


The Compton at war



USS Compton Organization

Jack Heidecker – President
54 Mt Top Court,
Hazle Township PA 18202
570 450-5545
Jack555@ptd.net

Ed Capozziello—Vice President
1161 Laidlaw Ave,
Franklin Square NY 11010
516 458-0497
ecap6407@optonline.net

Joe Napoli – GM/Treasurer
129 Mallard Dr.
Monroe Twp, NJ 08831
609 409-7678
jsnap29@verizon.net

Mike Taylor – Secretary
PO Box 148, Elizabeth WVA 26143
304 275-8995
tudorboats19@yahoo.com

Charlie Jakob - Chaplain
6368 Gillespie Street
Philadelphia PA 19135-3223
215 624-8084

Compton Board of Directors:

Joe Bonaventura - East Region
760 Linden Ave.,
Pennel PA 19047
215 757-6220
joepa29@comcast.net

Bob Ott - North Region
3404 Dickens Rd
Blasdell NY 14219
716 826-2535
roott_1999@yahoo.com

Paul Woodbury – South Region
3603 Pin Oak Court
Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33410
561 626-1093
pjwoodbury@bellsouth.net

Jim McKelva – West Region
412 S Fielder Road
Arlington TX 76013-1751
817 792-3273
jasnck@sbcglobal.net

Editor/Publisher—Jack Heidecker

All correspondence,
pictures and articles should
be sent to:

Jack Heidecker
54 Mt Top Court
Hazle Township PA 18202
jack555@ptd.net
570 450-5545

Letter from the President:

It soon will be time to start planning for the Washington DC (Tyson’s Corner VA) reunion.

There is a bunch of information in this Newsletter to assist you in your plans. The phone number for the Crown Plaza, Tyson’s Corner, reservation center is 703 893-2100

I had the opportunity to check out this hotel and it is a first class operation. Also, one of the largest shopping centers in this area is located near the hotel and we are provided with shuttle service to its location.

We are officially a non-profit, corporation. This was necessary for liability protection and to make sure we were not required to pay taxes on any type of income.

Joe Napoli is working on the 2012 reunion and will be able to update that progress by the next “Compton Newsletter”.

God speed and be healthy and we hope to see you this coming April.

Jack Heidecker



Compton refueling—circa, 1963



Picture from the bow of Compton’s Twin 5 inch mounts...

2011 Annual Reunion Form; McLean, VA.

Compton Member's

Name _____

Spouse/guest _____

Rank/Rate _____ Years aboard _____ to _____

Please enter above info as you would want it on your name tag.

Number in Party _____ (Print additional names on bottom of form if necessary.)

Meal Selection: Beef _____ Chicken _____ (@ \$50 per person)

Number taking tour _____ (@ \$80 per person) Total Amount enclosed _____

**Mail form and check to: USS Compton Assn., PO Box 6621, Monroe Twp.,
New Jersey, 08831-6621.**

Make check out to USS Compton Assn. Please respond by March 31, 2011

Any Additional Names:

Please cut out and send to the above address...

Washington Reunion Banquet Menu:

Chicken Piccata

Chicken breast with a lemon caper sauce.

Sliced Sirloin of Beef

Sliced marinated grilled sirloin of beef finished with a mushroom Bordelaise sauce.

Both entrees are served with a tossed garden salad with a choice of dressings, warm rolls and butter, chef's selection of starch and fresh seasonal vegetables, carrot or chocolate cake, freshly brewed coffee, decaf coffee and iced tea.

Banquet Dress Code is Casual



Picture from the Charleston Reunion Archives:
Tony Zagame, We think he is secretly an “Airdale”...



Frank and Linda Milanese with the Kennedy



Carol and “Doc” Eames
In the words of fellow shipmate Ron Moody
“Only in the US Navy can you be a Boatswain Mate
one day and a ship’s doctor the next”...



Linda and Michael Olson
Looks like they shop together—looks good!!!

"A democracy has to be more than two wolves and a small lamb voting on what to have for dinner. Freedom under a constitutional republic is a well armed lamb contesting the vote." Benjamin Franklin

The Navy

*** I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four quarters of the globe -- the ship beneath me feeling like a living thing as her engines drove her swiftly through the sea.

