



Pvt. Joseph W. Ozbourn, USMCR



KIA 30 July 1944
Tinian, Marianas Islands

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The newsletter of the USS Ozbourn (DD846) Association

January 2003

Dedicated to perpetuating the memory of a gallant Marine and preserving the history of a fine ship

EDITORS MESSAGE:



In the first installment of the Tripsas saga (see Fireball Vol. 11, No. 4) we followed in the footsteps of the Greek youngster from his birth in Veroia through the terrible years of WWII. Now the war is over, the invaders driven out and the occupation ended. The chaotic conditions of the war are now supplanted by widespread civil strife as various wartime guerrilla and political factions seek to gain the upper hand throughout the country. In this episode we join Trifon during the turbulent years of recovery from the rigors of WWII, the Greek Civil War and his service in the Greek Army. This installment begins on page 4.

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REUNION 2003, San Antonio, Texas 08 — 12 October

Planning for this years reunion in San Antonio, TX is still in the preliminary stages and it is anticipated that definitive descriptions of activities firm choices of accommodations and prices will be available for forwarding in the April issue of Fireball!

Home port for this operation will be the Holiday Inn Select in San Antonio and the dates are firm for 08 through 12 October 2003.

Following is a brief description of some of the activities that have been suggested in the preliminary discussions of the list of activities that will be offered for the reunion.

CITY TOUR. A fully narrated bus tour of the city. Points of interest include stops at San Marcos Mission, and San Fernando Cathedral. Drive by Riverwalk, Hemisfair and Brackenridge Park among others.

CASA RIO RESTAURANT. This is the first stop on a tour of the Riverwalk, one of the premier attractions in the city. During your free time in the afternoon consider boarding a barge for a cruise down the river.

DIAMOND W RANCH. This is the city’s best chuck wagon supper and cowboy show. Dinner includes Bar-B-Que brisket with all the fixings. After dinner the entertainment consists of Cowboy humor and songs.

FREDERICKSBURG. This is a day long trip to the site of the Admiral Nimitz Museum with a stop at the Lyndon B. Johnson State and National Historic Park along the way. The Nimitz museum has just undergone a 3.5 acre expansion.

Don’t forget to set aside these dates and attend this reunion in Minter country.

FROM THE BRIDGE:

Plans for the 2003 reunion in San Antonio, Texas are shaping up and details should be ready by the next issue of Fireball. Anyone living in the San Antonio area that would be willing to help with some of the preliminary work please get in touch with me.

Some members have inquired about the availability of wind breakers and T-shirts with the Ozbourn logo on them. Until recently, they were not available because the association could not afford to maintain a stock of these more expensive items. A new supplier has been located who is willing to accept single quantity orders for these items so they are now available by special order.

See the ship’s store section of the web page for details.

Finally, as we start the new year 2003 the world is faced with many threats and uncertainties. Let us hope our world leaders have the wisdom to seek and find peaceful and fair solutions to the worlds problems and if that is not possible that our country’s leaders have the courage and determination to take whatever action is necessary to insure the safety of American citizens at home and abroad.

W D Minter, President

A DATE TO REMEMBER

16 February 1951— Siege of Wonsan began.



Taps for Shipmates

William E. Action, Port Richey, FL 12/2001
Billy Baker Bybee, Houston, TX 08/10/2002
John Kougl, Moses Lake, WA 11/05/2002

May they rest in peace

(EDITOR from Page 1)

Another Fireball first begins with this issue featuring one of our shipmates in an article entitled "Shipmate in the Spotlight". How many times have you heard the phrase, "whatever happened to Charlie Noble." It is hoped that in this feature we may be able to dredge up the answer to some of those questions. Volunteers are here-by solicited for future articles and no shrinking violets need apply. Just contact the Editor.

An e-mail addressed to the USS Ozbourn Association has been received from the Sea Power Planning Committee of the Commander, US Naval forces Korea and reads as follows:

"There will be a Sea Service Commemoration in Pusan, Korea on 30 May 2003 to honor all sea Service veterans in the Korean War. This will be the only Navy led commemoration on the Korean peninsula during the 50th anniversary of the war. More information on the 50th Anniversary events can be found at : <http://korea50.army.mil/>.

Your ship was in Korea during the war

and we want to welcome her crew back to Pusan next year. If you will have someone from your association contact us, we will provide them with details about the commemoration and additional information will be provided as it becomes available."

The Ozbourn Association plans no active participation in the events described in the letter, however, individuals who are interested in learning more about the activities listed should contact the Planning Committee e-mail address listed above.

Thomas M. Perkins, Editor

WELCOME ABOARD

New Association members are listed below. We are glad to have them and hope to meet them at the next reunion.

J. Earl Freeman, Wilmington, NC
Danny Bearden, Van Buren, AR
Elden Woken, Aberdeen, SD

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USS OZBOURN SHIP'S STORE

Order from:



W. D. Minter
 USS Ozbourn Association,
 4206 Buchanan Loop Rd.
 Texarkana, TX 75501

All stock is of highest quality. Checks or money orders only please, made payable to USS Ozbourn Association. May be ordered from web page also.

<u>Stock #</u>	<u>Description</u>	<u>Price</u>
C01	CAP, Navy Blue with Brilliant Gold lettering, adjustable size	\$14. ea
M01	Mug, 11 oz. Embossed with Oz patch and ship silhouette.	\$8. ea/2 for \$12. or 6 for \$30.
P01	Ship's patch (original design) for cap or jacket.	
P02	Same as above (revised) subtle differences in design and color	\$6. ea
F01	USS Ozbourn license plate frame	\$5. ea/2 for \$8.

T-shirts, jackets and windbreakers available by special order. Contact the store.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Development of the Roster of Association members has been delayed and will not be forwarded with this issue of Fireball as indicated in the October issue. The reason: technical difficulties with computer programs and verification of data. When complete, the roster will be distributed to all dues paying members free of charge. A fee will be levied for all other requests.

MAIL CALL



For starters, there are a couple of responses to the items in the October issue to report.

