



Volume 11, Number 2

April 2002

IN THIS ISSUE

A New Ozbourn??

4th Mar. Div. Survivors
located

Ozbourn descendants found.

**Spittle is a Shellback.
Jackowski gets even.**

FROM THE BRIDGE

Ever since it's inception, the Ozbourn association has been searching for descendants of Joseph W. Ozbourn for whom the ship was named. Bob Whitten once made a trip to Ozbourn's hometown, Herrin, Illinois but was unable to find out what had happened to the family.

Shortly before this past Christmas, I received an order for some Ozbourn caps and coffee mugs from a Ronald Ozbourn of Benton, Illinois. Soon after Christmas I called Mr. Ozbourn and

(See bridge-Continued on page 6)

URGENT NOTICE

In this issue of Fireball! you will find an unsigned letter addressed to the Secretary of the Navy. It is vital that you join the new ship name effort. See details on Page 6..

COMING UP

**Flight of the Heckler
Tripsas gets drafted**

**Membership up to date?
don't miss 'em**

A NEW SHIP OZBOURN?????

CINCPACFLT endorses the effort

The latest word is, "it's in the works". Over the past two years a great deal of work has been going on behind the scenes in order to convince the Navy Department that a new construction ship should be assigned the name OZBOURN. The USS Ozbourn Association undertook the task and former skipper John Denham volunteered to head up the effort.

The procedures and practices that are followed in the ship naming process is long and laborious but generally takes this route through channels in the Navy Department. Names of new ships are selected personally by the Secretary of the Navy (Sec

Nav) who relies on many sources to help him reach his decision. Each year, the Naval Historical Center compiles primary and alternate ship name recommen-

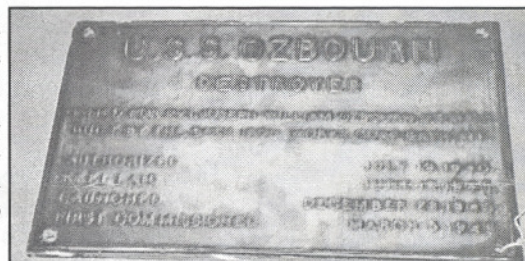
members, veterans groups, and the public as well as other sources too numerous to mention. In it's final form, after consideration at the various levels of com-

mand, the CNO approves the memorandum recommending names for the current year's building program and sends it to the Sec Nav. Once a name is selected by the Secretary, a sponsor is named to christen the ship and the process then

takes the customary course that culminates in the commissioning ceremony.

The formal request from the USS Ozbourn Association was signed by

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The original plaque, installed at Bath Iron Works, 1946

dations and forwards these to the Chief of Naval Operations (CNO) through the chain of command. These recommendations are based on research into the history of the Navy and by suggestions submitted by service

“SAILOR WRITE YOUR MOTHER”

a young sailor meets Neptunus Rex, up close and personal

It is 12 May 1950, USS Ozbourn (DD846) is steaming southward at Longitude 160W and the Equator is not far away. Boulanger waited just ahead of me in the chow line. He turned and pointed up toward the second, forward 5-inch mount.

There stood our Executive Officer, LCDR Ousey, atop the mount, dressed in nothing but his skivvies. He trained what resembled a massive pair of binoculars across the horizon, demonstrating a business-like manner except for his incongru-

ous outfit. Even he wasn't excused from the equator crossing initiation activities. "Horn" Davis, the Master at Arms, laughed as he motioned three more men down the narrow ladder toward the serving line on the

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ATTENTION ALL HANDS: SUBJECT: MEMBERSHIP

The USS Ozbourn Association is totally funded by subscription and cannot continue to exist without the dues paid by the members. U.S. Postal rates are scheduled to increase in June 2002 which will make further inroads into our operating capital. The dues of each and every member is very important to the well being of the association.

Feedback from the subscription drive undertaken by Recording Secretary Bill Jones was most gratifying as quite a number of shipmates responded with dues and became active members. For you new members, we welcome you and hope that you will take part in the affairs and activities of this fine organization.

All hands are encouraged to check the mailing label to ensure it is complete and up to date. The latest year for which dues have been paid is denoted by a two digit number. (e.g. 03 indicates paid up through 2003; 01 means paid through 2001 and is now delinquent), and so on.

All inquiries regarding label corrections and change of address should be made to the Recording Secretary, Bill Jones.