*** I liked the sounds of the Navy - the piercing trill of the boatswains pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, the harsh squawk of the 1MC, and the strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

*** I liked Navy vessels -- nervous darting destroyers, plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers.

*** I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington , Saratoga , Coral Sea, Antietam, Valley Forge -- memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome.

*** I liked the lean angular names of Navy "tin-cans" and escorts -- Barney, Dahlgren, Mullinix, McCloy, Damato, Leftwich, Mills -- mementos of heroes who went before us. And the others -- San Jose , San Diego , Los Angeles , St. Paul , Chicago -- named for our cities.

*** I liked the tempo of a Navy band blaring through the topside speakers as we pulled away from the oiler after refueling at sea.

*** I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port.

*** I even liked the never-ending paperwork and all-hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies, both mundane and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

*** I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land, farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England , from the cities, the mountains and the prairies, from all walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me - for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word, they were "shipmates"; then and forever.

*** I liked the surge of adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now set the special sea and anchor detail - all hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side.

*** The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful, but the companionship of robust Navy laughter, the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea was ever present.

*** I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night.

*** I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness - the masthead and range lights, the red and green navigation lights and stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters - they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me that my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

*** I liked quiet midwatches with the aroma of strong coffee -- the lifeblood of the Navy permeating everywhere.

*** And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

*** I liked the sudden electricity of "General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations," followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a few brief seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war -- ready for anything.

*** And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would still recognize.

*** I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and women who made them. I liked the proud names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke. A sailor could find much in the Navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of the seaman's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood.

*** In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, they will still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods - the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

*** Gone ashore for good they will grow wistful about their Navy days, when the seas belonged to them and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

*** Remembering this, they will stand taller and say, **"I WAS A SAILOR ONCE AND WOULD DO IT AGAIN."**

Reprinted from the Internet—author unknown.

McLean Reunion Agenda

Friday April 29

12:00 noon Hospitality room open (Fairfax room), reunion registration.

Saturday April 30

8:30 am Gather for group tour. Use the door by *O'Malley's Pub*.

9:00am Busses leave the hotel for the driving tour of Washington DC.

10:00am Hospitality room open (Tuscan Grill/Renaissance Room) for those not taking the tour. **Note change in location of the Hospitality Room for Saturday only.**

12:00 noon Tour lunch at the Phillips Flagship Restaurant.

1:30pm Tour arrives at the Washington Navy Yard.

3:30pm Tour arrives at the US Navy Memorial in Washington DC and conducts a Memorial Service with a wreath laying ceremony.

5:30 pm Tour group arrives back at the Hotel.

8:00pm Hors d'oeuvres reception in the Hospitality Room (Tuscan Grill/Renaissance Room) provided by the Crowne Plaza Hotel.

Sunday May 1

9:00am Hospitality room open (Fairfax Room)

10:00am General Meeting in the Tysons Room.

5:30pm Gather at the banquet room (Oakton & McLean rooms) for group photographs. The professional photographers from our Warwick reunion will again take our pictures and offer them for sale later in the evening.

6:00pm-11:00pm Banquet plated dinner in the Oakton & McLean Room. (*Casual dress as always.*)

Monday May 2

Have a safe trip home or stay a few more days and see the sights.

FYI: The direct line to Crown Plaza Reservations is 703-893-2100

Midway

Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto

Converted for the Web from "[Battle Of Wits: The Complete Story Of Codebreaking In World War II](#)" by Stephen Budiansky

In the months since his lightning strike against the [American](#) fleet on December 7, [1941](#), Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Commander in Chief of [Japan's](#) Combined Fleet, had grown accustomed to the adulation of a grateful public; each day brought sacks of adoring letters. After the bombs fell on Tokyo he was rattled to find he had become the target of hate mail. He was wracked, too, with anxiety over the Emperor's personal safety.

Where had the bombers come from? Yamamoto pointed to Midway Island, America's westernmost outpost in the Pacific since the Philippines, Guam, and Wake Island had been overrun in Japan's seaborne blitzkrieg. It was a plausible conclusion, even if Shangri-La was actually closer to the mark. Midway was twenty-five hundred miles from Japan and thirteen hundred miles from Honolulu. Thus, Yamamoto argued, as long as it remained in American hands, bombers could fly from Hawaii to Midway, and from Midway to strike Dai Nippon. Japan's defensive perimeter would have to be pushed back farther still.

