

USS REEVES

DLG 24

PROUD TO SERVE

FAMILY-GRAM

No. 3-66

At Sea with the Seventh Fleet

10 August 1966

A NOTE FROM THE BRIDGE

Very shortly after our return to Japan I will turn command of Reeves over to Captain Gordon R. HOPWOOD, USN. But before reluctantly leaving this fine ship and crew, I wanted each of you to know -- through this Familygram -- of our recent experiences and achievements. One of these, a highly important one, was the success our married men had in getting their families settled in Japan before we left on patrol in June. On the strength of advance reports, I was slightly apprehensive that all of these men would succeed in finding suitable accommodations for their families during our relatively short visit to our new homeport. But they did succeed: Some have already move into government quarters and many others have located nice homes in the summer resort town of Hayama -- a short distance from Yokosuka.

On leaving Yokosuka on June 30th, we proceeded to Subic Bay in the Philippine Islands where we remained only a short while to load fuel and embark helicopter detachment 17 for the patrol. Leaving Subic, we crossed the South China Sea to Da Nang and after two days there arrived at our station in the Gulf of Tonkin on July 9th to commence a 30 day patrol.

During that patrol our readiness was excellent, our performance was outstanding, and our spirits were high -- each of us takes pride in the fact he contributed to saving a man's life. When Commander Foster, the Commanding Officer of Light Attack Squadron 163, was wounded by ground fire over Vinh, he succeeded in steering his plane away from the coast toward Reeves and parachuted over water for recovery by our boat. Prompt medical treatment saved his life. In this and other ways we contributed to supporting our nation's objective of peace in Viet Nam.

And now that we are on our way home I regret very much leaving the outstanding group of men who have served with me in Reeves and are serving their country so loyally and faithfully at this particular time of crisis in Southeast Asia. I am extremely proud of their fine performance and strong devotion to duty in the face of countless demanding tasks while at sea for extended periods of time. They are collectively a great group of men and each one of them shares credit for the outstanding achievements and fine reputation of this ship. In leaving I wish all of them every success and much happiness to families and friends of my crew.



CAPTAIN WENTWORTH

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "P. J. Wentworth". The signature is written in a cursive style and is located at the bottom right of the page.



CAPTAIN WENTWORTH CONGRATULATE CHIEFS - JONES AND HARDEN

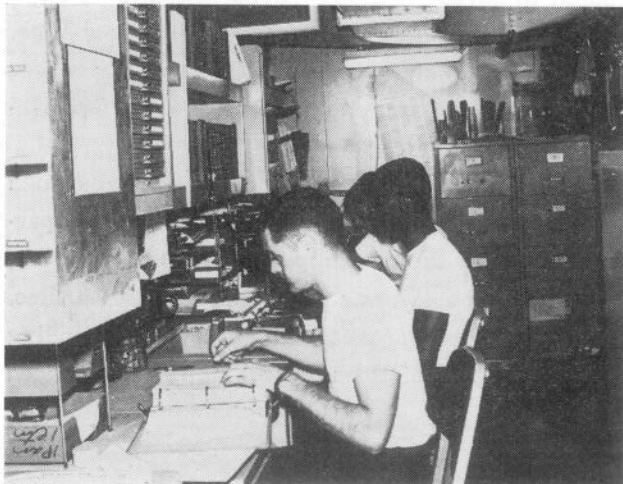
CPO PLANK OWNERS SHIP OVER

Senior Chief Sonarman Donald G. JONES and Chief Machinists Mate George T. HARDEN, Reeves' plank owners who remember the long hours of building, testing and fitting out Reeves in Bremerton, Washington, prior to commissioning in June 1964, recently shipped over for four years respectively in a shipboard ceremony.

Chief JONES operates and maintains the anti-submarine warfare system aboard Reeves, specializing in the complex SQS 23 sonar. A chief petty officer for the last five years, Chief JONES has been in the Navy thirteen years, demonstrating rapid advancement. Chief JONES was advanced to senior chief sonarman in 1965.

