

# CALVERTION

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MEN OF THE U.S.S. CALVERT APA 32

"The Ship and Men of Distinction"



Published and Compiled by  
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Kenyon, Minnesota 55946  
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VOL. NO. 23 1990

COMMENTS . . . .

. . . . from the

**Commander**

If you havent heard by now, we had a ball in Boston. The Fiandacas were super hosts. The memorial service down by the Charles River was very moveing. A special thanks to the Legion Color Guard for their help. It was a fine tribute to our deceased shipmates. I could go on and on but you had to be there....One sad note has come to me that Jim McFetridge wife, Cathren passed away, this past fall. Jim was our 1985 Host at the Denver Reunion. Our heart goes out to you Jim at this time.....James Xanders sent me a VCR that he put together about his time on the Calvert. I took it to Boston and turned it over to Hoyt Worthington. If you didnt get a chance to see it, Hoyt will have it at future reunions.....John Fiandaca received many new names for our mailing list befor Boston. One was from John Harrell of Sharon, Pa. He had just heard about the association and had expressed desire to attend the reunion. On June 19 he became ill while playing golf and died at the hospital. His wife Evelyn said he was in perfect health when he left home and had just parred a difficult hole known as "Death Vally".....My good budy Neil (Bud) Feaster sent me the address of ..General Services Administration, National Personnel-Records Center, (Military Personnel Records) 9700 Page Blvd. St. Louis, Missouri 63132. They may be able to help you with your records if you need it..... Once in a while I put my foot in my mouth, which I did the last newsletter. My good friend Bernie, who is the Goodhue County Service Officer, sent me a reply to the remarks I made about the Marines. I apologize for what I said. I stand corrected. I have enclosed Bernies letter for all to read. That goes to prove that some people read the newsletter from cover to cover.....this copy has a lot of history in it. If you have some article that you think others would be intrested in make a copy of it and send it to me. If you have some personal info on Calvert men send that to. I exchange newsletters with several APA Groups. Two of them had reunions a week after Hugo hit Charlston, one had theirs and the other had to cangle as the hotel had no generator..... Speaking of reunions, a Mini Reunion for 1990 is being planed by Bob and Charlotte Smith. It will take place in September in Lake George, New York. If you are intrested contact Bob, or fill out the forms found elsewhere in the newsletter. Our next National Reunion will be held in New Orleans in 1991. Plans are allready in the making. More in the next issue... Well that rapes it up. Lila and I wish you all the best in the comming year. Remember, keep your line from fouling and dont let your anchor drag.....j.l.cole



# mail call

# Dear John,

# LETTERS

I just wanted to drop you a line and let you know that my wife Jeanne and I had a great time at the '89 Reunion clambake. We couldn't have met a more friendly crew. The way John Fiandaca and yourself keep things organized - the friendly chats with Steve Schuster and Dave Wallace - and what seemed to be our own welcoming committee at the dinner table. As soon as we entered the hall Audrey Brady and her husband Joe, along with Roy and Marietta Holmes and Warren and Gloria Shaddock welcomed us and asked us to join them. Talk about "strangers in a strange town" - we come from the Boston area and didn't know anyone there to begin with. We had an extremely pleasant evening. JERRY KATZ

Wasn't Boston a great, great reunion? The hard work of John, Ann & their family was very much in evidence from check in time to lights out. They did a tremendous job & rate a big four-0 by any standards. Obviously, we had fun. I know this is repetitive, but all of our reunions would not have been possible without your taking the initiative 10 years ago, organizing, directing & producing that first pleasurable reunion. For 10 years, now, we've had the pleasure of renewing old friendships & making new ones. For us, it afforded the opportunity of vacations in areas we would never have dreamed of. So again - you also rate a big four-0, and we thank you. I'll leave you with this thought. - In conflict are often found the most memorable events of a man's life and the strongest bonds of friendship are formed. - That says it all. Our Best Wishes and see you in NOO AWLINS. RAY GLASCO

