

U.S.S. JOUETT (DLG/CG-29)

NEWSLETTER



U.S.S. Jouett (DLG29)

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- Newsletter Editor—Rick Smith

Hello Shipmates!

It's that time of the year when we have to start thinking about Jouett's next reunion. This year the reunion will be held in Annapolis Md. Wayne & Dru Semenkow along with Jim & Gail Jordan will be hosting the event. Tours of the US Naval Academy, Arlington Cemetery and War Memorials, Fort McHenry and Baltimore's Inner Harbor are all scheduled bus tours. More information can be found at the back of this newsletter as well as the registration form. Those of you that will require wheelchair assistance during any of the tours, please be sure to mark the box on the first line of Wednesday's tour schedule on the registration form. As a further note, the USS Jouett Association does not provide alcoholic beverages at its gatherings. The fee slated for the reception is for the cheese & cracker plate and other hors d'oeuvres. If a member would like to participate in wine tasting, beer drinking or ice cube drowning that is up to the individual and is not sanctioned by the association. Other than that, come and enjoy fellowship, lies, story telling and truth twisting by your former shipmates. But most of all, come and have a good time.

ed.

REMEMBER

***USS Jouett Association dues were due in December.
It is not too late to send in your dues payment of \$20. to
John Hutchinson***

PO Box 309

Scottsmoor, FL. 32775

From the Quarterdeck:

I was a gleam in the minds of Admirals, Politicians, Engineers & Architects. A welding arc was struck on a piece of metal in January 1964 and I was conceived. I was in the womb (dry-dock) of my mother (PSNSY-Bremerton WA.). As I grew and was formed in the womb I had a designation (XXXXX). On December 3, 1966, I was born. I am the DLG 29 (Destroyer Leader-Guided Missile) United States Ship JOUETT, hull number 29. The commissioning pennant was broken on mast, my crew came aboard, my first Commanding Officer took command, breath was breathed into my being and I obtained a soul.

I sailed into harms way many times. We sailed many seas and we weathered many storms. I carried my crew to liberty ports and I trained my crew to protect me and by doing that, they were protecting themselves. They became a part of me and I a part of them. My crew changed over the years. My Commanding Officer changed 14 more times but I never changed. Oh yeah, I was re-designated to CG 29 but my mission never changed. Thousands of men crossed my Quarterdeck, reporting aboard and they became a part of me. They didn't realize it but I became a part of them also. Over the years things changed, systems were upgraded, modifications were made but I was still JOUETT..... The 29.

I aged and I could see it coming. Newer, faster, more modern ships were joining the fleet. All at once..... it was over! The last crewmember crossed my Quarterdeck, turned aft to face the flag of my country, saluted and left the ship. The flag was struck and I became EX-United States Ship JOUETT. I joined other members of my class (Belknap) in Suisan Bay and awaited my fate. Others were taken by tug to places that I didn't know. Some went to scrap yards and some were used for target practice.

In may of 2000, one of my former crewmembers (Ted Merritt) came aboard and I could almost see a tear in his eyes. I had deteriorated but he still knew me and I, at least, had not been forgotten. He was a welcome visitor. Then again in 2004, another crew member (Eric Ritter) came aboard and I showed him my interior spaces. I felt very special. Now if only more crewmembers were allowed aboard, maybe we could sail the seven seas again.

In 2007 the tugboats came for me..... And I made the long voyage to Hawaii but without the crew that had sailed on me before. What a lonely ride as I had no control and wallowed in the seas as we made our trip west. When I arrived in Hawaii, I was "stripped" of all things that might harm the environment. I felt naked and violated.

On August 10, 2007, I arrived "ON STATION" again but this was like no other. This was the "**FINAL CRUISE**" I shivered as the first missile struck and I watched in horror as HARM, HARPOON, MAVERICK and GBU missiles were fired at me. I wasn't about to give up. Then a B2 dropped 2 JDAMs I could no longer take the pounding. I did however show my spunk as I came back to an even keel, sat proudly for a minute and then slid beneath the surface.

Davey Jones himself welcomed me to the bottom and said "Welcome Jouett. It's been a long time that you sailed my seas and I'm proud to have you here. We have lost so many to the scrappers torch and I so wanted to have you keep on serving. He went on "If you look far enough through the waters, you will see some of the finest are her with you. ARIZONA, ORISKANY, AMERICA and quite a few others. I had reached my final station.

Some of my former crewmembers have arrived and more keep coming. Sometime in the distant future I will assemble my entire crew and we will sail the briny deep. Take your time men, I am in no hurry, I can wait.

