



Joseph W. Ozbourn
Pvt. USMCR



KIA 30 July 1944
Tinian, Marianas Islands

Vol. 12, No. 2

The newsletter of the USS Ozbourne (DD846) Association

APRIL 2003

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

REUNION INFORMATION EDITION

FROM THE BRIDGE

As most of you already know, the USS Ozbourne (DD 846) was named in honor of Private Joseph W. Ozbourn USMCR who was killed in action on the island of Tinian in the Marianas group during WWII. This will be the last reunion before the 60th anniversary of Private Ozbourn's death and I have been searching for some way to make this reunion a special one.

It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that I believe I have found that way. In addition to the usual reunion features and interesting activities we will be joined this year by some members of the Ozbourn family. Ronald Ozbourn and Lynn Ann Ozbourn Rone, a grandson and granddaughter of Joseph Ozbourn, together with their spouses, have accepted the association's offer to be our special guests at this year's reunion in San Antonio. They will bring with them the Medal of Honor that was awarded posthumously to Pvt. Ozbourn and other items of interest to include the champagne bottle used by their grandmother during the 1945 ship christening ceremony.

In addition, an invitation has been extended to three former Marine squad-mates who were with Private Ozbourn at the time he was killed. It is yet too early to tell if any of these men will accept the invitation but they have indicated they would like to attend if they are able to do so.

So get those registration forms in early and let's make this the Ozbourn reunion to remember. I look forward to seeing all my old shipmates again and meeting many new ones. Why not call your shipmates and make plans to meet them there?

W D Minter, President



FROM THE EDITOR

The plans for the up-coming reunion in San Antonio are now complete and the schedule of events together with the sign up sheet and hotel information is included in this issue. You will note that the activities have been arranged by Armed Forces Reunions Inc. and not the reunion committee. Please ensure that you fill out the two forms exactly, follow the instructions carefully and take note of the cut off dates and cancellation policies indicated. Also note that you must make your own reservations for hotel accommodation and deal with them directly.

The schedule of events for the up-coming reunion in San Antonio includes a variety of tours and activities that are sure to keep everyone on the go. Although not known as a Navy town there is a world renowned museum in nearby Fredericksburg, the hometown of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, that is dedicated to all who served in the Pacific under his command during WWII. Another tour will visit the Lyndon B. Johnson Ranch and birthplace and there is a

REUNION PLANS ON TRACK Details contained herein

city tour that will take in several of the old missions, including The Alamo, as well as the famous Riverwalk. In addition to all this what could be better than a good old country-western night on the town to be held in the famous Diamond W Ranch supper club where West Texas grub and cowboy music are the featured events.




The Alamo

All of these events together with the attendance of the Ozbourn family members and possibly the Marine squad-mates should make this a reunion to remember.

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We're on the World Wide Web.....Check us out—Go to www.ozbourn.org



Taps for Shipmates

George T. Weir	(48-49)	06 Feb. 1987
Melvin Mitchell	(66-68)	26 Nov. 2002
Clarence M. Harron	(USMCR)	24 July 2002

May they rest in peace

IN REMEMBRANCE

Shipmate Art Rainville sent in notification of the death of Doris Laux, beloved wife of Shipmate Norm Laux on 5 July 2002. Doris and Norm had attended every reunion since San Diego in 1997. Her pleasing personality and ready wit will be missed.

We extend our condolences to Norm and the family.

Also during this period we learned of the death of Clarence M. Harron of Van Buren, MO. Harron was a squad-mate of Joseph W. Ozbourn during the action on Tinian that resulted in the award of the Medal of Honor to Ozbourn.

