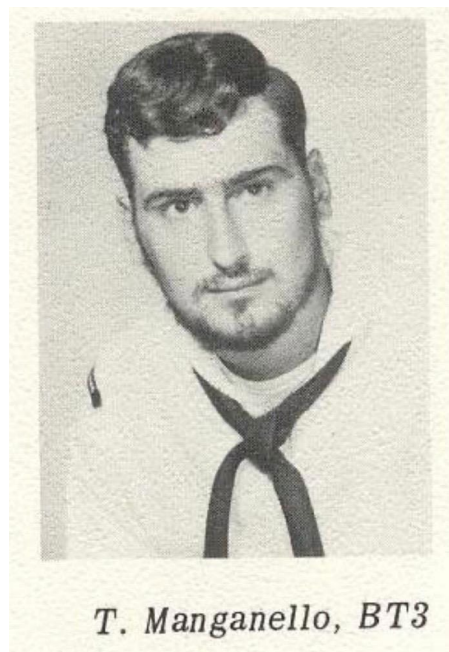




Terrence Joseph Manganello born July 11, 1947 was a son and a brother. His short life did not allow him to be a husband, father, or grandfather. His two nephews Ian Edward and Gregory Terrence would never meet their uncle Terry, who lost his life with courage and honor while in the service of the country he loved. A true hero.

Terry was 19 years old when he joined the Navy on March 29, 1966. It was the peak of conflict in Vietnam. During the Vietnam War, servicemen and women generally did not receive a hero's welcome. Instead, they returned home to a nation that was divided. They often faced public apathy, social isolation, and indirect blame for an unpopular war. There was a severe lack of institutional and medical support for their physical and psychological trauma.

It was common for servicemen and women to face hostility and overt physical abuse or spitting from anti-war protesters. Veterans felt alienated and unsupported compared to veterans of past wars. At the time there was a stigma for those who joined the armed services.

Unlike past conflicts before the Vietnam War, troops flew back arriving to silence or indifference instead of parades.

Knowing all of this, Terry felt it was his duty to serve. He knew he had to do it. He planned to return to college when he finished his four year stint in the US Navy. He wanted to be a "brain surgeon."

At the time of Terry's death, his father John Joseph Manganello (now deceased) stated, "He never worried about his own safety."

Terrence J. Manganello BT3 was assigned to the USS Charles F. Adams DDG-2. The USS Charles F. Adams was the lead ship of her class and first US Navy destroyer built from the keel up to launch guided missiles.

As a BT3, Terry knew the role of a Boiler Technician was the heartbeat of the engineering plant. BTs kept the ship moving, living, and fighting. Without steam, the Adams was just a floating platform. Terry worked deep in the ship's engineering department fire rooms. He operated, maintained, and repaired high-pressure boilers, steam systems, and auxiliary machinery pumps and fuel oil systems that powered the steam-driven warship. He worked in an extremely hot, loud, nerve wracking, and demanding high-pressure environment below deck to keep his steam-powered destroyer moving in support of her

operations. It was a dangerous job with many physical and mental injuries. All BTs (Snipes as they were called) had burns and scars to remember their service.

On July 29, 1968, stationed in Naples Italy, a fellow sailor asked Terry to switch his time off with him. Being a good friend, Terry willingly agreed to operate, monitor, and maintain the high-pressure steam boilers and auxiliary equipment to provide propulsion and electrical power to the ship. He inspected gauges, fuel oil valves, forced draft blowers, and auxiliary pumps.

Unbeknownst to Terry, there was a flaw in a boiler by pipe. This led to an unseen crack which caused the pipe to explode.

Horrifically, Terry's death was a result of "extreme heat and serious burns sustained when a section of the bottom blow piping ruptured at 1200 PSI at superheated temperatures of 1000 degrees Fahrenheit".

For the entire history of the ship, Terry was the sole fatality.

One of Terry's shipmates stated the following, "There were three other Adams Class DDG destroyers in Naples at the same time. The investigation showed their blow by pipes had cracks in them also. They were all replaced. Another thing that came out of the accident was the addition of self closing doors around the hatch to the forward fire rooms so if the hatch was open, the self closing door would stop steam from getting into the passageway where the emergency shut off valves were located. I've been on other DDGs and all had them installed after the accident."

Another shipmate stated, "I had one of the black-and-white photos taken by the accident investigators in my boiler technician third class training manual throughout my enlistment. I used it myself to teach others about the safety in the fire room. I hope there is some consolation in the fact that many of us boiler technicians are alive today because of a hard lesson learned from Terry's accident."

In 1966 Terry was appointed to be an Honor Guard.

On November 28, 1967 he received the "National Defense Service" medal.

"Some people come into our lives and quickly go. Some stay for a while and leave footprints on our hearts and we are never ever the same". (Unknown)

We are inviting you to learn about our beloved Brother who is remembered for his sense of humor, warmth, friendliness, stoicism, courage, bravery, and passion for life.

