

USS FRANK E. EVANS DD

WWII KOREA VIETNAM



FOOTLOCKER TALK NEWSLETTER NUMBER 77 — SECOND QUARTER 2020

AHOY SHIPMATES, FAMILY & FRIENDS

Reunion 2021

Sadly we will not be meeting in San Antonio this year due to the pandemic. We were hoping we would have more definitive information on the future regarding Covid-19 before we had to make a decision regarding the upcoming reunion in San Antonio, Texas. Unfortunately, at this time there is so much uncertainty as to when and what will happen once a return to normalcy occurs, we have decided to postpone this year's reunion until 2021. The Menger Hotel Management has graciously agreed to postpone the reunion to 2021 and keep the existing terms and conditions of the contract in place.

The dates will be October 27 – 30, 2021. Look for your reunion package in May / June time frame in 2021.

3 June 2020 Memorial Ceremonies Cancelled

This year's June 3rd Memorial Ceremonies scheduled for Long Beach and Washington D. C. have been cancelled. We ask you to pause and remember our "Fallen 74" on this special day.

Reunion 2022

We are pleased to announce the selection of Portland, Maine for our 2022 reunion destination. Selection of the hotel location will be made in early 2021.

Steve Kraus
President

Terry Vejr
Vice President

ASSOCIATION NEW DIRECTOR OF EXTERNAL COMMUNICATIONS

The Recognition Committee is moving at lighting speed to further support the association's presence in the social media. We are proud to announce our very own Hanna Ackerman has volunteered to take on the position as the Association's External Communication's Director.



For those that do not know her, Hanna became a supporter of our cause clear back in 2011 when we had our reunion in Waterloo, Iowa. Hanna wrote a one act play (see above) depicting the anguish Eunice Sage went through when she learned her 3 sons were killed in the collision. Since then Hanna has become an author, graduated High School, graduated College and is currently attending Northern Iowa University working toward her Masters in History.

Hanna, as an intern, will be helping the association develop an external communication plan, setting up external distribution and key external social media contacts, and like all other association tasks, "as other duties are assigned."

WELCOME ABOARD, HANNA.

LARRY WEBB'S — ORGANIZED POD CAST

Shipmates, Family and Friends

While we were in Arizona this year, we had the pleasure of having a request by two individuals to make a Podcast about USS Frank E. Evans and our desire to have the "Lost 74" placed on the Vietnam Memorial. They are Jim Calhoun and Melanie Thompson, and make up a band called "The Calhouns". Bob Mason and I are in the podcast, as is Steve Kraus via FaceTime. Jim and Melanie worked for countless hours creating a Podcast and we all hope you enjoy it.

The Podcast is now viewable. Click on the link below it is titled "A CALL TO ACTION"
<https://youtu.be/tfVVdlYoaVc>

REUNION 2020 POSTPONED TO 2021

OCTOBER 27 THROUGH 30

MENGER HOTEL

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

USS FRANK E. EVANS (DD 754) NEWSLETTER

Reprinted & Updated

NEWS - information about a recently changed situation or a recent event.

NEWSLETTER - a bulletin issued regularly to members of an organization or group, containing news, a calendar of upcoming events, etc. It serves as a historical record.

QM3 Thomas E. “Charlie” Nobles served aboard USS FRANK E. EVANS (DD 754) from 14 May 1951 through 12 Sep 1954. Some 45 years later, early in 1999, Charlie, a great BS artist and story teller, decided to call some old EVANS buddies and rehash old times. After a few calls, he decided to write it all down and send it to the shipmates he had contacted, thus, the birth of the first FEE Newsletter, “THE EVANS REPORT.”



Charlie produced 23 issues, the final being in June 2002. Charlie died from cancer 22 March 2010.

In 2006, a new version of the FEE Newsletter hit the street “Frank E. Evans Footlocker Talk.” To date, March 2020, we have produced 76 issues. Currently, the newsletter is a quarterly publication designed to provide important, up-to-date information about matters that matter to the FEE Association, but from the perspective, “Hey, that’s news to me!” Our demographics are changing...we have many family members joining our ranks. Much of what might be old hat to some, is really “news” to others, so we want to include the whole population into our mix of contributors and readers.

