



Hello Shipmates:

We apologize for the fact that we haven't put out a newsletter since April. We've had to take some time off from Tucker business to host a reunion in Washington, DC for the USS Balch DD-363 and USS Porterfield DD-682. That reunion was a success and Washington was a great place to have a reunion. That's over now so we're back in Tucker business

Bob Sipole has booked the Beaumont Plaza Holiday Inn for our next reunion. I'm not sure if they will take reservations at this time. Usually not if it's over a year in advance. Bob will have tour information and pricing in January 2006. Full information and an itinerary will be in the first newsletter in 2006. He and his able-bodied helpers will work hard to make this a memorable reunion and we hope for a very large turnout, especially since so many of you live in Texas!

**Wed. November 1 – Sat. November 4  
(depart Sun. November 5)  
Beaumont Plaza Holiday Inn  
3950 I H 10, Beaumont TX  
Local Tel: 409-842-5408  
Toll Free Tel: 877-465-4329  
Group Rate: \$89.00 per night  
If booking online, use Group Booking Code 2-USH  
Web Address: <http://www.holidayinnbeaumont.com>**

We will be ordering some baseball caps with mesh backs. Some of you have requested them as they are cooler in the summer. Our new cap supplier is one of our own, Chuck Hughes. The caps are of excellent quality. If you would like to order one, please see the last page of this newsletter and be sure to specify that you would like the mesh back cap.

On August 29 the Gulf Coast was hit and decimated by Hurricane Katrina. Because the Tucker's first ever reunion was held in Biloxi, MS in 2000 at the Biloxi Beach Resort, we were glued to the TV every chance we got for coverage of the damage to Biloxi. It was terrible, almost total destruction. Finally, we saw video showing the sign for the hotel. It was all but destroyed and will have to be completely rebuilt. We have so many memories from Biloxi that it made us very sad to see that.

At the Biloxi reunion, several people went to Gulfport MS to visit the Navy Retirement Home and had lunch with some of the residents. The Navy home is still standing, but ruined. The 414 residents were safely evacuated and taken to the Armed Forces Retirement Home (AFRH) in Washington, DC. They arrived with little more than the clothes they were wearing and their medications. They are being housed in an unused hospital on the property. We have been in contact with the administrator of AFRH and have been told they need everything. If any of you wish to make a donation, please send checks payable to Henry W. Tucker Reunion Fund to us and we will send a check to AFRH noting that the money is from the USS Henry W. Tucker association and is to be earmarked for the Biloxi Navy vets. We'll report in the next newsletter how much money was sent. We hope to have the majority of donations in by Sept 30. Any amount, no matter how small, will be put to good use.

We have been in contact with some of our shipmates who live in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, including Chuck Ruth and Louie Duke in MS, Aubrey Quebedeaux in Louisiana and Ron Holt in Alabama. All came through the storm OK. Some had minor damage and lost trees, but that is nothing. They are alive and well! We look forward to seeing them in Beaumont.

We have lots of additions to the crew list this time, as well as to the memorial list. Bob Miller, as usual, has been busy. We welcome all of our newly found shipmates. We hope you enjoy the newsletters and will attend the reunion in Beaumont next year and/or future reunions. For those with internet access, all of our newsletters dating back to 1999 are posted on the website. We encourage you to read them and see what we've been up to and how we've evolved over the last five years.

**If you have moved or changed your email address, please let us know as soon as possible. If you receive your newsletters via paper mail and have an email address, please send us your email address. The more newsletters we send via email, the lower the postage and printing costs are. Pat has begun posting the newsletter on the website in "web page" format as well as PDF. Those of you who have had problems opening the PDF document might be able to open the "HTML" version. If you can, please let us know so we can remove you from the "snail mail" list and add you to the email list.**

We had a call from Erik Mezger, who attended the reunions in Biloxi and San Diego. He had been very ill and was unable to attend the Charleston reunion last year. He told us he had a relapse this past spring but is doing well now. He has retired – and hates it! Not surprising for a man who was always busy, busy, busy. We hope he will continue to do well so he can get to Beaumont next year. A reunion without Erik just isn't as much fun! If anyone would like to get in touch with him at his home in Switzerland, please contact us for his email address.

If you have information on shipmates who are ill, we'd like to know about it. Please either write, call or email (contact information on the last page of this newsletter). Also, if you know the addresses, etc. of shipmates who are not on our mailing list, please let us know or tell them to contact **Bob Miller at millerbrothers875@hotmail.com**. We currently have over 1,600 shipmates, living or deceased on the database, but we know there are many more out there.

