



Leaky Weeks Almanac

USS John W Weeks
Association

Volume 1, Issue 2
May 2004

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Hal Gross, President Emeritus

May 24, 2004

Dear Weeks Shipmates and Friends

This weekend President Bush will be formally dedicating the National World War II Memorial to honor the World War II generation. The Memorial has been long in coming, since approximately 1,100 World War II vets die every day. Out of 16 million vets only 4 million are alive today. You can see this attrition in our own ranks. For example, only eight of our World War II vets showed up last year for our reunion in Branson. I remember my first reunion back in 1988, the first year that the association opened up to post World War II vets that served on the Weeks. There were well over fifty World War II vets at that event, and we were in the minority, today it is reversed. This week over 200,000 people will be heading to Washington DC; among them will be three of our own, Hal Gross, Ron DePass and Earl Thomas. I talked to Hal a couple of weeks ago and asked him if he would put together an article on his experience at the dedication; he said yes, and it will appear in our next issue. All of you World War II vets out there that could not make the dedication will have another chance to see the Memorial if you attend this year's reunion in Washington DC. One of our planned tours will take us to the World War II Memorial as well as the other War Memorials.

Plans for this year's reunion are coming together. Over forty of our members have made reservations at the hotel. As I noted in my last newsletter, I blocked fifty rooms for the reunion, so most of the rooms are gone. I am trying to get more rooms; I hope we will have enough for those of you that want to attend. If you plan to attend, I recommend that you make your reservations soon. Included in this newsletter is the procedure to sign up for this year's reunion.

I received many letters on the last issue of our newsletter. I am glad that many of you like the new format. Some suggested that we publish the newsletter more often; that would be a great idea if we could do it. The problem is that I currently do not have the time to publish more than four or five times a year since I also maintain and update our website, and perform other duties for our association. The other major problem is a lack of material. For example, in the last issue we carried a story submitted by Morris Gillett, a WWII Weeks crewmember. Morris has contributed several other stories, which are currently posted on our website. However, I like to vary the material since we have members that served on the Weeks at different times, from 1944 up to 1970. I have to believe that there are a million stories out there both humorist and serious that occurred over those three decades that Weeks was in service. I welcome any material from our members. In this issue of the newsletter, I went back in my archive for a series of stories that occurred in the fifties. Curtis Haseltine, a Marine Editor for the Detroit Free Press, wrote the series. He was aboard the Weeks during "Operation Inland Sea", a cruise that took saltwater warships into the heartland of America. This cruise was special to me since I met my future wife when the Weeks visited Toledo Ohio in 1959. I hope that this article will bring back memories for all of you that were present during this operation and will be of interest for those of you that were not.

Smooth Sailing,
Len Budzynski

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Special points of interest:

- Signup early to reserve a room for this year's reunion. We reserved 50 rooms. Over forty rooms have been taken. Hurry and reserve your room before they are all gone.
- Two upgrades to mini-suites will be given away!
- The Jerseyman needs your help.

Meet Your Association Officers



Bill Fleming

Bill Fleming - Director

Bill served on the USS John W. Weeks 1950 to 1953. After receiving his discharge from the Navy in July 1953, Bill returned to his home in New York City, pursuing a career in law enforcement. He served on the NYC Police Department for 24 Years. After retiring from the force he wanted to stay active, so, he then purchased a tavern in Pearl River, New York. After ten years working the tavern he retired for "Good" and now lives with his wife Ann in the Adirondack Mountains in New York state.

Bill joined the association the year it was first opened to post WWII vets. He is very active in the association and over the years have been a spokesman for our those that served on the Weeks during the Korean War era.

Ray Goodmuth - Director

Ray served aboard the Weeks from Aug. of 1962 until Feb of 1966. He reported aboard as a Fireman Apprentice after having spent about a year in boot camp and Electrician Mate A school. Ray, managed to rise to the rate/rank of EM 2nd class. For a short while not having a 1st class or chief electrician around he ran the electrical gang. During his last year aboard he managed to snag a Master at Arms assignment and enjoyed that for a number of months. He was extended for 4 months for the Vietnam conflict and discharged in 1966. After leaving the Navy he worked for Western Electric for 10 years and then hired on with C&P telephone company which evolved into Verizon. He still works there and plans to retire either late this year or early next year. He married his wife Harriett, in 1967. They have two daughters, the oldest is Stephanie and their youngest, Rebecca, who is still in college (which is why he is still working!).

