



FIREBALL!

VOLUME 14, NO. 1

WINTER 2004



Pvt. Joseph W. Ozbourn
Tinian, Marianas Islands
28 July 1944

The Newsletter of the USS Ozbourn (DD 846) Association
Dedicated to perpetuating the memory of a gallant Marine and the history of a fine ship

FROM THE BRIDGE

It is time to start seriously planning for the USS Ozbourn reunion of 2005. The reunion will be in Charleston, SC, starting on 28 September and ending on 2 October. The Radisson Hotel Charleston Airport has been chosen for the site. As with the San Antonio reunion, the Armed Forces Reunion Inc. is the company that will be handling most of the arrangements. As of this writing, nothing has been finalized on the trips and activities to be offered but we have not been disappointed in the past and I'm sure we will be pleased with the AFR Inc. input. All of the details will be published in the next issue of the Fireball!. Mark your calendars now and plan to attend. Better yet, round up some of your old Navy buddies and get them to join you for a few days of fun and frolic in beautiful old Charleston.

More former shipmates have been found and several have joined the association. I urge you to check the internet roster to see if any of your old friends are listed there. Last January I received a letter from Euvhon Reeves, an old shipmate who saw my address on the roster. He made the Navy his career and it was great to hear about his experiences after I left the ship. In October I got one of the best surprises of my life, when Joe Troshan, a shipmate that I considered one of my best buddies, came across the Ozbourn website and contacted me. We had stayed friends for several years after we left the Navy but had lost contact in the 1960's. It was like finding a long lost brother. I wish all of you the same chance to renew old friendships.

In closing I wish you all a healthy, Happy New Year.

REUNION 2005
Charleston, South Carolina
September 29 through October 2



The Charleston Boardwalk

NEW DUTY WITH THE ARMED FORCES SPECIAL WEAPONS PROJECT, 1952

LCDR H. Barr Palmer served as Executive Officer of Ozbourn during 1951. Prior to his death in May of 2004 he set down an account of his Naval Service commencing with recall to active duty in late 1950 that described in considerable detail the remainder of his service that extended to retirement in 1966. Barr had served throughout WWII as a reserve officer in a variety of ships in the South Pacific and he had returned to civilian life in 1946. In the Fall issue of Fireball we picked up his narrative commencing with recall to active duty in 1950 and assignment as XO of Ozbourn. In December of 1951 in compliance with a set of urgent dispatch orders, Barr found himself and his family on the way to Kirtland AFB in Albuquerque, NM and his indoctrination into the realm of nuclear weapons systems began. His story provides an interesting insight into the early development of the myriad of questions and problems that faced those tasked with the safe introduction of nuclear weapons into the stockpile for the purpose of countering the threats to national security from abroad. The story continues.

In early January 1952 I reported to Kirkland AFB where mass confusion reigned. That very day whatever responsibility the Air Force had in connection with nuclear weapons was transferred to the Armed Forces Special Weapons Project (AFSWP). I was directed to a Quonset hut on the base and met the Navy deputy commander who turned out to be the former CO of the USS Passumpsic, the ship that had transported me to the Ozbourn the previous year. He remembered me and explained what was going on, answering a number of questions that had been nagging me regarding my assignment there. He went on to explain that the Services wanted to know what effects nuclear detonations would have on all types of military equipment to include ships, aircraft, tanks, artillery, clothing as well as humans. That function would be carried out by a newly formed organization named Test Command of the AFSWP and would be located at Sandia Base, an Army activity next door to Kirtland. I got a couple of days off and moved the family into the Capehart Housing located on a street adjacent to both Kirtland and Sandia Base. It was a brand new house and by the time it was cleaned up and livable our furniture had arrived from San Diego. An interesting tour of duty lay ahead.