Chief HARDEN has been charged with responsibility since setting foot aboard Reeves in early 1964. As a machinists mate aboard a new, large, sophisticated ship, Chief HARDEN has worked with the newest of the Navy's conventional propulsion system. Chief HARDEN departs Reeves this month for duty aboard USS RUPERTUS (DD-851), a Long Beach based destroyer. There Chief HARDEN will join his wife, Dorothy, and four children: Linda (10), Steven (9), Darrel (4), and Michael (4), who in San Pedro, California.

Chief JONES' wife, Lillie, and three children: Donald (11), Devonna (9), and Douglas (6), have joined Reeves' families in moving west to our new homeport of Yokosuka, Japan, where they will live for the next two years.



CORE OF THE "MILL"

Yeoman Michael P. ELLIOTT, Cecil E. RANSOM, and Michael D. McGINNIS work in Reeves' Executive Office where the vast administrative processes (more familiarly dubbed "The Papermill") begin and end.

REEVES RECAP

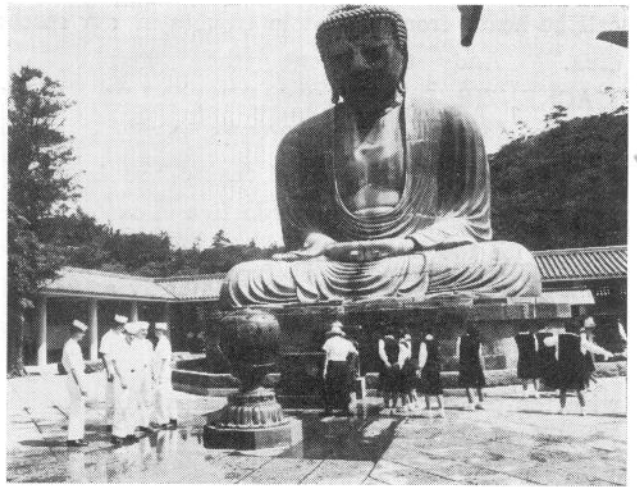
Officers and men of Reeves have been on the move since departing Long Beach and the U. S. 26 May. And it appears that the first two months of the extended trek to the Far East are only an indication of things yet to come.

In taking leave in late May from friends and families in Long Beach, Reeves' sailors began a rapid transit of the Pacific in company with other Destroyer Squadron NINE ships. But the long voyage to our new home in Japan was quickly broken by a five day recreation stop in Pearl Harbor. While preparations were made for the extended Pacific operations with the staff of CincPacFlt, time was found to tour the USS ARIZONA Memorial, visit Waikiki Beach, enjoy the fine restaurants and night clubs in the island setting, and enjoy the splendor of the Pali while touring the island of Oahu.

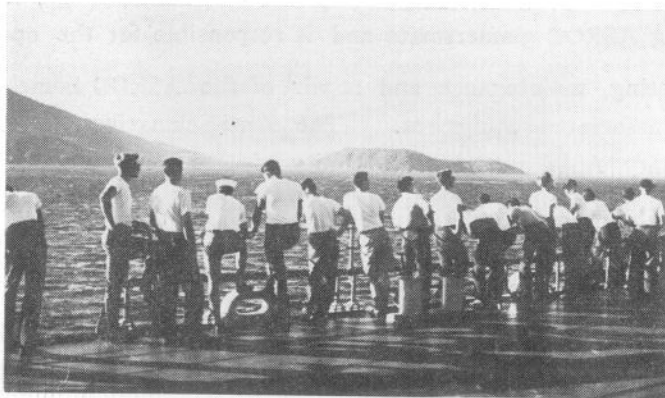
From Pearl Reeves headed directly for the new Destroyer Squadron NINE homeport of Yokosuka, Japan. Upon completion of the relief of Destroyer Squadron THREE ships on 15 June, two weeks of continuous activity commenced for Reeves' personnel attempting to settle families in the new environment while continuing preparation for Far East Naval Operations. As families flew into the Tokyo area from the U. S., houses had to be found, household effects moved, children cared for, cars registered and licensed, plus completing numerable other harrying and time consuming tasks.

