

Turner Times



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WEBSITE: WWW.USSTURNER.ORG

MARCH, 2008

ST LOUIS REUNION COMING UP!

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS...LOUIS

By Mike Mania '53-'54

There won't be any world fairs in progress in which to meet in this great city in September when it is invaded by some wonderful people; namely former crew members of the USS TURNER and their lovely spouses and friends. However, that is certainly not an indication of a lack of many interesting things to do and see. As usual, the Reunion Association Committee has done it again and came up with another exciting reunion that everyone will enjoy.

Here's a brief rundown on the itinerary that hopefully will whet your appetite and get you to start packing your bags now:

Wednesday, 24th, the hospitality room will be open followed by registration, cash bar reception and a Welcome Dinner Buffet. If you have attended other TURNER reunions, you know how good these buffets can get!

Thursday, 25th, guided city tour you won't want to miss. This will put you right back into the 19th century with cobblestone streets and cast iron street lamps. You will visit the restored National Historic Landmark

which is a festive marketplace featuring countless eating places and many specialty shops. After lunch, a stop at the Cathedral Basilica which houses the largest collection of mosaic art in the entire Western Hemisphere. This also includes a ride through Forest Park which was the home of the 1904 World's Fair and where the St. Louis Zoo and several museums are located.

Later that evening, enjoy a delicious prime rib dinner and live entertainment as you cruise up the Mighty Mississippi on either the Becky Thatcher or Tom Sawyer, two paddle wheelers that will certainly make you turn your head occasionally to see if Mark Twain is on duty at the wheel.

Friday, 26th, board the buses for a fantastic excursion to Augusta, MO., in the heart of beautiful Missouri's Wine Country. This will be preceded by a stop at the home and village of the famous outdoorsman Daniel Boone. Later, the buses will take the group to the Mount Pleasant Winery for complimentary wine tasting and time to enjoy a boxed lunch on the patio with a magnificent scenic view. It will force you to ask yourself, "what are the poor people doing about now?"

Saturday, 27th, consists of a trip to St. Charles. There you get to walk around a nine-block National Register Historic District replete with 1800's brick streets, gaslights and

wonderfully restored buildings. You will have the opportunity to amble through more than seventy-five assorted antique, gift, craft shops and assorted fanciful eateries.

This of course, is what the Committee has scheduled. For those of you who like to come early and stay late, or for anyone who wants to utilize their free time, there are many more things to do, see and enjoy in and around the St. Louis area.

St. Louis, as you already know, is known as the "Gateway to the West." Without a doubt, you have seen pictures of the magnificent Gateway Arch. Now, if you haven't already seen it in reality, here's your chance. You can visit the Museum of Westward Expansion beneath the monument and travel to the top of it to witness a never-to-be-forgotten view.

Many more activities beckon including the City Museum; Forest Park, which houses the famous St. Louis zoo; Missouri Botanical Gardens; the Hill, with its bevy of Old World Italian restaurants. There is also the 265 mile long Katy Trail State Park which starts in St. Charles and continues into the Central Region. Hannibal will delight you as this is Mark Twain's territory. You may get to see 'ole Tom Sawyer lazily munching on an apple while supervising a group of unknowing kids who are whitewashing a fence that was originally a job

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\$ SHIP'S STORE ¢

The following items can be ordered from Carl Ackerman, 7436 Daisy Cir., Macungie, PA 18062, Ph: (610) 398-0145. All items are postpaid. Please make checks payable to Carl L. Ackerman.

- ▶ Up-to-date rosters — \$5.
- ▶ Turner baseball caps embroidered with Turner logo — \$18.
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- ▶ Sweat Shirts embroidered with Turner logo. Colors: Navy Blue or Gray. Sizes M to XXL — \$45. Sizes 2XL to 3XL — \$50.
- ▶ DVD of 1961 Med Cruise photos — \$10.
- ▶ Denim Shirts: Short sleeve, light blue with dark blue Turner Logo. Sizes M to XXL — \$45. Sizes 2XL to 3XL—\$50.
- ▶ Ship's patches: Both the Tiger and Double Eagle, 4" round with color embroidery. Also official Navy patch just like on the ball caps. Blue/gold lettering of "USS Turner DD/DDR 834" around gray destroyer profile. 3"H x 5"W. Cost is \$5 per patch.