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WELCOME ABOARD

E. S. Bowen	RM2	(48-52)	Covington, GA
John Barker	ET1		Atlantic Beach, FL
Stephen Frasier	BT3	(70-74)	Yucaipa, CA
Malcolm Hooper	RD2	(68-71)	Nashville, TN
Ernest Howze	PO3	(65-66)	Stockbridge, GA
Thomas Knapp	HT1	(65-66)	Jacksonville, FL
Howard Lawrence	EM3	(46-48)	Waynesville, NC
Raymond Loney	BT2	(66-67)	Washougal, WA
John McPherson	MM2	(66-68)	Butte, MT
Donald Mickelson	SN	(68-70)	Sleepy Eye, MN
Brent Powell	FN	(63-65)	Bronson, TX
James Spriggs	QM2	(68-71)	Orangevale, CA
Bruce Stucker	SN	(55-59)	Great Falls, MT
Joseph Troshan,	EM2	(52-55)	Apalachin, NY

In addition, Paul Eaken, ET3 (53-56) and Robert Pribila, MR3 (69-70) shipped over for another hitch after being AWOL for several years. Welcome back guys.

This list represents a significant gain in new members over the past couple of years and is very encouraging indeed. The association appreciates your support and welcomes you. We urge you to take an active part in your association, get acquainted, attend a reunion and get involved. The association will be better for it.

Our thanks to Ken Keene for beating the bushes and finding the majority of the new members listed above.

BULLETIN BOARD OF GENERAL INTEREST

ANNUAL DUES. Association dues are \$10 per year and the subscription period commences on 1 January and runs through December 31 of each year. Your dues status is indicated by a two digit number or a letter combination code on the mailing label of the newsletter.

For example: **05** - indicates a regular member with subscription paid through 2005 and so on

n - indicates a new member with membership in process

c - indicates complimentary copy or honorary member.

It is your responsibility to keep your dues status current and no notification of dues expiration will be sent. If you are a regular member and your mailing label does not indicate the number 05 or a higher number, then your dues have lapsed. Please be advised that the most common cause of non-receipt of a newsletter is that dues have not been renewed. The treasurer will gladly accept additional years dues.

As of 12/10/2004 a total of only 125 members have renewed their subscription. Check the label.

Commanding Officers USS Ozbourn (DD 846) 1946-1975

CDR Bernard Smith	1946-1947	CDR Marvin D. Nelson	1964-1966
CDR Norman E. Blaisdell	1947-1948	CDR John G. Denham	1966-1968
CDR Ross E. Freeman	1949-1950	CDR Rodney L. Stewart	1968-1970
CDR Charles O. Akers	1950-1952	CDR E. W. Numbers	1970-1972
CDR William B. Fargo	1952-1954	CDR Ken Costilow	1972-1974
CDR Howard Scott	1954-1955	CDR Frank Furtado	1974-1975
CDR A.J. Toulon	1955-1957		
CDR Charles A. Kuhl	1957-1959		
CDR William Turner	1959-1961		
LCDR D. V. Gorman	1961		
CDR William Lancaster	1961-1963		
CDR John Berger	1963-1964		

Officers of the Association

President

Rudy Boff (52-55)
1036 Connor Road
Pittsburgh, PA 15234-1033
Tel: 412 833 0572
Email: boffrud@juno.com

Vice President

Kenneth E. Keene (71-74)
9995 Perry Highway
Meadville, PA 16335-6445
Tel: 814 337 3197
Email: kkeen@gremlan.org

Corresponding Secretary and Editor of Fireball

Thomas M. Perkins (50-53)
2240 Pine Tree Dr. SE
Port Orchard, WA 98366-3454
Tel: 360 871 3361
Email: tperkins@wavecable.com

Recording Secretary

William L. Jones (51-52)
15721 Piccadilly Road
Goodyear, AZ 85338-8767
Tel: 623 935 1073
Email: arizonawill@cox.net

Treasurer

Warren Zschach (52-55)
1311 Ponderosa Dr.
Petaluma, CA 94954-4393
Tel: 707 762 0469
Email: hwz@comcast.net

Historian

Fred R. Conwell (48-51)
4780 Stratford Ave.
Fremont, CA 94538-3337
Tel: 510 656 8208
Email: bedrock47@aol.com

Advisor

Charles O. Akers (50-52)
3261 Falkland Circle
Huntington Beach, CA 92649
Email: caker5@msn.com

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Robert Whitten, Jr. (50-52)
Cupertino, CA
W.D. Minter (52-55)
Texarkana, TX

THE MAIL BAG



From **Dave Holloway**:

To start with my father H.L. Holloway died on April 8, 1996. I think my father was a Fireman on the Ozbourn, his rank was an E-3 and I don't know what an E-3 is called in the Navy. I am an Air Force and Army veteran. I do know that my father served during the Korean War and I think 1948-1952 were his dates of service on the ship. He received Honorable separation in 1952. I have enclosed a photo that includes my father with some of his buddies. I would be interested in hearing from anyone who was acquainted with him.