Two days later, Yamamoto's fleet air officer, Captain Yoshitake Miwa, noted in his diary that if further raids on the mainland were to be prevented, "there would be no other way but to make a landing on Hawaii. This makes landing on Midway a prerequisite. This is the very reason why the Combined Fleet urges a Midway operation." But, truth be told, Yamamoto had had his eyes on Midway for months. Untouched by the "victory fever" that swept through Japan's high command, Yamamoto insisted that unless America could be forced swiftly to accept a negotiated settlement, Japan was ultimately doomed. The grand admiral was a gambler and something of a playboy; he had been to Harvard to learn English, served in Washington as a naval attaché, and his knowledge of America's industrial power made him view war with the [United States](#) as folly. But if war was inevitable, he had consistently argued, Japan's only hope was to risk all on a knockout blow. America's industrial might would take months or even years to fully mobilize: thus Yamamoto's bold stroke on December 7.

Unfortunately, that had left the job only half done. America's battleships had been caught at anchor at Pearl Harbor, but her aircraft carriers, at sea on the morning of the Japanese attack, had escaped.

Throughout March and early April a bitter fight roiled Japan's high command. Yamamoto pressed his case with mounting impatience: To draw the American carriers into the decisive battle, Japan must seize an objective that the United States would have to defend. If his plan to attack Midway was not approved, he would resign. The Naval General Staff sputtered. Midway might be of strategic value to an America on the defensive, the staff insisted, but it was worthless to Japan. Midway was a rocky atoll hardly larger than the small airstrip that stretched from one end of the island to the other; it could hold no more aircraft than a single carrier. The naval staff preferred a thrust to the south to cut off [Australia](#), or, even more ambitiously, to seize Ceylon and India and link up with the German forces in the Near East. The Japanese Army, its eyes on China and on the threat [Russia](#) would pose if it entered the Pacific war, declared it would have nothing to do with Yamamoto's scheme, either.

But as the dust from Doolittle's bombs settled, the Army staff came forward with a new demand: It now insisted that the Army must be included in Yamamoto's forthcoming assault on Midway.

Navy Union Jack Flag

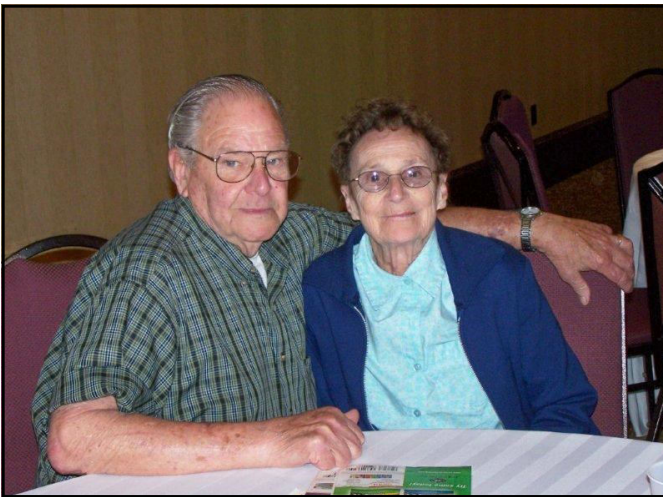


In the fall of 1775, as the first ships of the Continental Navy readied in the Delaware River, Commodore Esek Hopkins issued a set of fleet signals. Among these signals was an instruction directing his vessels to fly a striped Jack and Ensign at their proper places. The custom of the jack-type flag had originated with the Royal Navy in the 15th century or earlier; such was the likely source of Hopkins' inspiration. This first U.S. Navy Jack has traditionally been shown as consisting of 13 horizontal alternating red and white stripes with a superimposed rattlesnake and the motto "Don't Tread on Me." The [rattlesnake had long been a symbol](#) of resistance to British repressive acts in Colonial America; its display on the new jack of the fledgling Continental Navy fit naturally with the fervor of the times.

