

USS Plymouth Rock (LSD29)

Newsletter May - August, 2016, 44th Edition

Welcome to the USS Plymouth Rock Newsletter


The USS Plymouth Rock Newsletter is a publication issued every four months by the USS Plymouth Rock Ships Association. If you would like to contribute an article, a piece of Navy or Plymouth Rock history, photo, memory or anything that might be of interest to you or other shipmates, you can send it as an e-mail to:

Bill Provencal, Association Secretary/Newsletter Editor at:

billinp@metrocast.net

or regular mail at:

Bill Provencal
37 South Main Street
Pittsfield, NH 03263

 If you change **address** or **e-mail address** be sure to let me (Bill Provencal) know so we can update our Crews List. My e-mail is <mailto:billinp@metrocast.net>, my home address is listed above. We have been getting a lot of returns on our newsletter mailing to you guys who are paid dues members. Our ships website is found at www.ussplymouthrock.com/



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★ ★ ★ Welcome Aboard ★ ★ ★

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Martin Stetter, ET3, 5562 James Drive, Hamburg, NY 14075.

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NOTE: Additional information is available on the Website "Crews Muster List"



HELP WANTED NEWSLETTER EDITOR

After 14.5 years as the USS Plymouth Rock newsletter editor, I am planning to retire after the 44th edition. I think someone else with new ideas and a different perspective needs to take over the position. I have given a lot of thought to the change, and feel that is the right thing to do. I would be available to give assistance, guidance, etc to my replacement.

The newsletter is published three times a year (April, August and December) and is mailed out to all dues paying members as well as being made available to all members by means of a link through our website.

Things you should know how to do.

1. Able to work with Microsoft Word. (I do the newsletter in word, however could be done using another program.)
2. Able to scan pictures and paste them in the newsletter.
3. Able to copy material from other sources such as the internet, articles that get sent to us from shipmates and paste them in the newsletter.
4. Feel comfortable cutting and pasting in MS Word. so as to be able to organize the newsletter.
5. Able to use MS Word to set up a Mail Merge and print mailing labels for mailing to paid dues members. (I would provide a MS Excel file with names and addresses.)
6. Make arrangements with a local printer to have the newsletter printed. About 140+ copies.
7. Prepare the newsletter for mailing. Attach labels, stamps, return labels and stuff newsletter into envelopes.
8. Creating the newsletter is not difficult in itself, however you need to stay on top of it and not wait until the due date to start.

If you are interested in using your talents as the new editor, you will need to contact either myself Bill Provencal at billinp@metrocast.net, David Dortch at tazrhondave@yahoo.com, or Tom Wagner at tfwagner@wagner-insurance.net. Any action on this will be addressed at the business meeting at the 2016 reunion.



Note from your retiring newsletter Editor

I would like to thank all of you who have contributed photos, articles, news items, navy stories to me for publication to the 44 editions of the newsletter over the past 14 ½ years. You have made it a hell of a lot easier for me to have material for the newsletter. I plan on staying on to continue to work on the Plymouth Rock Website for a few years, unless someone wants to take it over.

**Bill Provencal, PN1, USN Ret.
On board 1957-59**



Information on the Reunion in 2016

The 2016 Ships Reunion will be held in Pensacola, FL. We have confirmed dates of Sept 28 through Oct 2, 2016 reserved. Check in time is 3:00PM and Check out is 11:00 am. We will be staying at the Holiday Inn, located at 7813 N. Davis Hwy, Pensacola ,Fla. This location is adjacent to Exit 13 off I-10.

Room Rates: We have confirmed room rates at \$109.00/night plus 11.5% taxes and fees. This includes a complimentary breakfast. You will be given 2 breakfast vouchers per room, breakfast is in the hotel restaurant.

Cancellation Policy: Group is 30 days prior to September 28. Individual cancellation is 6:00 PM, date of arrival.

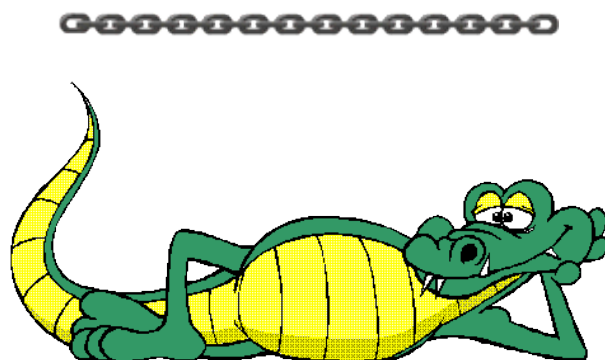
Reunion Dinner: Menu options: All entrees are listed below and come with appropriate sides, breads, chef's choice of dessert, and iced tea. There is a 25 person minimum on all buffets, and all prices are inclusive.

