



# Leaky Weeks Almanac

USS John W Weeks  
Association

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**Hal Gross, President Emeritus**

September 10, 2004

Dear Weeks Shipmates and Friends

When you receive this newsletter, the reunion will be less than two weeks away. I find it difficult to believe that we are coming up on the association's 19<sup>th</sup> reunion. How the years have flown by, it seems like just yesterday that Bea and I attended our first reunion in Downingtown PA, back in 1988. This was our first reunion, we were struck by the nostalgia as we walked in the Downingtown Inn and noticed a large banner hanging from the balcony - - "USS John W Weeks Welcome". I remember how Hal and Ellie Gross greeted us at the reunion registration desk and how they made us feel like family. As we walked to the hospitality room, we were struck by the friendlessness of everyone that we met. We noticed shipmates staring down at nametags then looking up to see if they recognized the person. As some of the shipmates recognized each other, they shook hands or hugged one another; you can imagine the memories that must have flashed through their minds of times past. In addition, the large amount of Weeks memorabilia assembled by Hal overwhelmed us. The memories that came back might have been forgotten forever if it for this reunions and the many others that we attended over the years. Once again, I would like to thank Hal and Ellie Gross for all of our members for their hard work over the last 18 years hosting our reunions. Since this year's reunion is the first that I organized, there is some anxiety on my part; however, we have a great team of officers and committee members that will help to make this a great reunion. This reunion will offer an unforgettable chance to experience one of the greatest cities in America and share in the ultimate, patriotic reunion experience!

As of last count, we have 129 people attending this year's reunion, which includes spouses or quests. One of our members, Dave Parent spent the year building a scale model of the Weeks. He plans to bring his work of art to this year's reunion. In addition, Dave needs your help, if anyone out there has good quality photos of the Weeks that were taken in the sixties, contact me or if you are coming to the reunion bring the photos with you.

I know that it is a little early; however, I had several people contacted me wanting to know where we are going for 2005. Some of the places that we are looking at are San Antonio, Cincinnati, Charleston, Valley Forge, Jacksonville, and Nashville. We will discuss the various options at our business meeting on October 2, 2004. Give these places some thought and let me know what you think.

Smooth Sailing,

Len Budzynski



### Ron DePass at the World War II Dedication

"Well, it was a memorable occasion to say the least. We flew out and back on United Airlines-they wouldn't accept any money for cocktails from any Vet. The people in D.C. would walk up to you and say thanks and shake your hand. It was just great."

Ron DePass

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## Meet Your Association Officers



Tom Wilson

### Tom Wilson - Vice President

Tom Wilson served aboard the Weeks from 1956 through 1958 as a Radarman 2<sup>nd</sup> Class. After leaving the Weeks, he attended Adelphi College, Garden City, N.Y. After college, he then went to work in the property and casualty insurance industry. Over the 43 years that he worked in the business, he held many different positions. Tom is currently Assistant Vice President. He started his career in Glens Falls, N.Y.; 28 years ago, he relocated to Keene, N.H. for a corporate position with a different company.

Soon after relocating to Glens Falls, N.Y. (late 1970), Tom met Karen at a party. At the time Karen was a Sr. Public Health Educator, employed by the N.Y. State Department of Health. Although they grew up around the block from each other (literally), on Long Island, N.Y., they did not know each other. This might have something to do with the fact that he is nine years older than her. In any case, their mothers knew each other. Beyond that, as they say, the rest is history. Tom and Karen have two children: Jennifer (married, lives in Honolulu, Hawaii) and Tom (married, lives in Massachusetts). Currently, there are no Grandchildren



Jerry Wester

### Jerry Wester - Secretary

Jerry served as a electricians mate aboard the Weeks from April of 1963 until June 1965. He left the Weeks in Athens Greece and headed back to U.S.. He was discharged from the Navy in Philadelphia a couple of weeks later.

Jerry completed one year of college at Superior WI before joining the Navy. After leaving the Navy, he worked for a year; and then attended the University of Minnesota for three years. Wanting knowledge that is more technical, he later went to a technical school to complete his education.

