

KEARSAGA

U. S. S. Kearsarge Association News Letter

ISSUE 69

CV, CVA, CVS-33, LHD-3

SPRING 2019

President's
Message
by C. V. Lindley



HOPE YOU ALL HAD A VERY HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON

Great news everyone, we have a new Editor for The Association life line, "The KEARSAGA" News Letter. I introduce Jack De Merit (a new member also) to you, his biography is included in this edition. All of your Association Officers were pretty excited (and relieved) when Jack stepped up and answered the General Quarters Bell. He was a LI 3 (Lithographer) on board Kearsarge and ultimately retired from the USNR as a LIC. He actually worked on the KEARSAGA staff as a young Sailor so he brings that experience with him from many years past.

I would be remiss if I didn't also tell you that John Elko (ATR 2, VAW 11, Det. "Romeo") also stepped up for the KEARSAGA duties. As Jack De Merit had already volunteered, John graciously deferred. Our Association is fortunate to have the great supportive "Ship Mates" of both Jack and John.

I have written in previous editions about our efforts to recruit Kearsarge LHD 3 sailors so here's an update. VP Barry has had communications with the LHD 3 "Face Book" administrator so we now have a new path to get the word passed on our Association. (The LHD 3 Captains column in this edition is a result of Barry's efforts.)

The KEARSARGE LHD 3 is currently on a long deployment in the Middle Eastern waters as well as the Mediterranean Area of Operations (AOR). She deployed shortly before Christmas with the "Cruise" length not published. Keep our Sailors and Marines in your thoughts and prayers please.

In the first week of May, VP Barry and I along with our wife's, (Lynda and Jan) are heading to Milwaukee (MKE) to plan and make our 2020 reunion arrangements. Your comments/suggestions are always welcomed and appreciated, after all, it's YOUR REUNION. I will provide 2020 reunion information as it develops beginning with the Summer 2019 KEARSAGA.
C.V.

"IN OMNIBUS PINNACULUM"

WELCOME ABOARD New Members!

1496 Jack M. De Merit, LI3
4112 W. 161st Street
Lawndale, CA 90260



1497 Peter T. Mark, ABF3
2129 Stratford Ave.
Abington, PA 19001-1010

1498 Robert M. Smeck, RD2
14574 Iroquois Ave.
Largo, FL 33774

1499 David L. Biffath, FN
4207 Bunker Hill Lane
North Highlands, CA 95660

P135 Audrey Lilly, (Plank Owner)
1000 20th Ave. N W #A7
Minot, ND 58703-1262

P1500 James B. Slattery, S1C (Plank Owner)
1533 North Beach Street
Ormaond Beach, FL 32174-3403

1501 Randolph H. Malak, SN
7966 Leway Drive
Riverside, CA 92508

Meet Our New Editor



Our new Editor, Jack De Merit is also a new member of the Association. He enlisted in 1961 with the Naval Reserve. He served onboard from August 1964 to September 1966. He reported to the ship as an LISN and departed the ship having just passed the LI2 exam. He was one of the two reasons why the ship was Voted Top Ten Carrier Newsletters five consecutive times. The other reason was JO1 Marc Whetstone who arrived on the Kearsarge one day after Jack.

In the Reserves he also served aboard the Collahan, DD-659; the Ajax, AR-919; Bryce Canyon, AD-36; Acadia, AD-32; Sperry, AS-12 and Dixon, AS-17. His last assignment with the Dixon was as the Chief of the Boat. He was discharged in February 1990 with 28 years and 9 months service. If you check the Kearsage on our website, he is pictured on Page 16 of the November 1965 issue.

He is currently serving as Chaplain with his Masonic Lodge in Playa del Rey California along with being the Editor and Printer of the Lodge's 16 page monthly bulletin and Building Manager. Add to that, he is on the Board of Directors of the Los Angeles National Cemetery Support Foundation and designs, typesets and has printed the Memorial Day Programs for the last 7 years.

In his spare time he does all the Ad building, typesetting and layout of the Camarillo California phone book for the last 30 years. **WELCOME ABOARD!**

Wierd Stuff You Didn't Know!

Believe it or not, you can read this:

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uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg The
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ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be
a taotl mses and you can still raed it wou-
thit a porbelm. This is bcuseae the huamn
mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef,
but the wrod as a wlohe. Amzanig huh?