WELCOME ABOARD

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

William Butler	RMC	(66-68)	Carleton, MI
Don Farmer	CM3	(56-58)	Cortez, CO
William Norwill	TM3	(52-56)	Aberdeen, WA
Steven Jones	SM3	(70-71)	Mesquite, TX
Lloyd Osburn	SN	(57-61)	Sweet Home, OR
Harry Pogue	FTG2	(66-68)	Effingham, IL
Billy Thomas	FN	(70-72)	Fort Worth, TX

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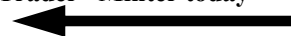
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Don't feel left out at the reunion. Order your Cap and Jacket now to be in the "uniform of the day." Contact "Trader" Minter today



Tin Can Trivia

Twenty two 1500 ton U. S. destroyers of the Craven and Benham class of 1934-1935 carried a battery of 16 twenty one inch torpedoes in four quadruple tube mounts. It was the heaviest ever fitted in a U.S. destroyer.

MAIL CALL



In response to an inquiry in the last issue regarding his participation in the Lismore ANZAC parade, Morris McIntosh (46-47) aka Raincoat Charlie wrote, "I was asked to by the Returned Services League, and I can only guess, because I am a Life Member and had served for a time as Secretary and Service Officer having joined when we first arrived in Australia. I am regarded as a brother, as all US military people are when guests in Aussieland.

I believe this is an open-secret after all the years of our mutual undertakings."

Morris and Darlene McIntosh have lived in Australia since 1965 and grow Avocados and Pecan nuts on their spread near Lismore, New South Wales. Darlene is reputed to be a fearless slayer of the dreaded taipan. Ed.

Jack Blonsick (50-51) writes:

Fireball shipmates, on 16 February 1951 USS Ozbourn, CDR Charles Akers commanding, and a few other destroyers including the Dutch Navy's Evertsen commenced the siege at Wonsan, Korea north of the 38th Parallel. It became the longest siege of a seaport in naval history and was the location where Fireball was hit by artillery fire while dueling with shore batteries. Wonsan Harbor was heavy with mines and we saw two minesweepers get blown up. (USS Partridge and USS Pledge).

As I recall we left the port anchor and a shot of chain behind. Thanks Jack. Ed.

New Association member Steven Jones (SM3 - 70-71) writes about a run-in with a water hours enforcer.

On my last West Pac cruise (70-71), I made a rash decision that had severe consequences. This happened to be my only time EVER to get in trouble during my four years in the Navy. Between Pearl Harbor and the Philippines we had yet another problem with the evaps. It seemed we were not making water fast enough to satisfy the demand so we all know what happened. WATER HOURS were placed into effect. No Hollywood showers, limited clothes washing and water for drinking and cooking only. Water in the heads was shut off in the basins and we could only take a rinse-lather-rinse shower.

I have always hated to eat a meal and not brush my teeth. I did not like the tartar and build-up on the pearly whites. I know that everyone else had this feeling and everyone stuck it out. BUT....

one night after not brushing my teeth for over 24 hours, I was about to go on the mid-watch and partook of the mid-rations before the watch. I had my plan all set and it was definitely premeditated. I found a secluded scuttlebutt and proceeded to brush my teeth using the water in the drinking fountain. Just when my mouth was good and lathered here came a LTJG who shouted, "Sailor, what are you doing in that scuttlebutt?" With tooth paste running down the corners of my mouth I could hardly talk. He placed me on report and the punishment was restriction to the ship in the P.I. and I was to wire brush a boiler during liberty time.

Now this was my third West Pac cruise and I had no problem not going ashore in Olongapo as I had seen all the sights and would be just as happy to save my money. So I spent 8 hours a day wire brushing the inside of a cylinder the size of a suppository. It was terrible as I hate closed spaces and even worse, I ruined all my clothes in there. After about four days we were back at sea and I was done with all that but I had to wear those boot camp dungarees so you know how I felt. I had only 7 months left in the Navy and it was humiliating to be a short timer and have to wear those "un-salty" pants. From then on, I obeyed the water hours procedure even though I would see others disregard it and it made me think again about the consequences.

Thanks for the story Steve, I'm certain that our shipmates can commiserate with your "brush" with Navy justice. Ed.