In the next issue we will introduce Earl Thomas and Tom Wilson.



Ray Goodmuth

Reunion 2004 - The Rooms Are Going Fast!

In the last issue there were two inserts in this newsletter for this year's reunion. One insert contained general information about the reunion and the hotel. The back of this insert has information about the Tours, Breakfast Buffet, Banquet Dinner, and Cancellation insurance. The other insert is the Reservation Form. We are doing things differently this year so read the material carefully.

It is important that you make your Hotel Reservations as soon as possible. There are less than ten rooms left for our group. We are trying to get more rooms; however, as we get closer to the reunion it may be impossible to get additional rooms. **Please note, if you reserve your room today, you are under no obligation. You may cancel up to 4:00pm, of the day that the reunion starts, Sept 29, 2004.**

One change this year, you will need to call the hotel and make your own hotel reservation. This will eliminate some of the problems we had in the pass and will give you control of your reservation. Be sure to tell them what kind of room you want, smoking, nonsmoking, etc.. You are with the USS John W Weeks Reunion.

Next, look at the Reservation Form. Fill it out and total it up, write a check and send it to **National Reunion Planners**; please do not send the check to me. The show at the Kenny Center and the two tours are optional. You can take none of the tours, take one or all three, the choice is yours. These tours are very reasonably priced. Incidentally, all transportation is included in these prices. **Unlike the hotel, you have up to August 20, 2004 to send your check in for the registration fee and tours. Carefully read the information on cancellation of these items.**

If you plan to arrive early or stay after the reunion and have trouble getting the \$89 rate, please contact me.



Korean War Shipmates



Washington DC

Freedom
Isn't FreeSupport
Our Troops

I received the following request: The Jerseyman asks All Hands, in all 50 states, that might have photos of US Navy ship's bells to please forward a copy to us. Does anyone have photos that they can send? We are looking for ship's bell photos along with stories about the ships they come from, for publication in future issues of The Jerseyman. Most sailors never got the chance to serve as an Iowa Class Battleship sailor, but most of us also never got a chance to be a Tin Can sailor, or ship out with carries, or with the Gator Navy either. If you can assist with Navy bell photos, please contact: THelvig@aol.com, or mail to:

Master Chief Tom Helvig, USN, (Ret.)

Writer/Editor *The Jerseyman*

62 Battleship Place

Camden, New Jersey 08103

New Members

Bob Perky			C Warren		58 - 61
Thomas Howe			Harry Hash	RM2	59 - 60
Kenneth Wick			Robert Baker	MSN 1C	60
Robert Kemp	QM3	44 - 46	Lewis R Justice		60 - 64
Ed Krawczyk		44 - 46	David DeGanne	GMG3	61 - 64
Joseph Gratta	RMSN	48 - 50	Carey Inlow	IC3	62 - 65
Bill Palicia	YM2	50 - 52	Pete Rumsey	LT	63 - 64
Don Campbell	RDSN	51 - 53	George Kanuck	DK3	63 - 64
Wayne Johnson	MMFN	52 - 53	Bill Copes	MM2	63 - 66
Frank Jellison	EM2	52 - 54	John Avelis, Jr	STG2	63 - 66
Conrad Correnti	FN	53 - 54	Howard Gatrell		64 - 65
Bruce Neidemire	SO3	54 - 56	Norman Scott	FTG2	64 - 66
Wayne Kiddy	SO2	55 - 56	James Rice	CDR	64 - 67
Maurice Teague	TM2	55 - 62	Kevin Bradley	FN	65 - 66
Joe Mahar	FT	56	Lee Adams	E 4	65 - 66
Mel Kramp	RD3	56 - 58	Dan Buchan	FTG2	65 - 67
Ron Natalie	ENS	57 - 58	Randy Wagner	SK3	68 - 69
Frederick Hoff, Jr	EM3	57 - 59	Henry Bray	LTJG	68 - 70
Marion Hess		58 - 59	Jerry Browning	MM3	68 - 70

If you know of any of our shipmates that are sick, in the hospital, or deceased; please contact Jerry Brown or Len Budzynski.

Taps

Karl Zuehlke I received a call from one of our WWII shipmates informing me that Karl Zuehlke passed away on March 27, 2004. Karl served aboard the Weeks from 1945 to 1946.

Hugh McClinton I received a call from Mary Ann McClinton, informing me that her husband Hugh passed away July 2003, after a long illness. Hugh served aboard the Weeks from 1952 to 1954.