The two week stay in Japan was not all work and preparation for the impending operations in the South China Sea. Regularly scheduled tours made available through Special Services allowed almost everyone to visit areas of particular interest to the newcomers in the Orient. Tour groups to Tokyo and Hakone National Park proved to be the favorites.

And when the ship's departure date of 1 July loomed large with the sunrise, all affairs were not completely settled, all cars and household goods had not arrived from the U. S, and some families continued to arrive. With the able assistance of those families already settled, and the help of the friendly, conscientious personnel in the Yokosuka area, the remaining families were able to settle in their new homeport. Even Typhoon Kit's close brush with



Tours interest new and old alike



A first look at Danang Harbor

the Yokosuka area could not dampen the spirits of the arriving families.

The 1 July departure date for Reeves presaged a new and different challenge for the 380 man crew. For many this was the first experience of operations within the U. S. Seventh Fleet. And the demands of the Seventh Fleet's effort in the Vietnam area were quickly felt. Training and readiness suddenly became very meaningful to Reeves' men as the requirements of supporting that effort were fully thrust upon Reeves.

THE MEN OF THE "GREEN DRAGON"

In performing the mission of search and rescue off the coast of Vietnam, the vehicle of prime importance to the ship's mission becomes the helicopter carried on the fantail. On Tuesday, 5 July, Reeves rendezvoused with its "Green Dragon" and the crew that was to care for it throughout the month long patrol.

With co-pilot LTJG Gordon WILLIAMSON, I. E. IRELAND, AMS2, and E. G. PEMBERTON, AA, completing LT MEILING's flight crew, daily check out hops were conducted in the mornings to ensure instant readiness should a distress call be heard from a pilot in trouble in our rescue area. And throughout the patrol Chief MACKENZIE, R. E. EDWARDS, ADR2, M. J. RIGHY, AT3, and J. R. ROGERS, AA, maintained an alert posture that would ensure the launch of there helo from Reeves within five minutes should an emergency so dictate.

With the words, "Flight quarters, set the helo detail," all hands became singularly involved with launching the "Green Dragon" as quickly as possible. Once the helo detail is manned, the ship is turned into the wind, power is applied to the helo to permit the rotors to begin rotation, and a green deck is given the pilot for helo launch. In the emergency situation, launch will occur in three to five minutes with the personnel in Reeves' Combat Information Center directing the helo to the rescue area.



Our "GREEN DRAGON" at rest on the Fantail

MCCAIN ADVANCED TO CPO

The pattern of life for the career Navy man consists of a series of rating advancements commensurate with the individual's demonstrated ability to cope with increased responsibilities. The transition from first class petty officer to chief petty officer is the most complete, coveted and difficult environmental change an enlisted man may experience.

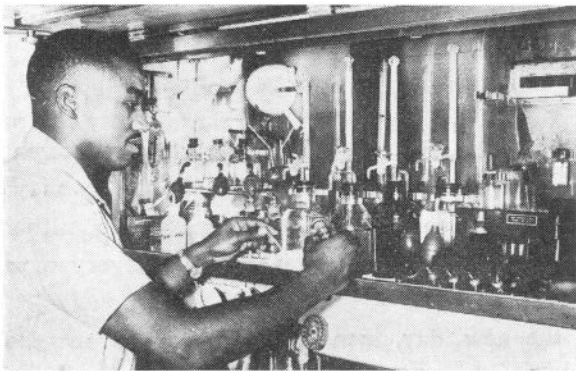
Sixteen July was the day Donald E. McCain made this transition to chief gunnersmate. In donning the "khaki cover", Chief McCain experienced his big moment in a Navy career encompassing fourteen years. Chief McCain is the Reeves' leading ASROC gunnersmate and is responsible for the operation,