Harry Holloway on the left



From Ozbourn photo archives, Holloway on the left

Anyone who wishes to correspond with Dave Holloway may do so at this email address, awkdaddy@msn.com

From **Curtis O. Anderson Lt. (jg) (53-55)**

While attending a conference in Hawaii recently I took part of a day to visit the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific (The Punch Bowl) for the express purpose to look up the gravesite of Pvt. Joseph W. Ozbourn. It was a very moving experience for me and one that I will never forget. The cemetery is immaculate and the U. S. Park Service does an outstanding job of keeping it in pristine condition.

On finding the gravesite of Pvt. Ozbourn I found that the lettering on the marker was highlighted in gold. Upon inquiring about this I learned that all Medal of Honor headstones were finished in this fashion. Very impressive, indeed. At one

end of the cemetery stand several mosaic tablets that portray the campaigns fought in the Pacific during WWII including the island of Tinian where Pvt. Ozbourn lost his life.

In addition to the Punch Bowl, I also visited the USS Arizona Memorial and if any of you are ever in Hawaii, I highly recommend visiting both sites. On 7 December 1941 1,177 crewmen lost their lives when the Arizona was sunk. Today, when a surviving shipmate from the Arizona passes on, most of them request to be cremated and have their remains taken down into the ship to join their shipmates. This service is provided by U. S. Navy Divers.



Section F, Grave 77



In the National Memorial Cemetery, Punch Bowl Crater

(DE's continued from page 8)

powered by steam turbines while others were diesel and the ordnance installations varied widely as well. Displacements varied between 1100 to 1450 tons, shaft horsepower between 6,000 to 12,000 bhp and cruising ranges averaged 6,000 miles at 12 knots. Many were assigned to the Hunter-Killer groups built around escort aircraft carriers in both the Atlantic and Pacific areas where England (DE635) was credited with sinking 5 Japanese subs during an 8 day period in May 1944. She was eventually knocked out of the war by the Kamikaze at Okinawa. Another, the Samuel B. Roberts (DE413) duked it out with Jap BB's and heavy cruisers in the battle off Samar in October 1944 before succumbing to a salvo of 14 inch shells which sent her and many of the crew to the bottom. It is only fitting that the DE's and their gallant crews rate an honored place alongside their bigger brothers. After all, DE's were Tin Cans too.

Ready Reference contact Information
Courtesy of "Shift Colors"

Arlington National Cemetery
 (703) 695-3250
 Armed Forces Retirement Homes
 Gulfport, MS (800)332-3527
 Washington, DC (800) 422-9988
 DEERS
 (800) 538-9552
 Defense Finance and Accounting Service
 Cleveland (800) 346-3374
 Federal Long Term Health Insurance
 (800)582-3337
 I.D. Cards Benefits and Eligibility
 (866) 827-5672
 Internal Revenue Service
 (800) 829-1040
 Marine Corps Retired Affairs
 (800)336-4649
 National Personnel Records Center
 (314) 801-0800
 Naval Reserve Personnel Center
 (800) 535-2699
 Navy Lodge Reservation Center
 (800) 628-9466
 Navy Retired Activities Office
 (866) 827-5672
 Navy Worldwide Locator
 (866) 827-5672
 Reserve Component SBP
 (800) 535-2699
 Servicemembers' Group
 Life Insurance (SGLI)
 (800) 419-1473
 Ships Historian
 Washington, DC
 (202) 433-3643
 Social Security Administration
 (800) 772-1213
 TRICARE for Life
 (888) 363-5433
 TRICARE Headquarters
 (303) 676-3526
 TRICARE Information
 (800)874-2273
 TRICARE Senior Pharmacy Program
 (877) 363-6337
 /VA Burial Benefits
 (800) 827-1000
 VA National Service Life Insurance
 (800) 669-8477
 VA Regional Office (Benefits Assistance)
 (800) 827-1000
 Veteran's Group Life Insurance
 (800) 419-1473

The White House Switchboard
 (202) 456-1414
 Email: www.president@whitehouse.gov

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Item # P02
Revised



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Jerzees Super Sweatshirt, many colors \$40.
T-shirts, both long and short sleeve \$35 and \$20.