Seafood Grill – Boiled Shrimp, Grilled Amberjack with Cajun butter @ \$30.90/guest

Country Buffet – Fried Chicken, Roast Beef @ \$27.03/guest

Application: The registration application for the reunion must be completed and mailed with your meal deposit prior to September 15, 2016.

Reunion Coordinators are Bill and Lynn Haynie, 864-934-2900, E-Mail: whhaynie@charter.net



Recent Address/E-Mail/Phone Numbers Changes to the Ships Muster List

Martin Stetter, ET3, on board 10/54-10/56. E-Mail Address: sms-1933@hotmail.com

Charles Cooke, BT2, on board 1/69-11/70. New Mailing Address: 938 Lee Delie Ln., Alcoa, TN 37701-1549

Thomas W. Hickson, Sr., BT3, on board 70-72. New Mailing Address: 8603 Knoxville Rd., Unit 12, Milan, IL 61264



Known Deceased Shipmates

For a complete listing of deceased shipmates, visit our Memorial Page in the ships website

William J. Anstett, SKSC, on board 9/62-6/66. Deceased April 9, 2016	



Paid Membership List

Due to the length of our Paid Membership List, we are no longer printing the complete list in the newsletter. If you wish to view the complete list, go to the Website ussplymouthrock.com and select the Paid Dues Member link. If you are in doubt if your dues are due just look at the date on your blue association membership card.



Thank You's

We would like to thank the following shipmates/friends for providing pictures, information and articles to the website, the Ships Association and newsletter.

Tom Wagner, YN3	Harry Andersen, BTC	Shorty Cyr, BM3
Bob Pratt, EM2		



Charley, a new retiree-greeter at Walmart, just couldn't seem to get to work on time. Every day he was 5, 10, 15 minutes late. But he was a good worker, really tidy, clean-shaven, sharp-minded and a real credit to the company and obviously demonstrating their "Older Person Friendly" policies.

One day the boss called him into the office for a talk. "Charley, I have to tell you, I like your work ethic, you do a bang-up job when you finally get here; but your being late so often is quite bothersome."

"Yes, I know boss, and I am sorry and am working on it."

"Well good, you are a team player. That's what I like to hear."

"Yes sir, I understand your concern and I will try harder."

Seeming puzzled, the manager went on to comment, "I know you're retired from the Armed Forces. What did they say to you there if you showed up in the morning late so often?"

The old man looked down at the floor, then smiled. He chuckled quietly, then said with a grin,

"They usually saluted and said,
'Good morning, Admiral, can I get your coffee, sir?'"



Article contributed by Tom Wagner



US Navy poised to take ownership of its largest warship



© AP Photo/Robert F. Bukaty In this Thursday, May 12, 2016, photo, early morning sun shines

on the Zumwalt at Bath Iron Works in Bath, Maine. The shipyard will soon hand over the largest missile destroyer to the Navy.

BATH, Maine — The U.S. Navy is ready to take ownership of the Zumwalt, its largest and most technologically sophisticated destroyer.

Sailors' uniforms and personal effects, supplies and spare parts are being moved aboard the 610-foot warship in anticipation of crew members taking on their new charge, said Capt. James Kirk, the destroyer's skipper.

The Zumwalt is the first new class of warship built at Bath Iron Works since the Arleigh Burke slid into the Kennebec River in 1989. The shipyard is expected to turn the destroyer over to the Navy this week.

"We've overcome lots of obstacles to get to this point," said electrician John Upham, of Litchfield. "I think everybody in the shipyard is proud of the work we've done."

The ship features an angular shape that makes it 50 times more difficult to detect on radar; it's powered by electricity produced by turbines similar to those in a Boeing 777; new guns are designed to pummel targets from nearly 100 miles away. Advanced automation will allow the big ship to operate with a much smaller crew than on current generation of destroyers.

The final cost of the Zumwalt is expected to be at least \$4.4 billion.

The original concept for the land-attack destroyer was floated more than 15 years ago then underwent several permutations. The final design called for a destroyer with a stealthy shape and advanced gun system that can fire rocket-propelled projectiles with pinpoint accuracy.

But the growing cost forced the Navy to reduce what was originally envisioned as a 32-ship program to just three ships. The loss of economies of scale drove up the cost of the individual ships.

The slow-going and rising costs were little surprise after the General Accounting Office warned that the Navy was trying to incorporate too many new technologies into the ship.