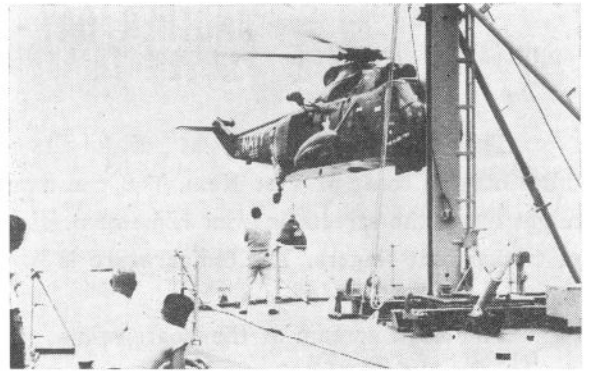
Chief McCain

testing, maintenance and repair of the ASROC launcher and its associated equipment. The Anti-Submarine Rocket, the primary ASW weapons capability of Reeves, is a torpedo fired from a launching system just forward of the ship's bridge.

Chief McCain's wife, Miwako, and daughters, Debra Kaye, aged 7, and Cynthia Ann, aged 4, have moved to Yokosuka, Japan, for the ship's two year deployment to the Orient.



PERRY, BT1 testing boiler feedwater



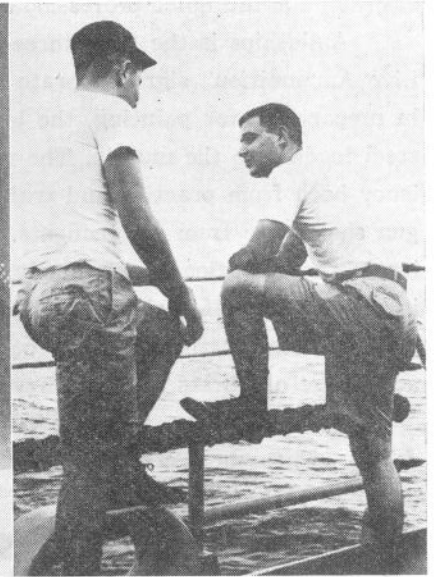
"BLUE FOX" delivers the mail



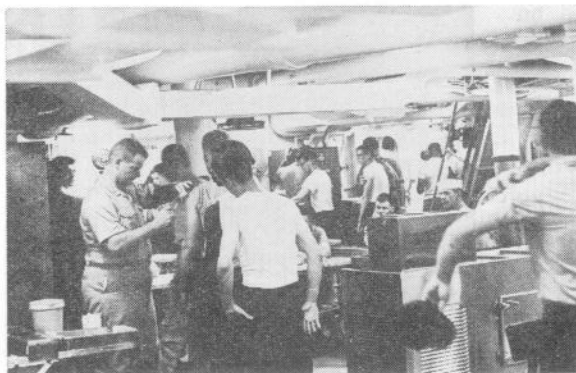
MILLER, ETN3 tuning equipment



They also serve



SPANE, RMSN, & JICKA, RD3



DR. MUNDEN gives plague shots



Chief CIANCI with storekeepers in GSK

ANOTHER DAY - MARK E. MURRAY, STG3

The time is ten-thirty A.M., 27 July 1966; the place is SAR (Search and Rescue) station, twenty miles off the coast of Viet Nam. You can name the islands and coastal land marks of Viet Nam as you might name the streets in your hometown. Heat waves shimmer from the dark gray decks like millions of transparent fingers. The temperature is 90° and climbing. This is what greets the sailor every morning.