All inquiries regarding payment of dues should be directed to the Treasurer, Warren Zschach. Dues in the amount of \$10.00 per year (US) are payable not later than 1 January and become delinquent on 1 April. Remember, NO DUES—NO FIREBALL!

COLD WAR SERVICE MEDAL

Recently, there has been a great deal of misinformation circulating regarding the authorization of an award called the "Cold War Medal".

Apparently, much of the confusion surrounding this subject was brought about by a bill introduced in the House of Representatives by Rep. Floyd Spence (R-SC) to amend Title 10, Chap. 57 of the U.S. Code in order to authorize the award of a Cold War service medal to members of the armed services. This bill was subsequently forwarded to the Committee on Armed Services but was not included in the Defense Authorization Bill. In other words, it was scuttled. As of 02-01-2002, the official position of the Office of the Secretary of Defense is that "after careful consideration, it was decided not to create a medal."

A cursory scan of the topic on the internet reveals a goodly number of medals and citations already designed and available, for a price. One is supposedly the product of an organization called the "Federation Des Combatants Allies En Europe" with an eligibility period extending through the years 1945-1990. There are thirteen clasps available, for a price, with the basic item costing \$95 (Aus.)

Another "Cold War Medal" is advertised as being constructed from scrapped "Soviet Nuclear Missiles". Regardless of what they are called, all fall into the category of "commemorative" accouterment.

Title 18, Section 704 of the U.S. Code states in part: "whoever knowingly wears a medal not authorized by Congress.....shall be fined or imprisoned not more than six months or both."

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TAPS FOR SHIPMATES

CAPT. Thad Harden, USN, Ret. 02-19-2002

John Albert McCoy 01-08-2001

May they rest in Peace

IN REMEMBRANCE

Shipmate Jack Kitchens sent notification of the death of Katherine Louise Osborne, beloved wife of Jerry Osborne, on January 5, 2002.

We extend our condolences to the Osborne family.

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mess deck. "He's searching for Neptunus Rex so the ship will be prepared when the Royal Party arrives". *XO is taking it right along with the rest of us pollywogs. This is not a good sign for my safety later on today.* During lunch I spent an anxious 20 minutes as I pushed the food around my tray. The long dreaded *festivities* would begin after noon chow.

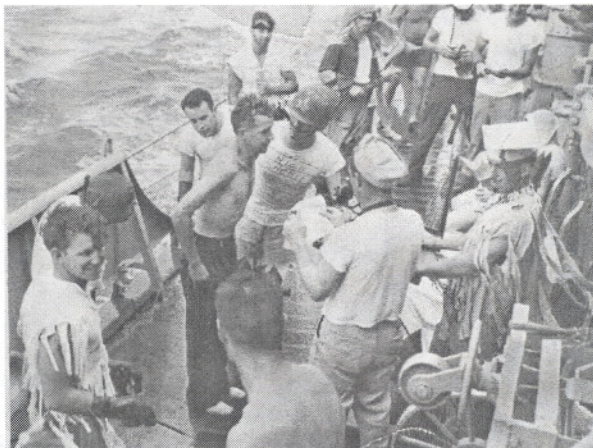
The quartermaster of the watch duly entered the following entry in his logbook. 1300 -- *Ozbourn* boarded by His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, the Royal Scribe, Davy Jones, the Queen, Royal Princess and Royal Babies. Next came the ominous summons over the IMC. "NOW HEAR THIS. ALL POLLYWOGS, BEAR A HAND AND MUSTER ON THE MAIN DECK, STARBOARD SIDE, AFT OF THE MID-SHIPS PASSAGEWAY. HIS MAJESTY AND HIS ENTOURAGE WILL NOT BE KEPT WAITING. WARNING: IT IS PARTICULARLY DANGEROUS FOR LANDLUBBERS TO FLIRT WITH THE ROYAL PRINCESS, OR WORSE STILL, WITH THE QUEEN. THE ROYAL BABIES WILL NOT BE TEASED",

We pollywogs laughed nervously. About thirty-five of us gathered to await our turn with the "Royal Barber". Two crewmen muscled a charged fire hose, its white linen bulging with the saltwater payload. The nozzle man pushed the brass lever forward, and both men held on and directed the water force back and forth across our little group. Our legs flew from under us as the high pressure stream forced us all backwards to the bulkhead. Once thoroughly drenched, each initiate sat in the barber's chair. The clippers flew up the side and across the top of my head, just a couple of inroads, but just enough to guarantee the need for a complete buzz job later. "Move it down, scum." Wham--Wham, shillelaghs screamed out across my buttocks from each side of the aisle as I proceeded forward, toward The King. Neptunus Rex sat majestically upon his make-shift throne. Each pollywog approached the robed

monarch and stood at attention while the Royal Scribe read the charges:

CHARGE I: In that you have hitherto willfully and maliciously failed to show reverence and allegiance to our Royal Person, and are therein and thereby a vile landlubber and pollywog.

