

The DALY NEWS 2009

SPRING EDITION



Farewell "Perk" ~ A tribute to JW Perkins the Exec ~ 1953-55

This information was supplied by Greg Puckett, grandson of the late JW Perkins Jr. who died in May 2008 while residing in Megargel, Texas. He was buried in Arlington Cemetery August 2008 with full Military Honors.

JW was born in Waco, Texas December 1918, enlisted in the US Navy at 17- prior to WWII. Came up through the ranks, obtained Chief petty Officer and then received a field commission during WWII. After the war he got his degree at the University of New Mexico.

He retired from the Navy in 1974 with the rank of Captain. He told his grandson he had served on every type of ship in the Navy except a carrier and submarine. 1992 after retirement, he was employed at George Washington University as the Director of the Continuing Engineering School.



Perk in full dress regalia during the Equator Crossing initiation - November 1953

The handsome, neat, well-groomed, much bemedalled and somewhat erratic gentleman, secretly and popularly referred to as "Perk", was Lt. J.W. Perkins, our executive officer during the Korean tour.

He was responsible for many happy and humorous hours during the cruise that took the Daly and her crew to Korea and around the world on our homeward journey.

His persistence alone brought into being that magnificent congregation loosely defined as the Ship's Band. His ready sense of humor was at its best parked in the front row or promoting a songfest on the fantail while underway. He was also credited with establishing a ship's library. Shortage of space, time and material were no obstacle to "Perk." The library, identical to all his projects, was pushed forward by his boundless energy and unbelievable self-confidence. The long hours required by his double role as Executive Officer and Navigator never decreased his readiness for a good laugh or a new idea.

"Perk's" greatest pleasures were his morning coffee and gabfest in the Chief's Quarters and his play-by-play accounts of the day's proceedings over the loud speaker system. No crew was ever kept better informed than that of the Daly.

Upon completion of the cruise, Lt. Perkins was assigned to the comfort of a soft chair and calmer waters in the Bureau of Personnel in Washington, DC.

All of us who had the pleasure of knowing the Exec personally wish him well on his long journey home. Portions of the above material were extracted from the Daly Cruise Book published in 1955.

“Perk” the Exec *by Hal*

For those of us who served on the Daly during the Korean tour, you will remember our Exec, Lt. Perkins for his ready sense of humor and far ranging interest in the ship’s welfare.

I had the pleasure of knowing “Perk “ more personally when he called me to the Officer’s Ward Room and proposed that a ship’s emblem be designed for the Daly prior to our Korean tour. He recognized my artistic talents after viewing several cartoons that I completed and had circulated about the crew’s quarters. Although he set about to review ship emblem ideas from other crew members, he had his mind set on the ideas of his own. All I had to do was render a suitable drawing for reproduction and the choice was made.

The “D” riding the shark complete with cowboy boots and spurs had a western ring to it that he and the Captain approved. The design was first used on a Holiday Program Invitation while we were in Newport, prior to our leaving the states. It was later used on the cover of the cruise book and ship’s stationary.

Another incident that comes to mind involved “Perk the Navigator.” The ship was cruising steadily along off the Atlantic coast heading to Newport. Perk was on the bridge at the plotting board, planning a course change. I was standing a helm watch, he somehow knew of my Pennsylvania background and asked if I spoke any German. I commented that I spoke a Pennsylvania German dialect with a limited vocabulary. That was good enough for him.

What he asked me to do, was to use the voice tube and contact radar, which was a few decks below us, and ask for wind and sea conditions in German. His cunning idea was to have them think that a German U-boat was in the vicinity.

“Achtung! Achtung!” I shouted in my best Pennsylvania German, “Des is der Bridge! Wie gschwind is der wind un der wasser?” Of course there was silence, absolutely no response. Perk was in stitches and demanding I continue. Obviously the hoax only confused the poor guy on radar duty and instantly the Officer of the Deck received a garbled phone inquiry as to what the hell was going on “topside”?