FROM THE OF THE PREZ

Hello Shipmates,
A warm welcome to spring. I hope you all had as good of a winter, (not too much snow), as possible! Spring brings anticipation and our thoughts are to the upcoming 17th USS Turner Reunion in St. Louis, Missouri. Registration and tour information can be found elsewhere in this newsletter. It looks like our Reunion Committee has some great events and tours planned. I hope to inspire returning members as well as those who have not yet attended a Turner Reunion.

I wish you could see my kitchen including the refrigerator on a daily basis. You could not get the Turner Reunion off your minds! There on the refrigerator door is our collection of souvenir magnets from all the cities where my wife and I have traveled to attend reunions: Baltimore, Jacksonville, Las Vegas, Chicago, Providence, Savannah, San Diego, Mobile, Norfolk, Philadelphia, San Antonio and Washington, DC. Our first reunion was Baltimore in 1996 when we were first informed of Turner Reunions. Through those years we have also collected Turner Reunion coffee mugs and we use them every day for our morning coffee.

We feel that these small gestures keep thoughts of past and future reunions with all of the friends and happy times on the front burner of our memories. I know that it was mentioned in my last letter about the great number of first time attendees. Let's try to equal or better that number by

checking the roster and contacting any former shipmates that you recognize that have not been to our reunion. I know from first hand experience the great feeling you get when you hear the voice of one of your buddies that you lost contact with 20-30-40-50 years or more ago. Make the effort.

I look forward to having a great USS Turner Reunion in St. Louis, Missouri, Wednesday, September 24-Sunday, September 28, 2008 and seeing YOU there!

Bernie Sciarpelletti

C O R R E C T I O N

In the last issue of THE TURNER TIMES it was erroneously reported that Henry Turner is the nephew of Glenn Turner, head of Production Operations for the KENNEDY CENTER. The truth of the matter is the exact opposite is correct. Henry is Glenn's uncle. It was also stated in the story that Henry set up the tour at KENNEDY CENTER. Not so. Glenn and his lovely wife, Jessica, did. We are truly sorry and apologize to all concerned for the gaffe.



Butch O'Hare: Naval Hero

It's no secret, the Navy has produced many fine heroes over the years in every war in which America has participated. One of these 'shiny knights' was a young Navy flier named Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare, who was assigned to the aircraft carrier LEXINGTON in the South Pacific during the Second World War.

After he was airborne on one of his missions, O'Hare, subsequent to checking his fuel gauge realized his tanks had not been topped off and he would not have enough fuel to complete his mission and return to his carrier. He was ordered to put back to the ship by his flight leader. As disinclined as he was to do this, he had no choice. He left the formation and charted his way back to the "BIG LEX".

A short time later, he spotted a squadron of Japanese bombers on course toward the American fleet, and, they were in one big hurry. The American fighters were away on a sortie and he was too far from his own squadron to bring them back. Radio silence prevented him from contacting the fleet. They would be all but defenseless. The only thing he could do to possibly save the fleet was to try and divert the oncoming Japanese squadron.

Without any regard for his personal safety, Butch dove his plane into the formation of oncoming enemy bombers and with his wing-mounted 50 caliber machine guns blazing, he attacked one surprised and stunned Japanese flyer after another.

Butch kept dodging and weaving in and out of their formation shooting at as many planes as possible until his ammunition was expended. Yet, his desperation to keep them from locat-

ing the American fleet reached new heights. Since he was determined to wreak more havoc on his hated enemy, he furthered his attack by diving at his opposition's planes with the hope of clipping a wing or tail, or perhaps adding some form of damage in order to put it out of action.

After awhile, the stupefied Japanese pilots left their original flight path toward the American fleet and disappeared into cloud cover and were gone.