"Zumwalt was a challenge to assemble because of all the new technologies, but sea trials show it is a world-class warship with unique capabilities," said Loren Thompson, senior defense analyst with the Virginia-based Lexington Institute.



WRITE AN ARTICLE!

We need your articles and letters to the newsletter editor for publication in our newsletter.

Photographs accompanying articles are much appreciated.

Send your articles to the editor at: billinp@metrocast.net



Female recruits at Great Lakes get iconic Navy 'Dixie cup' hat

Part of push toward more gender-neutral uniforms in service

By EMILY K. COLEMAN
News-Sun

Recruits at the Naval Station Great Lakes are among the first female personnel to wear "Dixie cups" — the iconic white hat donned by the unknown sailor photographed kissing a woman in Times Square on V-J Day or the three young men on leave in the classic musical "On the Town."

Part of a push by Navy Secretary Ray Mabus to move the U.S. Navy toward more gender-neutral uniforms, the Dixie cups were issued to the recruits when they received their uniforms this week, said Lt. Adam Demeter, spokesman for the Navy's Recruit Training Command.

The rest of enlisted women, whose ranks fall between seamen recruits and petty officers first class, have until Oct. 31 to begin wearing Dixie cups with their service dress whites under the changes announced last fall. Higher-ranking personnel will wear a new alternative combination cover, which, like the other caps, have a black visor and white cap.

Sailors were authorized in 1866 to wear a white straw hat for the summer months, something that was replaced 20 years later by a hat very



SUSAN KRAWCZYK/U.S. NAVY

Seaman Recruit Izzy Sanchez dons her white enlisted hat, or "Dixie cup," during uniform issue at Recruit Training Command at Naval Station Great Lakes.

much like the Dixie cup but made from canvas instead of cotton, according to a Naval History and Heritage Command article. When the hat was temporarily phased out in the early 1970s, there was an uproar from both the public and the enlisted members that ensured its return.

Each group that comes through Naval Station Great Lakes will be issued the Dixie

cup, which has been worn very rarely by women in the past, Demeter said. Women in the ceremonial guard have been wearing the Dixie cup for some time.

Women make up about 20 percent of the recruits that filter through Great Lakes, the Navy's only boot camp, Demeter said. Great Lakes graduates between 500 and 1,200 recruits each week.

"This feels incredible as we are making a part of history," Seaman Recruit Madeleine Bohnert of St. Louis, said in a news release. "It's really awesome how something as simple as our cover is so symbolic in regards to equality and the uniformity in the military. It's a sense of pride knowing that we are a part of getting the first Dixie cups."

The change seems like a good one to Kristin Myers, a sociology professor and the director of the Center for the Study of Women, Gender and Sexuality at Northern Illinois University.

"The women who join the military want to be treated as one of the group, and if that helps with that, that's good," she said. "But I'm skeptical given the other research out there."

Myers studied how straight male police officers responded to officers of different gender and sexual orientation in the late 1990s. Even with officers all in the same uniform, she said, there were issues of trust, with the officers tending to trust those that expressed their gender identity in a way most similar to their own.

The straight male officers tended to trust lesbian officers more than gay men and straight women, she said.



Ships Store Items

The following items are offered for sale through the Ships Store. All orders are handled through Shorty Cyr, BM3, 119 Pinecrest Drive, Waterbury, CT 06708, Phone #203-753-6220, e-mail at: shortybm3@yahoo.com All orders must be accompanied by a check. Checks must be made out to the USS Plymouth Rock Association. To view all of the items in the Ship Store go to the ships website at ussplymouthrock.com, select Ships Store Link

Items for Sale:

Sweatshirt (S, M, L, XL) \$30.00

Sweatshirt (XXL) \$35.00

Sweatshirt)XXXL) \$37.00

Plymouth Rock pin \$4.00

Ships Patch \$8.75

Plymouth Rock cap \$15.00

Tee Shirt, short sleeve (blue) (M, L, XL, XXL, XXXL) \$32.00

Plymouth Rock Mug \$15.00

Personalized Commerative Placque \$20.00 or \$25.00 depending on size

Bumper Stickers \$2.80

Ships Sleeve Patch \$17.00

Note: All prices include shipping and handling

Sub Zero

Fake news reports that a Nazi submarine was recently discovered at the bottom of Lake Ontario.

On 18 February 2016, the web site *World News Daily Report* published an article reporting that a Nazi submarine had been discovered in Lake Ontario:

Niagara Falls — Divers from the U.S coast guard took part this morning, in a delicate wreck recovery operation to bring to the surface a Nazi submarine discovered two weeks ago at the bottom of Lake Ontario.