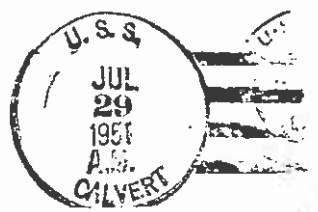
Can't believe that I just learned of the Calvert reunions that have been going on these past ten years. Attended the Boston get together and was pleased to find shipmates from the 1951-1954 Korean era. The warm glow of seeing them once more stayed with me through the following week and I look forward to the next. It was good to hear Navy 'lingo' again. I served in the flag allowance of ComTrans Div13 and spent a total of 19 months on Calvert - it was my first sea going assignment and my last. We went on board in march of 1951 and I transferred to the USS Cabildo for transportation back to CONUS for discharge the end of April, 1954. Also, my girl friend during those years became my wife and has been so for 34 years - she kept every letter that I wrote during those years so I have Calvert letter head, Calvert Postmarks. When I got back from the reunion I dug the letters out and re-read them - and have been working on a reconstruction of the year that Calvert steamed over 42 thousand nautical miles with some personal observations from my letter. Dave Cullen's history of course covers the year so mine might be only a reiteration - but if you think it might be useful, I will attempt to make it readable and submit for your consideration. RON MURPHY

F-R-E-E  
A-I-R - M-



U. S. S. CALVERT (APA-32)

In reply refer to:



U. S. S. CALVERT (APA-32)  
C/O FLEET POST OFFICE  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

IN REPLY REFER TO:



## GOODHUE COUNTY UNITED VETERANS ORGANIZATION

c/o Goodhue County Veterans Service Officer  
Room ~~204~~<sup>104</sup>, Courthouse, Red Wing, MN 55066

### AMERICAN LEGION POSTS

Leo C. Peterson Post #54  
Red Wing, MN 55066

Joseph H. Gates Post #78  
Kenyon, MN 55946

Cannon Falls Post #142  
Cannon Falls, MN 55009

Zumbrota Post #183  
Zumbrota, MN 55992

Charles Cowden Post #184  
Pine Island, MN 55963

Goodhue Post #594  
Goodhue, MN 55027

Bellechester Post #598  
Goodhue, MN 55027

### DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS

Chapter #5  
Red Wing, MN 55066

### MILITARY ORDER OF THE PURPLE HEART

Red Wing Chapter #1977  
Red Wing, MN 55066

### VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

Conrad Osthum Post #141  
Kenyon, MN 55946

Quamme Post #186  
Wanamingo, MN 55983

Burnson-Lillyblad Post #1218  
Red Wing, MN 55066

Nelson-Scofield Post #4452  
Cannon Falls, MN 55009

Stary-Yerka Post #5727  
Zumbrota, MN 55992

### VETERANS OF WORLD WAR I

Mingo Barracks  
Wanamingo, MN 55983

26 June 1989

Mr. John L. Cole, Editor, Calversion  
504 Centennial Drive,  
Kenyon, MN 55946

Dear Mr. Cole:

I appreciate receiving your impressive newsletter "Calversion" as the County Veterans Service Officer and a fellow member of the Naval Service who served on board a sister ship, the U.S.S. Renville, APA 227 long enough to get my sea legs among other distinctions, ie., "shellback".

I resent, in a slight degree, that the U. S. Marine Corps is a "branch of the Navy". The implication in a famous publication such as yours is totally without merit. The U. S. Navy was born in the crucible of the Revolutionary War, mostly as privateer's with a U. S. Commission. The U. S. Marine Corps was a result of an Act of Congress on 10 November 1775. The Congress followed thereafter with passage of an act creating the Navy as such. As proof of this, if you will note the "order of march" whenever there are mixed uniformed troops, the Army leads any Parade, followed by the Marine Corps, then the Navy and finally the Coast Guard. This is in keeping with the concept of senior services...

In reading your schedule of events, I find that the use of the term 0900 Hours is strictly superfluous as only the Army and Air Force use the term Hours following the time. The custom of the Sea Services, ie., USN, USMC and USCG is to use only the time, ie., 0900. This is a major difference between the Sea Services and those of the Army and Air Force.