CHARGE II: Questioned the fact as to whether or not the parents of Honor-



Chief Mess reads the charges, Cook waits with the prod

able Shellbacks were married.

CHARGE III: Did join a secret league which is planning to upset the reign of His Majesty, and by habit does use Irish language against His Majesty and Royal Shellbacks.

CHARGE IV: Does say he is a big shot from Inglewood, California, who joined the Navy to avoid working for a living, whereas his sole ambition is to become a beach-comber, and by habit does sleep with his shoes on, thereby creating a perturbing odor to issue forth and cause undue suffering to many Shellbacks.

CHARGE V: Imitating a human being.

Wham--Wham. Two more shillelagh whacks landed on my butt and upper legs. The crowned Neptunus Rex wore a beard made from a swab. He scowled at me and lowered his three point Trident toward my chest. "Our vigilance is ever wakeful. Our vengeance is just and sure. Kneel before the Royal Baby and show your respect by kissing her." He motioned his head in the direction of the Boatswain who sat beside

him, diapered. His huge belly protruded and what looked like engine grease glistened over his hairy navel. Once my knees hit the deck, "the baby" motioned me forward. He lunged out to grab my head and force my face into the mess. He moved my head in a circular motion, holding it into him, until I fought for air. This insured a liberal coating of goop about my face. I gasped when he released and attempted a joke, "You know Boats, I don't have shots for this." He growled, "Move on, Scum. There's more treats waiting for ya down the line".

Past the other members of the Royal Family. Wham--Wham--Wham. "Bow down to the Queen you landlubber." Wham--Wham went the shillelaghs. After I'd bent at the waist to each member of the Royal Entourage, and received more whacks for my trouble, unseen hands pushed me through the gambit of shellbacks, their shillelaghs wailing. At the other end of the line we collapsed, fully initiated and free to witness the discomfort of those still behind us.

The worst beating of my life. But I'm a shellback now.

I ached all over, especially in the black and blue areas where the shillelaghs had done their work. But all I cared about was a hot shower to try to remove the Boatswain's belly-grease.

The brief chapter above is just a small part of Frank Spittle's book about his growing up days in the Navy entitled "**Sailor, Write Your Mother**"! Members may order it for \$16.95 (plus \$3 S&H). If CA, add tax of \$1.36 per book. Make checks payable to: Ocean Breeze Publications, P.O. Box 3421, Laguna Beach, CA 92654.

SALTY LANGUAGE

Skipper: Derived from the Scandinavian word *schiffe*, meaning ship; or the Dutch word *schipper*, which means captain.

MAIL CALL



Received via e-mail on 11/23/01, BTC Steve Saucier writes:

Hello, Mr. Minter, I was surfing the web looking up DD's and found your web site. I want to thank you and all your shipmates for your service to our great country. I have been in the Navy over 18 years so far and have spent most of my time here in Yokosuka, Japan. Started out on USS Lockwood (FF1064) then went to USS Midway (CV41) where I did the Persian Gulf War. Went to Great Lakes to the BT-MM school and then came back here to the USS Independence (CV62) and then to the USS Kitty Hawk (CV63). I am currently assigned to the Afloat Training Group West Pac where we keep the ships training up to date and battle ready. You gentlemen left us a great Navy and we are proud to keep it that way. Once again, thanks for all you have done to keep our country free.

Our thanks to you Chief, Keep 'em Steaming. Ed.

From e-mail 11/25/01, Al Holmes (52-52) writes:

I was going through some things and found this menu from Thanksgiving of the year 1952. Perhaps it was 52 or 53 as I don't think that the executive officer LCDR Berriman was still on board in the fall of 1953.

Thank you, Al.

In an e-mail of 01/23/02, Charles Moss, son of deceased shipmate Charles Moss Sr. writes:

Hello WD, My mother has received her January newsletter and she was so happy and thrilled to get it! She reads it from cover to cover and then starts over

again. I can tell you that she is really grateful to have such a nice publication to look forward to. It kind of gives her a connection and a belonging to the rest of the world and to something other than her kidney machine, wheel chair and immediate family. She is so enthusiastic and alive when she talks about this first newsletter. Your organization is doing her a much greater service than either of us could have imagined. Thank you for inquiring and thank you for caring. It certainly says a lot about you and your organization.