Note: I was feeling melancholy one evening setting in my den when I looked at a picture of the Jouett. I just felt that she needed to tell her story the way she saw it.

Fair Winds and Following Seas shipmates. I hope to see you in Annapolis in September 2014.

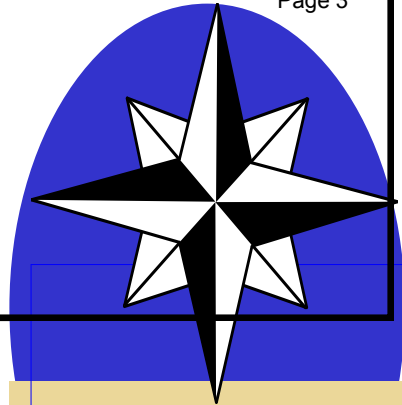
Terry E. George

Plankowner USS Jouett DLG 29

President USS Jouett DLG/CG 29 Assoc.

Please fill out this form and mail to:

Peggy Leslie
608 Sunrise Ave.
Alamogordo, NM 88310



CUSTOMER INFORMATION:

SHIPPING & HANDLING S & H Cost

	merchandise sub-total	S&H price
NAME: _____	Up to \$30.00 -----	\$ 5.95
ADDRESS: _____	\$30.01 - \$55.00 -----	\$ 7.95
CITY: _____	\$55.01 - \$75.00 -----	\$ 9.95
STATE: _____ ZIP: _____	\$75.01 - \$100.00 -----	\$ 11.95

Jouett Ball Caps: _____ @ \$ 13.00 = _____

USS Jouett Polo Shirts:

Small _____ @ \$ 20.00 = _____

Medium _____ @ \$ 20.00 = _____

Large _____ @ \$ 20.00 = _____

X-Large _____ @ \$ 20.00 = _____

XX-Large _____ @ \$ 23.75 = _____

XXX-Large _____ @ \$ 25.00 = _____



NEW ITEMS

Koozies _____ @ \$ 4.00 = _____

Prints of the original painting that was in the Officer's Ward Room when the Jouett was Commissioned. Prints are 17" x 22" total. Price does not include frame.



USS Jouett Coffee Mug _____ @ \$ 10.00 = _____

USS Jouett Coin: _____ @ \$ 14.00 = _____

USS Jouett Shoulder

Patches _____ @ \$ 1.00 = _____

USS Jouett Prints: _____ @ \$ 45.00 = _____

Commanding Officers
U. S. S. Jouett (DLG/CG 29)

Captain Robert S. Hayes 3 Dec 1966—28 Nov 1968

Captain R. C. Barnhart

28 Nov 1968—22 May 1970

Captain Samuel L. Gravely, Jr.

22 May 1970—2 Jun 1971

Captain Edward S. Briggs

2 Jun 1971—25 Jul 1972

Captain Ralph E. Wilson, Jr.

25 Jul 1972—12 Feb 1974

Captain R. Frederick Stalder, Jr.

12 Feb 1974—23 Jan 1976

Captain William E. Poling

23 Jan 1976—31 Jan 1978

Captain Donald Martin

31 Jan 1978—17 May 1980

Captain Gerald A. Fulk

17 May 1980—22 May 1982

Captain R. Scott McCartney

22 May 1982—10 Mar 1984

Captain James P. Cormack

10 Mar 1984—26 Apr 1986

Captain Michael E. Mays

26 Apr 1986—19 Aug 1988

Captain Jerrold J. Negin

19 Aug 1988—11 Jan 1991

Captain Floyston A. Weeks

11 Jan 1991—24 Apr 1993

Commander Thomas J. Gregory

24 Apr 1993—28 Jan 1994

Jouett Website! ussjouett.com



This is a preview of the 2014 Jouett lapel pin to signify our reunion in Annapolis MD

I

Friends are like underwear...Some crawl up your butt, some snap under pressure. Some don't have the strength to hold you up, and some get a little twisted. Some are your favorite and some are holey. Some are naughty and some actually cover your ass when you need them to!

NAVY CHIEFS HAVE THEIR STANDARDS

One thing we weren't aware of at the time, but became evident as life wore on, was that we learned true leadership from the finest examples any lad was ever given, Chief Petty Officers. They were crusty old bastards who had done it all and had been forged into men who had been time tested over many years than a lot of us had time in the planet. The ones I remember wore hydraulic oil stained hats with scratched and dinged up insignia, faded shirts, a pipe or tobacco reloads in a worn leather pouch in their hip pockets and a zippo that had been everywhere. Some of them came with tattoos on their forearms that would force them to keep their cuffs buttoned at a church picnic. Most of them were as tough as a boarding house steak. A quality required to survive the life they lived. They were and always will be, a breed apart from all other residents of Mother Earth. They took eighteen year old idiots and hammered the stupid bastards into sailors.

