

# USS MAZAMA AE – 9

The writings of Chief Petty Officer

James Irwin Masters

Who served on the Mazy during

The early 1960's & Cuban Missile Crisis



IN MEMORY OF  
**JAMES IRWIN MASTERS**

May 12, 1931 - July 1, 2013



Salad Oil?

ON USS MAZAMA

By Jim MASTERS

We had a big old fat commissaryman striker that was in charge of the spud locker awhile back, that used to pull some silly tricks, one day I had the on coming watch and ate early chow down on the mess decks, I walk my tray thru the mess line and sit down and start to eat, I start eating the salad and I notice it has the oddest taste and it burns my mouth and throat when I swallow a mouthfull. I get up and go over to the Salad Bar, and starts poking around in the Salad and pick up a piece and feel it with my fingers, then I walk back to the spud locker and find the commissaryman and ask him what he put in the Salad, He tells me just salad oil and I ask him to show me the can of oil he used, well he reaches up on the shelf and pulls down the can, Just as I'd suspected it was liquid detergent. I quickly explain to him what he had done and told him to beat it to the mess hall and throw all the salad in the garbage can, and make some more, but before we could get back to the mess deck, we hear a bunch of cussing and hollering going on, one of the biggest gripers on the ship had got ahold of some of the salad, and he ran straight up to the Wardroom with his tray, and demanded the executive officer to trya and eat the salad. Well the Executive Officer and Supply Officer came down and did they raise the roof. By now all the Salad was in the Trash Can and all the other men had been told not to eat theirs, and the commissaryman had put out some new salad this time without detergent. But all the men talked about this incident for several days. Some funny things happen in the Navy. And the whole time this poor fellow was on the ship, things like this were happening.

# THE FIRST DAY ON BOARD

1. USS MAZAMA By TIM MASTERS

I've been in the U.S. Navy some fifteen years now and when I think of all the crazy things that have happened during that time, I want to write them all down so other people can read them. So I'll tell you about the Crazy Mazy, the most run down bucket of bolts in the U.S. Navy.

In the fall of 1961 I was stationed aboard a modern destroyer or tin can homeported out of Mayport, Florida then the Berlin Crisis came along and the President decided along with the Chief of Naval Operations that more fleet support ships were needed, so several old WWII ships were placed back in commission and among these ancient and decreped rust buckets was the USS Crazy Mazy an ammunition ship made in early 1943 for one trip and no more from the looks of things. So I received Orders in late November of 61 to report on board the Crazy Mazy, I left Mayport on bright Sun shiny day in December and took a plane to Philadelphia, Pa. When I arrived in Philly I caught a cab to the Naval Base Receiving Station and asked where I could find the Crazy Mazy, after about an hour the Yeoman finally found someone who had seen the old rust bucket down alongside the pier at the Shipyards. So I got my sea bag and ambled over to the other side of the base to where the Crazy Mazy was tied up. When I reached the head of the pier I noticed that there were two ships just alike on opposite sides of the pier, I learned this was the Crazy Mazys sister ship the Mount Mauna, and I mention this as you will see later. Well I walked aboard up the gangway and set my bag down, but there was not a soul in sight, there was around 3 inches of fresh snow on the deck and then I noticed a little wooden shack back by the Superstructure, I walked over and knocked on the door. It creaked open and there was the OOD, with his Petty Officers of the watch and Messenger all huddled up to keep from freezing. The OOD bellowed at me "What ya wan't Chief"? Well I politely answered that I was the New Chief Storekeeper, He said "OH Yea" and let out a stupid laugh, like I had just walked into a ladies room or something by mistake. Anyway he had the Petty Officer of the Watch a big fat lad named "Slim" Boggs take me to Chief Quarters. We had no sooner left the quarterdeck than Slim started giving me the lowdown of the ship. Chief he tells me, this is the sorriest ship in the whole U.S. Navy. I told Slim it didn't look too bad so far, he just shook his big fat head and said "You'll See". I asked Slim where he had just had duty before reporting aboard and he told me an Ice Breaker, well I'd always heard IceBreakers were really rough duty so if Slim preferred an IceBreaker to the Crazy Mazy, maybe I was in for more than I bargained for. He took me into chief quarters and introduces me to two fellow Chiefs, (presumably a crusty old runners mate and Boes the chief hospital corpsman. I held out my hand to each of them but not one of them would shake it. They stared at me like I was some kind of a freak or something. Right then I had a funny feeling like this was some kind of a crazy ship & crew. Well I asked them where I could bunk and they told Slim to take me over in one of the Chief's Bunk Rooms and find an empty bunk. They were real friendly compared to the other chiefs I was to meet later on. Slim took me over to another room, he opened the door, "People in, there wasn't a bunk in the place real bare except for some heat up lockers and some provisions for hanging dunks, Slim - says "you know they expect me to sleep on the deck"? Slim offers no more help however. It happens he is also the duty Master at Arms and he has the key to the spare bunks, mattresses etc. So we go on Slim shows us the bunk and some chairs which he hands us and then he goes to the mattress locker and get a mattress, a pillow some blankets and linen, I notice all the USS WAHOO stencilled on it. I comment about this to Slim and he explains that it's a little sea showing. After Slim helps me get settled and I have my gear stowed, he volunteers to show me the rest of the ship. Well so far I'd found out the ship had been recommissioned ten days ago, they were loading up the supplies and repair parts and were supposed to leave for Mayport, Florida the ship homeport in three days on December 10th, this was December 7th my dad's birthday, also Pearl Harbor day, I know I'd never forget this day as long as I lived.

