

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC  
HISPANIOLA

18 AUGUST 42

15 MAY 42

SAN JUAN

15 DEC 48

VIRGIN ISLANDS

USS PARTRIDGE

PUERTO RICO  
PONCE

ST CROIX

ST THOMAS

SAQUILLA

BARBUDA

ST CHRISTOPHER

ST JOHN'S

ANTIGUA

MONSIERET

QUADELOUPE

MARIA GALANTE

ROES LO

DOMINICA

MARTINIQUE

ST LUCIA

ST VINCENT

KINGSTON

BARBADS

TOBAGO

65° 00' W

LOS ROQUES

MARGARITA

CARACAS

GULF OF PARIA

PORT OF SPAIN

TRINIDAD

5° 00' N

CARIBBEAN SEA

USS TAPPANOCK

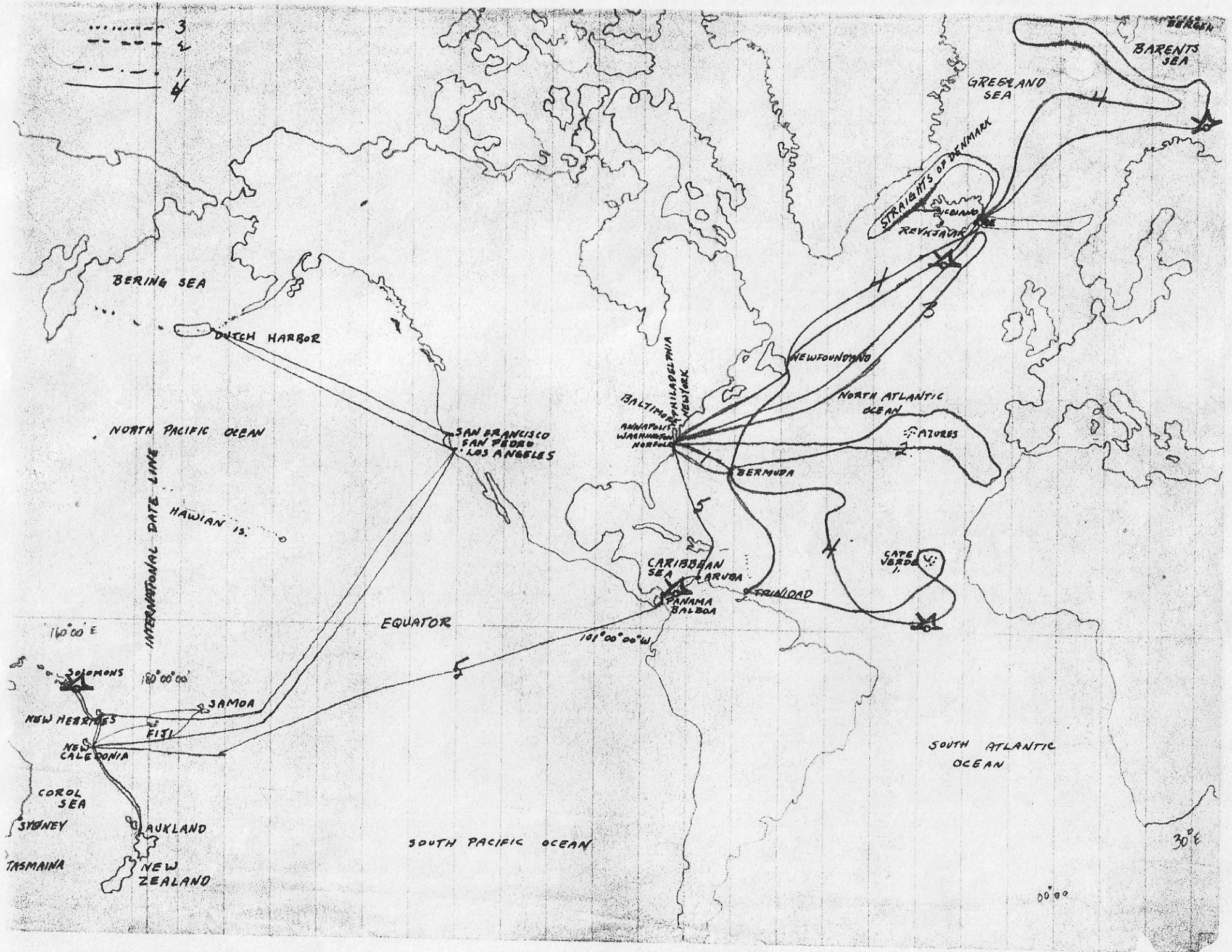
GULF OF VENEZUELA

ARUBA

CURACAO

BOINAIRE

SEA



BILL FYE

1  
Minneapolis, Mn, 55418  
September 10, 1990

Dear Joe,

Received your September letter and I am embarrassed to realize how negligent I've been. The summer has rushed by and I sure don't know where it went. Seems like I didn't do half of the things I had planned to do.

I can't procrastinate any more. My wife made reservations at the Ramada so well somehow make the reunion - I hope.

Although I formally retired from 3M I'm still doing consulting work for them, but the real time absorber has been starting a family business. My son, a city kid, is bound and determined to become a farmer, so we have put together a combination corn-hay-hydroponic tomato operation from which we

hope he can support his wife and two sons.

I'm enclosing copies of some pictures. I'll bring the originals. Perhaps we can put some names on those so young looking faces. Also enclosed are copies of a map I drew up <sup>some</sup> of the PARTRIDGE cruises during the period 15 DEC 41 to 15 MAY 42 and some notes of a few of the PARTRIDGE tasks.

Ames and I had parallel paths for a time. We went through signal school in Chicago together and then were on the CHAMMONT, YUKON, WASP, and PARTRIDGE together. Will, I remember him as Bill, says that we both volunteered for the PARTRIDGE. He is probably correct. Life on the WASP was very structured and we certainly got closer to events on the Partridge