Curtis Anderson (53-55) weighed in on the request for information on the names of the ships assigned to DesDiv 111 as follows. "During my tour on Oz-bourn I recall that the ships assigned to DesDiv 111 were Floyd B. Parks (DD-884), John R. Craig (DD-885), Orleck (DD886) and Perkins (DDR-877)."

From W.D. Minter via e-mail:

"Reference your trivia item in the October newsletter. It was not a typographical error." You may confirm that there really was a woman from Texas named Ima Hogg by going to the website: www.tsha.utexas.edu/handbook/online/articles/view/JJ/gkj2.html in case you are interested in such matters. Ed.

Jim Franklin (52-55) sent us a story of a recent mini-reunion held in Gulfport, MS.



L to R: Jim Franklin, Bill Blosser and Frenchie Broussard

This is a true story that will bring back memories to any of the engineering department guys of that era who read the Fireball. Two old "salts" who had not seen each other for over fifty years squared off recently over a promised fist fight from by-gone years. The old feud was over a girl from Japan named "Mule Face" but after so many years neither of the antagonists packed much of a punch and the fight was declared a draw. The two fighters, "Frenchie" Broussard from Duson, LA and Bill Blosser from Council Grove, Kansas were visiting Jim in

Gulfport. All were BT's and served together on the Ozbourn in the Korean War.

Thanks Jim, it would have been nice if a photo of "mule face" had survived the war. Ed.

From Joe Davis (48-51) via e-mail:

Joe Davis here from Haslet, TX. I want you to know that I really enjoyed our last reunion in Massachusetts and am looking forward to the next one in San Antonio.

I joined the Ozbourn in April 1948 right out of boot-camp with a

guy from Amarillo, TX named William Hopper who became a cook on the Oz and was still there when I left in 1951. I have been unable to find any information regarding his whereabouts and I would appreciate any information that anyone in the Association may have regarding him. See you in San Antone in October 03.

Anyone with information for Joe may forward same through the Editorial Office.

Ken Lucien, ET1(SS), 65-68 sent in a proposed addendum to the ships history, circa August 1965, as it appears in the web site at www.ozbourn.org.

In August 1965 Ozbourn once again pointed her prow westward in company with DesDiv 92, Navasota (AO-106) and Kennebec (AO-36), destination Japan and the escalating hostilities in S.E. Asia. During the transit, Ozbourn was detached from the group and directed to proceed at best speed to Yokosuka in order to deliver a critically ill man with a ruptured appendix to the Naval Hospital. Following is Ken's version of the dash to Yoko.

"I remember that 'Yokosuka run' well (as age allows). The Readers Digest version is that we were in extremely bad weather a few days out of Yoko (inbound), on the outskirts of a typhoon. Although I then had five years in the Canoe Club, that was my first real experience with some combined serious blue water and real serious Mother Nature stuff. The seas were so rough that if I had fallen overboard when we were on a crest I'd have broken my neck when I hit the water. Not even a man overboard operation could have saved anyone in seas like that.

I can't confirm the 27.5 kts. for 44 hours as stated in the history but we were zipping right along to get to Yoko ASAP and it seemed like it took forever. I also recall that, among other things, the door on the weather shield starboard side forward was severely dented and the torpedo handling kingpost on the foc's'l was bent. In any case, I was then unaccustomed to water bending metal.

Anyway, a BM3 named Snow (3 hash marks, I think) had a minor heart attack. As the DesDiv 92 flagship the division doctor was on board. He was a tall, swarthy, very smart and cool dude. The Doc asked if we (the ET's) had an EKG-like system that would allow him to monitor Snow's cardiac condition. Having no such equipment on board, I dipped into the bowels of the ship's electronic test equipment (no small feat since I had been aboard only two months and was generally unfamiliar with all this sea-going stuff) and kluged a bunch of stuff together. The Doc was evidently happy with it as he reportedly submitted a favorable report to BuMed later on about the whole episode. I must admit that BM3 Snow had some trepidations when he saw all the blinking lights that I had assembled and were hooked up to his body, but I assured him that he was making the lights blink and the lights would not make him blink. Snow survived the experience and I hope he is

(See MAIL CALL page 10)

MEMORIES OF GREECE, Part II

After the destruction of the power generation plant in Veroia at the hands of the andartes in the spring of 1946, a diesel-powered generator was removed from a British naval vessel in the port of Thessaloniki and placed in operation in the city. This temporary arrangement provided Veroia with a very limited electric power capability that was closely rationed to people who could afford to pay the price.

The power line to our house was cut because we were on a flat rate and had no meter. I managed to connect a 25-watt lamp on the line that supplied the mansion behind the Mahala but this was discovered and reported. The manager of the electric company refused to press charges as the owner of the mansion demanded. At this point the manager told the mansion owner that he could press the charges himself if he chose to do so, disconnected my wire and left. The owner continued to berate me and threatened to have me thrown in jail but he never took any further action.

Things at the Pantheon moving picture theatre were up in the air. The power from the generator was intentionally kept at a low voltage to keep machinery from operating so Mr. Pylorof solicited the help of Mr. Deliphotis the operator of a radio repair shop to see if something could be done. Deliphotis wound an autotransformer that raised the voltage to allow the voice amplifier of the projector to operate. In this way we were able to reopen the Pantheon and that is how I came to meet Deliphotis. I started to work in his shop and he befriended me. He was a wizard in electronics and he showed me how radios worked and I learned a lot from him in the times that came later. This was the basis for my interest in the field of electricity and electronics that ultimately became my profession in life.

In the summer of 1946 when the Pantheon closed, I managed to go for four weeks with the Boy Scouts to the summer camp in Kastania. The British brigadier, who commanded the units in Veroia donated one Army truck, 10 big army tents, one 125 / volt/2500 watt portable generator, a box of 100/25 watt light bulbs and wire. UNRRA provided all the food supplies. Mr. Papadopoulos, the scoutmaster, assigned me the task of installing the lighting in the tents and I was responsible for the operation of the portable generator. I was a kid again for four weeks up there.