For the last 20 years, he worked for the city of St. Paul as an electrician. His current hobbies are music and reading the AARP magazine (Jerry are you kidding us?). He is active member of our association, and a spokesman for those that served on the Weeks during the sixties. For the last 31 years, Jerry has been married to Shirley. They have a married son, two daughters, and two granddaughters.

**In the next issue we will introduce Earl Thomas and Jim Harkins.**



Bill Margetich

## Have Narrow Escape After Jap Peace Bid

Reprint from the Bethlehem Globe Times - 1945

Two Bethlehem Navy men, William Margetich, gunner's mate 2/C, 1123 Railroad Street and Frank J. Laky, seaman 1/C, 721 Pawnee Street, and other men aboard the destroyer USS John Weeks, which was assigned to the occupation forces at the end of the war, had a narrow escape from five Jap suicide planes just a few hours before the Japanese made their first peace bid.

In action since last January, she was one of four destroyers on "picket" duty in the waters near Tokyo Bay when the five suicide planes attacked August 9. They whirled out of the sky and attacked with bombs, strafing and straight- on plunges. Four were knocked into the sea or blown to bits in the air, two of them falling victims to the guns of the Weeks. The fifth crashed into a destroyer nearby. *end*



Frank Laky



Well, another familiar US Navy fixture is gone--"Skivvy Wavers" have been declared on the way out. Announced by the Navy in early November of 2003, the **Signalman (SM)** rate will be totally phased out by the end of this year. Signalmen are being asked to select another rate, and the Navy is hopeful that at least 10% will select **Quartermaster (QM)**. Quartermasters will be trained to handle visual communication tasks that are now handled by Signalmen.

**Freedom  
isn't Free**



**Support  
Our Troops**

### I want to share one of my funniest moments on the Weeks - Bob Perkins, QM2, 1955 - 59

As I recall we were in Naples Italy, Christmas, 1957(We saw Bob Hope on the carrier Forrestal). Late one day we got underway and steamed all night at a rapid pace to get us into the Italian port of Menton by 0700. I had everything on the bridge, waiting for Captain Gordon Lovejoy, we started to enter the break-away when the Captain arrived on the bridge. He went to his chair for a routine entry into port and raised the binoculars to view the entry. Suddenly he yelled at the XO to look at the name on the hotel - it was Alfa! Oh yes, we had entered the wrong port, maybe the night watch set the wrong cruise headings. He gave the order right full rudder, all engines full ahead. Alfa was only 20 miles away. We can laugh about it now, but the bridge was humorless at the time. I may have the port names reversed, due senior moments.

**My email is captperky@aol.com, the Capt. is because I have been a private yacht captain.**

## New Members

Carol Lee Coplen	I <sup>st</sup> Class	43 - 45	CDR L Fitzgerald	Capt	63 - 65
Jack Liven		43 - 45	Dave Sarver	YN2	64 - 66
Carl Joseph Miller	ET2	44 - 45	CDR Robert F Patterson	Capt	65 - 66
Paul F. DeBauge	LTJG	48 - 50	Paul J Stalcup	ETN2	65 - 67
Flemon E Dale		51 - 54	Clyde L Walker		65 - 68
James J. Rush	PN3	52 - 54	Dennis Patora	FTG2	68 - 69
Frank John Hurlburt	SO2	55 - 56	Herbert Paul Benham Jr.	E4	68 - 70
Eugene Adams	SM	59 - 61	Paul Hetrick	RM2	68 - 70
Robert E. Peters	SN	59 - 61	William A Brings	BTI	68 - 70
Danny Mangin		59 - 62	Robert C Loomis		68 - 69
Bob Martucci		59 - 63	Preston D York	MMFN	69 - 69
Pat Marchese		59 - 63	Doug Goebel	RD2	69 - 70
Gordon I. Bredel	RDI	61 - 66	Ronnie W Ellison	FN	69 - 70

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

## Sick Call

**Hal Gross** is recovering from back surgery and is currently going through therapy. Also, as you know Fort Pierce area took a beating from Hurricane Frances. I received the following from Jerry Wester , September 9th : I just talked to Hal and Ellie, they are at their son's place on Marco Island. Their home is still standing, the shingles are off the roof, but the plywood is still intact. There was a little water damage in the computer room. Also damage to the car port. Sounds like if Irving comes they will get on the first plane to New York. Ellie said she would call before they leave if they have to. I will try to keep everyone up to date.