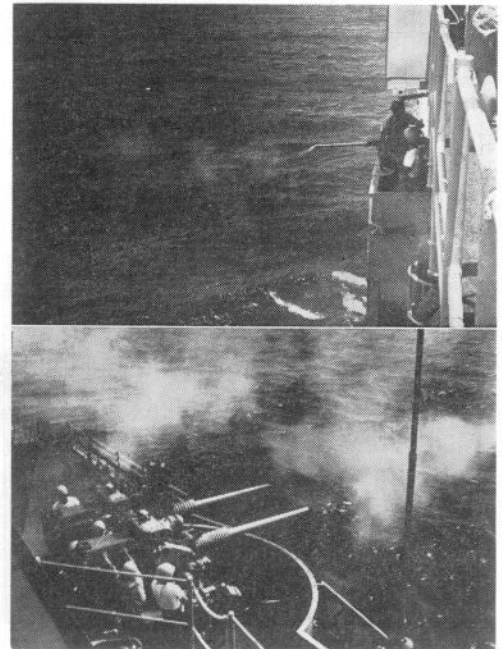
The shrill scream of the boatswain's pipe brings in the new day, men began to move about their duties. On the fantail is our helicopter so aptly named "The Green Dragon." The copter crew begins the never-ending job of lubricating, painting, cleaning guns and making electrical checks. The Green Dragon and its crew must be ready at a moments notice to swing into action-preparedness is their byword.

Overlooking the Green Dragon is one of the Reeves two powerful terrier missile launchers. The missilemen and fire controlmen are scurrying about the launcher performing electrical checks and launcher practice. It is their task to keep this potent weapon ready for utilization. There is no confusion or disorder but the quiet professionalism of men who know their job.

Amidships is the twin three-inch fifty caliber mounts - and the gunnersmate's enormous "No Smoking-Live Ammunition" signs decorate the twin mount. While three men sand down the long cylindrical barrels in preparation for painting, the leading gunnersmate inspects the gleaming bore, with its gentle swirl of steel leading to the muzzle. The men crawl over the gun like ants over a lump of sugar, displaying efficiency born from practice and training. As I leave the three inch mount, the loud staccato of a machine gun shakes me from my thoughts. Below the wing of the bridge, a young gunnersmate is under instruction in the operation of our newly acquired fifty caliber. His sweat streaked, sun-tanned features are set in a grim mold of seriousness. With every recoil, his corded forearms jerk spasmodically. The instructor beside him gives the sign for "cease fire"; the firing stops. The tall red haired teacher explains the advantage of bursts for accuracy and cooling allowance to the young gunner.

The signalmen who are constantly in the broiling sun have tans beyond belief a deep, dark, rich color. These brown men send and receive messages by flags, semaphore and flashing light at an almost inhuman rate. A signalman two hundred yards away on an escort ship stands wildly flailing his arms and going through wierd contortions as he sends a message. The man beside me nods his head knowingly, scribbles six sentences on a board and sends him the acknowledged "understood". Scanning the horizon are the trained eyes of the lookouts, like the signalmen they have deep dark tans, the sharp eyes and sharper reflexes.

Studying intently, the helmsmen watches the great panel of glowing wheels, dials and indicators with a firm grip on the giant brass wheel. In each hand the leehelmsman holds a lever to the engine order telegraph which transmits orders to the ship's engineer. When given the word from the Officer of the Deck, the leehelmsman implements the order accordingly with a great clang of bells and buzzers. Meanwhile, on the bridge sits the Captain looking out across the placid sea knowing that on his shoulders rests the awesome responsibility for the ship and the crew. Here is a a man that has a quiet pride in his ship and in his men.



From the bridge I watch the gymnast of the Navy, dangling precariously on mobile scaffolds hung by strong manila lines, stnding, painting and scrapping. The boatswain's mates and deck crew are like monkeys climbing over the ship's superstructure, repairing and painting where the sea's salt spray, sun and wind have done their damage. Each man carries out his assigned task under the stern watchfulness of the fabled "Boats". An inch long cigar, protrudes out from the corner of his mouth and great sprawling sea serpents decorate each of his broun forearms. This is "Boats" !