All items have ships name and hull number embroidered in Gold letters.
These items are special order— Contact the store manager



Rudy Boff
1036 Connor Rd.
Pittsburgh, PA 15234-1033
Tel: 412 833 0572 — email: boffrud@juno.com

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My new command, namely Test Command (AFSWP), as the name implies, was made up of personnel from all the services. The Air Force seemed to be the predominant service and I got the distinct feeling that they were upset to find that they no longer had a lock on the nuclear weapons program and thus there seemed to be some resentment for awhile. Test Command was commanded by an Air Force Colonel and had both Army and Navy deputies. I was assigned to the billet of Plans Officer and about all I knew about plans was having read a few. To complicate matters, all of the administrative procedures, to include plans, were based along Army guidelines which are altogether different than what I was accustomed to in the Navy. The odd part was that the operation I was to plan was already underway at the Nevada Test Site (NTS) in the desert north of Las Vegas and our group at Kirtland was to plan the next series of tests. Fortunately, the Assistant Operations Officer, an Army Major whose desk was in the same area as mine, took me under his wing and provided me with the basic materials I needed to get started writing the operational plans. During the next few days I became acquainted with the other members of the staff and when my security clearances came through I arranged to visit the Test Site. Transportation was provided by Kirtland AFB C47's that were generally routed through Nellis AFB in Las Vegas and then on to an auxiliary USAF airfield at Indian Springs about 60 miles NW of Las Vegas.

Once on the ground at the Test Site, known as Camp Mercury, we received the necessary security badges and then proceeded to check in for berthing and messing arrangements. We now found ourselves under Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) jurisdiction. I checked in with the Commander and his deputies and we discussed the purpose of my visit and they promised their full support for the plans effort that I was to provide from Kirtland. I then proceeded to become acquainted with operations then underway at the site. Since there were no detonations scheduled during this period I returned to Albuquerque to commence planning for the next phase of operations. Along with my assistant and an Army clerical non-com we started putting together the various operation orders and annexes in coordination with the HQ back at Camp Mercury.

Everything related to nuclear components was under the direct control of the AEC. They were charged with the responsibility of developing nuclear weapons that were the smallest possible package with the biggest bang for the least amount of money. The weapons that had been dropped on Japan at the end of WWII were of two types. "Fat Boy" was an implosion type weapon that tipped the scales at around 5 tons. It used a warhead made up of high explosive charges surrounding a sub-critical mass of nuclear material which when squeezed by the detonation of the high explosives and supplemented by a neutron source would go to a critical mass and result in a fission detonation. The other weapon called "Little Boy" was somewhat smaller at around 8,500 pounds and very rugged in design. It was a gun-type weapon, which meant that one sub-critical mass was shaped in a cylinder and when driven into another hollow non-critical mass, with a neutron source added, would result in a nuclear detonation. It seems very simple to state its function but not that easy to

produce in actual practice. The AEC effort, then underway, was in the process of testing the latest concepts in developing a more efficient, reliable and safe series of weapons to meet the requirements of the armed forces.

The AEC would publish a list of detonations planned for



"Little Boy" (foreground) and "Fat Man" on display at The National Atomic Museum, Albuquerque, NM

a test series with expected yields. These lists were provided to the various labs and the services who might have an interest for many and varied reasons. Our command had the responsibility of coordinating all the service interests and assign their projects to the various detonations. At the end of each operation, technical reports were prepared and issued as a joint AEC/AFSWP publication that was made available to interested parties. The Technical Director for these operations in our office was on contract from the Stanford Research Institute and had been one of the scientists from Cal Tech who had worked on the early weapons that were dropped on Japan in 1945.