Much to his great relief, Butch turned his slashed and torn-up plane in the direction of the fleet and headed for "home".

Once aboard the LEXINGTON, he reported what had taken place and his story was corroborated by the condition of the plane and the film from the camera mounted on his plane. It showed Butch had destroyed five enemy bombers.

For that action which took place on February 20, 1942, Butch O'Hare became the Navy's first Ace of World War Two and the first Naval Aviator to be awarded the Medal of Honor. Unfortunately, a year later, he was killed in aerial combat at the age of twenty-nine. The people of his home town loved this man and his heroics too much to let his memory or that of his heroic actions to be forgotten. That's why one of the airports in Chicago is named O'Hare Airport, in memory and tribute to the gallantry of this naval hero.

LOOKING BACK

This narrative has been on the internet for a little while and was written by Captain Lew Thames, U.S. Navy (retired). It certainly brings back many fond memories of a life once lived and for the most part, enjoyed. Here's a

chance to stand on the bow, bridge, O-Two deck or fantail of the TURNER for a few moments with the salt spray drenching your face, and really reminisce.

"I WAS A SAILOR ONCE"

Sharing a glimpse of the life so many dearly loved...

I liked standing on the bridge wing at sunrise with salt spray in my face and clean ocean winds whipping in from the four corners of the globe.

I liked the sounds of the Navy--the piercing trill of the boatswain's pipe, the syncopated clangor of the ship's bell on the quarterdeck, harsh, and strong language and laughter of sailors at work.

I liked Navy vessels--plodding fleet auxiliaries and amphibs, sleek submarines and steady solid aircraft carriers.

I liked the proud names of Navy ships: Midway, Lexington, Saratoga, Coral Sea, Antietam, Valley Forge--memorials of great battles won and tribulations overcome.

I liked the lean angular names of Navy "tin cans" and escorts, mementos of heroes who went before us. And others--San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Chicago, Oklahoma City, named for our cities.

I liked the tempo of a Navy band.

I liked liberty call and the spicy scent of a foreign port.

I even liked the never ending paperwork and all hands working parties as my ship filled herself with the multitude of supplies both mundane

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OUR TURNER TIMES

WHAT WE REMEMBER ABOUT OUR TIME ON BOARD

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and otherwise, and to cut ties to the land and carry out her mission anywhere on the globe where there was water to float her.

I liked sailors, officers and enlisted men from all parts of the land; farms of the Midwest, small towns of New England, from the big cities, the mountains and prairies, from all walks of life. I trusted and depended on them as they trusted and depended on me-- for professional competence, for comradeship, for strength and courage. In a word, they were "shipmates"; then and forever.

I liked the surge of new adventure in my heart, when the word was passed: "Now Hear This. Now station the special sea and anchor detail--all hands to quarters for leaving port," and I liked the infectious thrill of sighting home again, with the waving of hands of welcome from family and friends waiting pier side. The work was hard and dangerous; the going rough at times; the parting from loved ones painful, but companionship of robust Navy laughter, the "all for one and one for all" philosophy of the sea was ever present.

I liked the fierce and dangerous activity on the flight decks of aircraft carriers, earlier named for battles won, sadly now named for politicians. Enterprise, Independence, Boxer, Princeton and oh, so many more, some lost in battle, and sadly many scrapped.

I liked the names of aircraft and helicopters; Skyraider, Intruder, Sea King, Phantom Skyhawk, Demon, Skywarrior, Corsair, and

many more that bring to mind offensive and defensive orders of battle.

I like the excitement of an alongside replenishment as my ship slid in alongside the oiler and the cry of "Standby to receive shotlines" prefaced the hard work rigging spanwires and fuel hoses across the narrow gap of water between the ships and welcomed the mail and fresh milk, fruit and vegetables that sometimes accompanied the fuel.

I liked the serenity of the sea after a day of hard ship's work, as flying fish flitted across the wave tops and sunset gave way to night.