According to my notes

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the PARTRIDGE stepper was ordered to transfer one SM<sup>2</sup>/<sub>2</sub> to the-to be commissioned TAPPANNOCK, an oil tanker, so I escaped the experience you guys had at NORMANDY but had some encounters with the Japs in the Solomons in 1943.

I thought I wanted to be a pilot but ended up as an engineer. My Navy experiences undoubtedly helped to convince General Mills, a wheat co. in Minneapolis, that they indeed could build the NAVY's deepest diving submarine, which we did here in Minnesota in the early sixties. FYI I'm enclosing a copy of a booklet describing this work. The old timers of the Partridge probably didn't realize the impact they had on a kid who wasn't dry behind the ears yet. The I can do attitude of the PARTRIDGE

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crew made a definitive and  
positive impact on me. I'm  
looking forward to the reunion.  
You have done a tremendous  
job Joe. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Bud

 HAROLD FROELICH  
3016 Armour Terr. NE  
Minneapolis, MN  
55418-2510

C.C.

WILLARD HALFORD AMES JR.

## ON STEAMS THE MIGHTY "P"

Where other ships have met with fate,  
On steams the PARTRIDGE, the damned old crate;  
Its engine growls and moans and shrieks,  
And no one knows how bad she leaks.

Its hull is thin and caked with rust,  
The instruments are old and filled with dust;  
Its gear is broken and beyond repair,  
To climb its mast, no one would dare.

The decks are stained with oil and paint,  
Scrubbing and scraping is the deck hand's complaint;  
The lines are old and filled with kinks,  
The chains are rusted in all the links.