Loosely described, a weapon is a complete unit that is in a deliverable configuration such as an aircraft bomb, missile warhead, projectile etc that could be used in a tactical situation while those detonated at the NTS were mostly devices that had the ability to explode but were not really deliverable in the strict sense of the word. Most of the detonations at NTS were of the latter type, however, there were some weapons dropped from aircraft and the 280mm artillery cannon actually fired a deliverable shell on the test range. Some of the shots were detonated on 300 or 500 foot towers, some on the surface and some were underground. We coordinated the various military labs desires and assigned their shots and spaces around the detonation. Naturally, the services wanted to know what effects the nuclear detonations would have on aircraft and their crews, what would happen to pressures on various equipment, burns on skin, uniforms and vibrations through the ground. All the raw data was collected and became a fine Technical Publication under the direction of a technical editor on our staff.

I got the Ops plan out in a reasonably short time and then went to the NTS for the remaining shots in the series to help out where I could. It was at this time that I saw my first detonations and found them fascinating and beautiful in many

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respects. I know that many people hearing me say this would find my observation objectionable, but it is a fact. I never tired of seeing the over 30 detonations during my tour. Each one was unique. There were so many sensations felt in such a brief few minutes, going from flash, to heat, to blast and watching the fireball rise into the atmosphere picking up dust and turning into a dark cloud drifting in the wind. The sight is unbelievable and cannot be easily described.



“Sedan” crater at the Nevada Test Site

During this period our command moved from Kirtland to Sandia Base and we got a new commander, another USAF Colonel. The group was brought under the commander of Field Command of the AFSWP and we became the Directorate of Weapons Effects Tests (DWET). In Army and Air Force organizations there is an Executive Officer that differs from the Navy in that their XO's functioned like an assistant



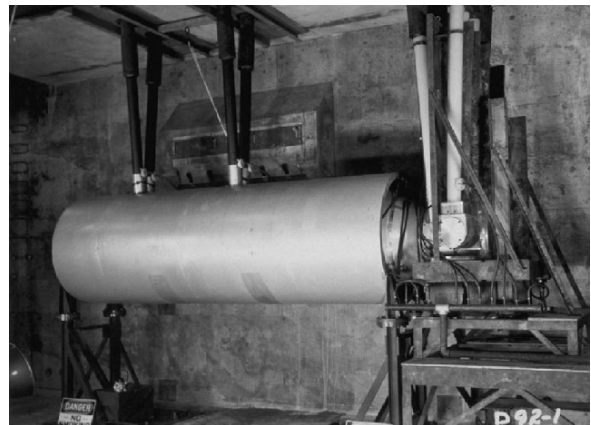
Yucca Flats at the Nevada Test Site showing the results of numerous nuclear test detonations

and not next senior in command like in the Navy. In September 1953, I was selected to the rank of Commander and put on my third full stripe and the “scrambled eggs.” Shortly thereafter the Commander made me his XO.

In 1954, the commander of DWET went to the Marshall Islands to view the “Castle Bravo” detonation, the purpose of which was to prove the feasibility of producing fusion (compared to fission) weapons. I was responsible for keeping

things going at the Directorate and one day I received a phone call from the commander who was at Eniwetok. He told me that something untoward had occurred during the “Bravo” shot and that there was a much larger yield than anyone had expected. There were casualties among the indigenous people and a major medical effort was required. An emergency medical team of radiological experts was being assembled in the U.S. and would stage through Kirtland AFB with our own hospital providing a team to go along as well. Soon the messages started coming in from Bikini and it was easy to see that the United States had a major mess to clean up. I have recently clipped several articles that tell about the troubles that resulted from the “Bravo” shot that still persist to this day. On his return the Commander filled me in on the awesome power of the test shot at Eniwetok and we had made one small step on the way to solving the fusion energy riddle.

The remainder of my tour was never dull. On one occasion the C47 shuttle aircraft from Kirtland to Indian Wells was involved in a bizarre incident. It seems that the aircraft experienced an engine fire shortly after take off while over the Grand Canyon. Both pilots were very experienced and they



The “Castle Bravo” device being readied for test at Bikini Atoll in 1954. It weighed in at 23,500 lbs, and produced a yield of 15 mega-tons. Note “No Smoking” sign, lower left.

saw no reason to give a bail-out order but as they were turning to return to Kirtland the pilot looked back and saw about 15 parachutes heading for earth. It seems one of the passengers was an Air Force type who took it upon himself to bail out and everyone else except one assumed they should jump as well. Several on the plane were from our office and fortunately none were seriously injured upon recovery. The pilot got the aircraft back on the strip at Kirtland just in time as one of the engines fell off on touchdown.