Gene Stanley I received an email from Gene Stanley's son informing me that his Dad passed away August 1999. Gene served aboard the Weeks from 1950 to 1954. His son told me take Gene attended several of our reunions and always had a great time.

Operation Inland Seas, By Curtis Haseltine, Detroit Free Press

Foreword - This story is about Task Force 47, the official name for the 28-ship force under the command of Rear Admiral Edmund B. Taylor, Commander Destroyer Force, Atlantic Fleet. There were 8000 Navy men, 1500 Marine troops and 1092 Naval Academy and NOTC midshipmen embarked in the ships of the Task Force.

Twenty-eight Naval warships visited 28 ports in seven states on the Great Lakes during the summer of 1959; this operation was made possible by the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Its purpose was to show the "Salt Water Navy" to those Americans of the Midwest that never seen any shipping other than the fresh water craft that ruled the Great Lakes before the opening of the Seaway. The Weeks visited Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Sault Ste Marie and Montreal Canada.

Before the Weeks left Norfolk, many civilian quest of the Secretary of the Navy came aboard the various ship of Task Force 47, to accompany us on this cruise. The Weeks was particularly fortunate to have as a quest, a man that was well know to all in the Detroit area with a maritime interest, Mr. Curtis Haseltine, the Marine Editor of the Detroit Free Press. I hope that these articles bring back memories for those of you that were on the cruise and will be of an interest for those of you that were not. You will find Curtis Haseltine's style informative and colorful. The rest of the articles will appear in the next issue.

Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 1 - Draw a line due east from Cape May. Draw another due south from Cape Cod. Where they cross, the Weeks is steaming as part of the navy's Task Force 47. The sea is calm and deep blue under an almost cloudless sky. The sun casts a myriad sparkling crystals over the wave crests. Trim, gray ships glide smoothly over the Atlantics surface. It is hard to realize that beneath this lovely sea two submarines are lurking; two, that is, that we know about. They are submarines that slipped out of Norfolk ahead of us Monday to take their places in a grim war game.

During the night, they placed themselves in the path of our convoy. Their targets are the three vessels that are playing the role of troop transports, two LSD's and an LST the mission of the destroyers is to protect those transports, to screen them from attack, and if possible, get into a position where the submarines' could be killed with our antisub weapons. This is mock warfare, make-believe, but definitely not play. The task force commander, rear Admiral Edmund B. Taylor, is calling on every trick, every device: every technological contrivance, to outwit those two subs.



The screen of destroyers that he has deployed around the transports and which he keeps weaving and interchanging almost constantly is designed to baffle the wittiest sub commander. We met the subs this Morning. Sonar signals, the underwater counterpart of radar, bounced back from their sleek, gray hulls. The relentless, electronic impulses reported every twist, every turn, and every canny maneuver as they sought to penetrate our destroyer screen to get a clear torpedo shot at the transports. Two destroyers were told off to harass each sub. For thirty breathless minutes they sparred, feinted and played the game of wits, meanwhile the convoy sped away from the danger area, fulfilling its mission of protection the transports, at the end of the thirty minutes, the scheduled duration of the combat maneuver, the subs, and destroyers called it a draw and broke off their contact. But we will meet again, perhaps this afternoon, tomorrow for sure, just in case it's this afternoon.

The convoy is now on a continuously changing course, yet making no good an overall true course. This is very discouraging to the sub-marine commander who attempts to predict the convoy's position at any future moment. But we know that the subs, too, have their tricks and at any moment we may see a dummy torpedo streaking our way. Here will be more of these exercises as we steam northward until the convoy slips through Cabot Strait into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, heading for the seaway and the Great Lakes, on Operation Inland Seas, the historic first voyage of a navy flotilla into the heartland of America.

Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 2 - We're hunting submarines again today. For the second day in a row the sleek destroyers of Task Force 47 have been twisting and smashing their way across the gray rain whipped bog-drenched windswept sea in search of the elusive un-sea craft. We lost a bit of dinnerware at the noon meal when the Weeks tore loose from one huge wave and shook herself like a terrier before diving into the next. But we have scored in this gigantic chess game that covers countless square miles of ocean surface. While serving as picket ship out in advance of the main convoy protecting three mock troop transports. Suddenly out of the gray swells off the starboard bow, a pencil-thin black line projected. It was a periscope. The sub was trying to sneak past us to get in close to the transports. The Weeks whirled around in a tight circle to pounce. The sub released a green flare, indicating the mock firing of a torpedo. But had there been a real torpedo it would have passed harmlessly astern. The sub submerged in the turbulent wake of the Weeks where the probing sonar could not distinguish it. Other destroyers converged on the spot and the sub was harried and prevented from accomplishing its mission.