Thanks for the kind words, Charlie.

Jack Blonsick sent in his description of what started out as a peaceful Sunday morning in 1951.

There is no blood and guts behind the pictures. I only remember being eternally fatigued while in Korea because of Condition 3 watches + GQ + de-crypting messages on a balky machine at odd hours of the night, and in the meantime performing all those odious little details LCDR Ousey assigned to me. It was a peaceful Sunday with only sporadic Fireball outbound 5" shells, so many to the hour, 24 hours a day, at Kalmagak and a few other places where the Commie trains, with artillery on flatbeds, came out of tunnels to take pot shots at the "tincans" swinging at their anchors in restricted swept "parking spaces" in the minefields that filled the harbor. I was in my bunk when the ship was hit from an inbound on the port side, which sent shrapnel through the metal joiner bulkheads to the starboard side. I got a face full of irritating fiberglass insulating material and in my eyelids and rolled to my left to go to GQ. My shoes were on the deck, but when I looked for the left one, it was a piece of floppy gray matter that looked like a rag after the shrapnel "ate it". The larger piece of shrapnel depicted was found on the deck of our stateroom shared with Ens. C.F. Cole and LT(jg) Ray Eades. That was my only pair of brown shoes and I had to wear the disdained "black shoes" until we returned to San Diego. After GQ ended I found the smaller piece of shrapnel in my pillow. If you recall, Navy pillows were pretty beat up by 1951, and was only about 1/2"-3/4"

in thickness when compressed by head weight. The sheet wasn't torn so it was close to hitting my skull. In retrospect, it was probably exciting, but we were too tired to care". Jack

The narrative above accompanied a photograph of the shrapnel now displayed on a miniature pillow that can be seen on the web page. Check it out at www.ozbourn.org.

I remember that day well, Jack. Our Mk 56 Gun Director was blown up as well. Ed.

In the October 1994 issue of Fireball!, Herbert Sturm, CSC, (60-64) briefly mentioned a collision while refueling from a carrier in Dec. 1960. Wes Cressy, BTC, (58-62) offers the following details of that incident.

"During the fueling operation, I was standing top watch in the # 2 fireroom when we got a shot of water in the fuel from the carrier. This occurred when the last tank was being filled. As a result, we lost power, bounced off the side of the carrier 3 times, and their starboard deck edge elevator ripped a large hole in our port bow. We had just lighted off Boilers # 1 and 3 for four boiler operations in preparation for plane guard duty. What we got instead was dry dock and a 3 day court of inquiry in San Diego".

Bob Whitten, in an e-mail of 01/09/02, touches on the subject of ship names and tells us of a meeting with the legendary ADM. Arleigh "31 Knot" Burke.

"Some ten or twelve years ago I met the Admiral at the annual meeting of the Naval Institute in Monterey, CA. He asked me what destroyer I served in. When I told him OZBOURN, he immediately understood it as CHARLES AUSBURNE, his flagship in the famous "Little Beavers" squadron of WWII fame. I tried to straighten him out on the names, to no avail, so I gave up.

In the mid 90's, I ordered some OZBOURN caps. One came in as USS OSBOURNE (DD-846). Useless for our purposes and the supplier did not want it returned, so I took it to Moscow. I believe I gave it to a former "Political Officer" and expect that it may still be floating around Russia".



U.S.S. OZBOURN DD 846 ASSOCIATION

Gordon R. England
Secretary of the Navy
1000 Navy Pentagon
Washington, DC 20350-1000

Dear Mr. Secretary,

As a member of the USS OZBOURN DD 846 ASSOCIATION I ask for your favorable consideration in naming a new construction destroyer in honor of my old ship the USS OZBOURN DD846. Originally commissioned in 1946 USS OZBOURN immediately commenced a history of gallant operations at sea in the Pacific Ocean. OZBOURN was involved in almost every military operations in the U.S. Pacific Fleet from 1947 until decommissioned and sold for scrap in 1975. Even at the very end OZBOURN served the nation by returning money to the treasury.

USS OZBOURN was not just a destroyer, but also a maker of men from boys, of professional seaman from raw recruits and commanders at sea from junior officers. We as crew, were members of the OZBOURN family. Our families were members of the crew. The honor of wearing the USS OZBOURN shoulder patch was cherished and worn with pride.