U. S. S. Kearsarge (LHD 3) CAPTAIN'S CORNER

It takes tremendous effort to launch an aircraft on time. For the Marine AV-8B Harrier in the photo to depart on its mission, literally hundreds of personnel must carry out their responsibilities in the process. The most obvious is the Marine pilot and Navy flight deck crew ("Yellow-shirts", "Blue-shirts", and "Red-shirts") from V-1 Division.

Of course the aircraft was fueled many hours before the launch by Sailors from V-4 Division ("Purple-shirts") and loaded by aviation ordnance personnel from Weapons Department. It may have spent several days in the hangar and returned to the flight deck by the pros in V-3 Division. Necessary repairs and inspections were performed by Marine mechanics and technicians from the Aviation Combat Element (ACE).

But the list goes on. Spare parts were drawn from Supply Department's S-6 Division and meals were supplied by S-2 Division. Electricity, water, sewer, and steam propulsion was generated by Engineering Department. Watch teams on the Bridge and in the Combat Information Center (CIC) navigated the ship into open waters and adequate headwinds for takeoff. Marine and Navy analysts provided crucial pre-flight mission support relying on command and control (C2) systems maintained by our Information Technology experts.

The aircraft's return is no exception. Our air traffic controllers will be there when it's time to bring the aircraft back aboard.

So remember: before the 28,000 pound jet in the photo can courageously launch from the Kearsarge flight deck, thousands of individual tasks were completed accurately, swiftly, and coordinated with hundreds of other supporting tasks.

All in a day's work by the women and men you call family and friends.

Sincerely, Captain Rimmer

SEA STORIES BY NAVY PILOTS

Disgusting! I am shocked and appalled! I had heard about such debauchery, but always thought it was embellished. Now this narrative is the R-rated version. Let me assuage the fears of you ladies, officers, and gentlemen about the monastic lifestyle of Navy fighter pilots of yesteryear.

First, my squadron, VF-194 (The Legendary Red Lightning's), tried to set an example for the rest of the Fleet. Since the statutes of limitation have expired, let me just give you the highlights of the Red Lightning (call sign "Red Flash") social structure:

* Individual call signs: Hot Dog (me), Gator, Maggot, Buzzard, Porky, Taco, Brillo, Spanky, Sheepdog, Master (last name Bates), Burger, Crusher, Rat, and Devil. They may or may not be descriptive of their owners.

* Squadron awards: The Black Max. Given for social conduct above and beyond the call of indecency. Plaque awarded, and corresponding patch to be worn on flight jacket.

* Favorite shore-based hangouts: The East Inn Club (Olongapo); Dragonboat Bar (Hong Kong Hilton); any bar in Wanchai district of Hong Kong; the Royal Hawaiian Hotel (Honolulu); Ft. DeRussy (Waikiki); any disco in Kowloon; Marine Corps Recruit Depot O'Club (San Diego); Miramar O'Club (San Diego); Chretin's Cantina (Yuma); Bully's (La Jolla); and the infamous, original Cubi Pt. O'Club. Personally, I always avoided such places, and spent my time in the Christian Science Reading Rooms.

Now, in spite of the squadron's rigid decorum when ashore, there were a few unfortunate incidents---which usually resulted in an award of the Black Max. Perhaps the Top Ten are:

1) Senior Lieutenant (Is there such a thing?) falls in love in Olongapo and insists on going home to meet the lovely's parents. Robbed after passing out, he wakes up with a rooster crowing on his chest and wallet stripped of ID and cash. Gains entry to Subic base by showing Marine guard his Playboy Club card.

2) Commanding Officer becomes infuriated when denied a Navy car to return to the ship (Where is Uber when you need them?) from O'Club. Steals base police vehicle, and after a high speed police chase, crashes vehicle through wall of O'Club. Transported to ship in paddy wagon. CO placed in hack by CAG.

3) Certain junior officers re-paint MCAS Yuma runway with huge red letters at night to read "VF-194" instead of "21 R". Also painted red lightning bolt on base water tower, then nearly destroyed BOQ with a fire extinguisher and fire hose fight. Squadron CO arrested and placed in hack. Squadron exiled from ever returning to Yuma by the base CO.

4) The Buzzard became hopelessly drunk at Miramar O'Club's bar, while retired officers and their wives were dancing in the adjoining ball room. Drops trou, moons dance floor, and falls down laughing, with pants

around ankles. Placed in hack and almost court-martialed; saved by a sympathetic COMNAVAIRPAC ("What the hell--he's a Crusader pilot. He'll probably get killed anyway, so let him go on cruise.")