G.I. GIN

One day while we were up in Earle, N.J. loading ammo, during January 1962, I had Dutch working up in No. 1 Hold, inventoring and placing parts on location, he had with him 2 Enginemen helping him identify these parts. I noticed Dutch coughing pretty bad, ~~the Hatch was open~~ the Hatch to the Hold was open, since they were lowering ammo down in this Hold, and it was pretty cold. I asked Dutch if he had been to sick bay to get something for his cough, he said he had, and he showed me a pint bottle of Cough Syrup given him by the Hospital Corpsman, This medicine is called "G.I. Gin" by the sailors. Well as we are working, all morning morning long I notice Dutch keeps taking a swig of G.I. Gin he also passes the bottle around to the other 2 men and they keep right on working, the cold doesn't seem to bother them. Every once in a while Dutch jumps up and says he has to go get more Cough Syrup and he runs up the ladder. Pretty soon he comes back the men start coughing and they all pass the bottle of G.I. Gin around and take a swig. We go to lunch and come back to work at 1230, and the routine keeps up all afternoon with the G.I. Gin. Finally around 1500 I can't stand it any longer and I ask Dutch to let me have a taste of Cough Syrup. I tip the bottle up and take a small sip. At last I'd found out what was in the bottle, Vodka, and I'd felt sorry for Dutch and the boys all day working in the freezing cold Hold without any heat, well the joke was on me. Every time the bottle would get empty, Dutch would go to his locker and fill it up with Vodka, Since Vodka has no smell, no one could ever guess he was taking a little nip right along. I give old Dutch Hell right then and tell him he'd better watch his step about that drinking on the ship, but what can you do to a guy that works like the devil and it was so very cold all day, they also had the bad example of the officers who were constantly taking a little nip. I was wondering if this situation would ever be remedied. But it was funny after I think back on how Dutch had ~~made~~ me fooled for so long.

Leave to get Married

Jessee Jones was a sort of sleepy eyed kid around 20 years old, not entirely ignorant but he was just a little on the dilbert side, well Jessee keeps asking me while we are in Gitmo if he can have some leave so he can get married when we get back to the states. I told him I'd see what I could do for him. Well we stayed in Gitmo around 2 months then came back to the states, Jessee asks me if he can have that leave so he can get married, he shows me a big diamond wedding band. I tell him to fill out a Special Request for leave, and after he does this I go ask Mr. Shells the Supply Officer to approve it for Jesse, Mr Shells signs it, and then I go see the Exec and have him sign it. So around 15 Feb Jessee leaves for leave to get married, He had everything fixed up. At this time we were in Mayport and Jesse's leave was to expire in Earle, N.J. where we were ~~in~~ supposed to be when his leave was up. The next week we leave Mayport and arrive at Earle, N.J. and commence to load on ammunition. About a week later I was standing OOD Watch in the Evening it was around 7PM, the Marine Security Guard drives up in his truck and lets Jessee out. Jesse comes up the gangway and salutes me, I ask him how his leave was, and if he had gotten married, Jessee replies "No Chief, I didn't ~~get~~ get married, but I got engaged". Boy, when I think of all the dilbert bastards in the Navy, maybe Jesse wasn't dumb after all, I probably wouldn't have tried to let him go on leave unless he had been getting married. Maybe I'm the dilbert one.

## EVILS OF DRINKING

We had a crusty old chief Boatswains Mate on the Crazy Mazy who among other things was noted for his ~~like~~ love of old John barleycorn. I remember many a time when we have went to Gitmo, San Juan or anyplace where the booze is cheap, boats would bring back to the states, several gallons over the prescribed free one gallon upon entry into the United States. Customs regulations allow one gallon for each man over 21 years of age. One time when we went to the Caribbean Boats brought back around 50 gallons of booze, that he had smuggled aboard the ship. He had this booze stashed out in places all over the ship, well he had quite a reputation for being a real booze hound, and was always known to have a well stocked bar. Not that he was a confirmed alcoholic, because he really wasn't but he sure loved his Hooch. Well one day he received the following letter:

THE REVEREND CALVERT FITZGERALD  
RESCUE MISSION  
SCOLLAY SQUARE  
BOSTON, MASS.

February 12, 1965

Dear Friend:

Perhaps you have heard of me and my nationwide campaign in the cause of temperance. Each year for the past fourteen years, I have made a tour of the country and delivered a series of lectures on the evils of drinking.