In an e-mail of 17 Jan. 2003, George T. Weir, Jr. writes,

The last few days, for some reason, I have been thinking about the USS Ozbourn so I went looking on the Internet for information and was very pleased to find the Ozbourn Association Web Site. You see, my father, George T. Weir served on board the ship and I remember many times when he spoke of her fondly and of the shipmates he served with. I believe he reported aboard when CDR. Blaisdell was CO because that name is very familiar and I know he was aboard when the Ozbourn and Chandler collided. I remember him showing the pictures and especially remember the picture in your picture album of the false bow and him talking about how slowly they had to steam back to the U.S. for repairs. After the Ozbourn, and several shore duty assignments, Dad served aboard the USS Cimarron as XO during the Korean Conflict.

I believe my father was a LTJG while on board the Ozbourn and I also think he was the Engineering Officer. Dad was a mustang, joining the Navy as a seaman and rising through the ranks to retire as full Commander in 1958. For a man without a high school education, that was quite an

(See MAIL CALL page 4)

(Continued from page 3) Mail Call

accomplishment. He never saw his dream, to command

a U.S. Navy warship come true.

Dad wasn't much of a joiner so he probably never belonged to your organization but he was proud of the DD-846 and he loved serving aboard her. He loved the sea and he loved the Navy and I carry his legacy with me. Although I never served in the military I spent 16 years of my young life working as a civilian for the Department of Defense at China Lake and later in San Diego. In that capacity I was fortunate to occasionally spend time at sea. My fondest memories are of being at sea at dusk and watching the sun set on a dead calm sea. At those times I understood why Dad loved sea duty.

Dad passed away on February 6, 1987 just 5 months short of his 70th birthday. He had a military funeral with a Navy Honor guard. At the grave side service a lone piper stood on a hill in the distance and played Amazing Grace. The honor guard fired a 21 gun salute and we all said goodbye to the strained notes of Taps. Mom received the flag and we all went home. I miss him

I am pleased that the memory of the DD-846, and of the men who served aboard her, lives on. As you see, she lives on in me even after all these years.

Sincerely,
George T. Weir, Jr.
1730 W CR60E
Fort Collins, CO 80524
Tel: 970-472-1980
e-mail: george.weir@bea.com

PS. I would welcome any communications from his former shipmates. _____

John B. Reeves ET3 (47-48) sent us an interesting look at the "old days" on board the Oz.

In the October 02 issue I noted with interest the discussion of the ships that comprised DESDIV's 111 and 112. Enclosed is a photo (c.a. 1948) depicting a basketball team I was on from DESDIV 171, DESRON 17.



back, l to r: Donovan, **Reeves**, Bosco, Donegan, unk., Ritter, Lt. Broshniham
front: Bradford, McClellan, Post, Faight, Breed, unknown

McClellan and I were from the Ozbourn but as you will note

the jerseys are all marked Wiltsie, T.E. Chandler or Hamner and I don't know if each of the other individuals wore the jersey from his own ship.

The coach gave each of us a memento, a gold basketball with blue "N" and our name engraved along with DESRON 17.

I had just come off the Rogers (DDR 876) because it was going on tour and I was a short timer.

I haven't seen any name on the roster that I recognize. I didn't know many guys on the ship and can't remember names too well. I do recall that CDR Blaisdell was the CO, Brown was the exec. and the Gunnery Officer, an Ensign, was something else!

P.S. I do remember a lot of ASW and firing exercises while I was on board the Rogers and when I went to Ozbourn it started all over again.

On an exercise with the Boxer we went from San Diego to San Francisco for the training of reserve pilots. When we left Frisco to return to San Diego the Boxer took on two jets from Alameda and they practiced on the way back. I wonder if this was the first for jets on a carriers? I also remember propeller aircraft making runs on us and I wondered how could you ever keep from getting torpedoed or bombed. I wish now that I had kept a journal and taken some pictures.

No jerseys? It appears that Ozbourn was out of money again. Seems as if we were always out of something. Thanks John. Ed.

George J. Fink MM2 (46-48) sent us a review of a book that he thought might be of interest, particularly the plank-owners. The book is entitled "The Yard" by Michael S. Sanders and is a detailed account of the modern methods of shipbuilding now utilized by the Bath Iron Works where Ozbourn was built.

