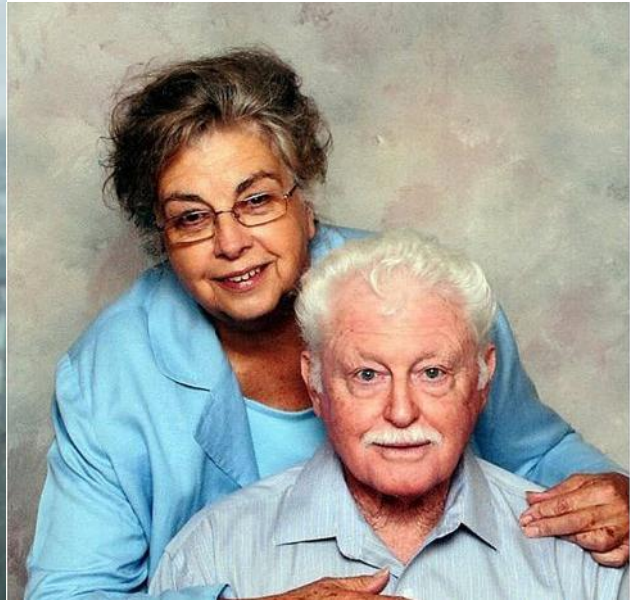


George Cope – FTM3 – Fox Div – 1957-1959+

Enjoying himself in Istanbul, Turkey in 1959. That is a long time ago George.



[George W. Cope](#)

December 25, 2013 ·

Merry Christmas everyone.

I am 76 and given to reflect on my, "slender years". That often takes me back to my years on the, "USS DesMoines".

Now this ain't no bull: At one time we had this rather harsh Captain, I forget his name, Bligh, I think. Well, one Christmas in the Med we were anchored off Crete, an island where we got, "Balls, Bats, and Beer liberty". That's where they give out baseballs, bats, and beer and turn everybody loose on a deserted beach to air your differences.

Good old Captain Bligh came up on the IMC and announced, "Good ship, Good crew, Merry Christmas, turn to". Remember that [Jerry Manriquez](#)?

For them that's never stood a midwatch or cleaned Charlie Noble: A fairy tale starts out, "Once upon a time." and a sea story starts out, "This ain't no bull" (written in none nautical for those with tender ears).

[George W. Cope](#)

June 5, 2013 ·

The United States Navy commander in chief of Pacific and Atlantic fleets from 1922 until 1941 was titled Commander in Chief United States. The armed forces loves acronyms. The acronym for this exalted position was CINCUS, pronounced "sink us". The fact that it took them 19 years to decide that this might be a bad acronym demonstrates how fast navy admirals think.

[George W. Cope](#)

April 17, 2013 ·

When I swallowed the anchor we were in the Mediterranean and they put me and about 25 other sailors on a troop ship, MSTS, the William F. Buckley. In Spain we took on about 200 or 300 U.S. Army soldiers. That MSTS was old, slow and round bottomed as May West. Out in the middle of the Atlantic a little storm kicked up and it began to roll and pitch some. I was watching a movie and began to notice no one but a few sailors were there. It was lunch time so I figured they were at chow, so I went to the mess hall. They were having fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, etc. Nobody in the mess hall but a few sailors. Spooky. The cook came around with a pan full of fried chicken and wanted us to take some more, "Nobody is eating it" says he. After we finished eating we went to the head and there they were. Apparently, one of them, Irish, I presume had gone AWOL into the toilet because they all had their heads in there hollering, "O'Rouke". Funny thing about those soldiers, they must have all been Irish because they had this funny shade of green skin

[George W. Cope](#)

April 10, 2013 ·

One warm, calm night, in the Med, on condition 2, we were waiting for the Russian subs to sink us while being regaled by old Boatswains mates and Gunners mates tell us about the Kamakazis during WW2. One of them had been a tin can sailor and said they shot down so many Japs they had only a few rounds of ammo left when they got back to Pearl. I stupidly asked, "what happens if you run out". the Gunners mate said "Lay up to the spud locker and hurl 5 Irish potatoes and an onion trace."