From the beginning, it’s been your newsletter...to promote, to serve, to inform, to educate, and to entertain...what’s going on with members of the Association? Slowly but surely, our message has seemed to drift away from the target.

We’d like to share what’s going on in your life, but for obvious reasons, have chosen to remain clear of political and religious subjects...stick to, “What’s up?,” your stories from the past, memories, successes; news, point-counterpoint articles, tips and tricks, newly received or noteworthy information.

We need articles...short items of news, or an in depth article... related to you and yours, the Navy, the ship etc. We’d like to invite everybody to submit a short story or article, ones that fit the following structure: who, what, when, where, and why. Send your information to Rolf Buchner either by email or mail:

There is no need or requirement to submit “print ready” materials, not even typed! It should be no more than a full page...We will proofread for content, spelling, and grammatical errors; and make editorial changes as needed...we just need your help! And if you don’t see your story this time, look for it later.



Take a look at the picture...place yourself in relationship to it...tell us "your" story...that's all there is to it!

Here is your opportunity for self-expression, getting exposure, having your work featured, being involved as part of the USS Frank E. Evans community.

Please send your stuff to:

**FTG3 ROLF BUCHNER
108 MARY DR.
CHAPIN, SC 29036
RBUCHNER@SC.RR.COM**

Many thanks...we are looking forward to receiving your articles

NEW MEMBERS

Welcome and warm wishes to all new members. Our success in part, is due to our members involvement in the Association. We ask new members to consider volunteering for some task or activity within the organization. Know any one interested in joining....go to our website ussfee.org and click on the tab titled join association or contact the association Secretary Rich Alverdes at richalverd-essr@gmail.com or call him at (425) 367-9345

NAME	RELATIONSHIP	CITY/STATE
Hanna Ackerman	Friend of the Association	Cedar Fall. IA
Cheryl Wyse	Wife, Dean Wyse	Maricopa, AZ

DUES NOTICE

WE HOPE THIS WAS JUST AN OVERSIGHT AND YOU ARE STILL INTERESTED IN MAINTAINING YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE USS FRANK E. EVANS (DD 754) ASSOCIATION.

IF YOU HAVE MISSED SENDING IN YOUR 2020 DUES, PLEASE SUBMIT TO:

**USS FRANK E. EVANS ASSOCIATION
2286 MORGAN RD.
CARLSBAD, CA 92008**

MEET MICHAEL D. “MIKE” MCGOUGAN CONTINUED THIS IS PART 3 OF A 3 PART SERIES (FINAL)

Other SEATO ships soon converged at the scene to assist in the rescue effort. Spotlights from the Melbourne, other ships and hovering helicopters crisscrossed on the sea as a frantic search was under way to retrieve survivors. Boats and rafts wandered through the debris-strewn water, rescuers alert to pluck any men from the ocean. A cluster of crewmen were on the Melbourne’s fantail as other shipmates rushed to the area. So, I followed, and found the after (stern) section of the Evans safely secured to the starboard stern area of the Melbourne.

When the Melbourne collided with the Evans, the thrust of the impact sent the huge carrier slicing through the destroyer, leaving the Evans cut in half almost in the exact center of the ship. Melbourne had just missed striking Evans’ tall metal boiler exhaust stacks. While the Evans’ bow section separated, was engulfed with water, and pulled beneath the waves, the stern section had miraculously remained afloat. As the Evans’ stern section floated alongside the starboard quarter of Melbourne, several alert, quick-reacting Australian sailors—not actually knowing if the stern section might be sinking—somehow managed to jump across to board the destroyer’s remains and attach lines between it and the carrier. The Melbourne crewmen’s rapid response enabled the Evans’ after or stern section—with its survivors—to be safely guided toward the carrier’s stern where it was secured and prevented from floating away helplessly adrift.

