CINCINNATI! Sure, that’s where they make Ivory Soap and valves. Van graduated from Withrow High School one week-end and the next found himself a Plebe. Since then, he says that Academy life is just one week-end after another, with educational interludes and a few leaves thrown in.

As a wife, Van was sufficient, for one never needed to call in an outsider for an argument. He would argue anything arguable, winning half the time and accepting defeat with a smile the other half. Oftentimes he has been rated as one of the forty percent, but his grades indicate the opposite. Van likes the cultural subjects more than the practical ones, and exults in ignoring details, in order to stress the underlying fundamentals. His primarily analytical mind should carry him far in the Service. There never was an unsat or tree climber he wouldn’t help.

Van’s savviness is coupled with a happy smile and a cheerful nature that never tolerates the blues. His optimism is his most well-known characteristic.

As regards the fair ones, Van is an enigma. He attended all the hops, and dragged a fair percentage of the time, but we still can’t discover that he has ever fallen. First Class Year, his locker door which a year before had been fairly well decorated, was as barren as the radiators are of heat on a cold Maryland morning. He believes in the old pedestal idea.

“Know that barber in the corner? Look what he did to my hair!”

* From “Ship Mate” – The US Naval Academy Yearbook – 1934
Captain Paul Van Leunen (cont.)

Appointed to the Naval Academy from the State of Ohio, he was graduated with the Class of 1934 and ordered to sea in NEVADA. Later duty was on board the destroyer CONYNGHAM, then submarine school after which he served in SEAL. In 1941 he was ordered to postgraduate school in Annapolis, then returned to sea in various submarines in the Pacific Fleet, participating in three patrols and in command of PETO on two of these. He later had command of the picket destroyer DUNCAN. In 1948 he came ashore to duty with the Chief of Naval Operations, then attended the Armed Forces Staff College.

During the Korean Conflict he was assigned sea duty on the staff of the SEVENTH Fleet, then had staff duty with the FIRST Fleet in the Pacific. Later he had duty at the postgraduate school in Monterey as the head of the electronics division, then orders to the National War College. Washington duty continued with service in Naval Operations and at the Bureau of Naval Weapons, then command of the attack transport MONTROSE and Service Squadron FOUR in the Atlantic. He was transferred to the retired list in 1964.

While on active duty, Capt. Van Leunen was awarded the Bronze Star Medal and two Navy Commendation Medals, all with Combat V, and the Presidential Unit Citation. He also earned a Master of Arts degree at George Washington University.

In civilian life he worked with the Boeing Company in Kent, Washington, in the senior group engineering Aerospace systems division, helping to develop the PHM-Class PEGASUS hydrofoil ships.


He had served as Captain of the U.S.S. Montrose from Nov. 8, 1955 to Oct. 31, 1956.

TAPS

With sadness we report the passing of five friends and shipmates

- Andrew Schultheis (1952-1953) E Div. Andrew's wife Florence can be contacted at (516) 273-5257
  *Her address in not known

- W. L. Clemmons (1967-1969)
  Mrs. Clemmons can be contacted at R-D-5, Box 87
  Eldorado Springs, MO 64744

- Etta Lou Estep, wife of Fred Estep (1962-1965) 1st LT. Fred can be contacted at 1129 Monterey Ave.
  Chula Vista, CA 91911

- Patricia Billingsley, wife of Admiral Edward B. Billingsley We have no known relatives

- Father Kevin Cortney (1962-1965)
  Chaplain - We have no known relatives

May They Rest in Eternal Peace
Letter From The President

Ho, Ho, Ho Friends & Shipmates,

May the holidays find you happy, healthy and looking forward to the new Millennium. As 1999 comes to a close, I want to say “Thank You” to the many volunteers who have contributed their time and effort to the Association and to “Ramblin’ Rose”. A special thanks to Wayne and Connie Lamond (and their daughters) for hosting ‘Philly’ 99, and thanks a million to William Royal for donating some very nice door prizes. Reunion years are the best! A hand salute to Don and Vonnie Johnston for graciously stepping up to host “Reunion 2001”, in San Diego. Don has some great new ideas which I’m sure you’re gonna like. While I’m on the subject, Mike Phillips is putting together a 2000 reunion in Montrose, Colorado, during August. You may have already received a mailer from him. Try to attend if you can! One person I want to thank in particular is my wife, Donna for helping me with all my association’ endeavors and for standing in line to use the phone. Now that takes patience!

