

CDR SUMNER K. MOORE, USN(ret)
308 MANSION DRIVE
ALEXANDRIA, VA 22302
703-549-8739
sk48moore@aol.com

CLASS OF 1948 SHIPMATE COLUMN

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 2006

Welcome to 2006, with which you should be familiar by now. As this is written in December 2005, I am still feeling good and smug after attending the Army game, and look forward to the 06 season.

Some years back, I published over a series of columns, reminiscences of Plebe Summer, by Stew McLean, still of Baltimore, who had saved his many enthusiastic letters to his mother, a treasure trove of eyewitness accounts of that milestone period. Stew has been quiet for a long time, and so I excerpt a letter just received, which is quite interesting. Stew attended the Temple game, and tailgated with '71, next door to '48's TG location. It had been a long time since Stew hobnobbed with any Classmates. Let him tell it: "I went over and introduced myself to a fine looking young fellow who identified himself as Roger Carlquist. He was a little skeptical of my Class affiliation, but just in case, he introduced me to Warren Graham, who wondered about me too, but Don Buhner was there, and perhaps to be polite, said he remembered me! It was good to see these guys after 58 years, and it gave me some nostalgic moments. A 14 year old grandson was with me, and he really enjoyed the Brigade marching by informally outside the stadium while receiving candy and water bottles from the crowd; the camaraderie in the parking lot with the tailgating and friendly spirit; the

spectacular flyover, the stadium and the game itself. It was a wonderful day, and made me wish I had been back to Navy more often.”

This with good wishes to the Class from Ernie Castle, who resides in seldom-visited Mechanicsville, VA (not far from Richmond). “To mark my 80th, Jeanie treated us to a ride to England in Queen Mary 2 with all the pampering (and eating) that comes with a liner crossing. Calm seas all the way. We were in London for the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar. A first for us was the London to Paris train through the “chunnel”. The window of our Paris hotel framed the Eiffel Tower, which has added blinking lights for 10 minutes per hour of darkness. We had a jarring return to reality with the normal steerage class flight home.”

In last month’s column, although we had no detail, I mentioned the death of Larry Marsolais while visiting Australia with his wife, Leitha. I excerpt material taken from the San Diego paper. Larry, born in April ’23, was one of the oldest Classmates. A Chicago lad, he enlisted in the Navy right after Pearl Harbor, becoming a yeoman in a transport. His CO, recognizing talent, got him to NAPS, from which he joined 1948. From duty in a destroyer he became a submariner. As a captain, he finished his career as Chief of Naval Technical Training, NAS, Memphis, and returned to the house he bought in Coronado in 1957. He fished, cooked, biked, learned Spanish, traveled, and discoursed learnedly with friends. He married his second wife, Leitha, in ’82, and leaves 3 daughters, 5 sons, a sister, and 10 grandchildren. Anyone who knew Larry any where through his long life would not be likely to forget him.

On November 11, celebrating Armistice (Veterans) Day, 43 Classmates and wives met and lunched at the Army Navy Country Club, with gusto and good chow. Next luncheon would be January, but you still can attend the March event on Friday, the 10th, at the Country Club.

Bill McCabe writes from New Canaan, CT. "In October, Lu and I attended a reunion in Baltimore of one of the subs I was in back in 50-52, USS Diablo (SS479). I visited with many of the crew with whom I served. We visited the Maritime Museum where USS Torsk is on exhibit (see photo) which is very similar to Diablo. None of us went through the hatches the way we did a half century ago. As for Diablo, she was sold to Pakistan in '65, renamed Ghazi, and during the India/Pakistan War in '70, while laying mines at night in Indian waters in the Bay of Bengal, there was an enormous explosion, and divers went down to find the entire third of the hull opened up like a sardine can with the loss of all hands. India refused to permit USN salvage. We found Baltimore a very interesting town, and managed to visit the Navy Memorial in Washington. Those who brought that memorial about deserve a great deal of credit."