But time was passing. The New Year 1947 was several months

old and the time for final exams was approaching. My schoolmates started to form study groups and were exchanging and assembling their notes logically in order to maximize their use. I asked to be included in the study group with my friends and was



Third from left, Boy Scout camp 1946

refused. Maybe I had nothing to offer or they were not willing to share their precious notes but in any case I was left out. I was not able to pass the exams to advance to the 6th grade of high school and to graduate. I was two units short on the average and I was devastated. As a result, I dropped out of high school instead of re-enrolling in the same grade.

I then started to work with Mr. Deliphotis in the radio shop and in the afternoon at the Pantheon. Deliphotis had the ambition to build a radio station and together we started to build all the necessary parts by hand and we had a working station completed in about 2 months time.

We were transmitting some music that could be heard throughout the city and at the shop we had 2 or 3 radios in to repair each day. I memorized the schematics of the 5 basic types of radios used at that time and I had become proficient in trouble-shooting.

That summer, I again took four weeks off and went with the Boy Scouts to the summer camp. This time because of the escalation of the Civil War hostilities we made camp on the seashore near Thessaloniki where I did the same works as that of the previous year. This was my last association with the Boy Scouts.

1947 was a very turbulent year for Veroia. Most of the populations from the surrounding villages had moved into the city, there was severe overcrowding conditions and there was no place that could be considered safe. One day near the end of 1947 the andartes raided Veroia and set fire to many houses that included the house of Mr. Deliphotis. The night this happened the sky was red and I climbed up on the roof of our house to see the area of the city that was burning. Bullets were streaking all over and my mother made me come down to safety. After this happened Mr. Deliphotis was drafted into the Army and the radio shop closed.

I had made plans to enroll in a technical school in Thessaloniki that specialized in the teaching of electricity so that I could become an electrician. This didn't work out because among other things my little sister became seriously ill with a form of hepatitis. We took her to a clinic in Thessaloniki but it was in vain. We returned to Veroia hoping for the best but her condition worsened. She wanted nobody around except me. At the end of June 1947, she died in my arms. She was only 6 years old.

I had given up the job at the Pantheon, we had drained all our savings and by the end of the year the Civil War escalated. It was the topic on the news every day.

The British, realizing that they had lost Greece, and because England was on the verge of bankruptcy, notified the United States that they would no longer be able to assist the government of Greece. By this time the cold War had replaced the hostilities of WWII and the United States took the lead in world affairs. The famous Truman Doctrine committed U.S. resources to end the Civil War in Greece. In the middle of 1947 American ships started to unload military supplies and advisory personnel took over the responsibility of training the National Greek Army.

I enter the Army

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One day, in the newspapers, there was a notice advertising that a newly opened Army communications school was seeking student recruits. The course of instruction that lasted several months included basic training, electronics fundamentals plus maintenance and repair of radio communications equipment that the U.S. was supplying to the Greek Army. I talked it over with my mother and over all of her objections I managed to persuade her that it was in the best interests of all of us and I submitted my application. In Athens I reported for admissions tests and medical examination but my score on the entrance exams was borderline. I begged the officer in charge, who was from Veroia, to allow me into the school and told him that I would work very hard and graduate first in the class. I don't think he believed me but he passed me through.



Boot Camp 1948

I commenced Basic Training April 16, 1948

and underwent 8 weeks of rigorous training to become a soldier in the Greek Army. The first thing that happened was that we lost all our hair; we were deloused and changed into our new army uniforms. We were handed a real rifle and the process of metamorphosis to a warrior started immediately.

I won't bore you with all the details so I will describe only a few of my memories from those days in "boot camp." First, there was the traditional marching and manual of arms drills but more emphasis was given to learning to fire a variety of weapons, mastering hand to hand combat techniques and going through various combat scenarios with real ammunition such as throwing real grenades and defusing land mines. The most unpopular exercise was the long night marches with a full load of gear.

Graduation exercises consisted of a frontal assault to take a hill. I was assigned to the first wave with my trusty "Bren" machine gun together with the rest of my group. Many of the elements of a real assault were employed including artillery fire, mortars, machine guns and aircraft were even called in to make rocket and strafing attacks. During the strafing attacks I had to dodge the empty shell casings that were falling from the airplanes but I did OK because, as you may recall, I had previous experience with that. No casualties were incurred in all this and we were "in the Army now" for sure.

Since the course of instruction in the communication school would not start for another 2 weeks we were assigned to escort a truck convoy to northern Greece and then take the empty vehicles back to Athens. This proved to be an extremely tense operation as the ELAS irregulars were operating in the areas through which we passed. We returned to Athens without incident and I then surrendered my machine gun and ammunition and entered the communications school at Haidari. It was June 25, 1948.

The site of the school was a former German SS operated concentration camp with 15-foot walls topped by barbed wire and watchtowers strategically located within the walls. It lacked proper accommodations and sanitation facilities and even the fresh water had to be supplied by truck. It wasn't a very inspiring place to get an education.

Indoctrination formalities were conducted on the day of arrival, we were assigned to a platoon and received all of the assignments required of a student.

Here is a brief of the schedule for a typical day at the school.

0530: Reveille
 0600-0659: Mess Call
 0700-0730: Formation (muster and drill)
 0800-1200: Classroom instruction (one 15 minute break)
 1200-1300: Lunch time
 1300-1700: Classroom instruction with 15 minute break

In addition to the classroom instruction there were other military duties to which we could be assigned. These duties included Guard duty in the compound and at other times we could be selected for guard duty in the city. Probably the most undesirable duty involved setting up an ambush at some pre-selected location somewhere in the countryside in order to counter the infiltration of the cities by members of the ELAS forces who were now active as the Civil War was approaching its climax. We all survived these extracurricular duties and I still had time to keep notes in the classroom.

My superiors said that my notes were "works of art" but they were also accurate, simple and easy to comprehend. Somehow it was easy for me to comprehend electronic concepts and understand how they were put into practical use. I knew the theory and function of every part on a schematic but I had difficulty going into lengthy theoretical formulas.