Getting my first glimpse of the Evans’ after section, I was amazed at the sight of the destroyer’s remains and the resulting force and power of the collision. It appeared as if a giant pair of tin snips had been powerfully applied to cut through the hull of the destroyer, leaving very few pieces of jagged metal sticking out from the stern section after the collision with Melbourne split Evans into two parts. Now, dazed Evans crew members, unable to fully comprehend what had abruptly interrupted their routine—and in the early morning hours when many crewmen had been sleeping—were assisted off their ship and up onto the Melbourne’s flight deck. I anxiously eyed each man coming off the Evans, but I didn’t spot the Sages or the Reilly’s

About an hour later, I went to a forward compartment where I discovered that many of the survivors had mustered (gathered) together on the Melbourne. Still, neither the Sages nor Reilly’s had been seen or accounted for. Perhaps the Reilly’s and Sages were picked up and taken aboard another ship I surmised hopefully. Notebook and pen in hand, I began to talk to the Evans’ crewmen, taking notes in an attempt to piece together what happened just prior, during and after the collision. The survivors, still in shock and wearing only parts of their uniform articles of clothing that they were hurriedly able to grab and throw on as they hustled to “general quarters” after the collision, willingly and patiently tried to answer my many questions despite the stressful ordeal they were enduring. What was later revealed was that, in maneuvering to take up plane guard position following behind the Melbourne, the Evans had unintentionally crossed in front of the Melbourne’s bow.

The Evans’ navigation team believed the destroyer was on a course ahead of the carrier on the starboard (right) side. Actually the Evans was on a course ahead of Melbourne on the port (left) side. During previous plane guard course changes the ship would maneuver to starboard and execute a short turn that would bring Evans back around in a timely sequence to safely enable her to cruise into a trailing formation a couple hundred yards distance behind the Melbourne. This time, having crossed the bow of the Melbourne, the Evans urgently started trying to maneuver out of the path of the carrier. But, a short, hard turn still took the destroyer back into harm’s way on a fatal collision course. Seaman Robert Petty, Boatswain’s Mate of the Watch on the Evans’ bridge, described what ensued in those desperate minutes.

“We knew after a few minutes that the Melbourne was coming up on us and we tried to maneuver out of the way. The Officer of the Deck or Conn (Navigator) ordered ‘right full rudder.’” Meanwhile (as I discovered later), the Melbourne’s Commanding Officer, Captain Stevenson, was on the carrier’s bridge ordering the Melbourne to be turned sharply to port.

MEET MICHAEL D. "MIKE" MCGOUGAN CONTINUED

But, with the speed plus distance between the Evans and Melbourne, responses to the crisis came too late for both destroyer and carrier, and time ran out too quickly to avoid a grinding confrontation. "Someone said, 'We're going to be hit,' and then we were," Petty recalled. He was thrown to the starboard side of the destroyer. "I was wet, but I didn't know if I was still on part of the ship. I tried to climb back on the ship. I didn't know if I should abandon ship. "Then, someone hollered for help," Petty continued. "I helped open a hatch. The next thing I knew I was in the water. I found a floating fender (an oblong round, tubular- shaped object hung alongside one moored ship to prevent chafing and scraping against another adjacent moored ship or dock). I grabbed it and started yelling. About six more guys swam up and also grabbed onto the fender." The group holding onto the fender was picked up later by a boat and delivered to the Melbourne.

Eight of the destroyer's Chiefs were in the Chiefs' Quarters when the Melbourne slammed into the Evans. "When the ship was hit, I woke up," Chief Foust stated. "There was no light and I couldn't find a way to get out." Water was rapidly flooding the Chiefs' Quarters. Nobody seems to know just how they did it, but the Chiefs were able to form up into a group together. Finally, they found an exit and pushed toward it. "We went out a hatch in the Chiefs' Quarters," Chief Machinist's Mate V.H. Cash explained, "and finally made our way from the ship through a scuttle leading from the boatswain's locker." For some reason, one of the Chiefs turned around and went back into the Chiefs' Quarters. That Chief was never seen again. Chief Boiler Technician S.C. Hawkes related: "It took us about three or four minutes to get off the ship. I got 20 or 30 feet away from the Evans and she started to go down. The ship went under a minute later." "I didn't know the fantail was intact or I would have swam that way," Chief Cash added. "I thought the whole ship was going down. I can't swim, but I did. "All I could do is pray, knowing that someone was looking for us," Chief Cash continued. "I was in the water about an hour." "I kept paddling until we were all picked up by an Australian boat," Chief Hawkes said.