Leaving the bridge, I enter CIC, Combat Informetion Center, the nerve center of the ship. Here men work in darkness, watching the rotation of red glowing lines on great circular screens, leaving in their path small incandescent spots. Each spot has a significance to the observer. His eye is trained to know, evaluate and report each contact to the correlation centers. If for the first time an outsider walked into CIC, he would see what appears to be the work of a lunatic set free with brushes and irridescent paint, playing tic-tac-toe on huge trans parent [plastic boards, writing such odd names as daneleons, fair ladies, and animals on the boards. But each word, code, line, rader scope, and evaluation makes up the present updated picture of what is taking place in every location of the China Sea.

Here, while men watch the skies and the surface, sonar probes the murky depths for any danger lurking there. Trough these amazing electrical and mechanical devices a giant bubble of safety surrounds the ship, extending from the skies, onto the surface, and into the depths. Each man sits in the quiet dark jungle of scopes, green lighted boards and soft whirring sounds and waits, listens and watches.

As I leave CIC the odor of fresh baked bread and pastries reaches me. The galley is buzzing with activity. The cooks are preparing the next meal, pounding, kneading, and rolling great heaps of vanilla colored dough. Three times a day, they go through this ritual and when they are completed the next shift of night bakers continue the task. The characteristic white cooks hat is tilted to one side as the head cook slices meat, taking that certain professional pride in his culinary skills. The gleaming stainless steel ovens and refrigerators reflect the clean white aprons, the dough boards, and the multi-colored salads heaped up in hugh wooden bowls. As a floating city, a warship must and does make every concievable commodity the crew needs: bread, milk, ice cream, salads, soups, etc.

As I move through the passageway a blast of hot air hits my back. The door to an engineering space was left open. Down in "the hole" the engineers are cleaning firesides -- the insides of the boilers. The blackened faces and dark smudges of "black oil" mingled with a temperature of 120° are reminiscent of foundry and the great steel mills of Pittsburgh. A network of intricate steam pipes, gauges, valves, and pressure switches, each having a designation, interlace the overhead and walls. The engineer's ashen complexion gives him the appearance of some ghostly apparition out of Dicken's Christmas Carol, testament that he seldom sees blue skies or sun for days at a tlme. But the engineer never seems to mind it, for this is his work and he is at home with his gauges, grease and valves. As I make my way up the long stainless steel ladder, I hear at the same time the boatswain's pipe blow "knock off ship's work."

The cold freshness of a shower washes away the South China Sea humldity that congeals on the body. Relaxing after the evening meal, I stroll aft to the fan-tail. The two huge bitts placed for the purpose of securing mooring lines in post have cooled in the waning rays of the evening sun; now they convert into seats for relaxing and quiet musings. It's just another day, another day without incident; an other day of work, tension, and a touch of loneliness.

STAPLE HERE

U. S. S. RE VES (DLG 24)
C/O Fleet Office
San Francisco Calif. 96601

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U. S. S. REEVES (DLG 24)

“PROUD

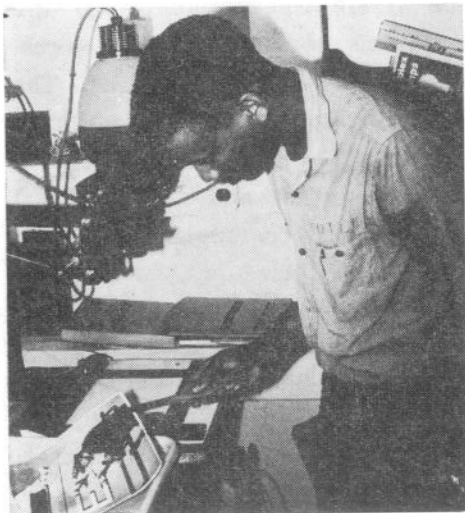
TO

SERVE“

U. S. SEVENTH FLEET



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The photographs appearing throughout this Familygram may be attributed to the professionalism and effort of Reeves' Photographer C. E. WHITTLE, ETN3. A professional photographer prior to enlisting in the Navy, WHITTLE's abilities are obvious to the "knowing" eye and well illustrated by this self photograph in the Reeves' photo lab.