On these tours, I have been accompanied by my young friend and assistant, Clyde Lindstrom; Clyde is a pathetic case, a young man of good family and excellent background, whose life was ruined by excessive indulgence in whiskey, gin, and rum, not to mention beer.

Clyde would appear with me at lectures and sit on the platform drooling at the mouth and staring at the audience through bloodshot eyes while I would point him out as an example of what drink would do.

Last summer, unfortunately, poor Clyde died. A mutual friend has given me your name, and I wonder if you would care to accompany me on this summer's tour and take poor Clyde's place.

Please reply as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,  
/s/ Rev. Calvert Fitzgerald

Well "Boats" was a good sport about it, and he pinned the letter up on the bulletin board in the CPO Mess. And if you knew the old "Boats", you would realize how funny this struck all of us chiefs. Because if there is one person on this ship who deserves to get such a letter its old boats, because he sure has got a reputation. I'd like to pass on a note to the undertaker who takes care of "Boats" when he passes on. Don't bother to imbalm him, he has enough ~~alcohol~~ alcohol in his system to take care of a whale.

Jessee Storekeeper Third just wasn't too bright on the common sense side, Oh he was ~~at~~ a likeable fellow and all that but sometimes I wondered about him. And I sure had my doubts one day. The Second Division wanted a gallon of Spar Varnish to paint the deck on the captains gig, So they brought a Requisition in<sup>to</sup> the office, Jessee was sitting there day dreaming so I asked him to go to the paint storeroom and get the varnish, I explained to Jessee exactly where it was located, and told ~~in~~ him it was in a one gallon rectangular can. Jessee takes off and a few minutes later he comes back with a can of something and hands it to the Boatswains Mate who was waiting in the office, the boatswains mate starts to cussing, well it was Shellac instead of the Varnish. So I send Jessee back, a few minutes later he comes back, this time he hands the boatswains mate another can, I hear even louder cussing, this time it was interior<sup>A</sup> varnish, I re-explain to Jessee what he's supposed to be going after and send him back again, the next time he bring another can back, hands it to the boatswain mate, this time even double the cussing, again he had gotten the wrong stuff, this time it was black asphalt varnish. I calm the boatswains mate down, by now he was just a little peeved, and send Jessee back again, when he came back this time I intercepted him before he gave the can to the boatswain mate, and this time he had gotten a gallon can of paint thinner. I tell him this is also wrong and I send him back once more, well the next time he brought back a gallon of hydraulic oil. I was so peeved myself by now that I took Jessee by the hand and led him back aft to the paint storeroom and took him in and picked a can of Spar Varnish out of the bin and handed it to him. It was in the first bin on the right just inside the door, right where I'd told him it would be. Well Chief, Jessee tells me, I didn't see it. I'm sure poor old Jessee hadn't seen it. Well the next morning the Corpsman took Jessee over for me and had his eyes checked, sure enough they were 20/20. Now I've been wondering about Jessee for a long time, he can read a book and practically tell you word for word whats in the doggone book. But he never did understand what it all meant. He could quote word for word how to fill out any supply form we use, but you sit him down to the typewriter with the form, and he'd have it goofed up everytime. He's lacking something for sure, I still say its plain old common sense.

## ICE CREAM INCIDENT

When the Cuban Quarantine ~~ended~~ ended in late Nov 1962, the Mazy was sent to Kingston, Jamaica for Three days Recreation & Supplies before coming back to the States. Mr. Sells sent me over to get 100 gallons of ice cream for the ship. I went over to the USS C66 a Repair Ship and asked the Commissary if he could spare any ice cream, he told me that all he had was soft, since he had brought it with them from Newport R.I. and it was a few weeks old and their Reefers couldn't get it to re-freeze, Well Mr. Sells had been pretty emphatic about getting the ice cream so I thought that I'd better bring back some or else, The chief Commissaryman on The Tender told me that If nothing else we could make milk shakes out of it and serve it to the crew, since it had been 2½ months since we had ice cream on board, I felt I'd better get the Ice Cream Soft or not and bring it back to the ship. I'd brought a Ten man working party with me and among other things we had bread and some of her items to pick up. It took us around one hour to get the Ice Cream, Etc, broke out of the reefers and up on deck, there we had to wait another 30 minutes for our boat to come alongside so we could load up. and leave, so finally we got back to the ship after another 15 minute boat ride.