One other event of interest at this time was that our technical director from the Stanford Research Institute and I had become very close friends having mutual interests in many things to include Martinis and classical music. One day he mentioned to me that he had met with a couple of old buddies who were in the area and that their names were Ramo and Woolridge, which of course meant nothing to me. The two were in the process of designing a large missile and were forming a company to develop it and they wanted my friend to join them in the effort from the ground floor. He thought it

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over and in a few days, accepted the offer and he then asked if I would like join him on his staff. He knew I was a Reserve Officer and that I could leave the Navy anytime as I had met my obligation. I talked the situation over with Marge and she told me that she would be happy with any decision that I made. On my way back to NTS I stopped in at the personnel office in Kirtland and found a letter of intent ordering me to Hawaii to the staff of the Commander, Service Force Pacific (COMSERVPAC). I immediately phoned Marge that I had made up my mind, told her of the new orders and that we would be going to Hawaii shortly for three wonderful years. Later I found that the company I had considered joining became Thompson, Ramo and Woolridge, known today as TRW. Who knows what might have been? I never looked back and was always happy with my decision.

Reviewing my tour at Kirtland/Sandia Base made me aware that while I did not have special technical knowledge, I did seem to have the ability to work with all the people and get them together when required. I was adaptable enough that I could do many things of a general nature and solve whatever problem that came up. I participated in many briefings with VIP's and found that I could handle most of their questions. I met many senators and representatives, some good and some bad...bad in the sense that they really didn't give a damn about the testing program as long as they got their picture in the hometown papers with an atomic cloud in the background. Very soon the tour ended and the whole family left Albuquerque for new surroundings in the glorious Hawaiian Islands.

After enjoying some leave with family in the Portland area we reported to San Francisco for transportation to Hawaii on board the USNS Hugh Gaffey. The accommodations were good, the meals were fine and it was a very nice voyage for the whole family. I had nothing to do but sit back, enjoy the trip and wonder what my new assignment would bring.

Next issue: COMSERVPAC and the Real Weapons Business

HONG KONG LIBERTY

It seems that none of us ever really knew in advance where we were headed. There was no list of destinations, arrivals, and departures posted anywhere. Usually we only found out our next port of call or station would be about a day before arrival. I'm not sure the Captain even had much warning about some of our assignments as the orders came out of HQ somewhere in Japan.

Leaving Takao (Formosa) on 13 September 1952 we found out we were headed for Hong Kong. This would definitely be a social visit there being no military reason I could see that would take us there. It took only a day to reach Hong Kong and we arrived late in the afternoon. Jesse Hover and I were on watch in CIC as we tied up to a buoy in the harbor. A swarm of small boats and rafts descended on us as soon as we stopped. These were called "bum-boats" as their Chinese occupants were there to sell all kinds of tourist junk or buy whatever it was we might have to sell. Some of the guys,

Hover included, had been there before and were full of tales about how easy it was to buy things. To prove his point, he asked if I would like a cocktail— meaning some kind of booze. I challenged him to make good on his boast and he left CIC and within ten minutes was back with a bottle of Four Roses whiskey. We had our cocktail while sitting right there in CIC, the watch having ceased as we were now moored. CIC was not only our work station while underway, but it became our social hall when we were in port.

The bum-boats were relentless. There must have been two dozen around the Ozbourn and they edged closer and closer to the ship. Except for some with special permits, the vendors were not allowed to come aboard to hawk their wares, so it fell to the deck force to keep them a distance away from the ship. The most effective way to do this was with fire hoses. Any that came too close were on the receiving end of a high pressure stream from the hoses. So now there was a new in-port watch to be stood by the deck force—the bum-boat watch. Some of the crew rated liberty on arrival but Hover and I elected to remain on board until the next morning.



Battle of the bum-boats

sounds. As soon as we were out of the water taxi and strolling down one of the streets, we were bombarded by young Chinese men who wanted to be our guide. We kept telling them "No" but it didn't seem to do much good.