The U-boat was spotted for the first time by amateur scuba divers in late January and they had contacted the authorities. Archaeologists associated with Niagara University of and master divers from the U.S Coast Guard were mobilized on site to determine what it was, and they soon realized that they were dealing with a German submarine that sank during World War II ... Professor Mark Carpenter, who leads the team of archaeologists, believes that the U-boat could have traveled up the St-Lawrence River, all the way to the Great Lakes, where it intended to disturb the American economy.

As with all of *World News Daily Report's* content, the Nazi sub story was entirely fabricated. The article used an unrelated [image](#) of a rusting, decommissioned Russian submarine from the Cold War era to illustrate the claim, not a picture of a genuine World War II-era German U-boat.

<http://www.snopes.com/nazi-sub-found-in-great-lakes/#!>

Update contributed by:

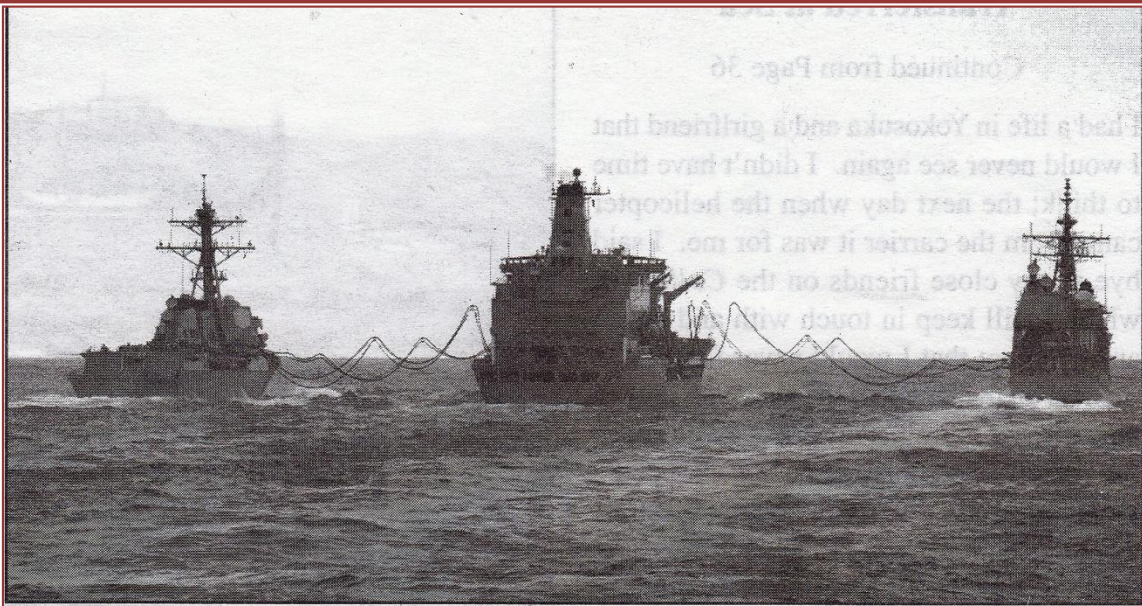
Bob Pratt, EM2, on board 1/65-4/65
Tulsa, Oklahoma



The Christening of the USS *Little Rock* (LCS-9)



The PCU (Pre-Commissioning Unit) Little Rock (LCS-9) was launched sideways as are all LCS at Marinette, Wisconsin's Marinette Marine Shipyard. The other variant known as the Independence variant has a trimaran hull. They are built in Mobile, Alabama by Austal USA and their launch is not as dramatic. There they are loaded onto floating dry docks which descend and leave the ship floating. The Little Rock, a Freedom variant, must displace its weight in water by moving the water to the side at the rate of more than 10 tons of water for every foot of the ship's length.



A supply ship refuels two destroyers at the same time. Such evolutions, although inherently fraught with risks, are everyday occurrences to U.S. Navy personnel.



Water and Ammo in, Bodies Out

James C. Harton Jr

In early 1967, I was still with the 2nd Platoon slicks, crewing 6982, "Maid Mary." 6982 was a brand new "D" model which the Company got to replace one of our aircraft which had crashed and killed the crew in December. I sweated over it everyday, trying to keep it clean, scrubbing the floors out, and a futile attempt to keep the carbon off the tailboom from the jet exhaust.

I had a lot of hours in, was kind of senior in the platoon, when my gunner rotated home. The Platoon Sergeant sent us out to the flight line early one morning for a Combat Assault. He promised me that he would bring my new gunner out to the ship.