5) At Porky's going-away party (leaving active duty), he punches out both the current and former COs. When ordered to report the next day for Captain's Mast, he replies, "I'm a civilian." He became an airline pilot.

6) During a weekend in Tokyo at the Sanno R&R hotel, the LT in #1 above fell in love with a Swedish SAS flight attendant. After she left the bar and went to her room, she refused to answer his knocks on the door. He opened the window to his own room, and did a "human fly" walk on the pigeon ledge, working his way to her room. He slipped into her room, and she emerged from the shower to throw him to the floor and beat him mercilessly. She apparently was a karate black belt. He begged, "Please stop, I just want to leave!" Since she spoke Swedish, and no English, the beating continued. He was grounded for a month with two broken ribs.

7) The air wing commander (CAG) had a few too many nightcaps at the old Cubi O'Club, and accosted a burly Marine 1/LT grunt at the bar: "I'm Billy Phillips, I'm the world's greatest fighter pilot, and I can have your ass!" The Marine knocked him to the floor, unconscious. CAG left the next morning for Hong Kong in the COD, sporting a huge black eye. My Skipper's comment: "Charming."

8) In the hot living spaces of the old USS Ticonderoga, beer supplies don't last long. The Buzzard was tapped to fly into Cubi with a flak-damaged F-8, and return when repaired. His shopping list was several cases of Heineken's in cans, to be transported in the bird's, unpressurized ammo compartment. Unfortunately, he flew from Cubi to Yankee Station at too high an altitude, and the beer froze. Upon landing on the ship, the thawing beer exploded and he taxied to the bow with beer foam flowing down the side of the aircraft. When the Air Boss asked what that was, our Ops officers said hydraulic fluid.

9) After a successful Alpha Strike into Hanoi, the pilots of both fighter squadrons gathered in our Skipper's stateroom for refreshments. One of the sister squadron's pilots (USNA '61), whose call sign was "Jaws," became overly imbibed and bit the Skipper on the shoulder in an act of brotherly love. Skipper was grounded for about two weeks and Flight Surgeon made him get rabies shots.

10) After a bad night in Olongapo, The Buzzard overslept and missed the ship's departure. Lacking any flight gear, he raced to the flight line clad in barong, chinos, and loafers. He talked the chief into giving him an aircraft. When the ship turned into the wind offshore to receive the COD, The Buzzard zipped into the break and landed also, while the tower was confused. When he taxied past the tower, the Air Boss, noticed Buzzard had no flight gear on except an old helmet. Our Ops officer said it "was a custom Hong Kong flight suit."

As RADM Tarrant (Frederic March) said in "Bridges at Toko-Ri," "Where do we get such men?"



HARPER, Robert T.
Jr., CDR, USN (Ret.)

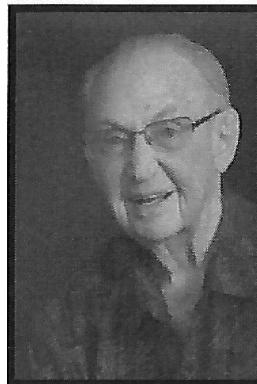
Born 1926 in Gallipolis, OH, Mr. Harper grew up in Point Pleasant, West Virginia. At 17, he joined the Navy in 1945 as an enlisted member. He went to Penn State and studied Aeronautical Engineering, as part of a program the Navy called V-12 College Training. This program, where he made straight A's, was designed to allow members to attend college, earn their degrees, and become Naval Officers.

After completion of the program and upon being commissioned, he was transferred to Rhode Island. When he reported in, a LTJG informed him that he was going to be a "Deck Hand." Mr. Harper was extremely upset over this and let them know he wasn't supposed to be a Deck Hand -- he was supposed to fly aircraft. Well, I guess he raised enough of a fuss because the next day he was shipped out to Navy Flight School. He liked to tell the story that during flight school, the instructor was impressed with how fast he caught on to everything. Mr. Harper already knew how to fly, but he kept that information to himself. Unfortunately, one of his classmates eventually told the instructor, getting him in trouble.

He was deployed aboard the USS KEARSARGE (CV-33) conducting flight ops off her wood deck in the North Atlantic, South Atlantic, and the Mediterranean. After his return, he flew torpedo planes out of the Rhode Island Navy base until he transferred to the Reserves in 1949. He spent his Reserve time in various aircraft, piston and jet fighters, and anti-submarine and early jet fighters, one of which is presently on display on the USS LEXINGTON (CV-16).