I do hope that you have a very successful reunion with your shipmates and just thought I'd let you know that this is one sea-going bellhop who reads what he gets in the mail...

Semper Fi,

*Bernie Melter*

Bernie Melter, Gunnery Sergeant, U.S. Marine Corps (Retired)

"The Veterans' benefits you enjoy today are the works of the Veterans organizations of yesterday — have you joined yet?"

# The Amphibian

## Operation Humanitarian Continued by TF 90

A Newspaper for Men of the Pacific Fleet Amphibious Force

Sent in by  
Richard R. Morse B1 1-5

Task Force 90 amphibious ships have continued to assist in the "Passage to Freedom" of Vietnamese refugees providing a sealift for citizens and equipment from the Hanoi area to Saigon in the south.

Under the direction of Rear Admiral L. S. Sabin, ComPhibGruWesPac, the task force has been ferrying passengers from soon-to-be Communist-occupied Indochina to the Saigon area.

Emergency and preventative medical services were provided the evacuee-passengers by ship-board medical staffs during the journeys.

One of the ships operating the sealift, the Skagit (AKA-105), reported that the medical assistance program for refugee passengers reversed itself recently when a Vietnamese nurse helped save the life of a U.S. sailor undergoing an operation at sea. The nurse assisted Navy doctor Lt. G. B. Kaufman in an emergency appendectomy on James B. Robertson, SA.

Two thousand and 76 passengers were aboard the Skagit during her first lift to Saigon.

The LCU 1446 became the first U.S. ship to take on a load of Mutual Defense Assistance Program equipment for evacuation to the south. Skipped by chief boatswain's mate Fowler Layne, the 1446 is one of a group of 12 LCUs loading American-supplied military equipment of the Franco-Vietnamese forces. The LCUs carried trucks, jeeps, and light and medium tanks.

The LST 692 arrived at Nha Trang, Indochina after completing the first LST lift, carrying 670 military and civilian men, women and children from Haiphong. Rice, tea and condensed milk were served daily to the passengers. A Navy doctor and two corpsmen comprised a "trouble-shooting" medical team, which took care of passengers, administering medications ranging from aspirin to penicillin.

LST crewmen distributed candy daily to the refugees—bars of soap, cigarettes, candy and LST 692 engraved match books were prized possessions to the passengers.

Movies were held nightly on the main deck with large attendance. The captain of the 692 brought out the fact that the passengers kept their living spaces remarkably clean. Salt water hoses on the main deck were used for bathing and washing clothes.

Arriving at Cap St. Jacques, on the last leg of a two and a half day journey, the USS Calvert (APA-82) unloaded her 2,073 refugees. Her "mercy lift" commenced when a French-Vietnamese LSM came alongside bringing the refugees to be loaded on the transport. The ship had large signs, both in Vietnamese and English, on her railings which read, "Your Passage to Freedom."

An American chaplain and a Tonkinese priest boarded the LSM to greet the refugees and explained the loading operation and the U.S. Navy's role in the evacuation.

The refugees joined in applause of the two priests.

Below decks in the crews galley, cooks and mess cooks were briefed on how to prepare rice to suit the Vietnamese palate.

Calvert crewmen reported that the initial fear experienced by the first load of refugees was overcome on later trips by reports drifting back from Saigon of the friendliness of the U.S. Navy.

The Calvert's decks were covered with women washing, children shouting and laughing at spurting water coolers, and kids peering in portholes to watch sailors shaving.

Crowds stayed topside in nice weather, watching sailors work, and anxious to lend a hand in the ship's chores. Capt. Hilles of the Calvert alerted his recruiting officer to keep an eye open for likely "Navy prospects."

The ship's doctor reported the Medical Department kept busy looking after numerous patients, and the highlight of the trip—the birth of a baby.

The baby was delivered by the ship's doctor and three corpsmen, assisted by a Vietnamese woman doctor.