Not to be outdone by 7th Company mate, McCabe, Angus McDonald gives us a fine update: "It has been an active year for us. In February I took a small group to California to one of the few spots that sea elephants come ashore in winter to have pups and mate. There were some 2000 animals and the large bulls weighed in at over 5000 pounds. I'm not sure I'd do it again as it poured during part of the trek. In May, Mavis and I threw a dinner party for 50 at our house to show our gardens. It was about the peak of the season, and the

rhododendrons and azaleas were especially gorgeous. Late May found us in Houston attending the graduation of granddaughter, Lauren, from Rice U. In late June, under the capable leadership of Whit Hansen '52, 16 of us took off for Sitka and 3 days of deep sea fishing for salmon and halibut. We released a lot of fish, but I still came home with 92 pounds which will keep the freezer stocked. Our granddaughter, Megan, was just starting her second year at Loyola of New Orleans when she left hurriedly a day before the storm. At home in Atlanta, she and her parents settled a few weeks of research, and she wound up at Centre College in Kentucky as a transfer student. In September, I gave a talk on the loss of the submarine, USS Scorpion, in 1968. It was a sequel to my article in the June '99 Naval Institute Proceedings. Though the audience was largely civilian, I was pleased by the reception and good Q & A session.”

Now, we return to email addresses. Dave Carruth, Dick Scott, and I continue to try to maintain a valid email address list, which is published securely in the Class website. Messages sent out to all hands (those we “know” are on deck) result in many bounced addresses. Currently lost are: Ames, G. A. Anderson, Tim Bradley, Ben Conroy, Bill Conway, Joe Curl, Brad Daley, PJ Early, George Goodwin, Art Hull, Doug Lawler, Manganaro, Matia, Bill McLean, Bob McGihon, Girard Moore, JR Warren, Dick Wheeler, Zimmerman. Hey! Give us and all hands a break. Please contact me, Dave (slipstk@aol.com), or Dick (rscott57@edurostream.com) with your valid address.

Bob McClinton, the bionic Classmate, reports an 8 November hip replacement and subsequent colorful exercises at home, ten done twice a day,

18 to 20 repetitions, under the guidance of Gunvor (RN), who has done her usual masterful job.

We have lost our colorful and unique marine, Keith O'Keefe, on 26 October 2005. In last month's column, I noted Keith and Natalie's move into "The Fairfax", the Army's retirement plaza at Fort Belvoir south of Washington. They were married 55 years, and he leaves children Shawn Klupchak, Gene O'Keefe, Kitty McFadden, and P.D. O'Keefe, seven grandchildren, and a great granddaughter. There will be an interment at Arlington Cemetery on January 11, at 11 AM. Keith was one of that jolly group of marines who fought through the worst part of the Korean War and came through with their skins to fight another day, which they did. He and Natalie were part of the faithful DC area 48s over many years, and were always great fun to be with. He is missed greatly. The family asks that memorials be made to Alzheimer's Assn, 11240 Waples Mill Rd, Fairfax VA 22030, or Capital Hospice, 6565 Arlington Blvd, Falls Church VA 22042. Natalie thanks the Class for the beautiful flowers and notes that, Keith loved the Academy and the Marine Corps. She notes that Arlington is very busy, hence the late interment.

The Alumni Association has received a notice of the death of Classmate, 15th Company, William F.W. Reeve, in Horsham PA, July 18 2003. He was carried in the Register as address unknown, and essentially dropped out of Class notice many years ago. He left 2 sons, 5 grandchildren, and one great grandchild.

Paul and Nancy Corrigan have moved again.” After a book signing at Davis Monthan AFB, Tucson, we heard of an art village, Tubac, on I-19 toward Nogales. We hastened to look at it and bought a new home in Rio Rico, rented commercial space over Long Realty, sold our house in Surprise in one day, and now operate Upstairs Gallery, Tubac, which is #4 on the list of US Art Centers. 3500 feet, crystal clear air, 10 degrees cooler than Phoenix. We are at 121C Tubac Rd, PO Box 85646, Tubac AZ, 85646-4017. Email now pcorrigan@azpob.com.”

If you are keeping Bobbie Bendel’s address. Her previously reported house number is ”7020”, vice “720”. My error, sorry.

Bill Olin notes: “Thank you for the wonderful and beautiful flowers sent in my wife’s remembrance. They were front and center at the visitation, at our church memorial, and by the church for the Sunday service”

This note is exemplary of the Class effort on behalf of our departed Classmates and families. The Washington Class organization takes care of this, for the most part through the dedication of Bob Ghormley, who communicates with families, funeral directors, clergy, the Alumni Association, as required. The funds come out of the local treasury, which is also used to support the 24th Company, Bancroft Hall.

I note that because of column space limitations, some photos taken at luncheons, often of the usual suspects, and other good, sometimes stray pics, are being put on the Class Website. GO THERE.