Leaving active service, Mr. Harper completed his bachelor and master's degrees at MIT with Honors. Due to his grades, he was sought out by several large aerospace companies. But instead he decided on a small non-profit aeronautical research firm in Buffalo, NY -- Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory (CAL, now CALSPAN). He became one of the company's first engineering test pilots, and worked there until his retirement in 1992. He is best known for co-authoring the Cooper-Harper Rating scale used by test pilots worldwide. He frequently taught at both the Navy and Airforce Test Pilot Schools and was involved in the development of virtually every military aircraft developed until he retired, the last being the B-2 Stealth Bomber. As a Fellow in the Society of Experimental Test Pilots (SETP), he remained an active mentor to other test pilots and engineers until five years ago. His leisure was spent with his family in Bay Beach, Ontario.

A Funeral Service was held on August 20, 2018



Donald Francis "Mike" Lilly was born on May 30, 1928 in Minot, ND to Adelbert Wilmer and Alice Lilly. He was raised and educated in Minot, received his G.E.D. and attended Minot State University.

Don Enlisted into the U. S. Navy on July 13, 1945. He served his country in the Navy from 1945 to 1949, Air Force from 1949 to 1953, National Guard and Army from 1961 to 1962 when he was honorably discharged.

Don married Audrey R. Ally on June 1, 1958. They made their home in Minot. He spent his working life as a locomotive engineer for the Great Northern Railroad and Burlington Northern Railroad for 38 years, retiring in 1990. Don was active in his community and was a member of the Minot American Legion Post #26, Elks Lodge #1089 and U. S. S. Kearsarge Association. Don is survived by his loving wife of 60 years, Audrey. He was preceded in death by his parents.

TAPS!

It is with deep sadness to inform you that **Wesley M Swick** passed away on August 28, 2018. Wes was a small town country boy who joined the navy, with his brother Glen, directly out of high school and proudly served as a pipe fitter from 1952-55 on the Kearsarge. Once honorably discharged, he started work at Concrete Technology Corp., a manufacturer of prestressed bridge beams, piling, pier decking and other products. He retired as plant superintendent in 1987. Wes was a kind, respected, fun loving guy who was tough as nails, despite fighting heart problems and strokes for over 3 decades. He wore his Kearsarge hat to the Tuesday breakfast with the boys each week and always had a kind word for everyone. Wes is survived by his wife of 64 years (Tarice), children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, along with 2 younger brothers and tons of nieces, nephews and friends. He will be missed. Thank you for your time. Best regards, Doug Swick



Ronald E. Van De Steeg, Member 1138, YN-3
Onboard '47-'49 Died: 8/19/18

Sid L. Lundein, Member 1089, RM-2
Onboard '59 - '63 Died: 11/6/2018

Donald Francis "Mike" Lilly, Member P135, AN2
Onboard '47 - '49 Died: 1/28/2019

Robert T. HARPER, Jr., CDR

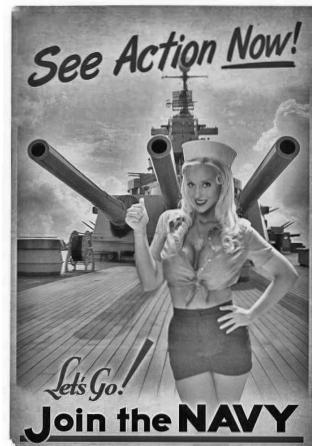
Dell (Rusty) Sanders,
AMH2



My name is Rusty Sanders, I was in V6 division, aboard the USS Kearsarge, from 1956 through 1959. My first deployment, we left the mainland and we pulled into Pearl Harbor and I had to stand the duty driver watch. Well, I had never been out of the state of Oklahoma, let alone anywhere else and at 12:30 A.M. we got a call saying that the skipper had left Pearl and he was on his way to the ship and I had to go pick him up. I asked the officer of the deck, "Where is the landing?" He was an Ensign, and he had not been out of the states either. He didn't know where it was, but he said I better get my butt over there because he left Twenty minutes ago. I thought oh my, I couldn't see anything and it was very dark and my thought was, "where do I go"? As I looked across the bay I saw a light coming in and I thought "Oh maybe that is him." So I followed the light to see where it went, and I followed it to this landing and thank God it was him. I did what I supposed to do and opened the door being the perfect gentleman. On the way back to the ship I got lost, with the skipper. Of all people! Finally he tapped me on the shoulder and he said, "Sailor."