The Supply Department handed out goodbye gifts to all passengers at debarkation—consisting of cigarettes, soap and rice. An English speaking Vietnamese student summed up the attitude of Calvert's crew, "They are so good with kindness."

## Many Thanks

To the following persons who are helping with newsletter expences. Thank you very much.....

Joseph Gregoire.....20.00  
Jim Minnix.....15.00  
Orvil Torske.....20.00  
Harold Lee.....10.00  
Lew Sayers.....40.00  
Tom Condon.....10.00  
Neil Feaster.....10.00  
Ray Brink.....20.00  
Steve Shuster.....25.00  
Louis Kina.....20.00

John Landowski.....30.00  
Jack Ferris.....20.00  
Joe Phrubla.....20.00  
John Groff.....20.00  
Tom Warden Jr.....100.00  
Don Reader.....25.00  
Francis Shermanski.....20.00  
Tom Varnadoe.....25.00  
James Xanders.....20.00  
Tom Sawyer.....10.00  
Sam McCoy.....25.00  
Ronald C. Murphy.....5.00 \*  
Mildred Levett.....10.00

Ray W. Glasco.....25.00  
Robert Hanson.....20.00  
Gerald Katz.....20.00  
C.G. Clauss.....25.00  
Warren Shaddock.....5.00 \*  
Hunky Hobrat.....25.00  
Richard Collins.....20.00  
Roy Homes.....25.00  
George Mackey.....25.00  
Hal Winter.....10.00  
Ray Macclean.....25.00  
Oscar Woody.....3.00  
Leonard Hanson.....30.00  
Ships History \*

Dateline: December 30, 1942



No, sailor, you are wrong. That Camp Alligator sign isn't the name of this base. Right now, it marks the headquarters for the Naval Beach Parties. Some months ago, the first beach parties trained under the command of Comdr. W. D. Capron, USCG., at this base. They made camp in the bean patch where the base hospital now stands. The first hundred "Alligators", as they became known, moved in with Army pyramidal tents one hot afternoon and "tent city" was up and occupied within several hours by Beach Party crews.

The Alligators were proud of their camp and in a few days it was named "Camp Alligator" and the large sign announced the fact.

These Beach Party Alligators were a mystery around the base, and the envy of many more comfortably quartered sailors who lived in the few barracks then completed.

Whenever the Alligators went to the boats for the trip to the beaches where they trained, they went through the base on the double, frequently with full equipment (weapons and full packs). Sometimes called "the beachcombers", these proud Alligators were easily identified by their green coveralls and marine field shoes which were the envy of the other men on the base.

The Alligator symbol was not restricted to the sign. Soon,

a stencil was cut and the backs of jumpers and coveralls blossomed with an alligator spewing tanks on the beach.

Another original contribution of the Beach Parties at Camp Alligator was street names in Tent City. Guadalcanal, Tulagi and Solomon were among the names on the street signs. Later, the base followed this lead in naming its streets.

Next time you pass the Camp Alligator sign, step up close and note the names of African ports (Casablanca, Safi, Fedala). It was there that Beach Parties, trained at Camp Alligator, landed on the beaches with the Army and carried out their tasks, the first Naval landing parties to hit the beaches in this operation.

Beach Party Alligators everywhere are proud of their unit and the important assignments that come their way. When the war is over, more can be said of the part played by this outfit who toughened up on the obstacle course which they built soon after starting training at Little Creek.

Whenever you meet a man in the Beach Party anywhere, ask him whether he ever heard of Camp Alligator. Ten to one he'll say, "Sure, it was in the bean patch at Little Creek."

And don't forget to tell him the names of enemy beaches where Camp Alligator beach parties landed, now painted on the Camp Alligator sign.

Note: The emblem showing an alligator spewing tanks onto a beach was never officially approved and the men who had sewn the woven patch on their uniforms were required to remove it.

Hal Winter '43-'45



USS CALVERT - APA 32

# Ship Life's Tough for Pollywogs at Equator

## '43 Ancient Order of the Deep Rituals Recalled by Survivor

By HAL WINTER

"Pollywogs unite!"