Terry was a loving, deeply loyal, and devoted son, brother, and friend. He attended and graduated from St. Francis Xavier elementary school. He had many friends from school and in the neighborhood.

He was well liked by the adult neighbors. He was always there to help. One particular neighbor depended on him to wrangle back their escaped dogs. Terry did so willingly.

After graduating from Saint Francis Xavier Grammar School, he attended and graduated from McQuaid Jesuit High School.

He frequently complained about the three hours of homework each night the Jesuits required of each student.

Without his parent's knowledge or consent, Terry started smoking cigarettes while attending high school. Unfortunately for him, he was caught in the boys' bathroom smoking a cigarette.

He subsequently had JUG. His “punishment” was to pull out all of the dandelions on the McQuaid campus. He thought it was an “unjust” and harsh punishment.

Last Name	Initial	Class
Date	Instructor	
You are to report to the JUG ROOM before 3 P.M. TODAY.		

Clean slate before the smoking incident

Terry was known for his great sense of humor and practical jokes to the chagrin of the Jesuits.



Terry is looking for his escape while attending class at McQuaid

Terry was a typical cool early 1960s teenager. Girls were drawn to his good looks, kindness, friendliness and swagger.

He liked listening to various music artists especially the Beatles, Fabian, Kingsman, and particularly liked listening to and imitating Elvis Presley.

He had a passion for cars especially sports cars. He loved to restore and rebuild all types of automobiles. He worked very hard and long hours at various jobs to purchase his first sports car. He was so excited when he purchased a 1956 Thunderbird. It was his pride and joy. He drove his sisters all around Rochester. He always found excuses to drive his cherished pristine Thunderbird.

Terry realized when he signed up to join the Navy, it would not be feasible for him to keep his Thunderbird.

He was heartbroken when he had to sell it. One of the many sacrifices he made by enlisting in the Navy to fight an unpopular war.

Terry is survived by three younger sisters - Jane (eldest), Joan, and Betty Ann (youngest).

The following was written by Jane:

“Here are some things I remember about Terry.

Terry was a Boy Scout and loved going to Massawepie scout camp in Tupper Lake every summer. I think he liked the camping part of it. He used to build tents and sleep outside, on Fourth St. in the backyard, a lot in the summer.

He also loved going to the Miller (maternal grandparents) farm every summer and hanging out with the uncles. The problem with these activities were that they really aggravated his allergies. I remember him having blisters on the whites of his eyes during hay fever season. He just toughed it out. He loved cars as most teenage boys do. He was a good driver and drove me places whenever I needed a ride. He's probably tooling around in a souped up race car in heaven. He had the best hair.

Terry was a great card player. He was always up for a card game. I can still see him shuffling a deck of cards, he shuffled like a professional. I'm trying to teach my granddaughter how to shuffle like Uncle Terry.

If Terry had been on the ground in Vietnam he would have been on the front line, fighting with all his might, but also protecting the guys behind him. He was brave and courageous. I have no doubt that he could have gotten a deferment because of his horrible allergies. But Terry chose to enlist to defend what he believed in.

Terry used this quote, not often, I have no idea where he heard it but I kind of thought it was a sin to say it. “If you're going through hell, keep going.” Winston Churchill. I came across it in a book I read last year and I immediately remembered Terry saying it. Terry was the best.”



Terry with his tag a long sister Jane

Joan's memories of her cherished brother:

“Reminiscing about my brother brings up a myriad of treasured memories and floods my heart with emotion. Terry was my protector, teacher, confidence builder, emotional anchor, and guiding light. Terry helped me navigate challenges. He was my role model, confidant, and my best friend. I was very proud of him. I respected him. He was my hero.

Terry was the one who taught me how to ride a bicycle without the training wheels.

When I was learning to write numbers, I struggled with a few of them. Terry thought of creative ways to help me remember how each number was to be correctly written.

He patiently helped me learn the stories of the Bible, catechism, and multiplication table.

Terry took the time to help me speak succinctly when I struggled to pronounce certain words.

It was Terry who taught me how to play board games and card games. He took the time to show me how to shuffle cards. It must have been a challenge for him to try to teach a six-year-old to shuffle cards. But he persevered.

I have fond memories of the times when it was just Terry and me. When I was four and five years old, during the warm months he allowed me to go on his newspaper route with him. Not only was he pulling a wagon with at least 47 newspapers, he was pulling me. I was so proud to be with my cute and strong big brother.

While I was in the hospital for two weeks recovering from an appendectomy, my dear, thoughtful and kind brother took two public buses with a transfer downtown to get to McQuaid. After classes, he had to take two buses from McQuaid to St. Mary's Hospital carrying a stuffed dog that looked like Lassie to surprise me with a gift he knew I wanted. I can only imagine the remarks he heard from classmates, and the side looks from fellow bus passengers of a teenage boy carrying a large stuffed Lassie. As an adult, it still fills my heart with deep loving joy knowing he cared so much to brighten his younger sister's hospital stay knowing the possible ridicule he may encounter.