Electronic Technician 2nd Class Alvin Stanley was asleep in a berthing compartment below the mess deck (dining hall), just forward of the area where the Melbourne plowed through the Evans. "I was thrown out onto the deck," Stanley declared. "I thought, what's happening and how will I get out? Then I heard: 'Here, here's a way.' Some guys were holding a hatch open. I crawled out the hatch and across the mess decks. "The last thing I knew I was out in the water. I tried to get away from the ship as quick as I could. I saw some floating wood and held onto it until I was picked up by a launch from the Melbourne."

Seaman Wayne Ricker, a radioman, was on watch in the Evans' radio central compartment in the forward area of the ship. One minute he was talking to his supervisor and the next he was thrown through radio central to the adjacent teletype room. "I started hollering for the guys to see if they were all right," Ricker recounted. "They all replied back. We thought we were trapped. I looked up and saw a hole in the bulkhead and stars in the sky. "Someone shouted 'its sinking, hit the water,'" Ricker continued. "So, I dove in the water and started swimming to stay away from the suction caused by our sinking ship. I swam and swam and finally reached a raft. We all held onto the raft until we were picked up by a boat." For Shipfitter 2nd Class Larry Johnson, the collision wasn't a new experience. He had previously been a crew member of a tank landing ship that was mined at Cu Viet, South Vietnam. He was sleeping in an after compartment on the destroyer and was completing his first week as a crew member of Evans when the collision occurred.

"What happened on the Evans was the same type of experience as at Cu Viet," Johnson described. "I tumbled out of my rack just like during the mine explosion. Everyone's reaction was 'let's go to general quarters' and you do things automatically, instinctively. "My clothes were hanging on my rack so I got into them in a hurry. I closed a set of valves underneath my rack as required during general quarters" (which probably helped keep the Evans' stern section afloat). Then everyone mustered on the fantail. First, we got most of the injured men off the ship. At the same time, life-jackets had been collected and distributed. After that, we transferred to the Melbourne. "Nobody really panicked," SF2 Johnson concluded. Johnson paused and pondered for a moment. Then he said: "You think of things like what happened to the Evans, but you don't think it will happen to you for a second time."

MEET MICHAEL D. “MIKE” MCGOUGAN CONTINUED

I was glad when I finally spotted Senior Chief Reilly aboard the Melbourne. But the gladness was overshadowed by a feeling of despair that gripped me because “the word” was that Chief Reilly’s son, Larry, and the three Sage brothers had not been picked up by any boats, ships or aircraft rescuers searching for Evans’ survivors and, now, missing crewmen. After a while—and a diligent sea search and rescue effort-- it became evident that the fate of the remaining unaccounted for Evans’ crew members appeared to be reluctantly sealed. As the hours passed, despair turned to resignation that 73 missing men (the 74th Evans’ crewman had been recovered, but sadly was deceased), along with the bow section of the Evans, were now claimed by the sea for eternity.

Senior Chief Boiler Technician Florentino Macayan, who had been on duty in the destroyer’s forward engineering spaces and was critically injured during the collision, was rushed by a medevac aircraft to the nearest U.S. military medical facility in Cam Ranh Bay, South Vietnam, for emergency treatment. Chief Macayan, one of the most seriously injured of the Evans’ survivors, was able to eventually recover from the effects of the disaster. Chief Reilly asked me if I could obtain some copies of the photographs taken of he and his son when I was on board the Evans. I promised that I would get him copies of those last photographs taken of he and his son, Larry, together.