In an attached note George went on to note that "they sure don't build them like they used to."

As a matter of interest the ship that was featured in the book, the USS Donald Cook (DDG 75), made the news recently when a barrage of cruise missiles was unleashed on targets in Iraq.

(Editor: Continued from page 1)

If you have not attended one of our reunions this would be a good time to start. All Ozbourn reunions are memorable events and the good will and camaraderie in evidence during the festivities cannot be matched anywhere.

Lets all join with WD to make this the best one yet. Sign up today.

Tom Perkins, Editor

THE TRIPSAS JOURNALS; Part III, 'AMERICA'

With my visa application approved, it set in motion a series of events that culminated in a passport and an entry visa that permitted me to enter the United States. It was March 30, 1955, a date that I shall never forget. The major hurdle in my quest to immigrate to America was over and it was time to arrange for the money for travel expenses.

I went back home to Veroia and discussed the problem with my mother and decided that it was time to pay a visit with Mr. Vizas, the father of the girl I knew who had already moved to America and was living in Chicago, IL. We discussed my move and he agreed to a loan of funds for my travel expenses. I now made the rounds of friends and relatives in the area to say goodbye and then returned to Pareas to complete preparations for the voyage to New York. I left Greece in the good ship TSS Olympia on April 8, 1955, stopped in Messina, Naples, Malta, Lisbon and arrived in New York on April 21. The next day, I flew on to Chicago where Mr. James Chilis, my sponsor and his family met me and thus my life in America began.

Also on hand to greet me in Chicago was Katina Vizas, the girl I had known back in Greece who had already lived in the U.S. for five years. She was working in a hospital, had learned English and was living with the Chilis family. Within a few days I started work and found living quarters of my own nearby. I had great affection for Katina and hoped that it might develop into a more lasting relationship but it did not come to pass for a number of reasons. For about six months I continued in my job, slowly becoming accustomed to my new surroundings when out of the blue I received a summons to report for induction into the U.S. Armed Forces. In short, I HAD BEEN DRAFTED! Apparently without examining my status, the Cook County draft board, in an effort to beat the age deadline, rushed the induction order through and I was ordered to report just a few months short of my 26th birthday.

It was difficult for me to comprehend the circumstances that had placed me in this situation. I had come to the U.S. as a legal immigrant from Greece and did everything required of a person with that status. I got a Social Security card, found a job and registered with the draft board. Shortly thereafter, I received a small wallet sized card that informed me that I had been classified 1A. My sponsor and other friends told me that it was probably nothing to worry about because I had already served in the Greek Army but in early November a letter arrived ordering me to report for preliminary screening. I tried to explain that I had already completed over five years of military service but nobody seemed to listen. Perhaps it was because of my poor English but in any case in two weeks I got the order to report for induction. I must admit that the fear of deportation was on my mind should I choose to question or disregard the order so I reported promptly at the appointed time and place. This was a preliminary screening where the recruits were sorted according to service. Apparently my feet, which had carried me up and down the Greek mountains for five years, were not up to U.S. Army standards and rather than send me home I was assigned to the small group of men headed for the Navy as that year the Navy took a number of draftees to fill its

quota. On that same day this group was on a bus headed for boot camp at the Great Lakes Naval Training center north of Chicago. The induction now moved into high gear as we



On left: Recruit Petty Officer Tripas

were all subjected to physical examination, drew our new uniforms and underwent a procedure called "classification." Since I spoke and understood very little English and the classifier understood no Greek at all we soon arrived at an impasse. Finally a Navy Chaplain who spoke Greek was summoned and he assisted me in getting through the process. The processing went on for nearly three days after which we were then handed off to the main training area, assigned to a company and the transformation of a bunch of unruly ex-civilians began. The company commander, perhaps noting my previous military service and lack of proficiency in English took great pains to ensure that I was treated like every other recruit and even assigned another recruit to tutor me in the language. During the training I continued to see the Greek-speaking Chaplain on occasion and he assured me that he was looking into the circumstances of why I was drafted. Finally in February 1956 recruit training came to an end with an impressive ceremony and I was ordered to the USS Ozbourn (DD-846) of the Pacific Fleet in San Diego, California.

