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## **CLASS OF 1948 SHIPMATE COLUMN**

**SEPTEMBER 2005**

It is Midsummer as this is written, and it seems full of hurricanes, terrorist activity, and war, along with the usual summer follies. There is a lack of Class news, including departures, for which we are grateful, but it makes for a short column. I received two refreshing letters, both handwritten in ink on lined paper, one from Claire and Andy Frahler, and one from Bill Barnes. I will edit both and pass along as much as I can.

The Frahlers, now in Atlanta, will nourish the memories of many, particularly the newly married kept at Navy in June '48 to break plebes, and then involuntarily to teach, starting that September. Andy and Claire arrived in '49 after the earlier group left, and he starts off with:

"I wonder how many Classmates lived in Quonset huts. These corrugated metal structures were more than a challenge to Claire and me following our wedding in 1949. She wasn't used to an ice box, so the pan underneath always overflowed and ran into the living room during the night. Finally, I bored a hole in the wooden floor under the box, and inserted a pipe, diverting the water under the hut. (Claire goes on) The Annapolis heat was even worse in June, July, and August. Andy ran the garden hose up on the roof and left the water running continually, cooling the tin, and we had our own air conditioning. When we needed storage, Andy built plywood closets at either end of

the front porch. Laundry was hung outside in the side yard. When the wind was wrong, soot covered the clean wash. The Annapolis coal-fired power plant was nearby and let off dark smoke which settled on the clothes.

“For those who never lived in a Quonset, it needs to be explained that we actually lived in half a hut. Our bathroom and windowless kitchen backed up to another occupant’s similar rooms on the other side of a plywood wall. We learned not to say anything personal in these rooms. Created at the Quonset Point Naval Air Station, R.I., the navy bought 160,000 structures. During the postwar housing shortage we were happy to get this, and gladly gave up our housing allowance for the two bedroom furnished quarters. We lived later that year in half a Quonset at the San Francisco Naval Shipyard. On our second tour to Annapolis (1951), as new parents, we moved back into “Rabbit Village”. The village finally began to close down after several months and as huts were emptied they were not refilled. We regularly raided the abandoned gardens for fresh tomatoes and other veggies.” (see photos)

During that 48-49 period of involuntary servitude at Navy for that group of new ensigns, while the newly-marrieds occupied the huts, the bachelors found lairs in town. Pappy McCord, Chuck Hathaway, and I established a fine ranch out on Amos Garret Blvd.

I received an email which you should find noteworthy from Dale Kratzer, Jr, son of Dale L., 10<sup>th</sup>Company, who died 1 January 2003. Dale Jr. notes his dad’s passing his military traditions on to his sons. “I retired in January from the USMC after 30 years service, my brother is a USAFA grad, another brother is an Army vet, and my youngest brother was headed to the Corps when he shattered his knee in football at U of Florida.

My eldest son, 1stLt USMC, leaves for Iraq shortly. My next son goes to Marine OCS next summer. My youngest says he is signing up as soon as he graduates from HS. Even my daughter is engaged to a Marine who is a member of HMX-1 in Quantico. I would like to say how much we owe to you who have gone before us. We admire you all tremendously. You are the titans that we measure ourselves against, and believe me, we don't come up to your mark. Thanks for your time, and God bless you all...with greatest respect and admiration, Dale Kratzer, Jr."

Bill Barnes reports on an Annapolis event, and I edit a bit, although Bill's writing reveals a closet bull-slash.

"We have all learned never to ignore the power of a bright and determined woman, in this case, Gloria Wilson, widow of our greatly admired 24<sup>th</sup> Company Classmate, "Little Joe" Wilson, whose ashes are inurned in the USNA Columbarium. Early in March Gloria informed me of her wish to bring as many of the Wilson clan as possible to the USNA on 4 June to mark the 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Joe's departure, in my opinion an unworkable scheme. She wanted accommodations for 26, dining reservations, transportation, not to mention the USNA security requirements. I sent phone numbers of hotels, motels, restaurants, and mass schedules, and waited for her to call telling me the whole idea was too big to pull off. Wrong! She produced an order of which Admiral Nimitz would have been proud. Early in the afternoon, June 4, I waited in the parking lot at Gate 8. At 1330 sharp 4 SUVs and Gloria's Command Car pulled up and the 26 member Wilson Clan disembarked and proceeded to the Columbarium, most on foot. We were joined by Paul Abel's widow, Joan, a longtime friend of Gloria's. Paul is also inurned in the Columbarium. We gathered at Joe's niche,

and it was a very touching sight to see there the twelve fine looking Wilson grandchildren and eight of Joe and Gloria's children, six with spouses. Prayers were said, and I gave a short homily about Joe's greatly admired role in the 24<sup>th</sup> Company, and indeed the entire Brigade. We paid homage to those Classmates whose names are carved on the memorial to those who were lost and whose bodies were not recovered. I read their names. Joe would have known them. The whole enterprise was inspiring and Gloria worked wonders to honor her Joe on the fifth anniversary of his death." (see the photo of Gloria, Bill, and Joan)

Once again I invite your attention to the Class Website, which is accessed through [www.usna.com](http://www.usna.com). It is slowly evolving, even blossoming under the firm hand of John Tsiknas. You need to pay it a visit if you haven't. The two rather long letters above, in a more crowded Class Column, would have been further edited and would then be posted on the website, uncut. If you have a bunch of information that you would like to make available to the Class, and which will not fit into Shipmate, it can be posted on the site. Send it to me, and I will pass it to John if it doesn't fit in the Class Column. Questions about the net? John Tsiknas can be reached at [johnsiknas@sbcglobal.net](mailto:johnsiknas@sbcglobal.net).

We continue to need your email address. Please update it when you change servers. A significant number of Classmates' addresses have just disappeared and the owners might as well have oblivioned themselves. Notify Dick Scott, [rscott57@edurostream.com](mailto:rscott57@edurostream.com), Dave Carruth, [slipstk@aol.com](mailto:slipstk@aol.com), or me.

These Classmate emails are currently lost: Alford, Ben Allen, GW Allen, Ames, Behrens, Boland, Brooks, Benton, Bryant, Borchert, Cuff, Curl, Conroy, JE Callahan, Cochran, Chiara, Doddy, Dreher, RH Dunn, Ehrman, Freeman, Galbraith, Gaffigan,

Gorder, Garlinghouse, NK Green, JT Hayes, Henry, Holder RS Jones, Jefferson, Jaccodine, JH Johnson, Kenyon, Kleinman, Koester, JH Larson, Opitz, Oliver, JM Perkins, Pawlowski, EB Rogers, Ryder, Ruehrmund, JT Strong, Snyder, ST Smith, Sturtevant, Slater, Wise, GS Wright, Waddell, Zacharias, Zankman.

The 2006 West Coast Reunion , scheduled for Sunday May 14 through Wednesday May 17, 2006, is in its final formative state, with a new letter now circulating (early July) which includes registration requirements and detailed schedules. Details appear on the Class Website, and I won't reproduce them here. If you did not receive the letter, demand one from Chuck Gorder (Charles F.), 5526 Toyon Road, San Diego, CA 92115, (619-239-8700) or (619-287-3559). It is a fine letter, and even if you aren't planning to go, get a copy. It's a good read. Registration needs to be complete by 1 September. Join up now...As this is the September issue, if you hustle, you can surely slip in your registration. Call Chuck.

We should have some photos if they make the space and availability requirements.