Now I was keeping that promise as my wife, Nita, and I had delivered the photographs of Chief Reilly and his son, Larry, to the Reilly family. “Hi,” the small voice from inside the football helmet exclaimed. The youngster’s sudden, unexpected greeting to my wife and I brought an end to my reflections and returned my attention to the present. Someday, I thought, this little boy will undoubtedly learn about another game—a “war game”—the one his father Larry was called to “play” in. By all accounts, Larry was a good player on a good team. So were each of the Sage brothers. As well as each of their courageous shipmates! It was a team, a family, whose players, however, sustained a fatal blow—made the ultimate sacrifice—when, as sometimes may happen, the “quarterback” unintentionally called the wrong signal.

But, I will never forget the Reilly’s, the Sages and the rest of the valiant Evans’ crewmen with their extraordinary “sea spirit.” For—win, lose or draw—what counted most was that, even though they may not have eagerly volunteered to go into the SEATO war game, they nevertheless came off the bench when the coach called their numbers and played their positions to the best of their abilities. Their actions were in keeping with the highest traditions of naval service.

“LEST WE FORGET”

IN MEMORIAM

If I should die and leave you here a while, be not like others sore undone, who keep long vigils by the silent dust, and weep. For my sake – turn again to life and smile, nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do something to comfort other hearts than thine. Complete those dear unfinished tasks of mine and I, perchance may therein comfort you.

SHIPMATES

NAME	CITY/STATE	DECEASED
SA Christopher A. (Chris) Dewey (S)	New Port Richey, Fl	Apr. 9, 2020
SO 2Lester W, (Bill) Copen III	Wichita Falls, TX	Mar. 16, 2020
ST3 David M. Koontz	Mesa, AZ	Jun. 7, 2019

RELATIVES OF THE LOST

NAME	CITY/STATE	DECEASED
Shirley L Sawatzke	Yankton, SD	Nov. 8, 2019

Shirley, Aunt to the three Sage brothers, she was Ernie Sage’s sister and Eunice’s sister-in-law. She was a long standing member of the USS Frank E. Evans Association.

LIBERTY CALL -WESTPAC

(the names have been changed to protect the innocent)

Overseas - The Navy's recruiting anthem has always been, "Join the Navy and see the world." EVANS' crew did just that, for example, Pearl Harbor, Hong Kong, Yokosuka, Subic Bay, etc. After leaving Long Beach, EVANS would make a stop at Hawaii, then on to the Philippine Islands, Yokosuka, with the famous "Thieves Alley" an anchorage since the 1600s. Hong Kong was a very popular stop with its rich local scenery like Victoria Peak, Kowloon and Repulse Bay.

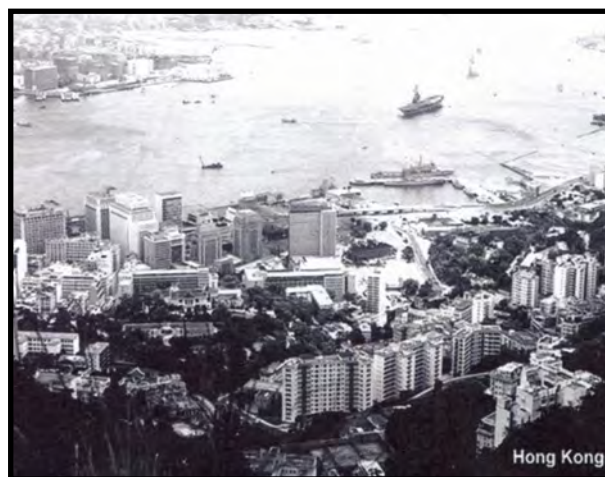
Yokosuka - I hung out in this particular bar where the Japanese bar girls were entertaining and very attractive. One small girl could crush a steel beer can with one hand, something few men could do. The girls would take discarded cigarette packs and fold them into fascinating shapes... origami. They were fun to be around. Soon, I found myself going home with one. "Barb" lived



in a small town several miles from Yokosuka. We took the train. After the 7th or 8th stop we exited and walked to her place, a nice house on a hill, a small efficiency apartment with the emphasis on efficiency. The kitchen was especially tiny. There, I had my first encounter with a traditional Japanese toilet. It was made of porcelain but set almost flush with the floor, requiring a squat most adult Americans would find a real stretch. After looking for some way to flush the toilet and finding none, I heard why... my deposit was running down the hill outside, in an open trough, known as the benzo ditch.