Operation Inland Seas, By Curtis Haseltine, Detroit Free Press

This morning the Weeks spotted the submerged sub with her sonar gear and once again, the team went into action. The Deck Officer on the bridge directed the ships movements, based on ranges and bearings of the sub furnished by the Sonarmen deep in the hull and the overall picture of the fray provided by Combat Information Center where reports from every source are integrated. Down in CIC a circle of light shines dimly on a sheet of paper. In the center, there is a shadow dot. That is the Weeks. The edge of the ring is calibrated in compass bearings. Concentric circles mark ranges from the Weeks. The position and moment-by-moment movements of the sub are marked in red as they are reported, the movements of the Weeks are plotted in black. The paths of the other vessels in the attack are marked down in green, if there were an aerial support, its movements would be charted in blue. The track down of the sub results in a few minutes in a birds nest of twisting, interweaving lines but at any given moment, CIC can give the exact position of each component in the contest. There was a similar CIC on the other three destroyers assigned to this exercise.

Two destroyers were sent to circle the battleground to prevent the subs escape. The other two, including the Weeks, were sent in for the kill. The sub took evasive action but its every movement was followed relentlessly by the monotonous hollow pipe sounding clang of the sonar with its answering ping from the subs steel hide. Finally the Weeks passed directly over the submarine. A mock depth charge dropped over the fantail, leaving a widening splotch of dye. Obediently, the sub released an air bubble to mark its exact position. There was another drop, another dye splotch, another bubble of air. Had this been for real, there would have been one less enemy submarine.

Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 3 - The hedgehog is an ornery little beast but the destroyer men of the U.S. Navy love him. He kills submarines. Out on the gray fogbound Atlantic this morning we watched the hedgehog go into action. The navy version of this prickly critter has twenty-four quills. One hedgehog is mounted on each side of the ship opposite the wheelhouse. When the destroyer goes into action against a sub, a weapon resembling a potato masher with vanes on the handle is slipped over each quill. The potato masher with vanes on the handle is slipped over each quill. The Potato mashers are designed to sink quickly and each carries a lethal amount of high explosive, they are made to explode on contact with the submarines outer shell. The sonarmen in their station down in the destroyer's bowels near the waterline tracked the sub by its echoing ping on their intricate gear. The sonar sends out a beamed electronic impulse at regular intervals, if that impulse strikes any object it is bounced back to the destroyer as a ping. The direction of the beamed impulse gives the sonarmen the bearing of the object. The interval between the impulse and the reflected ping gives them the range or distance to the object.

Our sonarmen had trailed the sub until we were right on its tail. The hedgehogs were fired. The potato mashers lobbed in a high arc out past the bow, as each missile hit the surface of the water it left a splotch of brilliant red dye. At the same instant, the sub released a bubble of air to mark its position. The bubble rose into the midst of our hedgehog pattern. Moments later the submarine radioed to us quote evaluation excellent unquote. That hedgehog is a real sub killer. Of course, our potato mashers did not contain explosives. The submarine was one of four providing the destroyers of Task Force 47 with practice targets in the never-ending training program that keeps our Navy's shooting eye sharp.

Our practice area today was southeast of Lonely Sable Island, that barren rock surrounded by tricky shoals that lies south of Cape Breton Island. Tonight we steam northward some two hundred miles for a refueling rendezvous with a tanker lying midway between Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland. Then it's on to Cabot Strait, the entrance to the Gulf of St Lawrence. We are scheduled to get some rudder fenders at Montreal to protect the sides of the Weeks when we get into the locks and canals of the seaway and the Welland canal, our latest weather forecast predicts fog patches throughout the seaway area. That will be a relief to Task Force 47 because we have been operating in solid fog for three days now, fixing our position on the open sea by loran radio signals from land stations. But never a star nor even the sun for a sextant sight.

Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 4 - There she lay in the mist of four thirty in the morning, a fat gray duck bobbing on the long Atlantic swells. This was the oiler we were meeting to fill our tanks for the long run to Chicago. Away to the north beyond the curtain of haze lay Newfoundland. Somewhere in the fog to the south-west was Cape Breton Island. The oiler, like so many Detroit motorists lining up at the gas pumps on the eve of a three-day holiday. The Weeks was first in line to approach the oiler's starboard side. Huge rubber hoses were draped from booms fore and aft on each side of the oiler like huge dead snakes looped over a stick. As the Weeks drew abreast of the oiler, a deckhand on the huge tanker whirled a heaving line with a weight on the end. Seamen grabbed the line and hauled in. A heavier line was attached to it, then another, still heavier and finally the steel cable to support the heavy hose. Other heaving lines brought across the communication cable and a measuring line so the two ships could keep a constant distance between them. Toward the after end another hose cable snaked across together with its communication line and measuring line.

Operation Inland Seas, By Curtis Haseltine, Detroit Free Press

Then came the mighty flow of oils the squat duck had become a sow, nourishing her piglets. Meanwhile another destroyer was being refueled on the oiler's port side. And all the time the entire group moved forward, heading for the first time in a northwesterly direction.

Since Monday, Task Force 47 had been heading north and east, out to sea, in a series of anti-submarine maneuvers. But now it was headed toward Cabot Strait, the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence the St. Lawrence Seaway. The fog held on, the sea looked the same, but there was a new spirit in task Force 47. All eyes were looking forward to Operation Inland Seas. The historic first entrance of a Navy flotilla into that vast freshwater highway that leads deep into the heart of America. For many of those aboard, Operation Inland Seas was a homecoming. Salty as they might be, true seamen whose realm is the watery-two thirds of the earth's surface, many of them called the Midwest home and they were coming home to Detroit, to Cleveland, to Chicago and hundred towns and villages in between. But today there was still sea-going work to be done.



In the afternoon, another destroyer drew abreast of the Weeks. Once again, the heaving line snaked across surging waters to link two ships together. But this time there was a difference. A man made the crossing between the two ships. He was a photographer who had come aboard the Weeks to make photographs of the new Midshipmen who were getting their first sea legs on this voyage. His job on the Weeks done, he was being transferred to the other destroyer to carry on the same task there. Out on the heavy line holding the two ships together went a contrivance that looked like a Paul Revere lantern. Strapped inside was the photographer. Seas leaped between the two ships, seeming to snap at the metal cage and its human occupant. But the seas were thwarted. He arrived safely aboard the other destroyer, the lines were loosed, and the ships veered apart to take up their stations. Within moments, the other destroyer was a ghostly apparition in the fog.

Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 5 - On this Sunday the vanguard of Task Force 47 made its historic entrance into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Past age-old hills that-must appear today much as they did to the early French explorers. The destroyers Weeks, Haynsworth, Ault, and Waldron steamed through placid waters. Half shrouded by fog, the hills lay to either side. To the left was the Gaspé Peninsula, to the right, Newfoundland. What appeared to be patches of snow lay in the hollows of the Newfoundland slopes. And this the first day of summer.

Because it was Sunday, the Chaplain came aboard the Weeks from the Haynsworth by way of the high line, a heavy line stretched between the two ships with a metal cage seat pulled across on a pulley. The high line transfer was old stuff to the Chaplain who makes these transfers four times ever Sunday. But it was a new experience for this reporter. Strapped into a life jacket, he was seated in the metal chair. The high line was pulled taught and the men on the Haynsworth pulled on the inhaul. The chair swept out between the two vessels and crossed smoothly to the other destroyer. After a brief touch-down, the return was made the same way, with men on the Weeks pulling on the inhaul line. It was a thrilling experience in calm seas. When the seas are high, it must be hair-raising.

Late this afternoon we anchor at Father Point the entrance to the St. Lawrence River. Here we will take a river pilot aboard to guide us up to Montréal. Then another pilot will take us through the seven seaway locks to Cape Vincent at the mouth of Lake Ontario.

But right now we are in the rapidly narrowing approach to the head of the gulf of St. Lawrence. We can see the roofs of barns and houses nestled in the hills on either side, gleaming through a slight haze. Occasionally we pass a small village huddled at the water's edge each with its white church spire, some with white lighthouse standing starkly at little promontories. In imagination, the slight vibration of our steam turbine-driven twin screws die away to be replaced by the flapping of canvas and the thin whine of wind in the rigging. In our minds, we are four centuries back in *time, sailing* once more with Champlain past dark hills lighted only by the infrequent campfires of the Aborigines. Ahead lays a vast, unknown land filled with who knows what riches. And the waterway we are following. Perhaps it leads to the fabled orient.