After leave and travel across country I reported aboard the ship in March at San Diego. I was immediately checked in and reported to a petty officer with crossed anchors on his sleeve who assigned me to a bunk and locker and my sea-going life began. There was not much activity going on in the first weeks as the ship had just returned from an overseas cruise and everything was in a stand down mode. It soon became unclear whether I would be assigned to the Electronics Technician (ET) field that I had been classified to in boot camp and I continued doing the janitorial chores of all new arrivals. Shortly thereafter the ship was underway and entered the Mare Island shipyard in northern California for overhaul. The untidy and disruptive yard period ended in June but the ship was rejuvenated and we steamed south to take part in an extensive training schedule to prepare us for overseas duty. Things were not going very well for me. Although I was working in the ship's sickbay, I was still on the records as assigned to the Deck Force and the Petty Officer there continued to assign me to additional chores. One day he put me on report for a minor infraction and I was taken before the Captain for disciplinary action. During the hearing I told the Captain that I was classified as an ET and that after

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many months I was still idling in the deck force. He inquired about this and was told that I could not be assigned to the ET rating for security reasons because of my alien status. He immediately ordered my transfer to the "R" Division and then went on to restrict me to the ship for my infraction of the rules. R Division is a sub-Division of the Engineering Department and I was assigned to be an Intercommunications Electrician (IC) which was more closely related to my previous experience than the Deck Force. At last I was working in a field that I understood and my officers and petty officers took note of my performance.



In the IC Room

In September the ship was underway for a tour of duty in the western Pacific, we visited Hawaii and then steamed on south across the equator and the age-old ceremony that is always conducted to ensure that the "landlubbers" are duly inducted into the realm of Neptunus Rex. Even though it was somewhat distasteful it was all in good fun and we "pollywogs" were now "shellbacks". The ship continued south to exotic ports in the fabled "South Seas"; first stop Pago Pago on the island of Tutuila in Samoa. This port turned out to be all that I had expected and truly was a tropical paradise. After a two-day stay we were underway again heading south through very stormy seas, bound for the port of Wellington, New Zealand. It was on this leg of the journey that I experienced a bout of severe seasickness that lasted for five days but I finally got my sea legs and thereafter never became seasick again. While in Wellington I had the good fortune to link up with a group of Greek immigrants who had been displaced from their homeland by the turmoil that followed WWII and the Civil War in Greece. It was a most pleasant time for me and I enjoyed being among some of my countrymen so very far from the place of our birth. This port call ended all too soon and we were underway once more headed back north, this time passing to the east of New Caledonia, through the Solomon Islands and on to the port of Lorengau, Manus Island. Here we received a very nice welcome from the Australian commissioners and we responded with an "open house". After an overnight stay we were underway again heading north for Apra Harbor on the island of Guam. We arrived on October 25, 1956, our South Seas sojourn having lasted exactly four weeks and we were out of the cruise ship mode and back to the serious business of continuing our WestPac deployment.

After replenishing provisions and taking on fuel we were underway once again, this time heading northwest for the Land of the Rising Sun, Japan. We entered port at Yokosuka, the former great Japanese Naval Base, and this place became our base of operations, more or less, for the remainder of the cruise. For me personally, it was an especially happy time as I

was now permitted to draw on my Navy pay which previously had been withheld in order to pay off an allotment to my dependent mother back in Greece.