Learning the circuitry, Haidari, 1948

By now the summer of 1949 and our training at Haidari was coming to an end. For the last few months we were trained by American advisors on some of the more advanced communication equipment the U.S. Army was using at the time. With this equipment we were

going to install a wireless telephone network between the larger cities in Greece. This project was of the highest priority because WWII and the Civil War had completely destroyed all other means of communications throughout the country. My training came to an end on July 16, 1949 and I was graduated first in my class, thus fulfilling the promise that I had made to the recruiting officer the previous year.

Installing the communication networks

Without going into a lot of detail, our first assignment was to install a wireless two-way telephone network between

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Athens and Thessaloniki. This network utilized the advanced technology of the time and was only in use by the military. The network required the installation of terminating stations in Athens and Thessaloniki with relay stations on top of three mountains in between. My first assignment was the installation on the top of Mount Pileon. The equipment staged in Pereas and loaded on a small steam ship for transport to the port city of Volos where it was off-loaded to trucks for further shipment to another town where the road ended. Here we rendezvoused with infantrymen who waited for us with their mules to carry the equipment the rest of the way to the site. The mountaintop was bare and the wind fierce but we managed to raise a tent and two antennas. We were able to communicate with Athens and part of the infantrymen left and returned to Volos.

A few days later we returned to Volos for the remainder of our equipment and returned to the mountain to complete the installation. After the station was completed, five of my colleagues stayed on with two platoons of infantry at the top and the rest of us returned to Volos and then to Thessaloniki where we arrived on August 4, 1949. Here we completed the terminal station and then proceeded with equipment to the top of Mount Hortiatis, again by mule train, and completed the relay station. By August 9, the network from Athens to Thessaloniki was in operation.

All was well until the first storm hit the area. I was away from the mountaintop installation at Mount Hortiatis when the storm hit. By the time I returned, tents and antennas had been blown down and the generators and equipment drenched by the torrential rains. That winter the leaders decided to abandon the mountaintop and go down to a lower elevation and ultimately the decision was made to install the station permanently at a lower altitude in a location above the village of Exohi called "Kuri."



Aerial view of relay station at Kuri

A huge sanitarium dedicated to the treatment of tuberculosis was located in this village and most of the people who lived there were survivors of that terrible disease.

Some of my colleagues were somewhat anxious to be in close proximity to this situation but I personally took a very fatalistic attitude.

Up on the hill of Kuri a small dwelling was commandeered and we had the system up and running the same day. At this time the Civil War was taking its final course as Serbia closed its borders.

There is a satirical explanation in one of my books regarding the behavior of Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia. It goes like this: "Karl Marx is God, Lenin is Jesus, Stalin is St. Paul and Tito

is the first Protestant." In the summer of 1949 the Tito-Moscow rift smashed the common front that Albania, Serbia and Bulgaria had against Greece and later Tito closed the Yugoslav-Greek frontier and by November all the guerrilla forces were cut off from their supplies. Our installation at Kuri provided a vital link in the communications for our forces. By February of 1950 the Army completed a permanent building for our station and we settled in and got organized.

Later in the spring I became acquainted with a young lady from the town of Exohi and we fell for each other just as if there was nothing else important in the world. Both of us were in the clouds of heaven until these clouds started to get dark. Her parents, long before had become members of the Communist Party and I was in a sensitive position in the Army. The Gendarmerie considered it their patriotic duty to protect the nation from the Communist evil and when they saw a soldier of the King fooling around with the daughter of some infidels they were alarmed.

I was summoned by my superiors to Thessaloniki to explain my relationship with this girl and encouraged by them to end the relationship. They even gave me a 15 day leave to go home and think the matter over. Upon my return to Kuri I continued to see the girl and I got confined to the relay station for 20 days. I was then ordered to turn the station over to a colleague and to report to Athens. There I was given new orders together with the necessary equipment to build a terminal station in Ioanina. Relay stations were also built in the Pindos mountain



At the relay station, Katara Pass
January 1951

range and I moved to the Katara pass station at an altitude of 1821 meters (5974 ft.) at the beginning of December. That winter, life at the station was miserable with the station in the clouds for days on end. Snowstorms were frequent and the pass was closed for most of the winter. We were eating beans, lentils and canned food because a portion of frozen beef buried in the snow was lost one night when the wolves found it. One of the first things we did each morning

was climb the antenna pillars and knock off the snow to prevent the antennas from breaking. During the time I was at Katara I continued to correspond with Mary, the girl back in Exohi, and I received letters from her when the weather permitted mail delivery. On one occasion while returning from the mail and supply run the weather closed in and we walked all night in circles trying to find the way back to the top. When we arrived back at the station the following evening my feet were white from the preliminary stages of frostbite and it was a close call. At the end of January a severe blizzard caused snowdrifts to a depth of 3 meters and the snow covered the building completely. As the exhaust from the generator had no place to go, the carbon monoxide started to back up into the building. The first victim was the sentry who had been allowed into the building due to the weather outside. He felt sick and woke his relief

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but he, in turn, was overcome by the fumes and now, everyone in the area was asleep. I had the watch in the equipment room and had closed the door and thus the fumes had not found its way into my area. A loud noise from the other room, that later proved to be one of the infantrymen falling from his bunk roused me and when I opened the door I could smell the exhaust and knew immediately what had happened. Chaos reigned for a while as the fumes affected everyone and some had fainted. The windows and the door were covered with snow and we had to dig tunnels to ventilate the building. It was a close call but everyone eventually recovered. On another occasion when we went down the mountain to pick up supplies two of my people broke into the pantry, drank our supply of brandy and became very drunk. By the time I returned, one of them was nearly comatose with a pulse rate of 53, which is a bad sign, while the other was nasty and aggressive. I called the doctor at the hospital back at base camp and he instructed me how to care for the unconscious man and fortunately he recovered.