During special operations in Korea, Vietnam and the Sea of Japan USS OZBOURN was cited many times for exceptional conduct and ability. The Medal of Honor citation for Private Joseph Ozbourn USMCR posted in the crew's mess was a daily reminder that duty, honor and readiness were the routine of the day. When tasked to rescue the USS PUEBLO in 1967 every crew member stepped forward to undertake that difficult task, because our namesake would have done nothing less.

In today's navy, more now than ever before we need spiritual and historical leadership that can be called upon to give moral guidance and courage in times of trouble. USS OZBOURN is a chapel of naval history. No other destroyer since the end of World War Two served so gallantly and answered "all bells". OZBOURN's simple motto, "READY" should be returned to the fleet in the form of a modern fighting ship along with the OBriens, Decaturs and Mahans, who have been so honored.

Mel Hargrove, in letters of 01/12 and 02/28/2002 sent us numerous photographs he found while cleaning out his ditty box. Mel's letter reads in part:

"One thing I regret is not taking pictures of the three South Koreans we had to bring aboard from one of the islands in the harbor mouth (Wonsan) where we had Marines and South Koreans stationed. All three were shredded with shrapnel and the only place we could put them was in the mess hall until they could be transferred to a hospital ship. Another time we captured a sampan going from one side of Wonsan Harbor to the other with two North Koreans in it. The only place to put them was my mid-ship bean locker that had a wire door. The guard outside carried a shotgun and made the prisoners lay face down on the deck when I had to draw provisions from the locker. I hate to think of what might have happened if the prisoners had made a false move while I was in there. I would have been right in the middle of it if the guard had opened up with that automatic shotgun. Also, I am sending some other pictures of interest. They sure bring back memories".

The photographs depict views of shipboard activities and include the hangar deck fire on USS Boxer and some of their crew who jumped over the side to escape the flames and smoke. Also included are scenes inside Wonsan harbor and the aircrew from the USS Essex that was rescued. Also included were several newspaper clips describing incidents in which Ozbourn was mentioned.

Mel served in the Supply Dept. (52-53). Thank you Mel, some of this material will no doubt appear in some future edition. Ed.

During a bull session at the ship reunion last October, several items of interest surfaced that might be of interest to the crew if more information could be developed.

It seems that during the outbound leg of a cruise to Australia and New Zealand, a crewmember drowned during a swim call somewhere in the South Pacific. Shipmate Hank Burge who was a QM at the time remembered that the departure date from Pearl Harbor was 30 September 1956 and that the incident probably would have occurred within a

<h2 style="text-align: center;">USS OZBOURN SHIP'S STORE</h2> <h3 style="text-align: center;">OPEN 24 HOURS</h3>		
Stock number: C01 CAP, Navy Blue with Brilliant Gold lettering. One size fits all. Price: \$12. ea.	Stock no. M01 MUG, USS Ozbourn, 11 oz. embossed with Ozbourn patch design and Destroyer Silhouette. Price: \$6. ea.	Stock no. P01 (original) P02 (revised) USS Ozbourn PATCH Use on jacket or cap (subtle difference in color and design between stock numbers) Price: \$6. ea
<p>All Items Top Quality—Make check or money order payable to: USS Ozbourn Association. Mailing address: USS Ozbourn Association, 4206 Buchanan Loop Road, Texarkana, TX 75501. Items may also be viewed and ordered from the web page.</p>		

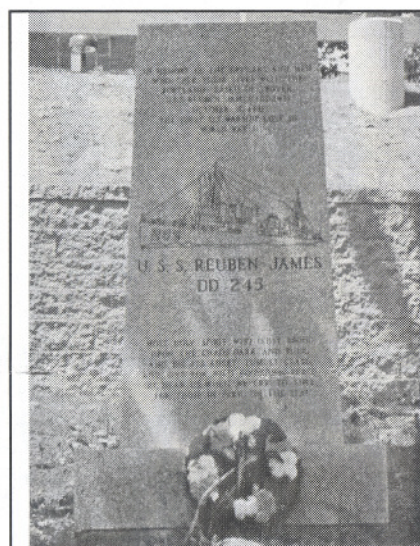
couple of weeks of that date.

Al Holmes recalled the collision with a freighter in the port of Pusan, So. Korea sometime in 1953.