Well Mr. Sells was on deck when we arrived along with Mr. Simms the 1st. lieutenant of the ship. Now Mr. Simms was a X-White Hat who had arisen from the rank to LTJG and was one of the 2 men that had previously been on board the Mazy when she was previously in commission, Mr. Simms was a First Class Boatswains Mate when he helped decommission the Mazy in 1957. Mr. Simms was about the best winch operator in the Whole U.S. Navy and still is. He could spot a load anywhere and could stop right on a dime, and in such a smooth manner that when Mr. Simms got up on the winches, everyone around just stood around and watched in amazement, Yes he was about the best Winch Operator in the U.S. Navy. Well we landed the boat Starboard Side Aft to the gangway, and we all piled out the working party and myself, leaving the boat crew to hook the pallet strans on the pallets, the working party was thus free to tote the supplies down to the reefers and storerooms. Well Mr. Simms ~~decided~~ decided he would operate the winch for us and lift the Ice Cream and supplies up out of the boat and place it on deck for us. I stood back by the Gangway on the Quarterdeck and watched the operation. He brought the first load of Bread up, real smooth, just clearing the ships railing by about two inches, he set this load down on the Port side Main Deck, The went after the Ice Cream, Well I'd placed the Ice Cream on Two Pallets, and Mr simms brought the first pallet out of the Boat, really smooth, and he just missed clipping the ships side and he smoothly set the load down on the Port side main deck again. Mr. Simms purposely used to make everyone believe he was going to hit the side of the ship everytime he brought a load aboard, even if it were ammunition, but to date he had never lost a load. Well ~~moderately~~ the boat crew, (Three Men) hooked up the last pallet of ice cream, Fifty Gallons in 2½ gallon Round Cardboard Containers. This time Mr Simms brought it up just as smooth, only this time he clipped the starboard side of the ships railing and rocked the pallet, I jumped back just in time and half of the Ice cream dumped on the quarterdeck and the the pallet rocked back the other way and the rest of the stuff tumbled down the gangway and back into the boat. Well you never have seen such a mess in your life. Ice cream covered the quarterdeck, all flavors, the OOD, the BM of the Watch and Messenger were splattered with the stuff, but the Boat crew poor guys, you should have seen them, the boat was covered with Ice Cream from one end to the other (This was a 33 Ft. Plastic Boat), and the Poor boat crew were covered from head to toe, and Palidino the Boat coxswains wiped his face off with his hand and looked up with the most pathetic look ive ever seen. They did have their whites on before the load of Ice cream Covered them. Now they were the splattered assortment of colors covering them. The gangway was the biggest mess you ever saw and the Quarterdeck, it was horrible. Well as soon as the stuff splattered all over the place, I started laughing, and Mr. Simms was laughing like mad, but Mr. Sells the Supply Officer, was standing by the No. 4 Hatch, Beating His fists on the side hatch, he pulled his hat off and stamped on it, and cuss, you should have heard him carrying on. When he finished cussing because Mr. Simms had lost His Ice Cream,



HE STARTED CU SSING MR SIMMS & MYSELF OUT FOR LAUGHING ABOUT IT. WELL I TELL YOU  
IT WAS THE FUNNIST THING THAT I'D EVER SEEN. I STILL LAUGH ABOUT IT, AND I'LL NEVER  
FORGET THE LOOK ON THE BOAT COXSWAINS FACE.

## Vehicle Incident

This happened around August 1963, the latter part of November 1963 just after we completed our yard overhaul. We left Mayport and went to Earle, N.J. to load on the ammunition that we had offloaded to go into the Shipyard. Well Mr. McDonough the disbursing officer went on leave before we left Mayport and enroute to Earle we stopped in Yorktown, Va. for two days and Mr. Christen the Supply Officer went on TAD to School in Norfolk, Va. for two weeks. This left me all by my lonesome, and I was in charge of the Supply Department for over two weeks. Well we arrived at Earle okay and commenced loading ammunition, several days after we had been there the Executive Officer sent for me. I go up to his stateroom wondering what I had done wrong now, Chief he says to me "Have you any Plexiglass in Stock?" Yes Sir, I answer. What Size & Thickness do you want? I asked. Well he tells me that he needs some half inch plexiglass and he wants four pieces two and a half feet high times four feet long. Well I tell the XO that the thickest plexiglass we have on board is a quarter of an inch, and I suggest that he use that and just double it to make the thickness that he wants. He tells me that he will see the captain and ask him if that would be suitable. I had no idea what in the world they wanted with half inch plexiglass, and I even doubted if the supply center in Bayonne, N.J. had any, but just out of curiosity I called the supply center to find out. The folks there checked their records and sure enough they had two sheets that were large enough to make the four pieces the XO wanted. I ask the supply center to save them for me and if I couldn't get them I'd call them up and let them know. Before I could hang up the quarterdeck telephone the messenger of the watch tells me that the Captain wants to see me right away on the bridge. I haul it up to the bridge and there is Captain Gus, the XO and the Operations Officer. Captain Gus explains to me what he wants with the Plexiglass. It seems that the Operations Officer, who was acting in the "common sense" area, had his men take the Plastic Windshields down. These Windshields are located on the forward wing of the bridge, they are used to prevent the salt spray and rain from coming on this part of the bridge during increment weather, and the captain had a small table made where he placed his charts, behind this shield, so that while we were underway he didn't have to keep running into the charthouse to determine what was going on. Anyway getting back to the Operations Officer, his men took the Windshields down as instructed, well it cracked ~~each~~ clean into. The operations Officer decided to take them down to have his men clean the paint off them. Boy was Captain Gus mad, he was fit to be tied. He was raising some kind of hell. The Captain tells me that he just has to have half inch plexiglass and ~~does~~ does not want to double the quarter inch stuff we have on board. He also tells me he doesn't care how I get it but just get it, in his usual manner. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I tell the captain that I may be able to get some, but that I don't have transportation at the moment, I had sent one of my men to the supply center earlier that morning in the ship's pickup truck. The captain then tells the XO that he don't care where he gets a vehicle but to get me transportation to the Supply Center right away, and with that he stormed off the bridge. The XO tells me to come to his stateroom, once there he calls the quarterdeck and has the XO get Mr. Durfee the Transportation Officer (among other things) and send him up to the XO's stateroom. Well Mr. Durfee comes hurrying up there and the XO tells him to get a vehicle for me right away, he also tells Mr. Durfee that the Captain said that he didn't care where the vehicle comes from. Mr. Durfee explains that the only vehicle that he has available is a Sedan that he procured from the base for the Captains use, and that the captain had given him specific orders that he was to use this vehicle without his permission. The XO tells Mr. Durfee not to worry that he would take responsibility for the vehicle and tells Mr. Durfee to make out a trip ticket and give me the keys. I tell Mr. Durfee that I'm going to send Pack #2 and Dawson GS1, so he makes out the trip ticket and hands me the keys, I get Pack and Dawson and tell them to leave right away, I make out a requisition for the Plexiglass and they take off, I then call up the supply center and tell them two of my men are coming after the Plexiglass, and ask them to have it ready....