By the end of May I was transferred to Larissa and stayed there until September. While there, I was hospitalized for two weeks with typhoid fever and was promoted to Corporal and that gave me a little more money. Also in September I requested a meeting with the new Signal Corps Battalion Commander Major Polyzopoulos and asked for a transfer back to the station at Kuri. I believe he had heard about me and didn't like the way I had been treated. He granted my request and I found myself back at the relay station together with a promotion that put me in charge of the station. I spent all my free time with Mary, the girl from Exohi, and the rest of the time I was at the station. My relationship with Mary worsened as her mother became more and more hostile to our continued affair and we thought it better if I were to leave the area and wait until things improved. I requested another meeting with the Major and he arranged a transfer for me to the terminal center in Athens. This was a very good assignment and it gave me the opportunity to explore the city and see some of my old friends. One day Major Polyzopoulos, who had come to Athens on business, stopped by the station to see me and as he was leaving told me to ask him anytime I wanted to go back to Kuri. I was in Athens for two wonderful months but what came next was even better.

The communications network between Athens and Crete had a relay station on the island of Milos, one of the fabled Greek Islands of the Aegean and I was ordered there in April of 1952. There were six of us in the group and we were the only military personnel on the island. Milos is a volcanic island, shaped like a horseshoe and on the north side there were sulfuric waters on the surface that were famous for their healing properties.

Activities at the station were such that there was plenty of time for us to explore the island and become acquainted with the local population. On one occasion while in a port village of Adamas, I learned that their radio-gramophone was out of service and I



was able to repair it without difficulty. Soon thereafter, it seemed that everyone on the island had a radio that required repair and I had a brisk business going in short order. I never asked for money but many of the people befriended me in return and it made my stay on the island very pleasant indeed. At the end of August, after nearly four months on the beautiful island of Milos I was ordered to pack up and return to Athens as I had been selected to go to the U.S. Army Communication technical school at Ansbach, Germany.

In early September I traveled to Germany via Rome and Nuremberg and checked into the U.S. ARMY EUROPE (USAREUR) Signal School at Ansbach. The school was located in an ex-German army camp designated "Hindenburg Casern". All the buildings had been remodeled to U.S. Army standards and was, for us, pure luxury. The dormitories were spacious with single beds, lockers, nice comfortable mattresses and most of all, white sheets. Probably the most favored place for us Greeks was the mess hall where the food was plentiful and an "all you can eat" policy was in effect. The serving personnel were astounded at the quantity of food that we consumed. The course of instruction consisted of both classroom and laboratory style sessions for theory and laboratory style rooms with benches that were equipped with all types of instruments for maintenance work and trouble-shooting procedures. The period of instruction was eight hours Monday through Thursday and a half-day on Friday. I took advantage of the time off to visit the cities and towns in the area and became acquainted with some of the residents in Ansbach.

School at Ansbach-1952



I clearly remember the Thanksgiving Day that we spent in Ansbach that year. In the mess hall we, the Greeks, had our own special table. On this day after we had passed through the mess-line and returned to our table, the Mess Officer and all the cooks came to our table singing and carrying a big flat cake that they had baked specially for us with the inscription, "For the Greek Soldiers". When we inquired, "what's the occasion," the head cook said, "I always do something special for people who appreciate my cooking."

Just before Christmas we got our diplomas and returned to Athens. I was expecting a long overdue leave but I had to go back to Milos before it was granted.

When my 15-day leave was granted I returned to Athens and from this point nothing went right. My relationship with Mary had continued to deteriorate during my absence in Milos and Ansbach and I was hoping that we could patch things up but her mother was still antagonistic toward me and nothing came of my efforts. One day while visiting with my family in Veroia we all went to a café, which had, unbeknown to me, been declared off limits to enlisted men. A pair of MP's challenged me and when they tried to evict me my family and the management raised such an uproar that eventually I found myself before the mayor and the military

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

Brigadier. They ruled in my favor but by this time I had had enough and we all went home. The next day I left Veroia, stopping briefly in Thessaloniki to see Mary and then returned to Athens. I explained to my Captain what had happened and he sympathized with me and allowed me to stay on the base for the remainder of my leave.

At this time I had only three months left on my enlistment so my next assignment was the relay station at Parnitha near Athens.

When the time for passed I became found out that the had issued an order discharge indefinite personnel could be in this category money and hired a the Government for tract. The case was name of national sent to the Supreme meantime, all of us money were se- Early in May, in- discharged, I was



At Parnitha — 1953

immediately to Larissa and from there to a newly installed relay station on Mount Vigla. Meanwhile the lawsuit back in Athens continued and the Court finally ruled in our favor and it was ordered that we should be promoted one rank and discharged within one month. Within a few days I was ordered to Athens, promoted to Sergeant and in early September 1953 I was discharged from the Greek Army.

All I had to show for the five and one half years that I had served in the Greek Army was a form letter that my Captain filled out and my personal Army booklet in which a clerk recorded all the disciplinary actions imposed upon me but no mention of any accomplishments. I had a certificate from the USAREUR School in Germany but little else.

My first attempt to get employment was with the Organization of Tele-communications of Ellas, "Greece" (OTE) and the first thing they asked for was a high school diploma that I did not have. No high school diploma, no chance of employment was the reply.

I next used the free ticket that the Army had given me for transportation home and returned to Thessaloniki hoping I might find employment there. The answer was the same, nothing available without the diploma. Finally, I thought of Major Polyzopoulos who had been my Battalion Commander in the Army and I gave him a call. During our conversation the Major told me that a vacancy existed for a civilian position at the relay station at Kuri and soon I was back in the familiar surroundings where I had served previously only this time as a civilian.

I now tried my best to re-establish my relationship with Mary but it was not to be. Some time previously when I had been abruptly sent to the relay station in Vigla I had received my last "Dear John" letter from her and her mother still remained very antagonistic toward me. Finally, things came to a head when Mary's

mother contacted the Army command in Thessaloniki accusing me of harassing her daughter. I was summoned before the brigadier who severely berated me and threatened to fire me. This was the last hurrah I had with the Greek Army as I reminded the general that I was a civilian and that I was relieving him of the burden of firing me and quit on the spot. I notified Major Polyzopoulos of my action, gathered my belongings from Kuri and Exohi and left the Army behind. That is how a new chapter in my life started.