Art Rainville remembered how the skipper, Bill Fargo, while operating with fleet forces would make his approach to the replenishing ship at full speed, then back down at precisely the right moment all to the accompaniment of the William Tell Overture being played over the top-side speakers. Apparently, after one of these performances a reprimand, of some sort, was sent to the ship by a disapproving senior and Captain Fargo had it posted on the crews bulletin board, much to the merriment of the crew. All true destroyermen love an audacious skipper.

This session was great fun with several shipmates joining in, and this is what ship reunions are all about. If anyone has information connected with the incidents recounted above or any other sea stories send them in. Your friendly editorial staff can use all the raw material it can get.

In case anyone has wondered why the newsletter came to be called Fireball! here is the straight skinny. Some of the terminology may not be correct in this new age but at one time all ships were equipped with a voice radio system called "talk between ships" or TBS. In order to standardize procedures in its use, each ship was assigned a voice radio call sign in accordance with a publication known as JANAP 119. Ozbourn



Memorial to the crew of the USS Reuben James (DD 245), located at Portland Harbor, Maine.

This photograph was sent in by Wes Cressey in response to an item published in a previous issue of Fireball! One of the left over "four-piper" destroyers of WWI, Reuben James was sunk in the North Atlantic on 31 October 1941 by a German U-boat and is considered to be the first U.S. Navy ship sunk by enemy action in WWII. Of her crew of 159, 115 were lost including the commanding officer. Fletcher class destroyer USS Heywood L Edwards (DD663), commissioned in 1944, was named in his honor.

was assigned the name "Fireball" by that publication and it became well known in fleet circles. Subsequently, it was replaced by "Spread Eagle".

(Continued from page 1)

President W.D. Minter and forwarded to the Sec Nav in the summer of 2001. In addition, we have a very strong supporter in our corner in the person of Admiral Tom Fargo, Commander in Chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet. ADM. Fargo has forwarded a letter to the Secretary in which he "strongly recommends that a new construction guided missile destroyer be named USS Ozbourn." As you are no doubt aware, ADM. Fargo is the son of our old skipper from 1952-1954 days CDR. Bill Fargo, who is fondly remembered by many who served in Ozbourn.

Replies to these letters from the Secretary indicate that the number of requests of suggested names far exceeds the ships in the current building program, but that every consideration would be given to the request.

It is impossible to assess the position that our request occupies in the process. As of 1 January 2002, there are seven improved Arleigh Burke class Guided Missile Destroyers (DDG) already authorized for construction that have not yet been named. We can only hope that the Secretary will see fit to honor our request and assign the name Ozbourn to one of these new construction vessels.

In support of this effort, a letter has been prepared and is included in this copy of Fireball for your consideration. It is imperative that all hands get involved in the ship naming process now under way. The formal request is in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy and his response has been recorded. As noted above there are far more name requests pending than hulls to paint them on. Each and every letter from an Ozbourn veteran will make a difference. All you need to do is sign the letter provided and forward it to the Secretary of the Navy. It may swing the SecNav's thoughts in our direction. The more mention of the name Ozbourn in the Pentagon, the better the chances that one day soon a new Ozbourn will be prowling the high seas.

JOSEPH W. OZBOURN'S 4th MAR. DIV. SQUADMATES FOUND

Shipmate and former association president Bob Whitten undertook an effort to find pertinent information regarding our ships namesake with the Fourth Marine Division Association. As a result, he was placed into contact with a former Marine named Eddie Newman of Evansville, IN who was the squad leader during the action on Tinian Island which resulted in the award of the Medal of Honor to Ozbourn.

In addition to Newman, two others, Herman Schwab of Denver, CO and Clarence Harron from Van Buren, MO, who

(Continued from page 1) (bridge, cont.)

asked if he was related to Joseph W. Ozbourn for whom the ship was named and he stated that he was a grandson. He also has a brother, Timothy, who lives nearby. I failed to ask if there were others in the family. He told me that his grandmother, Joseph Ozbourn's widow, passed away about five years ago. She had remarried and never talked much about his grandfather. Ronald told me that he has the Medal of Honor that was awarded to his grandfather, the bottle with which the USS Ozbourn was christened and a U.S. flag that was presented to his grandmother at that time. I invited Ronald to attend a future reunion and bring his grandfather's Medal and other items for display. He indicated an interest but the details are yet to be worked out. With the 60th anniversary of the battle of Tinian approaching, I feel the 2003 reunion would be an ideal time to have a family member as our guest. Hopefully we can work something out.

In a related matter, Bob Whitten has made contact with three surviving members of Joseph Ozbourn's squad at the time he was killed. Caps have been presented to these men and the association officers voted in favor of

awarding them honorary membership in the association.