I liked the feel of the Navy in darkness--the masthead and range lights, the red and the green navigation lights and the stern light, the pulsating phosphorescence of radar repeaters--they cut through the dusk and joined with the mirror of stars overhead. And I liked drifting off to sleep lulled by the myriad noises large and small that told me my ship was alive and well, and that my shipmates on watch would keep me safe.

I liked the quiet mid-watches and the aroma of strong coffee-- the lifeblood of the Navy permeating everywhere. And I liked hectic watches when the exacting minuet of haze-gray shapes racing at flank speed kept all hands on a razor edge of alertness.

I liked the sudden electricity of "General quarters, general quarters, all hands man your battle stations," followed by the hurried clamor of running feet on ladders and the resounding thump of

watertight doors as the ship transformed herself in a brief few seconds from a peaceful workplace to a weapon of war--ready for anything.

And I liked the sight of space-age equipment manned by youngsters clad in dungarees and sound-powered phones that their grandfathers would recognize.

I liked the traditions of the Navy and the men and now women who made them.

I like the names of Navy heroes: Halsey, Nimitz, Perry, Farragut, John Paul Jones and Burke.

A sailor could find much in the navy: comrades-in-arms, pride in self and country, mastery of a seamen's trade. An adolescent could find adulthood.

In years to come, when sailors are home from the sea, we still remember with fondness and respect the ocean in all its moods--the impossible shimmering mirror calm and the storm-tossed green water surging over the bow. And then there will come again a faint whiff of stack gas, a faint echo of engine and rudder orders, a vision of the bright bunting of signal flags snapping at the yardarm, a refrain of hearty laughter in the wardroom and chief's quarters and mess decks.

Gone ashore for good, we grow humble about our Navy days, when the seas were a part of us and a new port of call was ever over the horizon.

Remembering this, WE stand taller and say,
"I WAS A SAILOR ONCE."

Meet me in St Louis

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consigned to Tom himself. This is, of course, not guaranteed by the Association Committee!

Take some time to ride along routes 94 and 100 and enjoy the wine on some of the open air terraces at the many vineyards along the way.

Here's at tip for the fishermen in our group who may be driving: bring some heavy tackle with you. Hazel Creek boasts of some extraordinarily large size muskellunge. That should be a challenge and a lot of fun.

With an itinerary such as this, and so many extra curricular activities available, a fine time is in the offing. Come and enjoy.

There's no doubt, anyone who attends this reunion is certainly in for an enjoyable time. This is definitely guaranteed. It has to be when you consider three ingredients that go into making these reunions as successful as they always turn out to be. The first is the reunion committee. They deserve so much credit for the hard work they so unselfishly perform to show you such a good time. Next, are the arenas of fun that have been chosen for the reunions. Nobody comes away disappointed. Nobody. And lastly, much credit has to be given to the attendees themselves. They are a special breed of people who create a very pleasing, friendly and comfortable atmosphere and are a joy to be around. TURNER people, and that most assuredly includes the ladies, are the greatest.

Captain Pauly Remembers

Part 1 of five parts

The following is a multi-part series from something that Captain Pauly wrote for his 11 year-old grandson who wanted to have stories of his life in the Navy. These are the memories of Captain Pauly's days on the Turner; he was CO from September, 1966 through August 1968.

MY THIRD COMMAND- USS TURNER

USS TURNER (DDR 834) built in 1945, was 390 ft long, had four boilers and two steam turbine engines which produced 60,000 hp and would drive the ship to a speed of 33 knots. She was armed with six 5" guns in three twin mounts, and she had six homing torpedoes for use against submarines. She had a height finding radar in addition to the usual air search and surface search radars, so that she could direct air intercepts. She had two sonars, the usual bow array, and a special variable depth sonar on the stern. She had a crew of 16 officers and 320 men. TURNER was moored bow and stern between two buoys in the Bosphorus Straits at Istanbul. The officer I was to relieve was about seven years older than I and made a few jokes about being relieved by "a kid". I spent several days in the relieving process, and then took command in the traditional very formal ceremony. Our guests were the commanding officers of several other US Navy ships in the vicinity. Shortly afterwards, I held a meeting with all the officers and explained my philosophy of command and what I expected, how I would operate, etc. I said that my goal was to have TURNER a happy ship, and one that always did everything right the first time and met every commitment, a "can-do" destroyer our country could count on in any assignment. I said I would always be honest and

forthright with them and asked the same in return. I held similar meetings with the Chief Petty Officers, with each group of Petty Officers and then with the rest of the crew.