Now I had severed all ties with the Army and I was back in Veroia with no job and no real prospects of getting one. One day while discussing my situation with my sister Kiki she mentioned the name Katina, a girl friend of hers who had immigrated to the U.S in 1950. I had become acquainted with her father Mr. Visas as he was in the same army unit with my father and had, in fact, been with him at the time he was wounded. One day while walking with Kiki we chanced upon Mr. Visas and he inquired about my future plans. I told him that I was toying with the idea of going to Australia or Canada just as his daughter Katina had done. Mr. Visas invited me to dinner and that is how I established contact with Katina who lived in Moline, Illinois with her grandfather. Our correspondence over the next several months continued and we seriously discussed the possibility of my moving to Moline to be near her and her grandfather. Because of his age, Katina's grandfather could not qualify to make the invitation but a distant relative, Mr. James Chilis who had been born in Fytia, Greece and was now living in Chicago, offered to do so on my behalf. I applied for an immigrants visa because my father had been killed in the war, we had no property and I had completed my military obligation to Greece.

I now learned that my application had been held up until the investigators could work out some question regarding my qualifications. Needing employment, I moved to Athens where I stayed with my sister Kiki and her husband and soon I was working in the port of Pireas as an electrician repairing problems on ships. I established myself as a competent trouble shooter, soon had my own crew and I was making very good wages. There seemed to be opportunity to advance into the merchant marine service in time but I never gave up the idea of getting my immigrant visa.

Every weekend I took the train to Thessaloniki and visited the American consulate each Saturday morning. For almost ten months I didn't miss a Saturday until finally my persistence paid off when a U. S. Senator visiting the consulate took a special interest in my case and approved the application for my visa. Now that the visa application was approved I was faced with many more details that required attention before I could be on my way to America.

Next issue: Tripsas discovers America

Tin Can Trivia

Only two Gearing class destroyers, Carpenter and Robert A. Owen, were ever fitted with the advanced twin 3"/70 rapid fire gun system. Reason: a maintenance nightmare.

CHINESE PRISONER REPATRIATION 1954

The headline banner of the January 21, 1954 issue of the Pacific Stars and Stripes proclaimed “Liberty-Bound North Koreans Stream South” in bold letters. For months, since the cessation of hostilities the previous year, members of the various control groups tasked with the disposition of prisoners held under United Nations control had been haggling in seemingly endless sessions with their North Korean and Chinese counterparts over the ultimate destination of the thousands of POW’s held captive in South Korea. Now in the New Year of 1954, the impasse that had existed for weeks was breached and thousands of former North Korean and Chinese troops were set free to begin their journey to begin life anew in a different homeland.

The article datelined SEOUL, Jan 21 continues; “Some 10,000 communism hating former soldiers of Red China’s “Volunteer” Army sailed toward Formosa in closely-guarded LST’s today on the last lap of their hard fought race to freedom. Another 6 LST’s were standing by at the port of Inchon to take on the remainder of the almost 15,000 anti-Red Chinese released by the Indian Army contingent yesterday.

Ten LST’s carrying the Chinese to Formosa are being escorted by American fighter planes and warships. The first shipload is scheduled to reach the port of Keelung Sunday morning. The fleet of LST’s split into groups of five when they reached the high seas and an American destroyer was assigned to each group.”

One of those warships escorting the convoy of LST’s was none other than USS Ozbourn, now serving in her third Far East tour since the Korean War commenced in 1950. What follows is a first hand account of that operation as observed by Ozbourn’s Gunnery Officer of the period, Ens. Curtis O. Anderson.

“In early January 1954, Des.Div. 112 comprised of Ozbourn (DD-846) (flag), Arnold J. Isbell (DD-869), Frank Knox (DD-742) and Hollister (DD-788) sailed to Inchon, South Korea and met the 15 LST’s that were loaded with 15,000 Chinese that were being repatriated to Formosa. The Ozbourn, being the flag, was



Ens. Anderson 1954

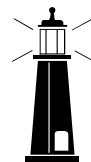
responsible for the safe execution of this operation. The other three destroyers would each escort a group of five LST’s, the Ozbourn would leave Inchon last and arrive Keelung first in order to ensure that all the arrangements were made to receive the convoy.

We had air cover all the way to Formosa and our Commodore was very concerned

that there would be LST’s spread from hell to breakfast during the transit. Each time I went on watch our radar screens showed that the LST’s were in a tight circle with each of their escorting destroyers. You could drop a quarter over each of the formations and they stayed that way all the way to Formosa, night or day.

When we arrived in Keelung the question was asked how a group of ships of that size, in a transit of that duration managed to keep so close and not be spread all over the ocean. We were informed that each of the Captains of the LST’s were former Japanese naval officers who had commanded or served in capital ships of the Japanese Navy during WWII. Hence the puzzle was solved and you all know the rest of the story.”

Curtis O. Anderson enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1948 and served as an enlisted man in the aviation branch until receiving an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy via the NAPS program in June 1949. Graduating in the class of 1953 he immediately joined Ozbourn and went on to a distinguished Naval career, serving as commanding officer afloat and ashore in addition to service in Vietnam and the Pentagon. Captain Anderson retired in 1983.



SHIPMATE IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Morris Gene McIntosh, RMC, USNR

Early last month the photograph shown above arrived in the editorial office with this notation attached, “Is there a story here?” After due consideration it was determined that anytime a parade of war veterans of The Returned & Services League in Lismore, Australia is being led down the beaten path by a U.S. Navy Chief Petty Officer, in full dress regalia, there has got to be a story somewhere.

It was not particularly difficult to run him down as his code name “RC”, meaning Raincoat Charlie, is well known to innumerable subscribers of e-mail and the Internet, both here and abroad. He is a prolific purveyor of ribald jokes, sea stories and other trivia, and has, at times, been known to utter provocative phrases such as “Our family name should have been ‘Charlie-Noble’ :) I’ve polished it enough!:)”

At first, he seemed reticent about revealing his past, but over time his position softened somewhat and a trickle of usable data began to emerge as the e-mails flew back and forth. At one point he even referred to your humble servant as “Editor-in-Chief for FIREBALL, the info organ of the Good Ship Ozbourn.” Not finding an ‘info organ’ in the Funk and Wagnall’s, it was decided that this line of inquiry should be abandoned.