Over the next few visits, I learned about Barb's father being a high-ranking Japanese officer, meaning her family was very proud. She had gotten pregnant and was banished from the family. I enjoyed my few visits to Barb's tiny place in the small town. One day, Barb told me my ship was leaving Yokosuka. Japanese civilians were not supposed to know ship movements, but they always did, usually before the Sailors did. She was right. I knew Barb would soon have another Sailor from another ship to take my place... It's the way things worked.

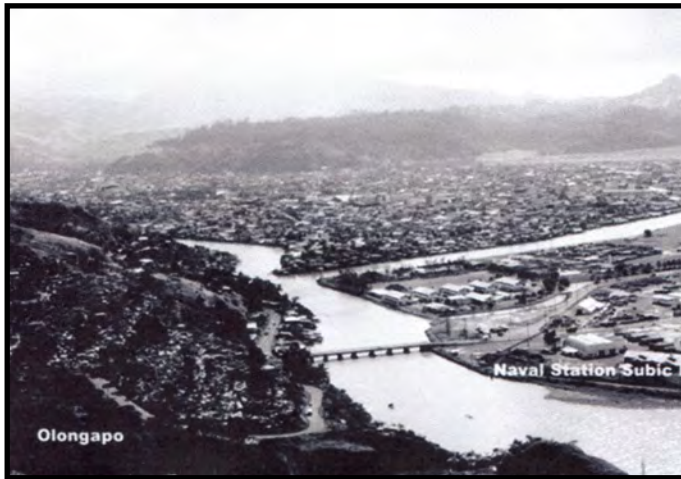
Hong Kong - At the time, Hong Kong was controlled by the British and mainland China. In 1960, Hong Kong was an amazing place... crowded, with seemingly every resident an entrepreneur. Bars, stores, street vendors, sidewalk hustlers, all trying to sell us something. Hong Kong was a great place to buy almost anything, from tailored clothing to china, jewelry, or just about anything else you can imagine. I bought a star sapphire ring and was fitted for a sport coat, which I picked up the next day and had it shipped home.



Then there were the floating restaurants Tai-Pak and Sea Palace, the rosy cheeked cherub English kids riding the tram up to Victoria Peak, Tiger Balm Gardens, the roof tops and the China Fleet Club where you could rub shoulders with British, New Zealander and Australian sailors, some with monkeys on their shoulders and large ear rings.

Subic Bay - What it was REALLY like in Olongapo and the Philippines for the sailor on “liberty.” The Philippines were strategically important in the South China Sea. Specifically, on the southwestern part of Luzon island was the Naval Base at Subic Bay. Southeast, and across Manila Bay was the “City of the Philippines,” Manila. A short distance south of the base were

Bataan and Corregidor, two famous WW II theaters of combat.



Just off base was the “infamous” Olongapo City. Once off base, there was a line of locals stretching from the gate, across the Po River bridge and into Olongapo. The Po was more a sewage canal than a free flowing tributary. Some Sailors found great amusement in throwing coins into the sludge and watching local kids dive in to compete for the treasures. Other kids, not interested in catching hepatitis, had different “get rich schemes.”

Several yelling, cherub like kids would suddenly swarm around you as if it were all part of their game, which it was. They made sure to accidentally bump up against their victim so he would not notice the little hand tugging at the wallet. If noticed and pushed away the gap toothed kid would quickly become engulfed in comrades. The swarm just moved elsewhere still yelling and laughing as kids do. Getting past the natives was a real gauntlet. They all wanted to get to us before we had a chance to be gotten by somebody else. Many men in line drove Jeepneys, highly decorated, open air taxis capable of carrying several passengers.