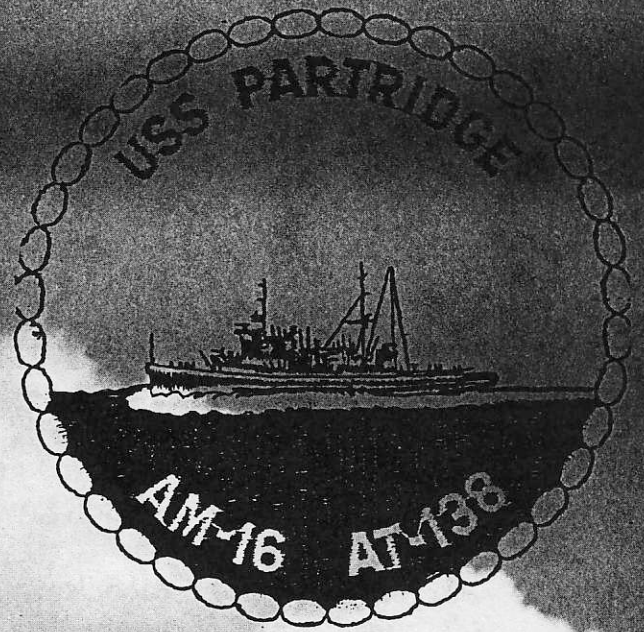
We work all day, and we stand watch all night,  
How do they expect us to keep up the fight?  
When our eyes are filled with dust and dirt,  
We still are expected to keep on the alert.

The bos'n mate sits upon the rail,  
With coffee and sandwiches and reads his mail;  
While the deck hands work and sweat all day,  
The bos'n mate sits and growls about his pay.

There are the twidgets and the yard birds too,  
Who lie in the sun and wait for their stew;  
And when chow is down, they're always there,  
With their clean-shaved faces and their slicked back hair.

But she is a good ship---and a working ship too,  
And she always manages to have something to do;  
She works awhile here and she works awhile there,  
And she growls all the time, like a damned old bear.

But on to the states she will proceed,  
On various courses and not much speed;  
Where other ships have met with fate,  
On steams the PARTRIDGE, that damned old crate.----by Wally Dothage, 1942



## Body Of Eddie Ward, Jr., Identified In France

221 W. River St  
ORANGE MASS

ORANGE MAN LOST JUNE  
11, 1944 IN SINKING OF  
USS PARTRIDGE

### Family Requests Remains Be Sent Home

The body of Eddie Leonard Ward, jr., one of this town's two Navy men who were lost during the war, has been identified among bodies of those Ameri-



Eddie Ward

cans, originally listed as unknown, buried at St. Pierre in France. Mrs. Virginia Robbins Ward, widow of the former ship's cook second class, learned from the Navy department on November 21 that "information recently received by the Navy Bureau of Personnel indicated that an unidentified body buried at St. Pierre on June 18, 1944 and subsequently transferred to St. Andre" had been identified as her husband.

A questionnaire accompanied the information and has since been returned to the government bureau by Mrs. Ward stating her desire that the body be shipped home. Upon arrival here burial will be in the Ward family lot in Central cemetery.

Eddie Ward, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Sr., of 221 West River street, was listed as missing after the sinking of the USS Partridge, fleet tug, 10 miles off the coast of France early in the morning of June 11, 1944. He was declared dead in September the same year. He was a native of Orange and was graduated from high school in 1940. He was married to a former classmate, Virginia Robbins, in April, 1943, having enlisted in the Naval Reserve in September, 1942.

## Body Of Orange Navy Man In U. S. For Reburial

The body of Eddie L. Ward, Jr., SC/2 U. S. Navy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie L. Ward of 221 West street, Orange, was returned to the United States from France yesterday aboard the Army transport Barney Kirschbaum. He was killed June 11, 1944, at the age of 22 when the ship on which he was serving was hit by a German "E" boat during the invasion of France.

Ward was born in Orange and graduated from Orange High School in 1940. Previous to his enlistment in the Navy Reserve, in September, 1942, he was employed in Welcome's grocery store and at the L. S. Starrett Company plant in Athol.

April 4, 1943, Ward was married to the former Virginia Robbins, who now makes her home with her parents at Lake Mattawa. He went overseas in December, 1943. The U. S. A. Partridge, fleet tug on which he served, was torpedoed at 2 a. m. June 11, 1944, and he was one of 42 who died at that time.

Ward was reported missing in action and three months later was reported dead. No further word was received by his widow or his parents until November, 1947, when they were informed that his body had been identified when it was moved from St. Piere Cemetery to St. Andre Cemetery.

Besides his widow and parents, he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Sylvia Gray of Athol and Deanna Ward, and two brothers, Gene and Leslie.