The words went out over the ship's public address system but only those on watch at the point of origin knew who had spoken to them. The voice was grizzly, unidentifiable; the message, urgent.

We were in convoy four days out of Honolulu on a southwesterly course to the Gilbert Islands. In another six days the USS Calvert would arrive at its assigned anchorage off Makin Island, where its assault troops and their equipment would be deposited in a carefully planned and much-rehearsed invasion. It was mid-November, 1943.

Word had been passed earlier that our journey into the Pacific war zone would take us across the equator. No ship makes the passage without conducting the fitting 'initiation' ceremonies in which 'Shellbacks,' by virtue of their having crossed the line on a previous voyage, place themselves in charge of 'Pollywogs,' whose fate that solemn day is entirely in their hands.

Aboard the Calvert very few enlisted men and only two officers had sailed across the imaginary demarcation. A third officer, a Lt.(jg), claimed he was exempt from the initiation because he had flown across some years ago. This didn't count. The crossing had to be made in a floating vessel. Blame the Vikings.

### Early Warnings Ignored

Though the crew had been warned, the first announcement was almost totally ignored. We knew very well that only official messages concerning the daily duties and activities of ship's company were given the honor of an announcement. We treated the matter lightly; somebody was playing a joke and would be taken in tow for it. Later, when a stronger, more defiant but still anonymous, voice demanded, "Pollywogs unite!" the significance of the occasion began to dawn.

Enroute to my post on the bridge as lee helmsman, a pair of sweaty hands grabbed me by the neck as you would grab a slipping bottle of irreplaceable Chivas Regal. I couldn't see my assailant.

"Are you a Pollywog?"

"No sir. Just a lowly Seaman First Class, Sir!"

I should have known the Shellbacks would be up to no good, but I was under the impression that the fun and games wouldn't get into full swing until the next day, the day of the actual crossing. Somehow I managed to slip free and ran the remainder of the way to the bridge, not pausing to look back. I considered my escape tricky but fortunate and, breathing easier, I relieved the man at the wheel.

That evening I learned that my unseen attacker was not the enemy but a Pollywog himself; that the Pollywogs had convened during the afternoon and set out in search of stray, off-duty Shellbacks. Tradition, it appeared, allowed Pollywogs to "get even" ahead of time.

### Doo-o-o-om on Deck

The day of reckoning came.

"Pollywogs assembled at Number Four hatch and be prepared to meet your doo-o-o-om!" We recognized the voice this time; it was that of the Master-at-Arms, Chief Briggs, who was now Davy Jones. It was appropriate that the man who was in charge of keeping order aboard ship be assigned this role.



Photo courtesy of Hal Winter

### Officer peers through glass jug during initiation.

Number Four hatch had been equipped with a large dunking vat. At one end of it, ship's carpenters had constructed a platform. From this, a wooden plank extended over the vat.

A special elevation had been erected on which were placed two garrishly-colored thrones. These would soon contain the King and Queen's royal bottoms. This, then, was the setting in which the day's grim drama would unfold.

At precisely 1000 hours, their royal highnesses appeared midst hoots and howls from Pollywogs and Shellbacks alike. They were preceded by Davy Jones who, in mock anger, cleared a wide path for them.

His Majesty was garbed in the season's smartest woolen bunting of green, red, yellow and purple. His beard, mustache and hair were combed-out Manila hemp. Above all this sat a magnificent crown of gold and yellow.

### 'Queen,' Royal Baby Join King

The Queen stole the show. Shy and blushing, she accepted the King's proffered, leathery hand as they made their way through the crowd. Her headdress, falling to her broad shoulders, was a discarded oil rag that had been laundered to death. It now boasted two voluminous flowers of questionable origin.

Topping this finery sat a cardboard crown similar in color and design to the King's but several sizes smaller. Her gown, a sheet imported from officers' quarters, was wrapped discreetly about her bosom and trailed reluctantly behind her, snagging here and there along the deck.