[George W. Cope](#) There was a little cubby hole in the forward bulkhead of the crane room where we stored our excess (contraband) stores. There were out of season uniforms, a record player and maybe some miscellaneous canned goods. Some wise a**ed inspection officer wanted to know what it was so I did the right thing. I lied and said I didn't know. He said he was going to cut the lock so I said fine. He found all our goodies and the crap hit the rotating blades. Lt. McCluskey was not sympathetic. Nothing happened much but we lost our midnight requested gedunk. They knew the guilty parties because we had clothes and personal stuff in there. Kenneth Dietrich was gone then so I got all the glory for it.

March 23, 2013 at 4:48pm · [Like](#) · 1



[Jerry Manriquez](#) George, some of us stored our "items" in the 8" Bore Sight" boxes and no inspecting officer ever found them. And we folks who manned the MK 56 Radar Rooms would remove the end of the computers and store our booze inside the computer.

March 23, 2013 at 11:03pm · [Like](#)



George W. Cope I made it a point of not drinking on the ship. It just wasn't any fun. Once some forward main battery plot type invited me down for a drink. Said "get some orange pop". That idiot pored Mennen's after shave in my orange pop! Mennen's, for Christ sake!!! In my orange pop they didn't give that stuff away and he ruined it. I would think he was having me on, but he drank his and seemed to like it.

March 24, 2013 at 7:54am · [Like](#)

George W. Cope

March 21, 2013 ·

This was told to me by an ex-Navy, ex-Marine in 1960 named Tallbull. he said he had been in the Navy and shipped over to the Marines. Since he had 4 years in the Navy they assumed he knew all he needed to know to go to Korea. They taught him how to tie his tie, showed him some ping movies, took him to the Camp Pendleton rifle range. He had hunted a lot as a boy so he was a good shot. They issued him a M1 and sent him into action. After a month or so they sent up replacements who had been through the entire boot camp. He said he complained to the replacement about his M1 being kinda hard to shoot until he fired several rounds. The replacement tried it and could hardly pull the trigger. He took the trigger group apart and it was still filled with cosmoline. When he went back for R & R the new guy cleaned the cosmoline out of it. Tallbull said it had a much better rate of fire. Thing is, his experience hunting as a youngster saved his life when the North Koreans banzai charged.

George W. Cope

May 11, 2012 ·

Reveille, Reveille, up all hands.. Heave out and trice up.....Sweepers man your brooms...Clean sweep down for and aft..clamp down all lower decks, ladders, and passageways...the smoking lamp is lit throughout the ship.....Commence rope yarn Sunday.



Jerry Manriquez The way I remember it, it was "Clean sweep down to and fro, catch the ladders as you go"

May 15, 2012 at 9:11am · [Like](#)



Jerry Manriquez God said "Let there be light" and the Captain said "Darken Ship"

May 15, 2012 at 9:12am · [Like](#) · 1



George W. Cope Jerry, I remember this as being Abbots sweepers. After unidentifiable call on bosun's pipe, clean sweep down to and fro..... get the waterways as you go. Remember how he could screw up on the 1mc?

George W. Cope

May 9, 2012 ·

I am waxing all nautical again, so lock away your maidens and cover your ears. On the USS Des Moines we had a 3rd class boatswain mate named Abbot (not kin to anyone you know). He was considered to be chuckleheaded, but a kindly soul for a boatswains mate. One day he came around wanting any burned out light bulbs. We asked him what he wanted them for and he said he was "fixing" them. We gathered up all ours and gave them to him, Laughing our keesters off. When we went to supply to get replacements they told us it was 1 for 1, bad for good. We didn't have any bad. Then we knew who the dim bulbs were.