This issue represents a five year anniversary for our newsletter, “Ramblin’ Rose”. Coming up with fresh and interesting material is sometimes “touch and go”, so for all of you guys (& ladies) who send in “sea stories” and articles on the history of Montrose— you’re the greatest and many thanks to each and every one of you. Keep up the good work!

We hope to have the “Philly ‘99” reunion book out before Christmas but if not, the first of the year; for sure! Lots of new stuff coming up for 2000! One thing will be e-mail addressees for the current crew list. As you renew your membership, please be sure to list your e-mail address or simply drop me a line. Also next year, we’ll be getting an association web page. We’re already looking for a wet-master - any volunteers? Some time during the first quarter, we’ll be adding a great looking pullover golf shirt with collar to the memorabilia line. We think you’ll like it!

Next year promises to be busy. It’ll only be special if you continue to be involved. Please keep your “sea stories”, articles, pictures, ideas and letters coming in.

Donna and I, on behalf of the Association officers wish you and your families a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Mac

JUST A REMINDER

Shipmates,
Our next newsletter will profile Arthur Manning, the eighth Captain to command U.S.S. Montrose. We could sure use your input, be it stories, remembrances or pictures. Please take a little time to send whatever you can to the Association, even if it doesn’t pertain to your Captain. Remember, Ramblin’ Rose is all about you and your part in the history of our ship.
In late 1962, about three months after I reported aboard the Montrose as ships doctor, I was on ‘medical guard’ for the entire ships squadron one Friday night. At that time the “Ramblin’ Rose” was berthed at one of the docks in Subic Bay.

About 2300, I received an earnest call from our own Executive Officer to proceed immediately with a medical rescue team, consisting of two corpsmen and four Marines (for carrying purposes). The garbled report was that one of our own crew had apparently ‘died’ in one of the numerous girly joints in Olongapo, called The Green Door, while being “entertained” by one of the hostesses.

Upon arrival, since this was the rainy season in the Philippines, there was mud everywhere, and we had to walk about an eighth of a mile from the base perimeter, to what passed for a road in the town, through mud that came up to the top of shoe level. At the Green Door bar, where there was a great deal of excited screeching from the hostesses, we were quickly led into a small upstairs cubicle, complete with wall crucifix, where a huge mound of a man, naked from the waist down, was lying prone on a cot. On sight, just the size of the man caused a few groans from my two corpsmen.

Quick examination soon proved that not only was this sailor not dead, but that he was in a stupor induced by Filipino Rum and (we found by questioning other patrons) ‘Red Devils’, given to the sailors by the hostesses, allegedly to give them greater potency. The combination was particularly dangerous since it caused sedation to the point where even basic breathing reflexes could be diminished and cause unconsciousness and ultimately kill an affected person. That is what probably had occurred to this guy while he was being “entertained”.

Our subject was none other than our own Chief Bos’n Mate, otherwise known as “Moose” who, apparently, had been up and down the ranks from Chief to Second Class, more than a few times, for undetailed previous transgressions. He also weighed in excess of 300 pounds, which was still permissible in the Navy at that time.

Needless to say, it was a very big hassle to get this dead-weight body onto a stretcher, down from that cubicle, and back through the mud to the ship’s Carryall, which doubled as a makeshift ambulance, even with all six strong young men straining to carry such a load. To make it worse, it also was raining, as only it can rain in the Philippines. I heard a number of profanities, that were very colorful and some that I had never heard, before or after, from the stretcher bearers, including some pleas to just dump the s.o.b. and let him drown, to do him and the Navy a favor. It even was a tremendous job to get him into the Carryall on the stretcher.

Once back at the wharf where the Montrose was berthed, it soon became obvious that there was no way that this guy could be hand carried up the gangway, since, at best, only four people could possibly maneuver this way, and he literally was dead weight. One of the options actually considered was putting a pup tent over him at the base of the gangway, with a Marine guard, until he could be roused, but this was quickly negated for a lot of reasons, as impractical.
It was then that I made a request of the young O.D., out of my ignorance of the Navy in what I was asking, and not knowing how much risk this would entail for this young Ensign, if he complied.