I went on out and started getting ready. I popped the cockpit doors open for the pilots who were still being briefed, opened the engine cowlings for the pre flight inspection and then got my gear ready.

The platoon 3/4 ton truck skidded to a halt and SSG Lawson dropped off a scruffy little guy wearing a boonie hat with the front brim pinned up. He got out of the truck, dropping his flight helmet to the ground, and then stood up and I got a good look at him.

He was OLD, at least 30. As he rambled over to me, I saw he was already wearing the red scarf that we all wore around his neck. As he came up to me, he stuck out his hand and said,

"Hi! I'm Ray Dussault, I'm your new gunner, I just transferred in."

I couldn't believe this, this guy was older than the hills. SSG Lawson came around the back of the truck and grabbed my guns off the bed. He was grinning like a maniac, knowing that I was getting a royal case.

"Now you guys have fun, and remember! I'm grading on 'works well with others' today."

And with that he was gone. I watched Lawson pull away and then I turned to Dussault. He was a Sergeant! That meant he outranked me as I was only a Specialist 4.

"Okay, Sarge, here come the pilots, we got to speed it up. Mount the guns and get your gear ready. And say listen, I'm the Crew Chief. Even if you outrank me, this is my airplane and I'm the boss."

He listened attentively, smiling all the time. He nodded his head and then strolled back to the ramp and grabbed the two door guns, carrying them back to the ship. He dropped one off on my side and then disappeared on the other side with his. I figured "what the hell" and went ahead and mounted my M60D machine gun on the mount on the right transmission well. Both pilots showed up and started the preflight.

As I was throwing on my chicken plate, Dussault came back over on my side.

"Say, Specialist, could you give me a hand with the gun? I've never mounted one before."

I just stared at him for a second, then followed him back. I grabbed the gun, showed him how to mount it and then started back to my side. I got as far as the cockpit when Dussault said,

"Hey, Specialist, could you show me how to load this thing?"

That's when I found out that Ray Dussault had his first helicopter ride late the evening before. He had never crewed, didn't know how to fix his gear, wear his flight helmet, I mean we're talking total cherry here. So I quickly told him what he needed to know just to complete the start up, and then I told the pilots I was going to have to teach all day using the intercom. And that's what happened. He didn't know about clearing the tail rotor, watching for other aircraft or even what the rules of engagement were.

As sure as luck would have it, the first mission was a combat assault carrying 1st Division troops into a landing zone. We picked the troops up in the field. On our arrival, they weren't quite ready, so we shut down; and I had a few more minutes on the ground to teach Dussault. My one thought was to get through the day and then have a face off with SSG Lawson when we got home. Dussault kept trying, and he was good at learning everything.

But, as the time went on, I kept getting madder and madder.

We finally loaded up the troops and headed for the landing zone. Our formation was staggered trail right, and I was on the inside. That meant I couldn't fire suppression on the way in. The flight naturally drew fire on the way in, and Dussault never got a round off. I found out later that he couldn't figure out where the safety was. On the second and third flight with additional troops, there was no fire. And then the rest of the flight departed, and we got stuck supplying the troops we had just landed with everything they needed.

We called it "ash and trash" and it wasn't our favorite mission. We had inserted an Infantry company, and they had split into platoons and moved out in different directions. Ash and trash meant we brought them water and ammo, if they needed it, or heavy equipment that they couldn't haul. It meant a long day, with the constant whine of the engine in your ears, the helmet squeezing your head, and never enough time to stop and heat up some C-rations.

Late in the afternoon, when it was really hot, one of the platoons got nailed. Their pointman spotted movement, opened fire, and then a command detonated mine was blown in their faces. It killed four of them. We got called in to carry the bodies out to graves registration down at 93rd Evac Hospital in Long Binh.

The grunts had cut an LZ for us in the foliage. We hovered straight down; and as the skids touched, they started bringing the body bags over. We had carried these guys in early that morning, spent the day resupplying them, and watched as the heat and humidity, the fear and tension had taken its toll on them as they humped through the triple canopy of the jungle. And now, they were carrying four of their friends to us to take their last ride.

I had to give Ray credit. He moved out of the well into the cargo compartment to help me. I folded the seats up so there was enough room; and we carefully took the rubber bags, one at a time, and gently placed them on the cabin floor. Both of us were silent on the intercom; and we seemed to work as a team, finally. When we were done, I gave the pilot thumbs up, moved back into the well, and then cleared the tail rotor for the pilot as we went straight back up.

It was a pretty quiet flight down to Long Binh. The bodies, exposed to the heat and humidity, had already started to emit that smell that could come from only one source. Blood was leaking out from one of the bags and spraying around. All four of us ignored it.