Then I go back to work. The time was around 12 Noon, around 15 minutes later the XO bursts into the Office, he wants to know if the vehicle left for the supply center and I tell him that it has. He then tells me that we are in trouble, and I asked him why. The XO explains that the Captain just called him up and told him that he had a dinner engagement with the Base Captain and some other big wigs at 2 PM and that he had told the XO to have his Sedan and driver at the gangway at 1:30 PM. I ask the XO if the captain knew that the Sedan had left with my men for the supply center, which was a 45 minute drive from the ship. The XO said that he hadn't told him and then he tells me to call the supply center and tell those folks to notify my men to return to the ship as fast as they can, well the men hadn't arrived there yet naturally, and I go to the quarterdeck and phone the supply center, and I explain to the Chief there that the captain needs the sedan since all the other vehicles were gone, and that he had a dinner engagement with some big wheels at 2PM, the Chief at the supply center assures me that he will notify my men as soon as they get there, I thank him and go tell the XO that I'd made the call and ~~supplied~~ just then the Captain bursts in the XO's stateroom, wanting to know if the Sedan is going to be ready at 1:30PM. Well the XO is afraid of the Captain and he still hasn't told him the vehicle is gone, The XO hemms and Haws and tells the Captain that he will check with Mr. Durfee. Well I'M flabbergasted Why didn't the XO just explain to the Captain about the vehicle. Well everyone knew the XO didn't have any guts, but this just about took the cake. I scam out of there and go back to the office. In the meantime the time is slipping by its almost 1245. In a few more minutes Mr. Durfee comes into the office, Chief he says, "I've just had the worst chewing out in my Naval Career ", the Mr. Durfee goes on and explains that the Captain called him up to his stateroom and asked to know if his sedan was ready. Mr Durfee explained to the Captain that he had given the vehicle to Supply to go after the plexiglass at the supply center and ~~he~~ the XO was with them in the captain's cabin and he still hadn't told the captain that he had told Mr. Durfee to ~~supply~~ let supply have the vehicle to go after the plexiglass. Mr. Durfee being the noble gentleman that he was, never told the captain the XO had authorized the use of his Sedan. The captain chewed Mr. Durfee out and tells him to tell me to call the supply center and tell them to have my men call me the minute they get there and for me to tell them to get back on the double. I once more go to the quarterdeck and call the supply center, the men still havn't arrived I was informed by the Chief there. The Chief at the supply center is getting a little peeved at me by now and asks me what the hell is going on over at the ship. I explain the best I can and sooth the chief down somewhat, while we are talking the XO comes in and the chief tells them to get the plexiglass and beat it back to the ship as soon as they can, also tell them the old XO is waiting for them. The time now is around 1300, well in comes the captain, and boy is he mad. He comes in and tells me to get back right away, I informed him that I had, well the captain hates supply people anyway, and this just confirms his suspicion that we are all goofed up. He screams at me and tells me I had no right to use his sedan, then he keeps on about why it took my men so long to go to beyond the ship, Mr. Durfee is that using the commonest bunch of people in the whole U.S. Navy and a whole lot of other nasty things and then he storms out of the office. I go out and are about ready to leave, I tell the Chief to hurry them up. By now he thinks I'm phone the Captain comes up with Mr. Durfee and he really is giving him hell. Well the XO is really mad because he didn't care how I got it and I also inform him that we are always busting our heads trying to help him, and that he didn't need my vehicle. Well as I said I was pretty mad, and the captain all the time was giving him hell. Finally he says to me that he is sorry that he blamed me and my boys, for lunch and now there wasn't any way for him to get to the lunch.