In Terry's eyes, sofa cushions were more than just for sitting. He would build elaborate forts simply by using blankets and sofa cushions for his sisters to enjoy.

Terry had a knack to make me laugh. I loved his sense of humor and tried to emulate it.

Terry fiercely protected me when someone was about to harm me. He rescued me from frightening situations.

I adored my brother. My heart hurt while he was away serving in the Navy. I missed him desperately. I was devastated when the parish priest, local Navy representative, and my father told me of Terry's horrific death. I prayed and pleaded with God to make it a mistake.

Terry was so stoic and never complained about the appalling conditions he faced daily while on duty. I was so unprepared to learn about his death not knowing of the dangers of his duties on board the ship that ultimately killed him. I thought he was safe when he was at the Port of Naples.

My world was shattered.

My kind, carrying, sympathetic, loving, and most importantly my safe harbor was ripped from my life.

My brother was violently erased from my timeline. The emptiness of his absence is still felt today.

My brother was a gift to my heart and a friend to my spirit.

I love you Terry."

My story of Terry by Betty Ann (his youngest sister):

"I was 10 years old when Terry was killed. I don't remember much about Terry from my childhood.

I do remember when he came home on leave. He looked so dapper in his Navy uniform. So tall and so confident. He was my big brother making a difference in the world. I could not have been more proud of Terry.

When I was a child, I could not remember how to spell our last name. Terry made up a little jingle to help me remember. It worked. To this day I still sing it in my head when asked to spell our last name. I smile each time. Terry was like that, always helping to make things easier for me.

I still have Terry's baseball bat and mitt. It always gives me fond memories of the times we played catch.

We would write letters to each other. He always encouraged me to do well in school. He knew I hated school. He would write and tell me to try hard. He would say do my best like our sister Joan. Although, Terry knew school would never be my focus in life.

Terry once gifted me a child's sailor uniform. When asked by another sailor if Terry had a little brother, Terry stated no, it was for his sister. The sailor then asked, why he didn't buy the one with a dress. Terry knew there was no way I'd wear a dress. He bought me the one with pants. I loved that uniform and wore it all the time.

I hated seeing him leave. Never knowing that the last time he was home would be my final time seeing him. I miss Terry. I miss his hugs. I think about him everyday. I know in my heart, I will see him again. Thank you Terry, for being the best big brother a sister could have."

Terry's childhood friend Tom Mancuso recalls the following:

"Terry was a character that stood apart, we had mutual admiration, never in competition. I chose him as my friend over many others. Brothers in arms so to speak.

We had so much time together. From 1953-61 we spent nearly every day together. When we split to go to different High Schools and he moved to another neighborhood, we still saw each other. We had many interactions.

It was a memorable time for two 8 year olds, to meet, develop a friendship, continue that friendship through circumstances that separated us educationally and socially for 11 years. Grammar school at St. Francis Xavier was the backdrop, classmates who clicked. Both were generally street kids, by that I mean we spent most of our time on Fourth St. where Terry lived.

We used to walk to Irondequoit Bay at Empire Blvd when fishing got in our blood. Made sandwiches, carried drinks and snacks, fished from 5:30-noon. We were 11-12.

We were about 12-13, and Terry said, 'Tom you've been delivering (newspapers) with your brother for nearly four years, do you think I can get Dick to let me deliver that route.' Dick immediately said if Terry wants to do the deliveries he could.

He started two weeks before Christmas. I gave Terry a lot of credit, it was the toughest time of year to be a paperboy. There were 47 customers. Terry for the most part took command of that route. We took a sled and mounted wooden sides to hold the papers to be delivered. In those days there always seemed to be ice or snow down from just after Thanksgiving til Easter. We delivered every day at 4PM in that route area, pushing and pulling the sled. He finished the route by 6:15-30. Loved an empty sled coming back home

Terry said he was talking with his Dad about what he should do with all this new found money. I think banking came into vogue, and it was worth the stash.

I think he always had a mindset of the positive outcome when you're doing some right things.

When his parents got a pool table, Ter spent hours perfecting his skills, he had two passions he loved mimicking Elvis Presley, and playing pool.

We were buds from 2nd grade at St. Francis Xavier to MCC (Monroe Community College) on Alexander St.

It never occurred to me, him deciding to leave MCC and enlist in the Navy, meant that we may not be together as friends after his return.”

Joan and Betty Ann’s final thoughts:

War is measured in territory and dogma. However, families measure it in empty beds and silent homes. Behind every statistic is a mother, father, sibling, child, and friend who will never hear their loved one's voice again. No victory is worth this grief. We implore leaders to lay down weapons and choose the hard work of peace, so no friends and family have to live with this endless and enduring pain.



Honor Guard