Their Majesties were most ably portrayed by two of the ship's favorite chief petty officers, "old salts" who had crossed the line in two hemispheres.

*Enroute to my post on the bridge  
as lee helmsman, a pair of sweaty  
hands grabbed me by the neck as  
you would grab a slipping bottle of  
irreplaceable Chivas Regal.*

Following close at hand was the royal baby whose chambray blue bonnet and red bunting diaper covered very little. Wooden lollypop in hand he bounced along behind his parents barely avoiding the outreached fingers of the multitude. Rosy-cheeked chief cook played his part for all it was worth. Surely, not even Sidney Greenstreet, had he been available, could have done it more convincingly.

The royal family were not the only ones dressed to suit the occasion. Davy Jones sported a patch over one eye and a black pirate's hat that refused to stay put. Officers and crew had each been given specific instructions on how they were to appear.

One man wore a catcher's mitt in place of a jock strap. An officer who had often expressed his desire to become navigator one day was given a large, empty glass jug through which he was required to peer all during the ceremonies. Another man was made to wear pink panties with deflated life belts for suspenders. Nearly everyone was in some sort of skivvy attire or longjohns. Beware of skull and cross bones painted on a skivvy shirt; the wearer is a member of the royal police.

With the royal couple safely enthroned, a signal was given.

#### **Silence Shrouds Ship**

"Silence... Silence! His Majesty's royal court is now in session.

The hooting and howling ceased. Everyone stood silently listening to what Davy Jones, royal scribe of the Domain of Neptunus Rex had to say. Davy first clearly defined the age-old custom of crossing the equator and the necessary ceremonies attached thereto. He next explained the importance of each and every man present taking part in the initiation.

"One may have occasion," he called out above the wind, "to cross again in the future. Without the necessary indentation and diploma, one might be mistaken for a Pollywog and be made to go through it again."

He then turned and bowed to the King who, with a wave of his hand, said, "Let the ceremonies begin."

Davy Jones bowed again. The King bowed. Davy bowed. The Queen bowed. The King elbowed the Queen. Davy bowed. Tension was mounting. The Queen burped.

Davy faced us again.

"First defendant step up!"

The first defendant or, more accurately, victim, came forward. It was the skipper. Capt. Sweeney was a man who was infinitely proud of his hair. While other men of his age and station were showing signs of sparseness, the Skipper's mop remained bushy and healthy.

"One of the prime qualifications for an appearance of a defendant before the royal presence is a haircut. Take him away."

Off went the skipper and off went his hair, down to the scalp. His re-entrance moments later brought down the house. Here was our skipper, a man we respected and admired, shorn of his most prized possession. Red-faced and laughing with the rest of us, he was enjoying the rough treatment as much as those who were dishing it out.

Davy Jones read the charges.

#### **Pollywogs Face Shellbacks**

"Capt. Sweeney, you are charged with wilfully and maliciously failing to conduct your ship within the realm of his Lordship's kingdom, thereby deliberately avoiding membership into the Ancient Order of the Deep. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty."

"He got the works."

First, two Shellbacks threw him into the arms of the royal medicine man who squirted him with a purple solution obtained from Sick Bay. It was gentian violet, a fungicide used to treat burns and athlete's foot. Next, the royal embalmer received him hungrily and, flipping him onto an improvised table, pured grease into this khaki pants.

Our beloved skipper then passed between two lines of Shellbacks armed with canvass-wrapped shillelaghs and pine paddles enroute to the water vat. Here, with a dignity matching the spirit of the day, he walked the plank to its end, bowed to one and all and jumped in.

Fishing him out with boat hooks, the Shellbacks brought him before the King and Queen.

"You have performed well, my son," said the King. "There is, however, one more trial you must suffer before you are awarded membership into the Ancient Order of the Deep. You must kiss the royal baby's belly."

The skipper looked at the royal baby sprawled at the feet of the Queen. The royal baby looked at the skipper with a sick grin on his face. Without further hesitation, our skipper knelt down and kissed the sweating belly.