**Earl Thomas** is recovering from a fall off of a ladder. He hurt his back and broke his arm, but I can report that he is healing well and is currently receiving therapy on his arm. It take a lot to hold Earl down.

## Taps

**Reynold J Raus** - I received an e-mail from Marilyn Raus, informing me that her husband Rey passed away in November 2003. Rey served aboard the Weeks from 1967 to 1968.

## 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. You will find Curtis Haseltine's style informative and colorful. This concludes the sequent.

**Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 7** - Task Force 47 is coming through the seaway on its way to the Great Lakes. The vessels of the 28-ship Navy Flotilla on Operation Inland Seas are finding that the entrance to our inland seas is not nearly as difficult as some of them had feared. To those rovers of the seven seas, another ship within range of a mile is something to be watched with extreme care. Any approach to land is made with respectful caution. So it was that when the Weeks entered the St Lambert Lock at Montreal, the lowest of the seven locks of the seaway system, this reporters eyes, only recently washed for the first time with salt spray, saw the eight hundred by eighty foot lock as a huge concrete coffin. We were heading for that tiny slot with its massive concrete abutments with neither radar nor sonar fixes and no prepared recommended course set by our combat information center. It was a straight, eyeball approach and the eyes could hardly believe that the Weeks would fit through that narrow slit.

But the Captain, Commander J. M. Tippey, had prepared for this trip by making a transit of the Seaway aboard a Dutch freighter. With the Seaway pilot on the bridge to advise, Commander Tippey guided the Weeks into the lock smoothly and easily. Within moments mooring lines were in place around the bollards on top of the lock wall; the huge gates swung together behind us and the water began to rise. Seven minutes later the water had reached the level of the canal ahead. The fender boom rose, the upper gates opened, and the Weeks pulled out of the lock into the canal that swings in a huge semicircle around the old Lachine Rapids.

By the time the ship reached the second lock, Cote St. Catharines, a feeling of cautious confidence had swept through the crew. The men on the mooring lines had experienced the feel, had learned to keep taking up the slack as the vessel rose with the rising water. The men handling the fenders had seen how they protected the ship's side during the changing water level. Cote St. Catharines was passed just as easily, adding another notch to their confidence, but all during the trip to the Beauharnois Locks there were animated discussions in groups scatted about the deck on how the operation could be improved at the next lock.

The Weeks anchored below the lower Beauharnois Lock to permit a string of down bound freighters to pass through. During the wait, the heavy cruiser USS Macon came up and maneuvered into position to drop anchor in the spot assigned to her for the formal dedication of the Seaway. The crew of the Weeks stood at ridge attention; saluting as the Macon passed. But all eyes were glued to her sides. There was never a scratch. "If the Macon can make these locks, we sure can, a Yeoman said. And when the green light shone on the lower Beauharnois they proved it, gliding through both locks with hardly a pause between.

Next in line were the American Locks, the Snell, and the Eisenhower. Here the challenge was different. It was midnight. The water alongside was black and swirling. A strong current swept through a pass between two islands on the starboard side, known picturesquely as Polly's cut. But strings of green lights outlined the lock, accented with spots of brilliant red. Their reflections spread out across the black waters, seemingly an invitation to the Weeks to enter.

The Weeks accepted, gliding into the brilliantly lighted Shell Lock. It was easy as locking through daylight. The arrow straight Wiley-Dondero Canal brought us to the Eisenhower Lock and at two a.m., the Weeks heated out on the new Lake St. Lawrence. The line handlers on deck were told to turn in for a couple of hours sleep before the ship reached the Iroquois Lock, the last lock of the Seaway. It had been a long, hard day, but one of accomplishment and satisfaction.

**Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 8** - Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks - First United States destroyer to enter the Great Lakes by way of the St. Lawrence Seaway. That is the proud title to be added to the many honors already amassed by the John W. Weeks, DD 701. That honor came when the Weeks, after passing through Iroquois the seventh and last lock of the Seaway, entered Lake Ontario at Tibbes Point and set her course for the entrance to the Welland Canal at Port Weller. The morning dawned with an overcast sky that worsened during the day until the Weeks was sliding across sea of slate through mist that condensed into a cold rain. The foul weather provided an opportunity to examine a plaque in the midships passageway that gave a short history of this destroyer. Her keel was laid in dim war, September 1943, at the Federal Ship Building and Dry Docking Company's Kearney, (N.J.) yard. She was launched may 2, 1944 and commissioned on the following July 21<sup>st</sup>. Then came her war record. Engagements: January 45, Formosa, Luzon, the China coast, and Mansel Photo attacks. February and March 1945, bombardments, assault and occupation of Iwo Jima; May and June 1945 Okinawa and Gunto operation. July and August 1945, Third Fleet operations against Japan. The Weeks was decommissioned in May 1950 but didn't remain long in mothballs. She was recommissioned the following October.

In January of 1952, the world thrilled to the story of a gallant captain who remained aboard his wounded vessel. Capt. Carlsen and the Flying Enterprise were the talk of the day, but standing by the gallant captain was the gallant Weeks. There is a beautiful plaque also in the midships passageway presented by the grateful Isbrandtsen Line, owners of the Flying Enterprise, in appreciation of the assistance given by the Weeks

## Operation Inland Seas, By Curtis Haseltine, Detroit Free Press

to Capt. Carlsen and their stricken vessel. That is the short, condensed history. But many of the crewmen can fill out the bare skeleton of the story with the real meat of actual reminiscence. They can tell you of the one direct hits sustained by the Weeks during her wartime career. Many of them can tell of her more recent operations in the Mediterranean, of her southward passage through the Suez Canal just before that incident broke out, of cruising slowly with diminishing fuel tanks and food supplies and laying desperate plans to round Africa's Cape Hope. And they can tell of the end of the crisis with the Weeks the first to make the northbound passage through the Suez skirting the bombed-out ships in the canal, seeing the snarls of barbed wire entanglement along its banks of Nasser's phantom airfields that were shifted overnight. Eating with the crewmen in their bright, clean mess room, filled with the aroma of perfectly prepared ham, asparagus, corn and fresh bread, to be topped off with their own ice cream, you can hear of the crisis in Lebanon and the part the Weeks played as a member of the famed Sixth Fleet. They will tell you of the forced race to aid earthquake victims of Pakistan. There is quiet pride in their voices as they speak. The Weeks is their ship and they are glad to be part of it and its glorious history. Outside the decks are glistening with rain. But inside, the heart of the Weeks is warm, as warm as her throbbing main engine room. Not bad, they will tell you for a ship that was built to make only one trip, only one blow against the enemy. Nearly 15 years old now and many more good years ahead, come war or continued peach. It is quite fitting, they feel, that to the Weeks should come the great honor of making still more history by being the first of her breed into the great eighth sea.

**Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 9** - Aboard the destroyer USS John W Weeks - The men of the Weeks have just put in their hardest day of Operation Inland Seas at anchor. The work was hard the day was long coming through the seaway. But this waiting is a lot worse.

Cause of the delay is another of the jams that have plugged the Welland Canal periodically all season. Original cause of the tie-up, so we are told, was a rope fender. These are hung alongside vessels passing through the locks to protect them from the concrete lock walls. This fender broke loose, sank in the lock, and drifted down to the sill. The sill is a raised chunk of concrete across the ends of the lock much like a door sill. The lock gates close against the sills.

This time when the lock gate closed, the fender was in the way and the huge gate was damaged. While it was being repaired, freighters began to stack up at either end. Then during the rush after repairs were completed, a cable broke on another lock gate, causing a stoppage of another three hours.

So it is quite a fleet that is anchored here at the lake Ontario end of the Welland Canal. At night, the lights look like a great city stretching along half of the horizons. The lookouts spotted a drive in movie on the shore and everyone took turns at the binoculars trying to see the show -- even though movies are shown every night aboard.

This morning when the paint locker was opened and the stages slung over the side, the groans lacked conviction. The men welcomed the painting as a break in the monotony of waiting. All day men wandered about with paintbrush and can of paint just looking for another spot to add another coat.