For the next four months the ship was engaged in fleet exercises and drills of several different varieties that took us to other ports in Japan as well as Hong Kong, Taiwan, Okinawa and the Philippine Islands. It was also during this time that I found myself in big trouble on the ship. It happened that an important piece of equipment in the Combat Information Center (CIC) had become inoperative and my friends the ET's could not repair it. Since most of the equipment and the operations in this space were of a classified nature it was "off limits" to me due to my alien status. The technicians were hampered by lack of the proper replacement parts and were desperate to get the job done so one of them came to me for help. I reminded him that I was not allowed into that space but he assured me that he would stay with me and it would be O.K. Using my knowledge of electronics gained in the Army back in Greece I soon isolated the faulty part and the technician left to re-



Mt. Fujiama, Japan

ment. I proceeded to walk into the room and I proceeded to look of shock he saw what I was in vain to explain the circumstances of my no avail. At this time the technician returned with the replacement and I proceeded to install it in the equipment. In the meantime the technician was trying to explain the situation to the officer but he had no more luck than I did. At about this time I energized the equipment and determined that it was operating satisfactorily but in so doing I saw a coded message on the 'scope. Now I was in more trouble than I had imagined. The technician was being "chewed out" and I was ordered out of the room and confined to my quarters. Soon I found myself in the Officers Wardroom facing the Captain, the Executive Officer and the Engineering Officer and a couple others who sat at a long table on which lay the schematics of the equipment I had repaired. I was asked to interpret the diagrams and then explain the operation of the portion of the circuitry that I had worked on and what I had done to repair it. The Captain asked me how I had acquired this kind of knowledge and I explained how I had been trained as a communications specialist in the Greek Army and had even attended the U.S. Army schools in Germany. It was at this time that I must have become a bit defiant and told them that I was offended at having been drafted and was still treated as a second class sailor. There was a deafening silence in the room for some moments until finally I was dismissed.

Even though the equipment was operating satisfactorily, I had been exposed to a secret code and I found myself restricted to the limits of the ship until the codes could be changed. I didn't miss much really as the ship was at sea for most of the period anyway. There were other incidents that occurred on the cruise like being rammed by another ship while alongside the pier that resulted in another dry-docking for repairs. My thoughts were

now turning more to the end of the cruise and returning back to our homeport of San Diego.

After a stormy crossing of the Pacific with stops at Midway Island and Honolulu we arrived in San Diego on 27 March 1957. I had completed 15 months in the U.S. Navy and I was entitled to two weeks leave of absence. I immediately took the bus to Los Angeles and then boarded the train for Chicago where I was reunited with my friends in the area. Now things there looked a whole lot different to me than before and I reassured my sponsor, Mr. Chilis that I was confident that I would be able to do well in any place that I chose to go when my time in the Navy was up. It was a sad day when I left to return to San Diego because I knew that I would not be returning to the Chicago area and that my future lay elsewhere. Upon my return to the ship we commenced a schedule of exercises at sea and the constant monotonous drills that are a part of the routine of a sea going vessel. Later, about five months after returning from overseas, I was summoned one day to the Ships Office and to my surprise the Captain, Executive Officer and Chief Engineer awaited me. The Captain was holding some official looking documents in his hand and he told me that he had received orders to discharge me from the Navy. Apparently the Chaplain at Great Lakes was as good as his word and the investigation he had undertaken had borne results, albeit some 21 months too late in my estimation. At about this same time a general order for the reduction of the Armed Forces went into effect and within a few days I was honorably discharged from the U.S. Navy and my sea going days came to an end.

At the processing center in San Diego I received all my documents including the "Green Card" and with all my earthly possessions in my sea-bag I left the naval base to start a new lifeagain. I was 28 years old.

Next issue: Epilogue

DASH IT ALL, (cont.) by Capt. John Denham, USN, Ret.

In the last issue Capt. Denham described his assignment to the Pacific Fleet Cruiser-Destroyer Force as ASW Officer and explained some of the studies and exercises that were used to develop the concept of a Drone Anti-Submarine Helicopter system to be deployed on board destroyers of the fleet. He continues:

Dash was compatible with both the Sumner and Gearing class destroyers. Plans provided for both ASROC and DASH for the Gearings however funding would limit the actual number of ships that were actually Dash outfitted and certified. All modernized Gearings were eventually ASROC certified and all modernized Sumners were outfitted with Dash hangars and landing decks. Having a DASH hangar and deck was only a fraction of the capability. To be qualified a certified fuel system and a specially trained DASH team of personnel was needed.