But the strident voice of the public address system breaks in to jerk us back to the twentieth century. It is time to high line the Chaplain to the Waldron. Once again, the line is passed, the chair is rigged, and, with a wave of the hand, the Chaplain takes his aerial ride.





Operation Inland Seas, By Curtis Haseltine, Detroit Free Press

The traffic is getting heavier. Foreign freighters slip by, coming out of the St. Lawrence and bound for ports overseas. On the radio, we hear the accents of Norwegian, German, and French skippers. And then our first laker, a package freighter of Canada's Paterson Steamship Line.

Task Force 47 is nearing its objective. Soon the navy's saltwater fleet will be seen in the sweet waters of the great lakes for the first time. In its way, this occasion ranks with Champlain.

Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 6 - Father Point is a desolate place, a little cluster of houses huddled in the dubious protection of softly rounded hills that only now are reluctantly turning a pale green. But Father Point is important to the shipping now coming into the great lakes through the St. Lawrence Seaway because it is here that the gulf of St. Lawrence ends and the St. Lawrence river begins, and it is here that pilots are taken aboard to guide the ships up as far as Quebec.

So here may be seen freighters flying half a dozen or more different flags, sharing the shimmering water with the plodding little Canadian "family boats" which abound in the St. Lawrence from Montréal to the sea.

The Weeks dropped anchor at Father Point along with the three accompanying destroyers and two submarines that have been traveling together as part of Task Force 47 of the navy's 28-ship Operation Inland Seas.

The pilot assigned to us was Yves Lerue, quiet-spoken confidant and knowing the waters of the lower St. Lawrence as intimately as he knew the well kept flowerbeds in the back yard of his own neat home. He said that pilots on this run make between two and a half and three round trips weekly, guiding any type of ship that may happen to come along. Generally, they work from 40 to 45 hours weekly but if they are fortunate and are assigned to a series of fast vessels, they may work as little as 25 hours in a week.

Under Lerue's guidance, the Weeks made an uneventful run to Quebec where he dropped off in pilot boat to be replaced by H. P. Gignac who made up in quiet authority and complete confidence what ever he may have lacked in stature. Pilot Gignac took us as far as three rivers, about halfway between Quebec and Montréal. There we anchored for a time, waiting for arrangements to be completed for us to pick up pneumatic rubber fenders at Montréal to protect the destroyer's thin sides from the concrete of the seaway locks.

The Weeks, like other destroyers packs a lot of firepower and a lot of speed into a small package, the perfect example of the theory that offense is the best defense. So she carries no heavy armor plating that would cut down on her speed but has a thin skin of only five-eighths inch steel. One encounter with the lock walls would crumple that like tinfoil.

From Three Rivers to Montréal, the sun played peek-a-boo with the clouds. Finally, the sun won out though, and just as we slowed to anchor in the Long Point Anchorage off East Montréal, the vast refinery section, ancient Mount Royal glowed in the last slanting rays of daylight. Just around the bend lay the fabulous island city whose strategic position at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers made her a principal Indian stronghold ages before Champlain first saw her.

It is here at Montréal that the seaway begins, it was here at Montréal that the dread Lachine Rapids, together with the ferocity of the Iroquois tribesmen on up the river, turned the tide of early French exploration along the alternate Northern route, the Ottawa River, across to Lake Nipissing and down the French River into Northern Georgian Bay over some thirty seven portages. This was the route Du Bois took to establish French jurisdiction over the North Country many years before the existence of Lake Erie was even suspected. A trading post and mission on were established at Sault Ste Marie where the Indian tribes gathered each fall to spear whitefish in the swirling rapids to be smoked against the long winter ahead.

But now the Weeks is anchored at Montréal, drawing crowds of along curious along the shoreline and in speedboats alongside. Ashore a tiny cassocked lad from the Catholic Hospital gravely sends us semaphore messages with two white handkerchiefs. And our chief signalman as gravely replies in semaphore across the water. It is growing dark. The lad is called in for the night. Bonfires are lighted along the shore and watchers wave firebrands. The men on the ship reply with waving flashlights. The word is passed that we move into the seaway at three am. Father Point seems a long way back.

The last five days will be in the next issue.

We need your help! We need stories from our Korean and Vietnam War Vets. Contact Len Budzynski if you want to submit an article for publication.



**USS John W Weeks
Association**

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Leaky Weeks Almanac



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