I asked if we could possibly winch Moose aboard to the deck with one of the booms. Within 5 minutes this was accomplished, after some of the Bos’n’s own men rigged a sling to allow us to winch him aboard, aided immensely by the fact that the Captain was not aboard, attending a party at the Subic Bay Commandant’s place. (I later found that this whole caper had had tacit, but not “official” approval from the Exec., who knew that Moose was one of the best Bos’n Mates in the Navy when he wasn’t drunk and didn’t want to lose him in that capacity for the rest of this cruise.)

The cadre of Chiefs who were aboard quickly got Moose down to the sickbay, where we poured in I.V. fluids to wash out the Seconal and booze. They also spirited him away the next morning as soon as he awoke, groggily, and apparently none the worse for wear. This also avoided having to log him in as a sickbay “patient” with all the attendant paperwork and explanation for his sickbay time, which went daily to the Captain.

My official report of the incident was basically that of a “false alarm” with report of death of American serviceman, unfounded.

I had found that the crew of the Montrose was basically wary of any new officer, medical or otherwise, until that officer revealed himself as to his own characteristics. Shortly after this incident, I found that both the crew and most of the officers were far more open and trusting in discussing not only physical ailments, but in discussing family problems or any interpersonal problems they were having, the traditional role of the physician, as a trusted friend, rather than that of just another member of the brass. I owed that to ‘Moose’, who by the way, really was one helluva Bos’n.

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**U.S.S. Montrose Association**

**Financial Report • Philly ’99 Reunion**

**RECEIPTS**

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<th>Description</th>
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<tr>
<td>TOTAL RECEIPTS</td>
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**DISBURSEMENTS**

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<td>POSTAGE AND REUNION LETTERS</td>
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<td>BANK SERVICE CHARGE</td>
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<td>HOLIDAY INN, BANQUET &amp; BREAKFAST MEETING</td>
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<td>MUSIC - DJ</td>
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<td>HATS &amp; MUGS</td>
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<tr>
<td>HOSPITALITY ROOM, (DRINKS, SNACKS, TIPS)</td>
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</tbody>
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**TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS**

| Amount  | $13,085.82 |

**TOTAL INCOME**

| Amount  | $14,157.00 |

| Amount  | $13,085.82 |

| Amount  | $1,071.18 |

A CHECK IN THE AMOUNT OF $1,071.18 WAS SENT TO THE U.S.S. MONTROSE ASSOCIATION ON NOVEMBER 17, 1999. THIS WAS THE BALANCE REMAINING IN THE REUNION ACCOUNT WHICH IS NOW CLOSED.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED

WAYNE LAMOND, CHAIRMAN

PHILLY "99" REUNION
Dear Montrose family,

A late thank-you to all the Montrose friends & families for making my 1st reunion such a memorable & unforgettable experience. Everyone was very friendly, and my fear of “not fitting in” vanished the moment I got off the plane and met Jerry Green & his wife who were also attending their first reunion. Once it was established that I was with Terry Genow I was fair game for much light-hearted teasing!

The camaraderie, respect & love among the men who served on the Montrose was awe-inspiring. It was both a privilege and a pleasure to be included in this reunion. In this day and age it is rare to keep in contact with each other, I have great admiration for the Montrose family for making the tremendous effort required to put together these reunions.

I would like to encourage all friends, families & significant others, to put their fears aside and participate in future reunions. Not only will you meet some very special people, but most likely you will come home with fond memories and many new friends. All it takes to “fit in” with the Montrose family is a friendly smile & a willingness to listen (although a hearty smile & a few good jokes wouldn’t hurt!!!)

Once again thanks to everyone, especially Skippy & Lucille Clark, Richard & Karen Brent and Tony & Lynn Batten, who I had the pleasure of getting to know the past two years. Hope to see you all in San Diego 2001 and looking forward to making new friends!