And so, on it went, down through the line of Pollywogs, with no distinction made between officers and enlisted men. And the royal electrician kept things moving with his electrically-charged pitchfork.

#### **Soft Chairs Required**

The royal court adjourned at 1130 for chow only to reconvene at 1300. Through the sunny November afternoon screams of pain and laughter could be heard from the decks of neighboring ships.

At 1520 a formal announcement was made.

"Attention all hands! The USS Calvert is now passing over the Equator. The royal ceremonies have been successfully and satisfactorily completed and all ye who were, previous to this date, vile and unmentionable Pollywogs have now been officially accepted into the Mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep and shall hereafter consider yourselves qualified Shellbacks."

The crew cheered as though a final victory against the enemy had been won then reluctantly dispersed and resumed normal routine.

Inside an hour one would never have thought such goings-on had taken place. The only reminder was a sore rear end. Few of us could sit or bend. We were advised to take things easy for a while and if we must sit down now and then, to be sure to choose a soft, downy chair.

But where in Pacific waters was one to find a soft, downy chair, especially at zero degrees latitude?

# What's going on

## USS CALVERT REUNION

Lake George, New York

September 20 - 23, 1990



### THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, 1990

Registration at Days Inn after 14:00 hours. - Then come across the road to the "Tropicana" to register for the reunion.

The rest of the day is left up to you. There will be maps available pointing out all kinds of restaurants, cinemas, malls, etc.

### FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1990

Registration at "Tropicana" 8:00 - 9:00 A.M.

Leave by bus for Lake George at 9:30 A.M. This will leave you some time to roam around Lake George before gathering on the dock at 11:00 A.M. Boat trip from 11:30 A.M. to 14:00 hours. Bus will pick us up at the pier at 16:00 hours.

Banquet at "Tropicana" - 18:00 to 23:00 hours.

### SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1990

Registration if needed - 8:00 to 9:00 A.M.

Free time until 14:00 hours. Then we get on the bus to go to the Balloon Festival until 18:00 hours.

Free time from arrival at Days Inn until 20:00 hours.

Hourdevres and social time from 20:00 - 23:00 hours.

### SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1990.

Time to say so long until New Orleans!!!!!!

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Boat trip with lunch	Adults	Children
	19.50	12.50
Boat trip only	8.00	4.00
Bus (round trip)\$5.00 per person.		
Must have money and count by August 1, 1990.		
Banquet Prime Rib Au Jus - queen cut		\$20.50
Roast Half Spring Chicken		\$16.00
Bus trip and back (Balloon Festival) \$5.00 per person		

\* Banquet prices include everything.

Would appreciate receiving all monies by August 1st.  
See you there.

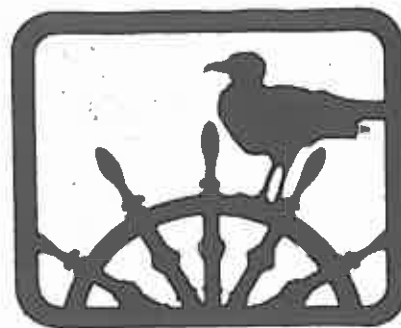
Bob and Charlotte Smith

71 Main St.  
Queensburg, New York 12804





Route 9, Box 3202  
Lake George, NY 12845  
518/793-3196



HOUSING REQUEST FORM  
"USS Calvert" Naval Reunion  
September 20 to September 23, 1990

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

PHONE # (Daytime): \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Thursday, 9/20, Friday, 9/21 and Saturday, 9/22/90

\_\_\_\_\_ Friday, 9/21 and Saturday, 9/22/90

# of Rooms: \_\_\_\_\_ # of People: \_\_\_\_\_

Type of Room requested: Single (King Bed) \_\_\_\_\_  
Double (2 double beds) \_\_\_\_\_

Rates for Rooms are:	Single (1 person 1 Beds)	\$76.00	
	Double (2 persons 2 Beds)	\$76.00	ALL RATES ARE SUBJECT
	Triple (3 persons 2 Beds)	\$82.00	TO 7% NYS SALES TAX
	Quad (4 persons 2 Beds)	\$88.00	