When we arrived at Long Binh, the pilot called for clearance to the Dustoff pad, and notified them we had KIAs aboard. We hovered into the pad as a team came down the wooden sidewalk to the pad to receive the bodies. I remained in the well as they approached my side of the aircraft. The first medic reached in, gripped one of the handles on the bags, pulled it out of the aircraft, and let it fall to the ground, three feet below.

I couldn't believe it; I was just stunned. I wanted to say something, but I just couldn't seem to get it out. I looked forward and could see both pilots watching as the medic grabbed for the second bag.

That's when Ray Dussault became my friend. I heard him scream, not on the intercom, as he jumped into the cabin. He grabbed an M14 rifle hanging from the pilot's seat and hit the ground on his side. I saw him cross the cockpit as he was jacking a round into the chamber of the rifle; and, suddenly, I wasn't frozen anymore.

I stood up, brought M60 up from the stow position, and pointed at the medics as Ray had them covered from the front right of the cockpit. The pilot was already on the radio, and I heard him distinctly tell the 93rd Evac controller to get an Officer out to the pad because "my crew is going to shoot your medics right now."

The doors flew open and a crowd poured out. By this time, Ray had them on their knees with their hands straight up overhead. Some Doctor cooled everything down, and the medics began to reverently place the bodies on gurneys. Ray and I kept them covered the whole time we were there. When they were finally done and backing away from us, we came up to RPM and left.

We were just as silent going back to Lai Khe as when we headed to the hospital. But once we were on the ground and the aircraft was shutting down, I walked around to Ray's side. He was leaning against his doorgun with his head down. As I came up to him, I touched him on the shoulder, stuck out my hand, and then I showed him how to wear the Robin Hood scarf the right way.

SGT RAY DUSSAULT,
Robin Hood Doorgunner

SGT Ray Dussault, who lived in St. Johnsbury, Vermont is an uncle of Andrew Dussault, DC2



Freedom Isn't Free
by
Kelly Strong

I watched the flag pass by one day,
It fluttered in the breeze;
A young Marine saluted it,
And then he stood at ease.

I looked at him in uniform,
So young, so tall, so proud;
With hair cut square and eyes alert,
He'd stand out in any crowd.

I thought . . . how many men like him
Had fallen through the years?
How many died on foreign soil?
How many mothers' tears?

How many pilots' planes shot down
How many died at sea
How many foxholes were soldiers' graves
No, Freedom is not Free.

I heard the sound of Taps one night,
When everything was still;
I listened to the bugler play,
And felt a sudden chill;

I wondered just how many times
That Taps had meant "Amen"
When a flag had draped a coffin
Of a brother or a friend;

How many pilots' planes shot down
How many died at sea
How many foxholes were soldiers' graves
No, Freedom is not Free.

I thought of all the children,
Of the mothers and the wives,
Of fathers, sons and husbands.
With interrupted lives.

I thought about a graveyard
At the bottom of the sea,
Of unmarked graves in Arlington.
No. Freedom is not Free!