My first real test was getting underway from this rather unusual type of mooring without getting a line fouled in a screw or other mishap. We did it without trouble and then headed down to the Sea of Marmora and through the Dardanelles encountering extremely heavy ship traffic. Next on the schedule was a night underway refueling. The U 5 Navy usually refuels at night because it is more difficult and therefore provides better training. It was an overcast, moonless, pitch-black night, and CAPT Russ Stephens, my old skipper from FURSE, commanded the Navy oiler we were refueling from. I knew that my crew would be watching me closely to judge my competence and that this first impression would be extremely important. I took position astern and, watching the slight phosphorescence in the oiler's wake to gauge the proper distance, brought TURNER quickly alongside the darkened oiler in exactly the correct spot. The refueling went perfectly, and we pulled away smartly on completion and headed for our next assignment. Before I went to sleep in my sea cabin that first night, I made sure that the officers who had the bridge watch during the night knew to call me for the usual reasons and also if anything bothered them or if they just wanted to talk. And then I made sure that I always answered at night in a friendly tone of voice, since many ships have been lost over the years because the OOD was afraid he would anger the

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Captain by calling him too often during the night. It is not unusual for a destroyer Captain to be called several times each hour during the night. At sea, he sleeps in a small space in the after part of the bridge called the Captain's Sea Cabin but rarely gets a proper night's sleep, but that goes with the privilege of command. His much more spacious and comfortable In Port Cabin is a deck below and too far from the bridge in an emergency.

Our next stop was Malta, an island of rock in the middle of the Mediterranean. Its strategic importance during World War Two caused it to be heavily bombed by the Nazi Luftwaffe, but it never gave up the fight and was never invaded. The principal harbor is Valetta, and it is protected on almost all sides by high cliffs. When you approach Valetta from seaward, you cannot see anything but those high cliffs. It is not possible to spot the harbor entrance until you get very close, then there is a sharp right turn to enter an opening in the cliffs, followed by a sharp left turn into Grand Harbor. Taking a pilot is mandatory in foreign ports, but in this case we were approaching in very bad weather. The pilot radioed to us that he could not come out due to rough seas, and gave me the option of waiting for the weather to improve or coming in without a pilot. Lying to outside a good liberty port is bad for morale, so I immediately chose to bring the ship in myself, even though I had never been to Valetta before. I headed in a bit fast to insure good rudder control. The second turn was even sharper than it appeared, so I had to use left full rudder and back the port engine to get around it. Now we were in the harbor safely and had only to moor to a buoy, which is a very tricky

shiphandling evolution, but we did it quickly and all went smoothly. The pilot came aboard to collect his fee - that fee must always be paid - and he told me that although I did very well bringing the ship in, I came in much too fast. But I believe that day gave the TURNER crew some confidence in their new skipper's shiphandling. And they knew I considered liberty to be important too. Morale started to improve now, which was my goal. The previous Captain was a big man whose gruff mannerisms created fear in the crew. My leadership style was different and the crew responded to it very well, and soon we were doing better in all our assignments, exercises and competitions.

When our operations at sea permitted me to leave the bridge, I would often walk around the ship visiting various watch stations to get to know the crew. I would usually have a cup of coffee with them. Each space was proud of its coffee, and I always complimented them on their special brew, even though some of it was so strong as to defy description. I hoped that these informal visits would help establish a good rapport among us all, and would be better than the usual custom of having a Captain who never ventured around the ship except for formal inspections. I was especially prone to go into the engineering spaces, because I knew well how hard the work was down there, and what little recognition the 'snipes" got from most Captains. And the OOD on the bridge always knew where I was if needed because naval custom dictates that the men on watch always report on their phones to the bridge that the Captain has entered their space. Eventually I knew almost every man by name and usually some things about his family as well. I

also conducted Catholic religious services every Sunday and had another officer do the same for Protestants. We would usually get only 15 or 20 attendees because it was strictly voluntary, but I would read the epistles and gospel for the day and we would jointly say the rosary. When we were with an aircraft carrier we could get a Chaplain aboard by helicopter transfer - we called that the Holy Helo. We would turn into the wind and the helicopter would hover over our fantail and lower the passenger in a sling.