I said, "Yes sir." He said, "Do you know where you are?" I said, "No sir, I don't have the slightest idea where I am." Well we were where the seaplanes were parked. He said, "I was stationed here in 1929." I said, "I wasn't even born yet". Thank God he had been at the officers club and he had he a few, and maybe a bunch, because he was pretty well loaded at the time. Thank God again for that. He showed me the way back to the ship. I could find an aircraft carrier on Ford Island in Pearl Harbor. WOW!

Thank god he had, had a few because that is probably what saved me from being in trouble. I could see me standing in front of a firing squad, I was scared to death. Of all people to get lost with I had done it with the ships skipper. That's my story.



POEM FROM FIBA

Going Ashore

*Avast ye swabs, land's in sight
make haste in sail for we land tonight.
And in the morn' at the break of day
we'll man the rails and gangplank way.
The Bos'n's pipe will trill and shrill
as we send a shipmate to the shore,
there to stay, forever more.*

*Tonight we'll crack a keg or two,
gather 'round, drink a toast to you.
We'll lift our mugs away up high
for the many years that drifted by.*

*Remember, throughout the many years
you sailed away amidst the tears
of loved ones left behind,
worried and hoping they'd be fine?*

*Of your shipmates too my man
who followed you to many lands.
In time their names and faces
will be forgotten as all those places.*

*But like the morning fog and dew,
we'll endeavor to remember you.
And when the morning sun lifts the haze
and we sail again for many days,
you'll remember us as we will you
until the years leave only a few
to recall the good ole days,
of sailing men, o'er the waves.*

Marvin R. Hunt

WEIRD FACTS

If a statue in the park of a person on a horse has both front legs in the air, the person died in battle. If the horse has one front leg in the air, the person died because of wounds received in battle. If the horse has all four legs on the ground, the person died of natural causes.

TO CHILDREN OF THE GREATEST GENERATION

and their children - so they will understand

Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age cohort. We are the Silent Generation. We are the smallest number of children born since the early 1900s. We are the "last ones." We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

We are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans. We hand mixed 'white stuff' with 'yellow stuff' to make fake butter. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available. We can remember milk being delivered to our house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch. [A friend's mother delivered milk in a horse drawn cart.]

We sometimes fed the horse, and our dog, Spot, a Fox Terrier, would greet the milkman when he made our delivery, then he would ride in Glenn's truck til the end of his route, when Glenn would drive by the house and let Spot off the truck just in time to greet us coming home from elementary school.

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio "fireside chat" assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can also remember the parades on August 15, 1945; VJ Day. We saw the 'boys' home from the war, build their Cape Cod style houses, pouring the cellar, tar papering it over and living there until they could afford the time and money to build it out.

We remember trying to buy a new car after the war. The new cars were coming through with wooden bumpers. We are the last generation who spent childhood without television; instead we imagined what we heard on the radio. As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside until the street lights came on."

We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no little league. There was no city playground for kids. To play in the water, we turned the fire hydrants on and ran through the spray.

The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like. Our Saturday afternoons, if at the movies, gave us newsreels of the war sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons.

Telephones were one to a house, often shared and hung on the wall. Computers were called calculators, they only added and were hand cranked; typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage, and changing the ribbon. The 'internet' and 'GOOGLE' were words that didn't exist.

Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on our table radio in the evening by H.V Kaltenborn and Gabriel Heater. We

are the last group who had to find out for ourselves. As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth.

The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work.

New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics. In the late 40's and early 50's the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class (which became known as 'Baby Boomers').

The radio network expanded from 3 stations to thousands of stations. The telephone started to become a common method of communications and "Faxes" sent hard copy around the world.

Our parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined. We weren't neglected but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves 'until the street lights came on.' They were busy discovering the post war world. Most of us had no life plan, but with the unexpected virtue of ignorance and an economic rising tide we simply stepped into the world and started to find out what the world was about.

We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed. Based on our naive belief that there was more where this came from, we shaped life as we went.

We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future. Of course, just as today, not all Americans shared in this experience. Depression poverty was deep rooted. Polio was still a crippler.

The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 50s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks. Russia built the "Iron Curtain" and China became Red China. Eisenhower sent the first 'advisers to Vietnam; and years later, Johnson invented a war there.

Castro set up camp in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power. We are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no existential threats to our homeland.