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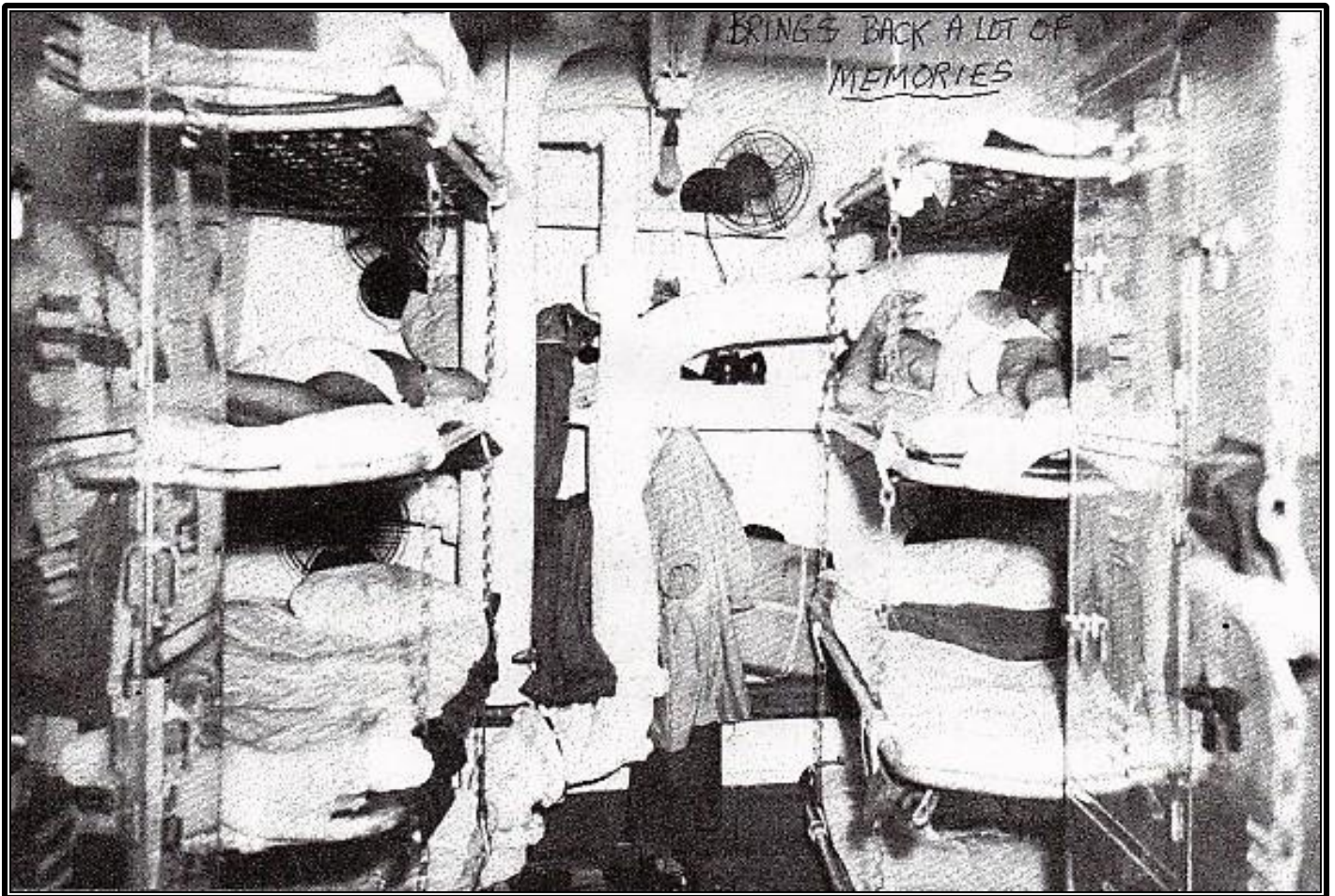


Photo contributed by Harry Andersen, BTC



The Gator Navy

GATOR NAVY



The
Amphibs



AMPHIBIOUS FORCE

Ship-to-shore delivery system

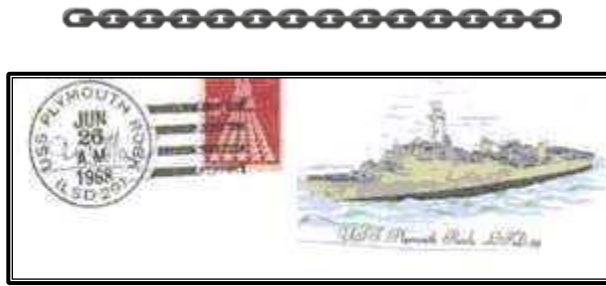
The Navy Amphibious Force is known for its ability to move swiftly through water and over land. They operate in groups of three ships year-round, ready at a moment's notice to deliver troops and equipment in a beach assault as well as assisting in crisis response, humanitarian operations and disaster relief. And because they can deliver land forces to nearly any shore, they project power.



LANDING CRAFT AIR CUSHIONED (LCAC) – ALL THE WAY TO SHORE

These specialized, high-speed landing craft travel up to 45 knots (more than 50 mph) while carrying a very heavy payload (up to 75 tons). They are used to transport troops, tanks, trucks, weapons, cargo and equipment from ship to shore. With innovative air cushions, LCACs can reach 70% of the world's shoreline, while conventional landing craft can only reach 15%.





Bill: "Those two pictures of me in the last newsletter sure bring back a lot of memories: BT3, USS Schastis AE6 and BT1 USS Compass Island EAG153". "Keep up the Good Work on the newsletter, I look forward to each mailing" Harry Andersen, BTC. Harry, thanks for all the pictures , information, etc you have provided me over the last 44 issues of the Plymouth Rock newsletter. They were greatly appreciated. Without your input the newsletter would have been less informative and interesting. Again thanks Harry. Bill Provencal

LITTLE KNOWN TIDBIT OF NAVAL HISTORY.....

The U. S. S. Constitution (Old Ironsides), as a combat vessel, carried **48,600 gallons of fresh water** for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last six months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators (i.e. fresh water distillers).