Olongapo City consisted mostly of hovels, cheap hotels, bars, and massage parlors. Dogs and cats were rarely seen, and word was the meat-on-a-stick vendors sometimes used monkey meat. Only one street was “on limits.” There was a bar, another bar, two hotels, a brothel, another bar, etc. down both sides of the street. Unfortunately, for all the vast sums of money they brought into Olongapo each month from Sailors off a steady stream of ships, very little remained in the City.

Sailors loved Subic Bay! “Hostesses” liked to “marry” a Sailor for as long as his ship was in port. If he met her on his first liberty, she would be there waiting for him at the bar on all other liberties and would refuse all “offers” from other Sailors. She would stick by her Sailor from the moment his ship entered port, until it left. In a sense, there was a “marriage,” which meant no “chatting” or “flirting” with other hostesses. “You don’t butterfly on me!” The amazing thing was the telegraph system. Trying to score on a girl clear at the other end of town wouldn’t work because the girls would know you were already “married.” They would refuse the advances and brand the Sailor a “butterfly.” How they knew it and when the fleet or a ship was arriving/leaving remains a mystery.

Many Sailors left their supposedly born and bred civilized behavior either back in the States or on the ship to be donned upon return. These became “animals loosed;” anything disreputable went. Bars competed for clientele, and many employed entertainers who displayed special erotic talents before the gaping, beer guzzling crowd. Prostitutes in Olongapo City were the most companionable. There were an abundance of “companions” around to help a fellow who was getting sexually turned-on. The Sailor and his companion could either go behind one of the many tall screens situated inside the bar, or got to a nearby hotel. There were also more sexually open bars where, “itches could be scratched” in the open. Many partakers were husbands and fathers with families stateside, destined to return one day and carry out their obligations and duties, but for now...during especially wild liberties, it was not unknown for “buddies” of a married man to have pictures taken when their “friend” was in a compromised situation. Then later, if the now-repentant husband refused to go on another sex gorged, drunken binge, or do any other bidding, the buddies would blackmail him into compliance by threatening to mail pictures to his wife or mother.

Excerpts from the Subic Bay Naval Station Facilities Handout -Personnel are advised to avoid eating in Olongapo because of a general lack of sanitary facilities, and you never know what you may be eating. Numerous bars are available. All but the American Legion Hall employ ‘hostesses.’ Venereal diseases are a major problem in the Subic Bay area. The odds of contacting VD are high. Don’t jeopardize your future and the health of your shipmates by exhibiting too much ‘zeal’ while on liberty.”

The once sleepy village of Olongapo City became to the Philippines what Tijuana became to Mexico, Saigon to Vietnam, ad infinitum. There were many, the disgusting tales stored up by Sailors for telling during gross-out sessions, boring weeks at sea, or when later years would bring fewer “noteworthy” adventures.

This article and the previous one on Mary Soo were provided by: Frank Jablonski

MEMORIAL DEDICATION UPDATE

The three remaining memorial stone dedications are currently on hold until we hear back from the Veterans parks in Wisconsin and West Virginia and the cemetery in North Carolina. If we receive information that dedications can resume we will reach out via social media and electronic means. We would like to do the dedications in an around holidays such as the 4th of July, Labor Day or Veteran’s Day.

We anticipate the West Virginia dedication may take place on 12 July, 2020, but that time frame has yet to be confirmed. As for the Wisconsin dedication at the High ground, that is still up in the air, it had been scheduled for Memorial Day, however all ceremonies were cancelled.



**USS FRANK E EVANS ASSOCIATION
2286 Morgan RD.
Carlsbad, CA 92008**

**PLEASE
STAY SAFE
&
HEALTHY**

**OUR NEXT
REUNION IS IN
SAN ANTONIO
TEXAS
OCT. 27 - 30
2021**