Fair winds and smooth sailing,

Bill & Pat Siler

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**Additions to the Crew List**

Ayers, Peter T.  
FT3, 66-67

Barton, Brady W. "Bart"  
SN, 70-71

Black, Steven P. "LC"  
BT2, 64-68

Blackshere, Benny L.  
SN, 60-62

Bonner, Robert A. "Bob"  
SN, 68

Bower, Robert B.  
FN, 49-50

Burns, Martin J. "Marty"  
MM3, 68-70

Busby, James  
SK3, 64-67

Chandler, Edward J. "Easy Ed"  
EM2, 69-71

Chandler, Myron H.  
DC3, 56-59

Cisneros, Salvador F. "Sal"  
RD2, 59-62

Cunningham, Ronald L. "Ron"  
HT3, 71-73

Dinwiddie, James D.  
BTC, 71-73

Ditta, Frank A.  
SN, 68-70

Dorris, Jack M.  
FN, 49-50

Golden, William E.  
EN3, 72-73

Grogg, Bruce M.  
SN, 62-64

Hedges, Charles E. "Chuck" "Charlie"  
CS2, 56-57

Keck, William C.  
LTJG, 71-72

Largent, William E. "Bill"  
FTG2, 56-59

Lerner, Albert M. "Pete"  
LTJG, 57-59

Macomber, James H. "Billy Boot"  
SN, 70-72

Manley, Eugene B.  
EN3, 50-51

Marchese, William "Duke"  
RM3, 64-67

Murphy, Peter  
RM3, 72-73

Owens, Jerald R. "Jerry"  
SN, 57-61

Pierson, Leon C.  
RM1, 68-69

Pirtle, Ronald L.  
EM3, 68-69

Rafferty, Robert B.  
FTG2, 55-57

Richards, Stewart W. "Rev"  
RD1, 52-55

Rolando, Orville F. "Chuck"  
BT2, 64-69

Schmidt, Hans P. "Pete"  
EM3, 64-66

Seals II, Walter B. "Walt"  
FT3, 55-57

Singley, Durward W.  
SN, 49-50

Swayzee, Kenneth W.  
GMM3, 65-67

Sweany, Jimmy D. "Jim"  
GMMC, 69-72

### Additions to the Crew List (cont'd)

Whitson, Kenneth R. "Ken"  
AT1, 67-70

Zumwalt, Arnold R. "Zummy"  
SA, 49-50

Williams, George M. "Willie"  
SN, 53-55

Zuniga, Salvador "Sal"  
FA, 69-70

Wright, David L.  
EM2, 68-71

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### Additions to the Memorial List

Badger, Robyn L. "Bob"  
ENS, 53-55

Frei, Raymond T.  
BT3, 57-59

Bager, Thomas "Tom"  
LT, 50-53

Gardner, David L.  
ENS, 47-48

Bash, Richard D.  
GM3, 55-57

Gentry, Alton J.  
SN, 48-50

Carpenter, William C. "Bill"  
LTJG, 47-49

Gibson, Donald K.  
SN, 63-65

Cichirillo, Sam P.  
SN1/c, 45-47

Weber, David W.  
ET1, 50-51

DeMoss, Clarence M. "Mike"  
SN, 64-66

Working, Patrick L.  
ENS, 47-48

Duffey, William E.  
BM3, 50-51

Wright, Kenneth M.  
SN, 61-64

Ellis, Sam  
LTJG, 65-67

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Got this some time ago from Bill Hargraves. I'm sure you all can relate to it.

There was a time when everything you owned had to fit into your seabag. Remember those nasty rascals? Fully packed, one of the suckers weighed more than the poor devil hauling it.

The damn things weighed a ton and some idiot with an off-center sense of humor sewed a carry handle on it to help you haul it. Hell, you could bolt a handle on a Greyhound bus but it wouldn't make the damn thing portable.

The Army, Marines and Air Force got footlockers and we got a big ole' canvas bag.

After you warped your spine jackassing the goofy thing through a bus or train station, sat on it waiting for connecting transportation and made folks mad because it was too damn big to fit in any overhead rack on any bus, train and airplane ever made, the contents looked like hell. All your gear appeared to have come from bums who slept on park benches.