Just then our old Jeep comes up, it had been gone since early morning with the movie operator, over to Brooklyn, N.Y. after new Movies. Mr Durfee informs the Captain that the Jeep is back, and the Captain Says he will use it, and grabs the keys and goes off the ship muttering about how it wasn't dignified for a Captain to go to such an important luncheon in a old beat up Jeep, and what would the base captain think, when the Base Captain had loaned him a new sedan, when he arrived in that old beat up Jeep.

Well I cornered Mr. Durfee and asked him why he hadn't told the Captain the Truth about the Vehicle and He explained that it wasn't up to him but the XO to explain to the captain the truth. Well I was mad at the XO and I ran up to his Stateroom and I gave him hell, I demanded to know ~~why~~ why he had got Mr. Durfee any myself in trouble with the Captain, when all he had to do was tell the Captain the truth, about him telling us to use the Sedan. Well he couldn't answer this, and I left. Well I've never forget the injustice to Mr. Durfee, the next day the Old Man called me up to his stateroom and apologized to me again, I wanted to tell him the truth about Mr. Durfee but the XO was with him at the time, and I remembered Mr. Durfee telling me not to say any thing to the Captain about it, I sure wanted to blurt out the truth. Doggone it the old captain wasn't such a bad guy, although he hated Sundry people and engineers, and Mr. Durfee who was a Prince among men didn't deserve to have the Old Man down on him. Well that was long ago now, I hope if Captain Gus reads this he will understand what really happened that day. Incidentally my men finally got back to the ship around 2:30. When I brought the Captain's car in, they were real curious as to what happened, I explained telling them the whole story. Well for the way, it took the Ship's Repair Force over a week to get the Winch fixed. But that's the way things are on the Grassy aye, everything's an ~~incident~~.

## The Lighting Incident

On the Second of April 1965 we were underway for Yorktown, Va. to load some ammo. and all the Supply gang of mine are busy trying to get some of the stuff straightened out in our storerooms, I note that I have 22 Plastic Light Globes that the Executive Officer had ordered to place in various spots throughout the ship, also he has two sheets of plyboard for building some correspondence racks in ships office, well I want to get rid of them so I go up to his room and tell him about this stuff, Cluttering up our storerooms. Well we engage in conversation, and he's telling me what he's going to do with the light globes. Well He finally says he will go down to the storeroom with me and look at the stuff, so we get up and go to the storeroom. Well the storeroom where I have the material for him, also houses our Stock Records, Allowance books and Catalogs etc. The Stock Catalogs in particular are in Slip in Type Catalog Racks like you see in any Automotive Parts Store they are on a table located under the book rack which houses the allowance books, well the lighting isn't too good ~~so~~ over these catalogs and the stocks numbers are about half the size of typewriter type, and when you have a lot of stocks numbers to look up, prices etc, it sure gives your eyes the devil. Well I decided over two months ago, with the advise of Berard SK3 that I'd get some lights and put them over these catalogs. So we ordered three small flourscent lighting fixtures, 8 Watt ~~but~~ lamp size, and we figured that three of them would just be enough to make the correct amount of light over these ~~books~~ catalogs. Well about a week ago these lamps came in and Berard and myself put them up, it took us a couple of hours to find a drill etc, to put them up with, and after we put them up, the Ships electricians said they would wire them up the first chance they had, well three ballast boxes had to be mounted up also because these things were made so they could run off the ships power DC or direct current. The reason I'm carrying on so about these lights is that when the XO saw them he just had one hell of a fit, and starts carrying on like I had stole a million dollars or something. It seems that he had wanted Eight of these same small light fixtures for use up in Officers Country. He wanted to put them on Eight of the Officers Desks in their rooms. He tells me that he wished I hadn't put those lights up, and that I could find something better, and all kinds of stupid and silly junk. I keep insisting that we urgently need them to prevent me and my boys from going blind along with all the other people on the ship who use these catalogs. He tells me that these lamps are habitually ~~habitually~~ ~~availability~~ items only and that nothing like this should be placed in any storeroom without first putting them in the Officers Rooms, Crews berthing and the like. I tell him it this isn't a habitually item I'd kiss his ass, and he says he's going to go get all the officers to witness my kissing him behind. Well he leaves and I follow him outside the storeroom and he tells me that he wished that I hadn't done that, putting up the lights without him knowing about it, well I'm pretty mad about now, and I told him that if I had to ask him about everything that I did that I'd never get anything done. I follow him on up to the ships office and he finds My boss Lt. Christen and he tells him about me putting up these fixtures, naturally Mr. Christen agreed with me for once, because he knew of the poor lighting down in the storerooms. Well I left and went on back to work and around 1130 Mr. Christen comes in and tells me that I'd have to take the lights down and give them to the XO, Well I told him I would, and boy it sure made me feel bad, and I felt sad the rest of the day, just thinking of how childest the old XO had acted. After chow ~~at 1345~~ I went down to the carpenter shop and started building a table for some office equipment, when here comes the Exec, wanting to know where his lights were, I told him they were still in the storeroom and he told me to get them for him when I got finished making the table. I finally took them down later on in the evening and sent them up to him, and he sent ba ck down for the ballast that goes with each light, I'd purposely not sent them up ~~so~~ so I could see if he knew what he was doing. Well I sent them on up, ~~and I haven't heard~~ I have an idea, it will be several days before he can get them installed, since all the electricians are busy right now. Well I put a sign up over the catalogs "PLEASE DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE LIGHTING OVER THESE CATALOGS. THEY WERE REMOVED SO THE OFFICERS COULD HAVE LIGHT OVER THEIR DESKS. JUST GO BLIND LIKE US." No I'll never forget the XO's words, chief he says "You know Officers come first in the Navy". Yes they do because they can lord it over us enlisted men.