According to Dr. Whitney Smith of the Flag Research Center, the traditional design of the First Navy Jack has never been accurately determined. Historians inferred the design from Hopkins' message and a color plate depicting a slightly different "Don't Tread Upon Me" flag used as a Navy Ensign in Admiral George Henry Preble's 1880 book, *History of the Flag of the United States*. Historians' widely copied Preble's rare color plate, thus providing the probable source of the traditional design of the First Navy Jack.

The first U.S. Navy use of the Union Jack (a flag replicating the canton i.e. white stars on a blue field of the U.S. Flag) probably occurred soon after the adoption of the First Stars and Stripes Law on June 14, 1777.

The First Stars and Stripes Law stated that the Flag of the United States be 13 stripes alternating red and white and that the union be 13 white stars in a blue field representing a new constellation. Although the date of introduction of the Union Jack is not precisely known, a 1785 engraving of the frigate USS Philadelphia clearly depicts the Union Jack flying from her jackstaff. As the number of states increased, the Union Jack was altered to conform to the canton of the national flag. General orders were issued from time to time by the Navy Department when a change in the number of stars was necessary.



Love is forever young—This is one nice picture
Earl and Evelyn Clay



I thought I heard "General Quarters" !!!!

ASSOCIATION DUES:

Questions on Compton Association dues
The annual dues for our Association is \$20.00 per year and they are due at various times during the year.
When you receive your "Compton Newsletter" if your dues are currently due or due in the next month— ahead—you will receive a dues envelope with your current Newsletter.
If your dues are not paid and are over one year past due you will receive a final notice from Joe Napoli...

Donations

The Association thanks fellow shipmate Joe Nowakowski for his personal gift of Compton clocks to Rick Rickard and Ron Moody for their efforts on behalf of our Association...



Blue Bird Club—Naples, Italy

January 1, 1961

L—R

Vern Selby, Mike Seymore Jim Neiss, Bill Bouffard,
Terry Sarubbe, Charlie Gray and Larry Farnham
Photo: submitted by Larry Farnham

Larry Farnham—with a new left shoulder. With therapy, Millie Farnham said they will be at the Washington reunion. In the picture, Larry is hoisting his brew with his right arm, maybe should have started exercising the other arm and solved today's shoulder problem

A Former Shipmate needs your help: Joseph "Joe" McInerney- BT3 USS Compton 1951-1954
- Mr. McInerney worked as a BOILER TENDER aboard the Compton from 1951-1954. He developed MESOTHELIO-MA as a result of asbestos exposure aboard the Compton and died in 1999 at the age of 67. My firm represents Mr. McInerney's wife, Suzanne, in an asbestos lawsuit against the manufacturers of the boilers, pumps, valves, gaskets and other equipment and machinery aboard the Compton. If you knew Joe McInerney or have information about how he was exposed to asbestos while aboard the Compton, please call Danny R. Kraft Jr. of Weitz & Luxenberg, P.C. at 212-558-5668. You can also email Dan Kraft at dkraftjr@weitzlux.com. On behalf of the McInerney family, I thank you for your assistance in this matter.

Our office represents the Estate of Norman Egeland, deceased, and his widow, who served aboard the USS Compton DD705 between July 1, 1960 and January 5, 1962 as a Machinist Mate 2nd class. If you served with Mr. Egeland and would be willing to help us identify asbestos aboard the ship, please call 1 800-471-3980, ext 431 and ask for Bob Jarsulic. You may also email me at rjarsulic@gpwlaw.com. Thank you. If there are any other questions please do not hesitate to call. Thank you for your help and cooperation relating to Mr. Egeland.

Compton Obituaries

Francis Chartier, passed 10/10/2006—he was a Gunners Mate and Plank Owner. Francis served on the Compton during the Okinawa campaign.
(This information was recently sent to us by his daughter)

Donald Carl Christensen, 80, of 1300 22nd Ave., Menominee, Mich., passed away Wednesday evening, July 28, 2010, at the Menominee Care Center. Don was born on September 2, 1929, in Peshtigo, Wis., to the late Carl and Pearl (Fetterly) Christensen.
Don was married to the former Margaret Langer. Don proudly served our country in the United States Navy, from 1947-1950, serving aboard the U.S.S. Compton. For many years he worked for Sentinel Structures, retiring in 1992. He was a member of Emmanuel Lutheran Church, and a former member of the Menominee American Legion Post #146.