I think it would be a tremendous honor to have members of the Ozbourn family and some of his comrades that he so gallantly gave his life for at the next reunion and I will do whatever I can to try to make this happen.

The reunion committee should be able to announce the date and site of the 2003 reunion in the next issue of this newsletter. In the meantime, keep October 2003 open on your calendars.

W D Minter, President



USS OZBOURN Chief Petty Officers, 1952

Front row (l-r): Banks, MMC; McCracken, MMC, Mess, MMC; "Peepsight" Hemingway, GMC; Zamba, MMC. Rear row: Horton, SDC; DeWitt, TMC; Norton, QMC; Pippen, BMC; Knight, BTC, Fitzwater, MMC.

were also present were contacted as well. All were in close proximity to PVT. Ozbourn at the time of the grenade explosion that took his life. They were serving in the 1st BN, 23rd Marine Regt. Hopefully, all three will be able to attend our next reunion.

TIN CAN TRIVIA

The single worst loss of U. S. Naval ships not attributable to enemy action occurred on 8 September 1923 near Point Hondo, CA when 7 of 14 destroyers of Des. Ron. 11 went aground with the loss of 23 men. Navigation error was cited in the inquiry that followed and all the ships that grounded were a total loss.

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the submarine that the lookout had reported earlier and the charts were not up to date. Enter on the scene MD, who came steaming into CIC and promptly lost his breakfast (he was prone to seasickness). The chief was smoking a cigar, as was I, but MD didn't see me. MD hated cigars. "Chief", he says, "you go to the CPO quarters and stay there until I tell you to come out." The CO didn't say a word. When MD was on the bridge it was his ship, he would order the crew around and the CO would just stand there. So the chief went to the CPO mess and I was put on Port and Starboard, as watch officer, instead of the 3 section watch that had been planned. All this time I'm puffing on my cigar as fast as I can but I stayed standing watch while the chief was in the CPO mess drinking coffee, smoking cigars and watching TV. When we left Pearl Harbor, MD let the chief out and he went back on the watch list. The chief took one section and I took the other, we both smoked our cigars and MD was still seasick. What a hell of a way to start a West Pac cruise!

The Task Group was somewhere in the Pacific and the carrier gave permission for the screening ships to leave her and conduct independent operations for the day. Prior to the cruise, MD's staff had commandeered a plastic ball that when inflated was about 20 feet in diameter and it was the plan to use this ball as a gunnery target. None of the ships had fired for quite some time. Chandler and Hollister were to retire about 10 miles and the Oz was to inflate the ball and act as spotter. They even had a spotting rake on the hangar deck. Away they go, the ball is inflated with air and then rolled over the side. The conn is directed to increase speed and turn away from the ball but it continued to stay alongside. It was pushed away with boathooks and again the conn was directed to turn away and increase speed. The damned thing stuck to the side like glue so the whaleboat is lowered and ordered to tow the ball out about 100 yards and release it. The boat comes back to the ship and so does the ball. Finally, the boat tows the ball out about a half-mile and returns to the ship

but all this activity has eaten up about 3 hours of firing time and old MD is really fuming. At last everything is ready, Chandler is designated to shoot first and I go out to the bridge to see the show. BANG, Chandler shoots, scores a direct hit, and the ball disappears. MD is so mad that I thought he was going to jump over the side, swim to the Chandler and kill the CO. From that day forward, when any s#@% detail came along, Chandler got it.

The cruise progresses and one beautiful morning in the Formosa Straits we are on station and everything is going like clockwork. The ET's request permission from the bridge to secure the surface search radar for some long overdue preventative maintenance. I had my feet up on the DRT, a cup of coffee and my cigar nearby, and was reading a book. Since the lights were on in CIC I decided it was a good time to hold field day. At about 0900 we received a message that a courier plane would over-fly us at about 1100 local time and that it was not, repeat not, to be reported. I signed for the message and promptly put it at the back of my mind. With all the dust and dirt flying around I opened the hatch out onto the catwalk. "Low flying aircraft 090, range 5 miles" was suddenly reported by the starboard lookout. Startled, I jumped up and yelled, "Report it!" I went to the hatch and saw a plane about 100 feet up and 300 yards away. Some one in CIC reported that the message was "Roger" for and as I watched, the plane crossed our bow. Next, there was a loud roar of engines and 30 seconds later the aircraft reappeared and headed back in the direction from whence it came. The air search operator started yelling that aircraft were airborne from a field on the China mainland and then reported aircraft in the air over fields on Formosa as well. The command radio net started calling us and suddenly, all I could hear was a lot of broken English and a whole lot of Chinese as the air search operator commenced reporting all the different aircraft in the air. Old MD came flying into Combat yelling that I had reported the courier aircraft and a lot of other choice words about who was going to

