat there looking dumb. Then the Senior Chief stood and said, "Come on Jolly. I know a bar where the retired guys from World War II hang out."

They returned a couple of hours later, slightly the worst for wear, and said, "It's simple; we cut four 12" holes in the outer shell of the casket on each side and insert 300lbs of lead in the foot end of the casket. We can handle that, no sweat."

The day arrived. The ship and the sailors looked razor sharp. General Bowser, the Admiral, a US Senator, and a Navy Band were on board. The sealed casket was brought aboard and taken below for modification. The ship got underway to the 12-fathom depth. The sun was hot. The ocean flat. The casket was brought aft and placed on a catafalque. The Chaplin spoke. The volleys were fired. The flag was removed, folded, and I gave it to the father. The band played "Eternal Father Strong to Save." The casket was raised slightly at the head and it slid into the sea.

The heavy casket plunged straight down about six feet. The incoming water collided with the air pockets in the outer shell. The casket stopped abruptly, rose straight out of the water about three feet, stopped, and slowly slipped back into the sea. The air bubbles rising from the sinking casket sparkled in the in the sunlight as the casket disappeared from sight forever.

The next morning I called a personal friend, Lieutenant General Oscar Peatross, at Headquarters Marine Corps and said, "General, get me the f*** out of here. I can't take this sh*t anymore." I was transferred two weeks later.

I was a good Marine but, after 17 years, I had seen too much death and too much suffering. I was used up.

Vacating the house, my family and I drove to the office in a two-car convoy. I said my goodbyes. Sergeant Jolly walked out with me. He waved at my family, looked at me with tears in his eyes, came to attention, saluted, and said, "Well Done, Colonel. Well Done."

I felt as if I had received the Medal of Honor!

That is all.
Semper Fi

Sun. 9/18 Arrival and check-in (\$49.00 per room) Hospital-ity room, St. Andrews... Open 6 AM to 11 PM Welcome reception (Augusta room) 6 PM to 9 PM, Heavy Hors d'oeuvres and cash bar



Mon. 9/19 open day. You can check out www.vegas.com for available shows and prices. Bus pick-up is one block over and it takes you to the strip allowing you to get on and off at each casino. Day or three day bus passes are available at bus stop for a small fee. Cabs are also available.

Tues. 9/20 Lake Mead and Hoover Dam Tour. (\$85.00 per person) Includes a tour of Lake Mead on the paddle boat with box lunch, then up to Hoover Dam for a tour, and a stop at the Chocolate Factory on the way home. Approx. 8 hours.



Wed. 9/21 Meeting (Turnberry room) Open from 9 AM to 12 PM Dinner (Augusta room) 6 PM to 10 PM (\$55.00 per person, inclusive) Choice of prime-rib or Chicken Cordon Bleu with cheesecake dessert. Cash bar. Entertainment and dancing... Dave Ambrose

I am Michael Siebentritt and a member of the Greater Nevada Detachment of the Marine Corps League #186. Going through my American Legion Magazine I noticed that you are holding your reunion in Las Vegas, 9/18/2011. I live in Las Vegas and frequent the Leatherneck Club, that is home to the Detachment and the Marine Riders. We have an outstanding two story club that has a bar, video poker, museum, meeting hall and an all around great place for Marines and other service members to drop by for a beer, go to a meeting or a great place to go to, right off the strip, that they can feel comfortable at. I noticed that we have brochures on the club available and would be more than happy to send them your way; which would increase the options available to the people who are attending your reunion. I wish you the best at your reunion and look forward to answering any questions you may have.

Semper Fi
Michael Siebentritt

Golden Nugget does not have an airport pick-up Cab fare is approx \$25 from airport to hotel. There is a shuttle bus for approx \$8 one way, but stops at every casino and takes about an hour and a half to two hours to get to the hotel. Going back to the airport allow two hours as it picks up at every casino.

Golden Nugget Registration deadline is August 31,2011.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA.
2011 REUNION REGISTRATION FORM
SEPTEMBER 18-22, 2011

Send this form and a check for the amount on line (11) made payable to: USS Lexington CV16 Association

**TO:
Lance Wagner
71 - 21 73rd Place
Glendale, NY 11385**

- (1) TOTAL NUMBER in our Group _____
- (2) COST to register _____ x \$30.00 _____
- (3) TOTAL AMOUNT FOR THOSE REGISTERING (1) x (2) _____
- (4) NUMBER ATTENDING SATURDAY NIGHT BANQUET _____
- (5) COST (per person) _____ x \$55.00= _____
- (6) TOTAL BANQUET amount (4) x (5) _____
- (7) NUMBER for Hoover Dam and Lake Mead Tour _____ x \$85.00 = _____
- (8) TOTAL for Registration, Banquet, and Tour Package(3+6+7) _____

ATTENDEES:

Name: _____	Division _____
Name: _____	Relation _____
Name: _____	Relation _____
Name: _____	Relation _____
Name: _____	Relation _____

If registering more than 5, please attach a sheet providing the additional names.

Dinner selections are: (Please indicate the number desired):

Prime Rib au jus _____

Chicken Cordon Bleu _____

The total number of meals should total the same number as shown on line (4)

In Case Of Emergency, Please Contact: (name) _____

(Phone) _____

Registration Deadline is 12 August, 2011



Arlo and Janis

BY: Jimmy Johnson



I strongly encourage you to go this artist's website. He has graciously allowed me to place his work in our newsletter at no cost to us. It is: <http://arloandjanis.com/>

A woman was helping her husband pick out a new suit. After much disagreement, she finally said, "Well, go ahead and please yourself. After all, you're the one who will wear the suit."

"Well dear," said the henpecked husband, "I reckon I'll probably be wearing the coat and vest anyway."

A panhandler approached a prosperous looking man and asked for a dollar for a cup of coffee. "Is this all you have to do?" replied the wealthy man in reproof. "Look at you... you sleep on park benches, your clothes are in tatters, and you're always hungry. Why don't you get hold of yourself and get a job?"

"Go to work?" said the panhandler in abject disdain. "And waste my money supporting a bum like me?"

Tommy's mother asked him what he learned in Sunday School that day, and the ten year old began to do so. "Well, we learned about when God sent Moses behind the enemy lines to rescue the Israelites from the Egyptians. When they came to the Red Sea, Moses had the engineers build a pontoon bridge across the sea, and after they crossed, he saw the Egyptians coming, after them across the same bridge. So he radioed into headquarters to have them send bombers to blow up the bridge, which they did, thus saving the Israelites.

"Tommy!" Exclaimed his astonished mother, "is that really the way your Sunday School teacher told that story?"

"Well, not exactly, Mom. But if I told it *her* way, you'd *never* believe it!"