We did all the things expected of a destroyer-gunnery exercises, underway replenishments, ASW screening, plane guarding for aircraft carriers, and our primary duty of conducting air intercepts by directing fighter planes from the aircraft carrier. We were always training for war. We made more port visits. While anchored at Beaulieu France we enjoyed the sights of the French Riviera and we had the usual fashion show on board. Several models showed clothing, which the crew then eagerly bought for wives and girlfriends at home. We had cookouts on the fantail and generally tried to make the hard work of the cruise seem more worthwhile by having some good times too. We went into Naples Italy for a short maintenance period, and were Med - moored at the same seawall and in the same manner, as DASH had been so many years before. Again a storm came up and we were the center ship in a group of five, all in port for maintenance. We quickly made our engineering plant ready, and offered to pull the whole nest of ships out to the center of the harbor, but the senior officer present refused. I could not take

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Final Roll Call

Since our last issue we have learned that these shipmates have answered the call of the Supreme Commander:

Anthony R. Caramannello	43-44	QM3
Carlton H. Elliott	61-62	RMC
James Hamilton	45-46	GM3
Roger P. Helbling	52-53	YN2
Mike Jobanek	62	MDSP
Raymond A. Leistikow	60-64	SK2
Bernard F. Nason	66-69	FN
George H. Pierson	50-54	GM3
Patrick Richards	48-52	MM2
Raymond J. Zappa	52-55	QM3

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TURNER out of the nest alone because when you Med moor all the anchors become entangled in the center of the harbor and we would be at the mercy of the storm while trying to get our anchor free. So we rode out the storm by adding mooring lines and large fenders. TURNER had 11 lines in use, compared to the usual 6, and they kept parting from the strain. We would splice and replace them and this kept up for almost two days. At one point, the cruiser SPRINGFIELD on the other side of the harbor decided to get underway to ride out the storm at sea. Taking in lines in a normal fashion was not possible. They cut their last mooring line with an axe, and because it was under heavy strain, it snapped back and severed both legs of one of their men. SPRINGFIELD was fighting the high winds and came so close to us as she passed that I sounded the collision alarm in order to quickly get all watertight doors closed as a precaution in case she hit our nest.

Stay Tuned for the next installment of Captain Pauly Remembers in the next Turner Times Newsletter!

2007 Reunion Memory Book for Sale. Cost is \$21 To order send check to Joseph Stepanek 9372 Duff CT Ellicott City MD 21042



•HE WENT OVERBOARD•

Old Navy term indicating great joy. It had its origin in an old custom when seamen, tired of long service on a foreign station, would throw their caps overboard to demonstrate their unbounded delight when their vessel's bows were finally turned homeward.



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March 7, 2008

USS Turner (DD/DDR-834) Reunion Association
Joseph R. Stepanek, Treasurer
9372 Duff Court
Ellicott City, MD 21042

Dear Mr. Stepanek:

On behalf of Tin Can Sailors let me thank the USS Turner (DD/DDR-834) Reunion Association for your generous contribution of \$500.00. Contributions such as these help defray our operating costs and the cost of sending our newsletter to VA Medical Centers, active duty destroyers, and any destroyer veterans down on their luck who can't afford a subscription.

Tin Can Sailors is a strong organization because of the support of groups such as yours. We hope that we continue to warrant your confidence and support.

Sincerely,

James V. Jones
President

Tin Can Sailors is recognized by the Internal Revenue Service under Section 501(c)(3). This was a donation for which you received no goods or services. Therefore, it is tax deductible as allowed by law.