At last, old “RC” came through with a biography of which any man could be proud. Chief McIntosh prefaced his biography thusly, “Do what you like as long as it’s in the interests of FIREBALL, and all the interests of our SHIPMATES, where ere they be”.:) Well said, Chief.

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Profile for Morris McIntosh

Since High School: 1. Served 10 years in the U.S. Naval Reserve with an Honorable Discharge as Chief Radioman (E.T.) 2. Received B.A. (Public Admin.) San Diego State Univ. 3. Worked in the Finance Industry, ultimately CEO of my own company IPO. 4. Still married 50 years, 3 Children, 12 Grandchildren, 7 Great-grandchildren. 5. U.S. Citizen with permanent residency visa living in Australia. 6. Ham Radio Operator, Call VK2BO. 7. Life member of the following organizations: VFW, Returned Services League of Australia, Both National and International Chief Petty Officers Association, The Naval Assn, of Australia, SARC Ham Radio Club, Plank Owner and member of USS Ozbourm Assn., U.S. Naval Fleet Reserve Assn., Tin Can Sailors Assn., and now retired on a 25 acre property at South Gundurimba, a



M. G. McIntosh, RMC, USNR

community near Byron Bay, the most easterly point on the continent of Australia.

Married to Darlene, 52 years next February.

Chief McIntosh has also provided the following information in his inimitable writing style, "If Ya want more, go to the Lone Sailor Log. Under Gene Morris McIntosh. My late father also is listed as Elmer Jacob McIntosh, CWO4, USN and my late father-in-law, William Boyde "Al" Hansen-Wunder, LCDR, USN."

"You shouldn't need any more on us McIntosh's. We practically established

the U.S. Navy from Revolutionary Times."

The entry in the Lone Sailor Log under **Morris Gene McIntosh, RMC, USNR**, reads as follows:

Service Dates: 2/1945 to 8/1954

Born: 4/13/1927, Tampa, FL

Medals and decorations:

Presidential Unit Citation

China Service

Asiatic Pacific Campaign w/ 2 Stars

Korean Service w/2 Stars

Significant Duty Stations:

USS Ozbourm (DD-846) Plank owner

USS James C. Owens (DD-776)

Naval Radio Sta. Sangley Point, P.I.

Naval Communications Station, HI

Naval Electronics Lab., San Diego

(Internet users may find the Lone Sailor Log at www.lonesailor.org)

And so we close this chapter on Chief Radioman M.G. McIntosh, USNR, Ozbourm plank-owner and Fireball's first "Shipmate in the Spotlight."

By the way, he never revealed to me how he came to be the leader of the Aussie war veterans parade, however, keep your eye on the Fireball as I'm certain that we haven't heard the last from "ole Raincoat Charlie." Ed.

SOME GOAT LOCKER LEVITY

Three men are sitting stiffly side by side on a long plane flight. After 30 minutes the man on the left suddenly says distinctly and confidentially in a low voice: "General, United States Army, married, two sons, both surgeons."

Sometime later the man on the right reveals through a tight lipped smile: "General, United States Air Force, married, two sons, both judges."

Another 30 minutes passes before the man in the middle with eyes twinkling, loudly proclaims: "Retired Chief Petty Officer, United States Navy, never married, two sons, both generals."

(MAIL CALL from page 3)

out there somewhere, alive and healthy and recalling his navy high seas experience. It would also be nice if the Doc gave me appropriate credit for the make-shift monitoring equipment in his report to BuMed.

All this said, it would be interesting to see if other crewmembers remember this 'Speed Run to Yoko' like I did."

From Jack Blonsick (50-51) via e-mail:

I have just received my new issue of this publication and I continue to be amazed at the high quality people we went to sea with. Sea faring men are often pictured as drunks and brawlers, but, with statistically insignificant occasions, the officers and men of this ship were smart and clever. The Chiefs and Petty officers helped us new "butter bars" with seasoned comments. There is not an Ozbourm crewman I would not welcome into my home. Thanks for being who you are.

We just returned from a pilot's convention in San Antonio. The place is fabulously friendly to strangers and a darned interesting place. I saw an article that says San Antonio is a safe place for walkers so bring those sneakers along. Who ever decided on this site for the reunion made an excellent choice. See you in October! Who can ever forget the outstanding Seekonk experience? Jack



This photo was forwarded by W D Minter with the caption, "Jerome 'Jerry' Wissler (51-54) all decked out for kids in Richmond, IN. I saw him in July and can attest to the fact that the beard is real."

One of the major problems that faced Navy planners following WWII was the rise of the Soviet Union as a major naval power in general and the submarine threat that this buildup portended. Submarines now became a greater threat than ever as underwater speeds and diving depths continued to increase and the anti-submarine tactics that had been used with somewhat limited success during the war now were being outpaced by the advent of new and ominous advances in technology. Faced with a huge investment in ships that were fitted with obsolescent ASW equipment and steadily shrinking budgets the planners were desperate to find a means to counter the Soviet threat. Numerous studies were undertaken with the objective of development of a viable ASW system that could be fitted into existing hulls and stay within the budgetary limitations then in effect. Some of these schemes were rejected out of hand while others were rejected after trials at sea proved them to be ineffectual. One of the systems that went through the process and on to deployment with the fleet was known as the Drone Anti-Submarine Helicopter (DASH) system. Our own Ozbourn was outfitted with this system in 1961.

Capt. John Denham, Ozbourn skipper in 1966-1968, gives us a unique insight into some of the development and deployment factors associated with DASH from his position on the staff of the Pacific Fleet Cruiser-Destroyer Force.

DASH, IT ALL
it worked!

Captain John G. Denham, USN, Ret.