Sincerely,

Janice Snyder
(Friend of Terry Genow)

I could go on and on about Captain John D. Andrew, ‘Black Jack,’ believe me. I’ve had many Marine and Navy friends in stitches with some of the things he did. He had a habit, whenever we’d come into a new port, of calling away his barge to visit the local town. He’d call 2 or 3 officers to meet him at the Quarterdeck, and when I first came aboard I didn’t understand why everyone headed for cover when that happened - until my first call to go with the Captain to check out a new port. As we tied up ashore, he patted his pockets, and then said to me, “Captain Jones, give the barge crew a few dollars to get something to drink while we’re gone. I seem to have left my wallet on the ship.” The Coxswain was obviously embarrassed to even take the money, and as I recall, came to my quarters the following day and tried to return the money to me. I found out this was a ploy of ‘Black Jacks’ - liberty but never any money. He’d mooch several beers off the officers with him every time he could badger anyone to go ashore with him! I had a whole repertoire of excuses on hand, to explain “why” I hadn’t heard the call on the 1MC each time it happened, after that first time!

As we say in the Corps, SEMPER Fi, Mac!

LCOL R.E. Jones USMC (RET)
Your Feedback (cont.)

Our illustrious chairman of by-laws and I were shipmates in 1953. Also, a RO-RO is a vessel designed so that vehicles can roll-on and roll-off. John Lawlor can give you more particulars. In fact, he said he would, or maybe I just suggested it. Keep up the good work!

Thanks for the printout! It’s always interesting to go through it to see how many of the original crew are still around. I’m also happy to learn that the next reunion will be so close. I hope that I’ll be able to attend. Thanks for all your good work.

Sincerely
Ken Slawson ’44 - ’46

Hey, I loved the pics in this last issue! This time I was able to see some that I know. It’s amazing that I could see you now and say, “Oh yeah, I remember you!”

Thanks for doing this
Tom Webster

From The Editor

Thank you to Janice Snyder for your beautifully written, insightful letter. It’s always a treat to have a new member join our family. For once, the editor is at a loss for something “salty” to say... except, “What a sweet, sensible, pretty thing like you, doing with a guy like Genow???”

A special ‘Thank You’ to Dr. John R. Judge for ‘MOOSE’. Great story, but it may be a bit ‘HEAVY’ reading for our members! Actually, we need regular ‘TRANSFUSIONS’ of stories like that, Doc!

A snappy salute to our Marine buddy, Rich Jones, for his memories of Capt. “Black Jack” Andrew; the one we used and those we couldn’t. By the way R.J., could you spare me a few bucks? I seem to have lost my wallet! As we say, here at the newsletter, “Simplify, Mac!”

Our thanks to Larry Peterson for letting us know... about the RO, RO. Three months is a long time when you’re waiting for an explanation, Larry.

“Well there you go!”, to Ken Slawson. We’re always happy to help! And you’d better show up at ‘San Diego, 2001’, Ken; we planned it this close, JUST FOR YOU.

Thumbs up to Tom Webster! Indeed it is amazing Tom, what a good set of bi-locals can do for a so, so pic. Thanks for the note!

Reunion 2001
San Diego

When you heard that the Montrose had been decommissioned, cut up and “made into a bridge somewhere”, did you think her spirit died too? Well, her spirit lives on. Just come to San Diego October 19-21, 2001 and you’ll see it.

Reunion headquarters will be the Radisson - Harbor View... a VERY nice hotel in the newly designated “Italian District”, downtown. We’ll have deluxe accommodations at a bargain price! Each day there will be plenty of opportunities for fun with new and old friends. Friday there will be organized opportunities to get to know the new San Diego. Saturday you’ll get to know the new Navy. Saturday and Sunday you’ll get more time to get to know the new “you and me”. There’ll be a Dinner dance Saturday night and a Dinner cruise, Sunday.

Best of all, Reunion 2001 will be affordable by everyone. You’ll be able to pick the activities you wish, paying just for those, while still benefiting from group pricing. Or you’ll be able to attend all the activities for about what we’ve been paying for the past 3 or 4 reunions. It’s guaranteed to be a fun, affordable experience.

For details, write or phone Don and Vonnie Johnston at:

9399 Siskin Av, Fountain Valley, CA 92708
Phone or Answering machine: 714-962-4753
E-mail: donjay@flash.net
Fax: 714-634-0285
EVER THE BRAVE ONE, OUR OWN BOB GAY HOLDS AN ASIAN SPY CAPTIVE, AS THE OTHER NAVAL AGENTS: J. LIPPS & R. PETERS REMAIN CLOSE BY, JUST IN CASE SHE PULLS A FAST ONE....