QH-50A The "Bird" lifts off from Hazelwood during development trials

Whether manned or un-manned, naval air does not allow sloppy procedures. Air worthiness is akin to sea-worthiness and proper seamanship.

Destroyers are not foreign to aircraft operations. In 1923 Ausburn (DD294); in 1940 NOA (DD343); and in 1943 Pringle (DD477), Stevens (DD479) and Halford (DD483) gave up gun mounts and torpedo tubes to provide for catapults to launch aircraft at sea. In the 1960's the DASH concept led to destroyers refueling Army, Navy and Marine Corps helicopters in flight, underway while at sea.

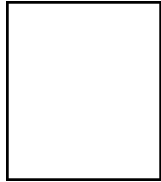
Fleet commanders were clamoring for the ASW stand-off weapons in order to counter the growing Soviet submarine threat but the installation, crew and operational training for these systems was a lengthy process. Operational flight training for DASH was conducted at the San Clemente Island site some sixty miles southwest of Long Beach, well clear of the California Coast but still heavily traveled with shipping, fishing boats and recreational boating. The procedure called for a day or two of basics and then the bird was delivered to the ship which was anchored nearby in a cove. The transfer procedure included a shore based controller maneuvering the bird from a take off site and conducting control tests. Once satisfied, the controller communicated with the ship and coordinated a hand-off procedure after all communications and radar tracking were confirmed and then the bird was turned over to the shipboard CIC controller. After receipt of the bird several days of operational underway training were conducted and the ship usually became certified within the week. By 1967, USS Ozbourn (DD 846) was an experienced DASH certified destroyer.

In almost all development projects there is always that near tragedy. One Friday afternoon while in the final stages of certification the assigned bird failed to respond to commands and as designed, went into a hover. As ship and training facility teams tried desperately to execute emergency control procedures, a signal got through and put the bird into a full speed vector at its present altitude. The prevailing wind was from the west and the uncontrolled bird took off at 60 knots heading for San Juan Capistrano to join the swallows 60 miles away. The Air Defense Command Center at San Diego was alerted and within minutes a jet aircraft was air-

borne along with a utility aircraft and a Coast Guard helo. The one question each asked when airborne was "We are looking for WHAT?" The wandering bird was sighted by a commercial aircraft approaching Santa Ana. Something like "Jesus Christ, I think I just saw the biggest damn mosquito in the world go by!" was recorded on the air traffic control frequency for Los Angeles. This was followed by "This is Navy chase aircraft, we have it under control. It is one of ours, I think." The wandering bird was about 6 miles west of Oceanside when the chasing destroyer was able to signal an engine shutdown and the Coast Guard helo marked the crash site with a buoy to facilitate recovery.

Next issue: SNOOPY

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



A NEW CREW ROSTER

A new association roster is now available and is being distributed free of charge to all dues paying members of the association. The roster contains the names and addresses of all former Ozbourn crewmembers who have contacted the association.

Non-dues paying members may obtain a copy of the roster by contacting the Recording Secretary, William L. Jones. Include a check or money order in the amount \$5.00 with your request to cover cost of mailing and handling.

While you are about it why not sign up for a hitch in the greatest military association in existence. Instead of paying \$5 for a roster, pay \$10 and receive all the benefits of the organization and get the roster for free. You may also want to consider that you must be a member to attend a thrill packed, fun filled Ozbourn reunion.

Get involved and come on board.

HELP WANTED: Position—Editor

Nominations are now being accepted to fill the position of Editor of the newsletter Fireball! No experience required. Turnover indoctrination will be provided. Contact:

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MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

The USS Ozbourn Association is totally funded by subscription and cannot operate without the support of the membership. 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. This membership fee has remained constant since the Association was formed in 1992.

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. 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.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

This is another 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, William L. Jones**.

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