However, let it be noted that according to her ship's log, "On July 27, 1798, the U.S.S. Constitution sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and **79,400 gallons of rum.**"

Her mission: "To destroy and harass English shipping.."

Making Jamaica on 6 October, she took on 826 pounds of flour and **68,300 gallons of rum.**

Then she headed for the Azores, arriving there 12 November. She provisioned with 550 pounds of beef and **64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine.**

On 18 November, she set sail for England.

In the ensuing days she defeated five British men-of-war and captured and scuttled 12 English merchant ships, **salvaging only the rum** aboard each.

By 26 January, her powder and shot were exhausted. Nevertheless, although unarmed she made a night raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland.

Her landing party captured a whisky distillery and transferred **40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch** aboard by dawn. Then she headed home.

The U. S. S. Constitution arrived in Boston on 20 February 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, **no rum, no wine, no whisky,** and **38,600 gallons of water.**

Submitted by Denis (Shorty) Cyr, BM3

GO NAVY



Navy Trivia

Carry On In the days of sail, the Officer of the Deck kept a weather eye constantly on the slightest change in wind so sails could be reefed or added as necessary to ensure the fastest headway. Whenever a good breeze came along, the order to carry on would be given. It meant to hoist every bit of canvas the yards could carry. Pity the poor sailor whose weather eye failed him and the ship was caught partially reefed when a good breeze arrived. Through the centuries the term's connotation has changed somewhat. Today, the Bluejackets Manual defines carry on as an order to resume work; work not so grueling as two centuries ago.

Coxcombing Small white rope work, wrapped around stantions and railings, mostly in the pre-WW2 Navy .

Dead Horse When a Sailor pays off a debt to the command (advance pay, overpayments, etc...) they say they've paid off a Dead Horse. The saying comes from a tradition of British sailors. British seamen, apt to be ashore and unemployed for considerable periods of time between voyages, generally preferred to live in boarding houses near the piers while waiting for sailing ships to take on crews. During these periods of unrestricted liberty, many ran out of money, so innkeepers carried them on credit until hired out for another voyage. When a seaman was booked on a ship, he was customarily advanced a month's wages, if needed, to pay off his boarding house debt. Then, while paying back the ship's master, he worked for nothing but salt horse the first several weeks aboard. Salt horse was the staple diet of early sailors and it wasn't exactly tasty cuisine. Consisting of a low quality beef that had been heavily salted, the salt horse was tough to chew and even harder to digest. When the debt had been repaid, the salt horse was said to be dead and it was a time for great celebration among the crew. Usually, an effigy of a horse was constructed from odds and ends, set afire and then cast afloat to the cheers and hilarity of the ex-debtors.

Dress Ship Commissioned ships are full-dressed on Washington's Birthday and Independence Day, and dressed on other national holidays. When a ship is dressed, the national ensign is flown from the flagstaff and usually from each masthead. When a ship is full-dressed, in addition to the ensigns, a rainbow of signal flags is displayed from bow to stern over the mastheads, or as nearly so as the construction of the ships permits. Ships not under way are dressed from 0800 to sunset; ships under way do not dress until they come to anchor during that period.

Field Day - This term originally refers to military parade. The term was used starting in the mid-18th century to refer to a day when military units would stand parade for the public. By the 1820s, it had transformed into any day of exciting events and opportunities. How this became turn two field day no one seems to know. I don't remember feeling much like I was in a parade when I cleaned bilges during Field Day.

How long have you been in the Navy? - All me bloomin life, Most Honorable Senior Chief! Me Mother was a mermaid, me father was King Neptune. I was born on the crest of a wave and rocked in the cradle of the deep. Seaweed and barnacles are me clothes. Every tooth in me head is a marlinspike; the hair on me head is hemp. Every bone in me body is a spar, and when I spits, I spits tar! I hard, I is, I am, I are!

Friday Superstition The reluctance of seaman to sail on a Friday reached such epic proportions, that many years ago the British Government decided to take strong measures to prove the fallacy of the superstition. They laid the keel of a new vessel on Friday, launched her on a Friday and named her HMS Friday. They then placed her in command of one Captain Friday and sent her to sea on Friday. The scheme worked well, and had only one drawback...neither ship nor crew were ever heard from again

Man the Rails This custom evolved from the centuries old practice of manning the yards. Men aboard sailing ships stood evenly spaced on all the yards and gave three cheers to honor a distinguished person. Now men and women are stationed along the rails of a ship when honors are rendered to the President, the heads of a foreign state, or a member of a reigning royal family. Men and women so stationed do not salute. Navy ships will often man the rails when entering a port, or when returning to the ship's homeport at the end of a deployment.