You know instinctively it had to be hell on earth to have been born a Chief's kid. God should have given all sons born to chiefs a return option. A chief didn't have to command respect, they got it because there was nothing else you could give them. They were Gods designated hitters on earth.

We had chiefs with fully loaded Submarine Combat Patrol Pins and combat aircrew wings in my day...hard core bastards who remembered lost mates and still cursed the cause of their loss... and they were expert in choosing descriptive adjectives & nouns, none of which their mothers would have endorsed. At rare times you saw a chief topside in dress canvas, you saw rows of hard-earned, worn and faded ribbons over his pocket. "Hey chief, what's that one & that one?" "Oh hell kid, I can't remember. There was a war on. They gave 'em to us to keep track of the campaigns." "We didn't get a lot of news out where we were. To be honest, we just took their word for it. Hell son, you couldn't pronounce most of the names of the places we went. They're all depth charge survival geedunk." "Listen kid, ribbons don't make you a sailor." We knew who the heroes were and in the final analysis that's all that matters.

Many nights we sat in the mess deck wrapping ourselves around cups of coffee and listening to their stories. They were light hearted stories about warm beer shared with their running mates in corrugated metal sheds at resupply depots where the only furniture was a few packing crates and a couple of Coleman lamps. Standing in line at a Honolulu cat-house or spending 3 hours soaking in a tub in Freemantle, smoking cigars and getting loaded. It was our history and we dreamed of being just like them because they were our heroes. When they accepted you as their shipmate, it was the highest honor you would ever receive in your life.

They trained us. Not only us but hundreds more just like us. If it wasn't for Chief Petty Officers, there wouldn't be any U.S. Navy. They were born as hot sacking seamen and matured like good whiskey in steel hulls over many years. Nothing a nineteen year old jay bird could cook up was original to these old saltwater owls. They had seen E-3 jerks come & go for so many years, they could read you like a book. "Son, I know what your thinking. Just one word. DON'T, it won' be worth it."

Appreciation of what they did and who they were comes with long distance retrospect. No young lad takes time to recognize the worth of his leadership. That comes later when you have experienced poor leadership, or let's say when you have the maturity to recognize what leaders should be, you find that Chiefs are the standard by which you measure all others. They had no academy rings to get scratched up and they butchered the Kings English. They had become educated at the other end of the anchor chain from Copenhagen to Singapore and they had given their entire lives to the US Navy.

In the progression of the nobility of employment, Chief Petty Officers head the list. So, when we ultimately get to our final duty station assignments, if we are lucky, Marines will be guarding the streets and there will be an old Chief in an oil stained hat with a cigar stub clenched in his teeth standing at the brow ready to assign us our bunks and tell us where to stow our gear. We will be young again and the damn coffee will float a rock.

Life fixes it so that by the time a stupid kid grows old enough and smart enough to recognize who he should have thanked along the way, he no longer can. If I could, I would thank my old chiefs. If you only knew what you succeeded in pounding in this thick skull, you would be amazed. So, thanks you old casehardened unsalvageable sons-a -bitches. Save me a rack in the berthing compartment!

Never forget this: "A chief can become an Officer, but an Officer can never become a Chief. Chiefs have their standards!"

The willingness with which our young people are likely to serve in any war, no matter how justified, shall be directly proportional to how they perceive the veterans of earlier wars were treated and appreciated by their nation.

George Washington

History teaches that war begins when governments believe the price of aggression is cheap

Ronald Reagan

This nation will remain the land of the free only so long as it is the home of the brave.

Elmer Davis

Those who cannot bravely face danger are the slaves of their attackers.

Aristotle

Nobody ever drowned in sweat.

US Marines

HELP KEEP OUR MEMBERSHIP ROSTER UP TO DATE

Since one of the most important assets of the Jouett Association is our list of shipmates, it is very important that the roster be correct and up to date. Please check the website to ensure your entry is up to date, or when you receive your copy please check that ALL of your information is up to date. All corrections should be sent to our Vice President, Jim Jordan, jjath@ptd.net or 29 Dogwood Lane, Nesquehoning, PA. 18240.