For once, the old navy saying that if it doesn't move paint it, was almost literally true. This reporter backed away hastily ever time a midshipman came by but one lad with a can of brass polish and a rag almost caught him. Perhaps the sun-browned nose seemed in need of polishing.

Right now, no one knows when the Weeks will get her turn to up anchor and head for the canal entrance. One by one the freighters the have been leaving anchorage to move up to the first guard lock. They are being given the priority in going through because of the tremendous economic loss they sustain through delays.

Meanwhile the foghorn over near shore groans on at regular intervals and more up bound vessels arrive at the anchorage. There are so many astern now that the line disappears somewhere back there in the fog. The radio is jammed with calls to VBX, the Welland Canal Station, as new vessels check in and others are ordered up to the lock entrance.

But it looks like another night in the same spot for us. So we are hoping for another songfest like we had last night with two guitars and a mandolin belting out four hours of foot-stamping tunes. And the fishermen aboard have their light ready to put over the side in hopes of luring the fish into where they can be caught. It didn't work last night but tonight is another night. And besides, what can a fisherman do on a ship at anchor several miles out when it is too dark to paint?



## Operation Inland Seas, By Curtis Haseltine, Detroit Free Press

**Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 10** - Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks - Operation inland seas remained operation anchorage at the Lake Ontario end of the Welland Canal.

Throughout most of the day, a haze lay over the water. Somewhere on the shore mournful, Maggie hooted out her disconsolate warning at regular intervals. It seemed almost as if the foghorn was pleading, too, for fair weather.

The weeks hoisted anchor once. She steamed in a circle and came alongside the LSD Donner to take aboard fuel. Actually, it was as much to change location as it was for the ten thousand gallons of oil that were pumped aboard. The same old view of the same old vessels in the same old spots on the same old lake gets a bit monotonous after forty-eight hours. As the Weeks snuggled up to the Donner the LSD's sides loomed high over the destroyer. Crewmen peered over the Donner's rail down onto the deck of the Weeks. Here and there among them was a Marine.

This morn lng we had watched as the gyrenes went through their calisthenics. Someone suggested that if they had all that energy to burn we would be glad to lend them paintbrushes and invite them over to paint our sides.

Actually, they would have had a hard time finding a spot that hasn't already been painted. The Weeks is as perky as a young lady primping up to attend church social.

But it is getting monotonous.

**Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 11** - Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks - I just had a cup of coffee with a man who not two weeks ago fired a torpedo at me. It was a strange feeling even though the torpedo he fire was make believe, a part of the anti-submarine maneuvers of task force 47 out in the Atlantic off Nova Scotia.

It was a mock torpedo, just as the depth bomb we dropped on him was a small grenade bearing a splash of dye as a marker to evaluate our marksmanship.

If it had been a real depth charge we would not have been sitting across from each other in the captain's cabin of the U.S. Submarine Torsk, tied up the quay wall just below lock one on the Lake Ontario entry of the Welland Canal. He and the Torsk would have been resting in some four hundred fathoms out there in the Atlantic.

And as for his torpedo -- from the paper plot it would probably have missed the Weeks, passing just astern. But in the fortunes of war, who knows?

Talking to this quiet-spoken young submarine officer, I could recall vividly that fog-drenched morning when his periscope knife suddenly through the greasy swell off our starboard bow, the sudden swirl of gray-green water as we spun around over our own wake and the bright, fluorescent green of his flare swinging down on its little parachute, a tiny wisp of oily black smoke rising from it, the flare that signified his torpedo firing.

He, too, recalled that chest-constricting moment when a game came awesomely close to realty, when he was maneuvering as if it really were for his life.

We went through the Torsk, marvelling at the efficient use that was made of every inch of space, at the engineering miracle that filled this imagination underwater monster with power, maneuverability, and deadly weapons. It didn't take much imagination to picture the deadliness of the new nuclear subs that do not have to surface periodically to recharge batteries. And he told some of the tricks of the submariners, how they released a mass of bubbles as a false target to trick the sonarmen of the destroyers. The bubbles reflect a ping that is almost identical to that returned by a submarine and it takes a good sonarman to tell the difference. And when he has learned that, the submariners still have other tricks such as spinning suddenly in a circle while releasing bubbles and then lying quietly under this airy nest. The sonarman recognizes the bubbles on his scope and then starts swinging his beam in adjacent areas, thinking he has lost contact with the submarine.