Form of Advance Deposit: Check or Money Order: \_\_\_\_\_

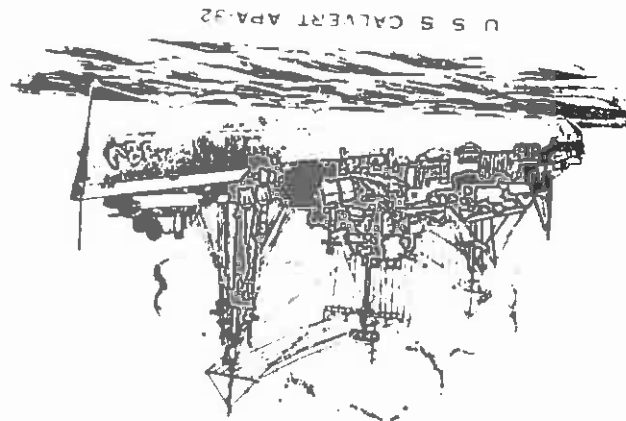
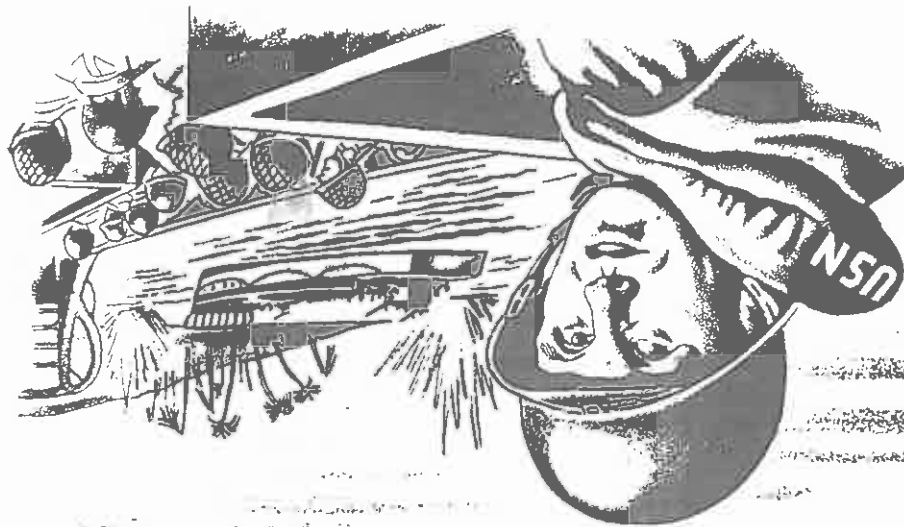
Amount: \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Credit Card to be Charged \_\_\_\_\_  
Type CC# Exp Date

\*\*\*\*All Reservations need to be recieved by July 20, 1990 with 1 (one) nights payment.

\*\*\*\*Three week notice for cancellation and reimbursement.\*\*\*\*

Requests: (please note any requests here): \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

MAIL RESERVATION FORM AND DEPOSIT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS AND YOU WILL RECIEVE A WRITTEN CONFIRMATION.

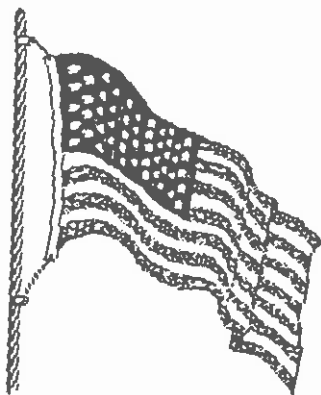


3rd CLASS  
PERMIT NO.  
10

CALVERT ASSOCIATES  
KENYON, MN. 55946  
ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

## Deepest Sympathy

### MEMBERS PASSED AWAY



William G. Hawk 51-53

April 1, 1986

Peter Edgerly 243 43

July 5, 1989

John W. Harrell

June 19, 1989