**U.S.S. Jouett
(DLG/CG 29) Association**

MEMBER INFORMATION FORM

LAST NAME _____ First _____ Middle _____ Nickname _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone (____) _____ *Work Phone (____) _____ *Cell Phone(____) _____

FYI

WWW.CAFEPRESS.COM IS NOT THE OFFICIAL USS JOUETT SHIPSTORE! Our USS JOUETT DLG29 shipstore can be viewed through the official USS JOUETT web page. We, as an association, do not receive anything from the sale of merchandise through the CAFEPRESS website. In other words, they are an unauthorized USS JOUETT DLG29 merchandise sales outlet.

ALWAYS NEEDED

We need stories, information, good navy jokes, photos (from the past or present) for the newsletter.

Please forward any of these to Rick Smith (rwsmith@metrocast.net) or send via snail mail to 98 Hall Rd., Barrington, NH 03825

Any Jouett sailors get together with other Jouett sailors on a regular basis? Send me the info and I'll publish it.

HELPFUL INFORMATION ON TRAVEL AND BENEFITS FOR MILITARY MEMBERS, VETERANS AND RETIREES

In our research on vacations and benefits, we have found numerous organizations, newsletters and webpages that you may be interested in.

- 1. Armed Forces Vacation Club—See www.afvclub.com** A great place to find discounted (and I do mean discounted) vacation stays for active and retired members along with foreign exchange service members, civilian employees of DOD, American Red Cross personnel, DOD Dependant school teachers or adult dependant and Disabled American Veterans (100%). They have week long stays in some of the most interesting places domestically and internationally. You can rent them for your friends or family OR have one of the above rent them for you. And if you can put them together with Space Available travel you can have a vacation that goes from normal to exotic for a great price. Even if you cannot or do not desire to use Space A, the vacation stay is still a bargain and in so many interesting and exotic locations.

- 2. Military Living Publication—See www.militaryliving.com or at your local exchange** Books, maps, newsletters and etc. dedicated to military travel.

R & R Travel News—A newsletter put out every other month about travel domestically and internationally, mostly by Space A. It has stories of the travels of military people written by them with all the good and bad about locations, Space A, customs and etc.

Temporary Military Lodging Around the World

Space-A Air Travel Guide

Military RV, Camping & Outdoor Recreation

Military Travel Guide U.S.A

JUST FOR LAUGHS

Are you tired of those sissy friendship poems that always sound good, but never actually come close to reality? The following is a series of promises that actually speak of true friendship.

When you are sad.... I will help you get drunk and plot revenge against the sorry bastard who made you sad.

When you are blue.... I will try to dislodge whatever is choking you.

When you are scared.... I will rag on you about it every chance I get until you are not.

When you are worried.... I will tell you horrible stories about how much worse it could be until you quit whining.

When you are confused.... I will try to use little words.

When you are sick... Stay the hell away from me until you are well again. I don't want whatever the hell you have.

When you fall.... I will laugh at your clumsy ass but I will help you up.

When you smile.... I will know you are thinking of something that I would probably want to get involved in.

Happiness is like peeing your pants in a dark suit!

It gives you a warm feeling but nobody notices.

I received this note from Michael D. Halley after the last newsletter:

Dear Shipmate Rick, Thanks for the recent newsletter. Having been responsible for putting out various newsletters over the years I can appreciate the hard work that goes into it. So thanks!

In the list of COs, CAPT R.F.Stalder Jr. was one of the finest gentlemen I ever met in my naval service, by the way. I served under him and his predecessor, CAPT Wilson. Very different COs but each highly competent.

AGING

Just before the funeral services, the undertaker came up to the very elderly widow and asked "How old was your husband?" "98 she replied, two years older than me." So you're 96 the undertaker commented. She replied, "Hardly worth going home isn't it?"

I've gotten old!

I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 25 different medications that make me dizzy, winded and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia, have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands & feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 65 or 56. Have lost most of my friends, but thank the lord,

I STILL HAVE MY DRIVERS LICENSE

A veteran is someone who, at one point in their life wrote a blank check made payable to 'The Government of the United States of America' for an amount of 'up to and including my life'.

DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Annapolis
210 Holiday Court
Annapolis MD 21401
410-224-3150

DoubleTree Hotel Amenities:

Complimentary self parking

Complimentary wireless internet access in guest rooms and public areas

Complimentary shuttle service within five miles including historic Annapolis,
Westfield Mall, Annapolis Towne Center, Eastport & more

Ports of Call Restaurant and Lounge

Fitness center featuring Pre Cor workout equipment

**24 hour

Business Center

Check in Tuesday 09/02/2014

Checkout Sunday 09/07/2014

Group rate \$119 Group rates are valid 3 days prior and 3 days post con-
tracted dates

Outside beverages are allowed in the Hospitality Suite

24 Hour individual cancellation policy