Nearly three thousand people from St. Catharines and other towns in the area had gone through the submarine in the afternoon, marveling, too, at the ingenuity and engineering genius it represented. And to some of them it must also have brought memories of the sharp slash of a periscope against gray swells when the torpedos and depth charges were for real.

Back to the Weeks in the bobbing little captain's gog and the word that at last, after some 76 hours anchored almost within swimming distance of the Welland Canal, we at last are going through. Shortly we will be in the famous locks where "the ships climb the mountain" it will be something new for the Weeks and her men who last year sailed the Suez, who have gone through the Panama and have transited the Kiel. But nowhere else in the world could they find the match of the three great twin flight locks, not even in the St. Lawrence Seaway that lies just astern mop at Sault St. Marie which the weeks will visit after participating in the celebration. That is why tonight all eyes are on that bright glow in the sky, just beyond that rim of trees, where the Welland Canal begins.

**Aboard the destroyer USS John W. Weeks, Day 11** - The destroyer Weeks, let the record show, became the fist United States warship to enter Lake Erie by way of the St. Lawrence Seaway when she steamed out of the Welland Canal Sunday. She already achieved the honor of being the first destroyer to enter Lake Ontario.

## Operation Inland Seas, By Curtis Haseltine, Detroit Free Press

The transit of the Welland canal began at 1 a.m. Sunday. The Weeks, which had laid anchor at the Lake Ontario end of the canal for seventy seven hours, moved up past the submarines Torsk and Quillback, tied up at the seawall behind the Canada steamship lines Canaller Selkirk.

Gray dawn had lightened the sky when the Weeks moved into lock one with another CSL Canaller, the Kenora, behind her.

That began a twenty-seven and a half-mile triumphal journey. Although it was barely light, enough to see visitors had begun to line the route from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie. By the time the Weeks reached the gigantic twin flight locks, the church bells in the village of Welland were signaling the end of services. Entire families flocked to the lock walls. All of the tiny tots waved as did most of their big sisters. A good proportion of grandmothers waved most energetically of all. And the crewmen and officers of the Weeks waved back, most careful to see to it that no friendly greeting from the shore went without its acknowledgement and that due homage was paid particularly to Canada's lovely young ladies.

Down bound traffic forced the Weeks to tie up temporarily just before lock eight. There the number of visitors reached traffic blocking proportions. Cameras by the hundreds were un-slung. Thousands of snapshots and thousands of feet of movie film were exposed. There is no way of determining, but the Weeks may, in that short interval, have become the most photographed destroyer in the fleet.

A slight misunderstanding may have added to the general confusion. A radio station in the canal area referred to the Weeks as a minesweeper and to the destroyer Haynsworth, which followed by several hours in the locks, as a light cruiser.

During the short delay just before lock eight, the girls on shore started teasing the sailors to toss over their hats. Soon the white hats of the enlisted men and the blue-striped hats of the midshipmen were sailing across the narrow expanse of water. The sailors had cannily written their names and addresses inside the hats in the hopes of establishing further friendships. Unhappily, for them and for the girls, the usual crowd of small boys was on hand and many a sailor's hat perched cockily on a junior size crew cut head.

When the Weeks moved ahead through lock eight and to the canal beyond, some of the girls kept pace ashore in their cars all the way to the end of the road at the ore dock. There two sights attracted the attention of the salt-water sailors aboard the Weeks. One was the mashed bow of the Royalton, showing the damage received when she collided with the Monrovia off Thunder Bay Island last week, sinking the Monrovia although all twenty-nine crewmembers were saved. The second curious sight was barge 137, one of the four remaining whalebacks on the great lakes. They marveled at its design, quite similar to a submarine that was intended to let heavy seas wash over it without hindrance.

Then out beyond the lighthouse to the slightly choppy waters of Lake Erie where another small fleet lay at anchor, waiting to enter the canal. The special lock watch was sent to chow, the anchor watch was dismissed, and the Weeks set her course for the Detroit river light. **Editor note: The Weeks went to visit Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Sault Ste Marie.**



***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.***



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Leaky Weeks Almanac



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