

USS FULTON AS-11 ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

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Letter from the President

Shipmates, Ladies, Spouses, and Friends,

The reunion plans are in great shape. We will be using a *Fulton* shuttle van to pick up and drop off everyone who flies into McCarran International in Las Vegas. On the afternoon of Tuesday, 23 September, you will have an option of touring Boulder Dam or take in a show on the strip. We will get your choice when you register on check-in on Monday, 22 September.

Remember to bring something to contribute to the Auction to be held on Wednesday, 24 September. If you cannot attend the reunion, consider sending something that can be auctioned to Boulder Station Hotel & Casino, Attn: Shar Costello (Sales) USS FULTON Reunion 2008, 2411 Boulder Hwy, Las Vegas, NV 89084 to arrive not earlier than 19 Sep 2008.

You will find another copy of the reunion reservation form on page 10 of this newsletter.

I want to thank Bill DiMarzo for keeping track of the birthdays and anniversaries for the newsletters. I also want to thank Dick Hagemann for preparing the mailing labels. These two folks have made production of the newsletter much easier. Thank you both!

Following the reunion Dolores and I will continue our quest to visit the state capitol building, a National Park Service site, and a winery in all fifty states. We will be finishing up with Utah, Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Oregon.

Richard Hartman

Chaplain's Corner Harold E. Nugent

Journey and Destination

Greetings to my shipmates from your appointed Chaplain. Susan and I are looking forward very much to seeing those of you able to make it to our Reunion in Las Vegas this September. We will have all of our association members in our prayers at that time. I am heavy hearted and sad to report that as a result of being diagnosed with the on-set of Alzheimer's, I have asked President Hartman to relieve me of my responsibilities serving as your Chaplain and Parliamentarian. I will

sorely miss these duties so beneficial to me. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for allowing me to journey with you whether on the *Fulton* or through the Fulton Association Newsletter and Reunions.

A distinction, both mental and spiritual, I have been considering lately is the one between our journey and our destination. Keep in mind your last cruise with your wife to the Caribbean or Hawaii in terms of the journey versus the destination. You can also think of Saul on the road to Damascus or Jesus on his journey to Jerusalem. Quite a few Bible people including saints and sinners are portrayed on their respective journeys.

I thought about my memories of visiting Iceland, Cuba, Haiti, Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico--more specifically Reykjavik, Guantanamo, Port au Prince, and San Juan. I then thought about my memories of the journey aboard the *Fulton* to these places. I found initially that I had many more and much more vivid memories of the journey than I had of the destination itself. I was beginning to think that the journey was more significant than the destination.

Think of your memories aboard the *Fulton* while underway and your memories of liberty at your destination. Yes, I had some vivid memories of scenes, both places and people in Iceland, Haiti and Puerto Rico, such as the girls in Reykjavik all looking as if I had stumbled upon an airline stewardess's convention. All of the young women in Iceland, it appeared to me, have blue eyes, golden hair and trim, curvy bodies. Another destination memory often surfaces in my mind, namely the poverty stricken Haitian father who would exchange anything he possessed, including the bodies of his wife and daughters, for two dollars or a pair of worn-out boon-dockers. What do you remember most vividly about your destination experiences?

Now, what do you remember most vividly about your journey experiences with your shipmates while cruising to your respective destinations? I remember a number of them, ranging from the time I was a seaman holy-stoning the decks, laughing and chanting when the Chief Boatswain wasn't around. Later on, as QM3 in the pilot house, I was present when we received a vocal message from a P2V Neptune that the crew was ditching their plane. As the nearest ship around, the Neptune pilot requested the *Fulton* to pick up four survivors. We replied we would get underway immediately. Unfortunately during the night in the windblown Iceland fiord, the bow port and starboard anchor chains had