We came of age in the 40s and early 50s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, technological upheaval, "global warming", and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease. Only our generation can remember both a time of apocalyptic war and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We have lived through both.

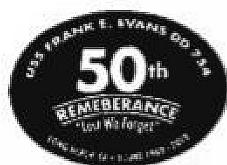
We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better, not worse. We are the Silent Generation - "The Last Ones."

More than 99.9% of us are either retired or deceased, and feel privileged to have "lived in the best of times!"

U. S. S. KEARSARGE ASSOCIATION SHIP'S STORE

U. S. S. Frank E. Evans (DD 754)

Association



50th Remembrance Gathering

May 31 - June 3, 2019

Ahoy: Members, Shipmates, Family Members and Friends,
It seems like yesterday when the collision between H. M. A. S. Melbourne and
U. S. S. Frank E. Evans occurred and now 50 years have passed.

This year's gathering will be held at the Queen Mary
located at 1126 Queens Highway, Long Beach, CA 90802.

For more information, contact Del Francis, U. S. S. Frank E. Evans (DD 754)
Association Vice President at email (hcrv754@yahoo.com)
or phone him at 1 (303) 905-7291

Ship's Crest

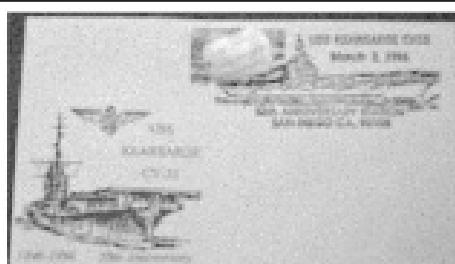


Cloth CV, CVA,
CVS 33 - \$5.00



Magnetic - CV, CVA,
CVS 33 - \$5.00

50th
Anniversary
1st Day
Cover
Envelope
\$1.50



Golf Shirts

CV, CVA, CVS 33 - Navy
Med, Large, X-Large, 2X Large-\$29.00



Sweat Shirts

CV, CVA, CVS 33 - Navy
Med, Large, X-Large, 2X Large-\$36.00



Dress Shirts

CV, CVA, CVS 33
Short Sleeve Navy
Med, Large, X-Large, 2X Large-\$29.00



Hat



CV, CVA, CVS 33
NAVY - \$14.00

Jackets



The Port Authority Challenger jacket has a Tekon nylon durable, water repellent outside with a poly-filled body with heavyweight fleece lining. It has rib knit cuffs and waistband, zippered pockets outside and a zippered inside pocket. We are offering it in Navy with a Navy lining with USS Kearsarge, CV, CVA, CVS and ship's silhouette on the back. Small, Medium, Large & 1X Large for \$57.00
2X Large for \$61.00 – 3X Large for \$65.00



A light weight nylon jacket with mesh lining is also available in Navy with the same stitching on back. Small, Medium, Large & 1X Large for \$53.00
2X Large for \$55.00 – 3X Large for \$57.00

Watch Caps



Navy - CV, CVA, CVS 33
\$11.00

They are Special Order items only and all sales are final. When I have 6 orders, I will place the order with the supplier. We need a minimum of 6 to be eligible for the above mentioned prices.

ALL PRICES INCLUDE SHIPPING AND HANDLING
Make checks payable to the Kearsarge Association and send order to:
Charles Patton
9125 Live Oak Avenue
Ocean Springs, MS 39564 (228) 875-7572
charlottecap@bellsouth.net

KEARSAGA

U. S. S. Kearsarge Association Newsletter

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Lawndale, CA 90260

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED



CHECK MAILING LABEL FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP EXPIRATION DATE
If it has been highlighted in yellow please renew immediately



Saluting the '64 Olympics in Tokyo

DUES and MEMBERSHIP

Annual membership dues are \$15.00
Check payable to the: **Kearsarge Association**
Mail to: **Bill Hollywood**
3059 Crest Ave.
Ketchikan, AK 99901

New members, send your information including:
Name, Address, Phone Number, E-Mail Address,
Rate, Rank, Division, and years serving aboard.

If you are interested in receiving your Kearsaga via E-Mail, go to our website and leave a message stating: "Send KEARSAGA via E-Mail"
If you do not have a computer, we will continue to send it via U. S. Postal Service.

Association Office Holders

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Honorary President Kenneth McDaniel (Deceased) Association Founder
John Bennett "President Emeritus," John Starnes Past President