In December 1961 I was ordered to the staff Commander Cruiser-Destroyer Force, U.S. Pacific Fleet as Anti-Submarine Warfare (ASW) Officer. Since 1950 I had served mostly in ASW billets in Brownson (DD868), Taylor (DDE468) and O'Brien (DD725) and had duty at the Fleet ASW School, San Diego. I was looking forward to a career enhancing tour having just completed ASW Strategy and Tactics at the Joint ASW School in Londonderry, Ireland.

In the 1960's, ASW was the hot item and the Navy was dedicated to countering the Soviet launched missile threat. Two major tasks faced the Navy: locating Soviet submarines and being able to neutralize their operations or, in the event of hostilities, being able to capture or destroy Soviet submarines. New sonars were being developed that showed great promise in increasing detection and tracking distances. Navy air had made rapid strides improving ASW and surveillance tactics but aircraft faced time limitations and weather problems on scene. On the weapons side there were several exciting concepts: torpedoes, depth charges and thrown weapons. A mix of torpedoes included sound guided, active and passive sonar guided and wire guided. Technically advanced depth charges replaced conventional explosives as they were no longer deemed effective. Weapon Alpha and Hedge Hogs were the only thrown weapons remaining but both were relatively short range and of questionable effectiveness; the main objection was the necessity to close the target to deliver the weapon.

Prior to 1960 the Navy initiated a program of Fleet Rehabilitation and Modernization (FRAM) for selected Sumner and Gearing class destroyers. They were scheduled to undergo extensive modernization and be fitted with modern ASW weapons, communications systems and improved habitability. Gearings underwent a nine months Mark I program and the Sumners underwent a six months Mark II program; both would receive a (DASH) hanger and launch platform but different ASW packages.

The Mark II FRAM ASW package included the installation of a towed Variable Depth Sonar (VDS), ASW torpedoes, Hedge Hogs and a DASH hanger and platform. The Mark I ASW package for the Gearings included the Anti-Submarine Rocket (ASROC), ASW torpedoes and a DASH hanger and platform. Both programs included the powerful SQS 23 sonar. The Gearings with their additional 14 feet hull length were more adaptable to an ASROC installation than the shorter hulled Sumners. Noticeably eliminated in both classes were the side thrown and stern dropped depth charges and smoke screen generators.

Studies and exercises indicated that the best offense was based on early detection and immediate response. A popular tactical concept was a single, delivered, guided weapon, launched from a mobile platform at a safe distance that could attack a detected submarine. The operational scenario, as envisioned, was that of convoys or naval task groups underway at sea; similar to World War II. A probable anti-submarine operation was envisioned to commence with an early detection, probably alerting the submarine and causing it to submerge below a thermal layer, which would make sonar contact difficult, but allowing the sub to pursue its objective. Two critical challenges faced the planners: (1) maintaining contact for extended periods of time, and (2) keeping the aggressor on the defensive.

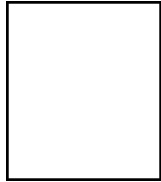
The study of detection and maintaining contact was enthusiastically pursued by the best of minds and many concepts were developed and processed with some successful results. The sea's thermal layers were the sonar's worst enemy. The area of destruction devices was narrowed to two basic type weapons, depth charges and torpedoes. How best to deliver them was to be determined. One solution was to fly them to the drop area by aircraft and the other was to throw them there by some form of propellant. In both cases a submerged submarine would not be alerted until it was almost too late. An all weather delivery system was required with the delivery platform able to remain at the scene until the job was done. Destroyers with DASH and ASROC best fitted the need.

Next issue: Capt. Denham discusses the implementation and certification of the DASH ASW system.

Tin Can Trivia

The only live test firing of an ASROC missile fitted with a nuclear depth-charge occurred in May 1961. It was fired from USS Agerholm (DD-826) in the Pacific Test Range and it performed as advertised.

Thomas M. Perkins
USS Ozbourn Association
2240 Pine Tree Dr., S.E.
Port Orchard, WA 98366-3454



“OLD GLORY”
Long may she wave,
O’er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.



USS McCAMPBELL (DDG-85) completes at Bath Iron Works

The Navy took delivery of its newest Arleigh Burke-class destroyer during a ceremony at Bath Iron Works in Bath, Maine on March 8, 2002. San Diego is designated as the new ships home port.

Last month, February 2002, McCAMPBELL broke new ground by becoming the first Bath-built ship to combine builder’s and acceptance trials. The single at-sea trial provides significant cost saving to the shipbuilder and the Navy.

The McCAMPBELL is commanded by CDR. Mark Montgomery, USN.

Arleigh Burke Class Statistics

Displacement: 9,217 tons full load
Length: 509 feet overall
Beam: 67 feet
Draft: 31 feet
Propulsion: 4 gas turbines: 100,000 shp
Speed: 31 kts.
Range: 4,400 n. miles @ 20 kts.
Crew: 26 Off. 333 Enl.
Missiles: 96-cell VLS
Guns: 1 5”/54-cal DP MK45

COURTESY TIN CAN SAILORS ASSOCIATION

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

The USS Ozbourn Association is totally funded by subscription and cannot operate without the support of the membership. U.S. Postal rates have increased and that will make further demands on our operating capital. The dues of each and every member is very important to the well being of the association.

Dues for membership in this very exclusive organization is \$10 (US) per year, payable annually NLT 1 January.

The Fireball! mailing label indicates your dues status by the addition of a two digit number. The latest year for which dues have been paid is indicated by this number. For example: 03 indicates dues paid through 2003; 05 is paid through 2005 and so on. If your label contains 02, this is your last copy of Fireball! Check your label and keep those dues coming in.

All inquiries concerning payment of dues should be directed to the Treasurer Warren Zschach. He will gladly accept additional years dues as well.

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This is another very key item, often disregarded or overlooked. Keep us informed as to your whereabouts and we will get all the association information out to you. All inquiries regarding Change of Address or label corrections should be directed to Recording Secretary Bill Jones.

Don’t miss a single copy of Fireball!. Get those dues in.