One particularly persistent individual kept following us and pestering us to take him on as a guide and would not take "no" for an answer. Finally in desperation, Hover pulled out a six-inch switch-blade knife and snapped the blade open. He made a menacing gesture at the fellow who finally got the message that we truly didn't want a guide. Hover had no intention of really harming the guy but decided that was the only way we were going to get rid of him. It worked!

One of our sojourns ashore in Hong Kong took us into the market area where lots of food items were sold—dead and alive. Unexpectedly we came to this live chicken market which covered an entire city block. Rarely, if ever, had I smelled anything so putrid, but we were there before we realized it. The smell was so bad I knew I would gag if I breathed it in so all I could do was hold my breath and run to the end of the block and away from of the market. That may have been my best time ever in a hundred yard dash.

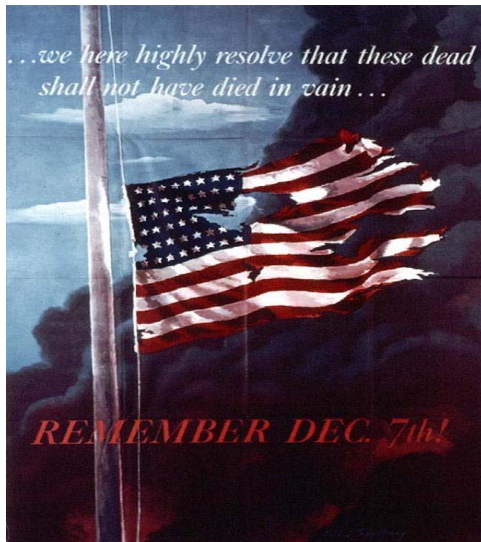
We were in port for three days and during that time everyone was buying things right and left. Clothes and shoes seemed to be big items. Some clothing merchants received permission to set up shop on the ship and they immediately had a brisk business going fitting suits, sport coats and all the accessories. I ordered a top coat, two pair of pants, five shirts

(Hong Kong continued on page 8)



The bum-boat watch

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



The Stars and Stripes Foreber

(Hong Kong, continued from page 7)

and two ready made suits for a total cost of \$50. I also added a tailored cashmere sports coat with trousers for \$23. Now I knew all about shopping bargains in Hong Kong.

Perhaps the funniest purchases or exchanges made occurred just a few hours before we got underway. The bum-boats were swarming all around us and last minute trades were taking place. Many sailors brought out cartons of cigarettes they had been keeping for just such an occasion and which they now used for barter. The vendors would have their trinkets laid out on their boat so we could see what they were peddling and the exchanges between cigarettes and trinkets took place via a net on a long pole. I spotted a set of four small carved chests, each a different size so that one would fit inside another. I had no cigarettes to swap but I knew the boat people were very fond of brass which they would use to make a myriad of items. I remembered the sawed-off three-inch shell casings in the mess hall that were used for ash trays. They were solid brass, each weighing nearly a pound. Grabbing them, I was back on deck in an instant and ready to barter with the bum-boat guy. It didn't take long to strike a bargain as they knew the Ozbourn was about to weigh anchor and sail away. The deal was struck and for three brass ash trays from our mess hall I got my three chests passed up to me in that net on the long pole.

We left Hong Kong on the 17th of September, heading back to Japan, the ship heavily laden with souvenirs from our shopping adventure. Somewhere along our route we learned that our next port of call would not be Yokosuka but Kobe

instead. I didn't know if this was done as an R&R port call or could it be official Navy business; I never found out. We only spent one day there and then moved on to Yokosuka the following day, 30 September 1952.

Bill Jones RD3 (51-52)

Editors note: I recall that a couple of the 5 inch brass drill projectiles also disappeared on that cruise. Those weighed 54 pounds. Did you get a room full of furniture for those, Bill?

Tin Can Trivia, the Destroyer Escort

When tin can stories are told, the contributions that destroyer escorts made to the war effort during WWII and long thereafter are oftentimes overlooked. These ships were designed and built under the exigencies of wartime emergency building programs. Of 1005 of these diminutive ships ordered, 563 were completed and they served in all the theatres of operations and in the service of several allied countries. Designed primarily as convoy ASW escort vessels to counter the German U-boat threat in the Atlantic, their versatility soon became apparent and they were pressed into service in many other capacities during their service life.

DE's were produced in six distinct classes with some

(DE's continued on page 3)