And I might add that this is the reason why the re-enlistment rate on the Crazy Mazy  
is so bad. Not one First term enlistee has re-enlisted in over a year on this old  
tub.

OFF + CLEAR + WAITING FOR YOUR FINAL"

~~my friend~~

It was 2230 when I hit the Hay and I had no sooner lain my head to the pillow when the Fire Alarm sounded; I jumped out of the bunk pulled on my Trousers and ran ~~fast~~ for the door leading from my quarters. I flew off to the quarterdeck to get the location of the fire, and as I came out of the ~~door~~ after Hatch I saw the Flames, Twenty feet high or more enveloping the Motor Whale boat on the ~~starboard~~ Port Boat Dick. Climbing the ~~ladder~~ ladder to the Boat Deck, suddenly I saw the flames subside and heard the roar of the Carbon Dioxide Escaping from the Fire Extinguishers. In less than a minute from the time the Alarm sounded the flames were out. ~~The~~ As the smoke cleared I saw who had Extinguished the flames and whose ~~quick~~ <sup>quick</sup> action had saved us from what could have been a terrible disaster. For we were on the Navy ~~ammunition~~ Ammunition Pier at Erie, New Jersey, <sup>aboard the USS Arizona</sup> and that day having topped off with ammo + Explosives.

The man who had saved the day was Chief Frank Rice; ~~and~~ Frank was not only a Navy Chief but could very well be an Indian Chief because of his Cherokee Blood. Born and Reared in Oklahoma He departed their at the early age of 17 upon the insistence of his Uncle the Sheriff in his Native Home. Home town <sup>Caught Moonshine</sup> Frank <sup>running</sup> had his choice of either a 6 month jail sentence or join the Navy. The Navy seemed much better to this lad, so bidding farewell to his mother (his dad had departed while Frank was an infant) He left for the Navy: <sup>training</sup> Naval Station, San Diego Calif.

Once there Frank suddenly thrown in a man's world - grew ~~up to be~~ into a man and became the Honor man of his ~~Boat~~ Company. Graduated with Honors ~~He was~~ in February 1946 He soon found himself on the Aircraft Carrier Boxer as a deck seaman. Having worked his way from deck ape to Chief Radioman Here ~~he was~~ <sup>he</sup> in January 1964 aboard.



Canal Zone, 'on way back from Viet Nam') FRANK  
RICE  
DIED

The Mayama and after a near  
disaster! Frank was joking and acting  
just as cool + calm as a iceberg.

From a Hero to a Heel ~~then~~ self  
Frank was it why only two weeks  
before ~~when while~~ we were in our home port  
~~mayport, Fijian~~ ~~He had made his poor old Indian mother~~  
I remember this episode: (relate how  
he made his poor old mother give ~~back~~ <sup>out of</sup> her  
back the picture she had <sup>out of</sup> talked Frank's  
wife Cathy) (THE ONLY PICTURE SHE HAD OF  
FRANK IN UNIFORM WITH HIS WIFE)

From Benevolent to selfish + vice versa that  
was Frank -

One Evening

# 1 Jumper Incident

While in our Homeport Mayport  
I Had the <sup>1600 to 2000</sup> O.D. Watch on the Mazy.  
~~As it was~~ around 1830 or just before  
the Evening Movie, 2 <sup>very attractive</sup> young ladies  
both around the age of 18, came up the  
gangway and asked to see Radioman  
Bob Woods and Seaman Dick Lang, also  
They asked permission to come aboard  
and watch the evening movie, all  
of which was proper ~~and perfectly~~ according  
to ships Regulations; as long as they  
were off by Tape. ~~I noticed they~~  
~~Both had on Navy Undress white jumpers,~~  
~~one with a Quartermaster's First Class~~ the  
~~other with a Fireman's Badge. Also they~~  
~~although~~ It was a chilly January day and  
both had on light coats but the  
fronts were unbuttoned and beneath I noticed  
they both had on Navy Undress white  
jumpers, This I didn't pay too much  
attention too because its a common  
occurrence for sailors to give their sweethearts  
a jumper and around Mayport to see  
this was an everyday occurrence.