Traveling with a seabag was something left over from the "Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum" sailing ship days. Sailors used to sleep in hammocks. So you stowed your issue in a big canvas bag and lashed your hammock to it, hoisted it on your shoulder and in effect moved your entire home and complete inventory of earthly possessions from ship to ship. I wouldn't say you traveled light because with one strap it was a one-shoulder load that could torque your skeletal frame and bust your ankles. It was like hauling a dead linebacker.

They wasted a lot of time in boot camp telling you how to pack one of the suckers. There was an officially sanctioned method of organization that you forgot after ten minutes on the other side of the gate at Great Lakes or San Diego. You got rid of a lot of issue gear when you went to the SHIP. Did you ever know a tincan sailor who had a raincoat? A flat hat? One of those nut hugger knit swimsuits? How 'bout those shops that rolled your own neckerchiefs... The ones the girls in a good Naval tailor shop would cut down and sew into a 'greasy snake' for two bucks?

Within six months, every fleet sailor was down to one set of dress blues, port and starboard undress blues and whites, a couple of white hats, boots, shoes, assorted skivvies, a peacoat, and three sets of bleached out dungarees. The rest of your original issue was either in the peacoat locker, lucky bag, or had been reduced to wipe down rags in the engine room. Underway ships were not ships that allowed vast accumulation of private gear.

Hobos who lived in discarded refrigerator crates could amass greater loads of pack rat crap than fleet sailors. The confines of a canvas back rack, side locker and a couple of bunk bags did not allow one to live a Donald Trump existence. Space and the going pay scale combined to make us envy the lifestyle of a mud hut Ethiopian. We were the global equivalents of nomadic Mongols without ponies to haul our stuff.

And after the rigid routine of boot camp we learned the skill of random compression packing...known by mother's world-wide as 'cramming'. It is amazing what you can jam into a space no bigger than a breadbox if you pull a watch cap over a boot and push it in with your foot. Of course it looks kinda weird when you pull it out but they never hold fashion shows at sea and wrinkles added character to a salty appearance. There was a four-hundred mile gap between the images on recruiting posters and the actual appearance of sailors at sea. It was not without justifiable reason that we were called the tincan Navy.

We operated on the premise that if 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness', we must be next to the other end of that spectrum... We looked like our clothing had been pressed with a waffle iron and packed by a bulldozer.

But what in the hell did they expect from a bunch of jerks that lived in the crews hole of a 2250 Gearing Class can. After a while you got used to it... You got used to everything you owned picking up and retaining that distinctive aroma...

You got used to old ladies on busses taking a couple of wrinkled nose sniffs of your peacoat then getting up and finding another seat...

Do they still issue seabags? Can you still make five bucks sitting up half the night drawing a ships picture on the side of one of the damn things with black and white marking pens that drive old master-at-arms into a 'rig for heart attack' frenzy? Make their faces red... The veins on their neck bulge out... And yell, "Jeezus H. Christ! What in god's name is that all over your seabag?" "Artwork, Chief... It's like the work of Michelangelo...My ship... Great huh?" "Looks like some damn comic book..."

Here was a man with cobras tattooed on his arms... A skull with a dagger through one eye and a ribbon reading 'DEATH BEFORE SHORE DUTY' on his shoulder...Crossed anchors with 'Subic Bay 1949' on the other shoulder... An eagle on his chest and a full blown Chinese dragon peeking out between the cheeks of his butt.

If anyone was an authority on stuff that looked like a comic book, it had to be this E-7 sucker.

Sometimes I look at all the crap stacked in my garage, close my eyes and smile, remembering a time when everything I owned could be crammed into a canvas bag. Maturity is hell.

**Contact Information**

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**Website**

<http://www.hwtucker2000.com>

**Baseball Caps**

Baseball caps are available. They are US made, Navy Blue with the ship's name and hull number in gold. Ship profile is in white. They are available in solid cloth and mesh back. Please specify when ordering.

To order, send a check for \$12.00 (covers postage) payable to:

**Henry W. Tucker Reunion Fund**

Send the check to the address at the left.

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**USS Henry W. Tucker DD/R 875**

**Reunion Association**

**Mission**

The mission of the USS Henry W. Tucker Reunion Association is to bring together shipmates from the entire time the ship was in commission, 1945-1973 as the USS Henry W. Tucker (DD and DDR 875) USN and 1973-1993 as the Marcilio Dias (D25) of the Brazilian Navy.

All shipmates of all rates and ranks and their families are considered to be part of the Tucker Family and all are welcome at reunions. This includes widows and children of our departed shipmates.

The mission is also to honor those who have gone before, our deceased shipmates.