do all the paperwork that had to be done. I looked up at the gyro compass repeater. Sometime during the fiasco the ship had reversed course and I did not get the word. I was embarrassed so I took a long pull on my cigar and MD came unglued all over again. I thought for a minute that I might get banished to the first class quarters for the duration, but no such luck.

John Jackowski, RD1 (62-63)

A great sea story John. Thanks a lot for sending it in. Ed.

NEW MEMBERS

William Anderson, Sacramento, CA
 Jay Babcock, Sag Harbor, NY
 Jim Benedict, Douglasville, GA ✓
 Daniel Bernardino, Fresno, CA ✓
 Jack Bove, FPO. AP963449 ✓
 James Bullock, Sarasota, FL
 George Danchuk, Mazomanie, WI
 Leonard Duncan, Houston, TX
 John Fielding, Coupeville, WA
 Lloyd Goodman, Northridge, CA
 Jack Huppert, Bradenton, FL
 Richard Johnson, Simi Valley, CA
 George Keyes, Wells, ME
 James Kaumans, San Diego, CA
 Albert Kozischek, Huntington Beach, CA
 Robert Miller, Varna, IL
 Steve North, Boise, ID
 Clarence Swann, Gulfport, MS
 Robert Van Eyck, Holland, MI
 Richard Warren, Oregon, IL
 Jimmy Weathersbee, Summerville, SC
 Stanley Zamba, Santee, CA

We heartily welcome these new members to the USS Ozbourn Association and trust each of them will take advantage of the perks and activities of a top notch reunion organization. We offer camaraderie, companionship, travel to exotic places, sea stories, a fine periodical, cut rate prices in the Ship's Store and other things too numerous to mention.

More SALTY LANGUAGE

Scuttle Butt: The sailors' source of fresh drinking water. Early models consisted of a wooden keg with one end knocked out.

Thomas M. Perkins
USS Ozbourn Association
2240 Pine Tree Dr., S.E.
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Jackowski smokes out Mobilize Dog –West Pac 62

I reported aboard Ozbourn in late December 1961 as a replacement for a Radarman who had just made E7. The E8 Radarman and I hit it off right away as we both smoked the same brand of cigars. In May, the Commodore, call sign Mobilize Dog (henceforth called MD in this narrative), called a meeting of the Operations Dept. and also the Chandler and Hollister people to tell us that when we left for West Pac it would involve an opposed sortie. This exercise was to include ships from San Diego and San Francisco as well. As MD was senior, he would be screen commander for our tour. He directed our OPS to set up the screen plan for Long Beach and we did so but he did not like going out first and taking Station 1. He said we would go out last and take Station 8. We strongly recommended to

him that with our long range radar and sonar capabilities, Ozbourn, Chandler and Hollister should take Stations 1, 2 and 3. "You are last and will take Station 8", was the order. Chandler got Station 1, and Hollister would take 3.

We drilled and drilled some more and we had every contingency covered, when with 2 weeks to go we went on Port and Starboard Cinderella liberty. Finally, the great day arrived and at 0300 the word was passed to get under-

way at 0500. Did I say every contingency? At 0500 the bow lookout couldn't find the jack staff because it was so foggy. Delay to 0630 and Chandler had to anchor in the basin. Ozbourn is finally underway at 1000 with some fog still hanging around. Going down the channel the Starboard lookout

reports, "Submarine on the surface, 090 relative, range 500 yards". A quick look at the chart shows a wreck buoy in that location so we continue to station. Did I say every contingency? When we went to light off the air search radar it would not go. We have the SPS 40, Serial # 3 and it came complete with a contractor Tech Rep. "Get the Tech Rep up here on the double", was the cry but he was not to be found. A message to the Chandler and Hollister as to his whereabouts also proved negative. So where was he, home in bed? That's exactly where he was and he came out in the mail plane the next day. Meanwhile, the chief finally got the air search up and operating after finding the cooling water valve in the wrong position and that is all it took. The heavy is halfway down the channel when the lookouts report green flares, six of them, and the exercise goes down the tubes. The flares were from

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El Ropo