I gave the girls permission to come aboard and sent the messenger after Woods and Long, They hurried up to the quarterdeck, very happy to see ~~these two~~ their ~~two~~ lovely girl friends. They asked permission to take them on a tour of the ship which I granted. ~~and~~ Everyone departed and the watch settled down once more ~~to the monotonous~~ things grew quite well sir around movie call at 1900 ~~monotonous~~

Ensign Brand came running up to the quarterdeck "Chief did you let two girls come aboard?" "He shouted." "Yes Sir" I reply, well he says ~~no~~ "Do you know they are desecrating the Navy Uniform?" "Where's the Navy Regs?" "Its again Regs to let Women wear Navy jumpers." "MR. Brand" I say, I've never heard of it being against Navy Regs for a wife or a sweetheart to wear a jumper, besides I go on, its a common occurrence in any Navy Port from here to West Port."

### 3 Jumper Incident

Just then Lt. Willet the Command  
Duty Officer comes up. Chief  
did you let these two young  
ladies on ~~board~~ board? He inquires  
"yes sir" I repeat, well says  
He "I just caught them  
on the mess deck with  
Navy Undress White jumpers  
on - and I ordered them to  
take them off and ~~not~~ <sup>remove them</sup>  
the ship <sup>unless</sup> they ~~leave~~ <sup>see</sup>  
to it He said that they  
carry out my order." ~~He goes~~  
~~on.~~ Mr. Willet, sir - <sup>I say</sup> you've  
got to be facking ~~the ship~~. The  
girls were just visiting their  
Boy Friends, then watch the  
movie and leave, besides I  
bet you can't find any thing in  
writing saying they are not  
properly attired; we see this  
all the time and most everyone  
thinks its most becoming to see  
a pretty girl in a navy jumper.  
Even the clothing store sell them!!



Then ~~Mr.~~ Willet and Eva Brand  
 Both got red faced and angrily  
 said, "We can hang you as for  
 this Chief," I being about fed up  
 told them to go ahead and try.  
 About that time the girls came  
 up. And both of them started  
 in on St. Willet and Eva Brand. The  
 girls told how the Skipper on the  
 'S.S. BegeLOW had given them the jumpers  
 and how the U.S.S. Roosevelt and  
 Sargtogs always let them come  
 aboard with them on - (the girls  
 lived on Bose in Navy Housing - their  
 Fathers were ~~the~~ Navy Chiefs.) Then  
 the girls turned on me and started  
 in - & ladies I said "I'm with  
 you, please calm down," ~~and~~  
 with that they ~~left~~ headed for  
 the ~~ladies~~ lounge and replace the  
 jumpers with their blouses which  
 they had in their purses. The young  
 ladies then came out on the quarterdeck  
 and said they hated the Navy and  
 with that left the ship.

5.

Jumper

~~But this happened a long time ago, incidentally the last time I heard they had sent Mrs. Willet to the Naval Recruiting Station, Charleston for Duty.~~

When Captain Lambert heard about this he really flipped, that he was infuriated that his officers had treated the girls so badly (Mrs. Lambert had found out).

We never did find out if it was a coincidence or not but Mr. Willet was transferred to Navy Recruiting Duty in Jacksonville and Mr. Brand was shanghaied to a Fleet Tug in Mayport. Good riddance I said.

Subject: Something to think about.

At about the time our original 13 states adopted their new constitution, in the year 1787, Alexander Tyler (a Scottish history professor at The University of Edinburgh) had this to say about "The Fall of The Athenian Republic" some 2,000 years prior.

"A democracy is always temporary in nature; it simply cannot exist as a permanent form of government. A democracy will continue to exist up until the time that voters discover that they can vote themselves generous gifts from the public treasury. From that moment on, the majority always votes for the candidates who promise the most benefits from the public treasury, with the result that every democracy will finally collapse due to loose fiscal policy, (which is) always followed by a dictatorship."

"The average age of the worlds greatest civilizations from the beginning of history, has been about 200 years. During those 200 years, these nations always Progressed through the following sequence:

From Bondage to spiritual faith;

From spiritual faith to great courage;

From courage to liberty;

From liberty to abundance;

From abundance to complacency;

From complacency to apathy;

From apathy to dependence;

From dependence back into bondage."

Professor Joseph Olson of Hamline University School of Law, St. Paul, Minnesota, points out some interesting facts concerning the most recent Presidential election: Population of counties won by:

Gore=127 million

Bush=143 million

Square miles of land won by:

Gore=580,000

Bush=2,2427,000

States won by:

Gore=19

Bush=29

Murder rate per 100,000 residents in counties won by:

Gore=13.2

Bush=2.1

Professor Olson adds:

"In aggregate, the map of the territory Bush won was mostly the land owned by the taxpaying citizens of this great country. Gore's territory mostly encompassed those citizens living in government-owned tenements and living off government welfare..."

Olson believes the U.S. is now somewhere between the "complacency and "apathy" phase of Professor Tyler's definition of democracy; with some 40 percent of the nation's population already having reached the "governmental dependency" phase.

Pass this along to help everyone realize just how much is at stake in this Election Year and that apathy is the greatest danger to our freedom