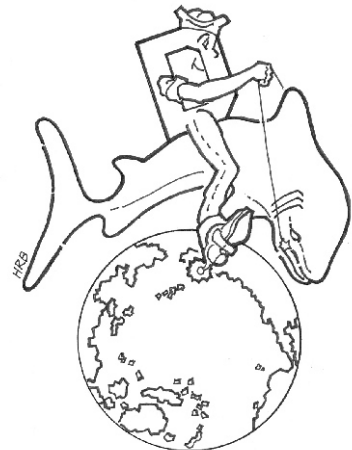
The OD, outside on the flying bridge, stuck his head through the hatch and said, “Perk, what are you trying to do? Are we tracking a German sub?”

Perk, with a mischievous grin, just shrugged and resumed his plotting. For me it was a welcome break in the 4 hour routine of keeping the ship on course.

Bless the “Exec” for his good sense of humor.



Plank Owner’s celebration with the Skipper and Exec.-1952



USS Daly DD 519

Shark Logo designed by GM3 Boyer for the USS Daly at the request of the executive officer prior to the 1953 Korean Tour

USS Daly logo designed for WWII ~ artist unknown. If anyone has knowledge on the history of this logo please contact Hal Boyer- Editor. Ed Dunn used the logo when publishing the early editions of the Daly News.



A Sailor Died Today ~ Author Unknown

He was getting old and paunchy
and his hair were falling fast,
and he sat around the Legion
telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he had fought in
And the deed that he had done,
Of his exploits with his buddies,
they were heroes, everyone.

Tho sometimes to his neighbors
His tales became a joke,
all of his buddies listened
for they knew of what he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer
for ole Bob passed away
and the world's a little poorer
For a Sailor died today.

He won't be mourned by many
Just his children and his wife,
for he lived an ordinary
very quiet sort of life.

He held a job and raised a family
quietly going on his way,
the world won't note his passing
tho a Sailor died today.

When politicians leave this earth
their bodies lie in state,
while thousands note their passing
and proclaim that they were great.

Papers tell of their life stories
from the time that they were young,
but the passing of a sailor
goes unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution
To the welfare of our land,
Some jerk who breaks his promise
And cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow
who in times of war and strife,
goes off to serve his Country and offers up
his life?

The Politician's stipend
and the style in which he lives,
are sometimes disproportionate
to the services he gives.

While the ordinary Sailor
who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal
and perhaps a pension small.

It's so easy to forget them
for it was so long ago,
that our Bob's, Jim's and Johnny's
went off to battle, but we know.

It was not the politicians
with their compromise and ploys,
who won for us the freedom
that our country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger
with your enemies at hand,
would you really want some cop-out
with his ever waffling stand?

Or would you want a Sailor
who has sworn to defend,
his home, his kin and Country
and would fight until the end?

He was just a common Sailor
and his ranks are growing thin,
but his presence should remind us
we may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict
then we find the Sailor's part,
is to clean up all the troubles
that the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor
While he's here to hear the praise,
then at least let's give him homage
at the ending of his days.

Perhaps just a simple headline
In the paper that might say,
"Our Country Is In Mourning
For A Sailor Died Today".



Baltic Sea Encounter by *Javie Granados TMSN - USS Daly - 1955*

Enlisting in June 1954 he entered Boot Training in San Diego. Upon completion he was selected for 32 weeks of Torpedoman School. In May 1955 he reported for duty on the USS Daly as a TMSN. The Daly was scheduled for deployment to Northern Europe and the Mediterranean. He served his country for 33 years retiring as a Chief Petty Officer in 1987.



It was July 1, 1955 - Des Div 302 set out from Newport, RI, our home port, to our first sight of land, Portsmouth England. The Daly and the Smalley did not make port there but proceeded westward to the Irish Sea. The trip north through the narrow and turbulent passage was my first experience in heavy sea conditions aboard a destroyer. I learned where the name Tin Can came from for destroyers riding the huge swells.

Inverness, Scotland was our next port, however it was not a liberty port. We were there only long enough to pick up a special photographic team before we steamed on to the Baltic.

The two ship formation got underway and crossed the rough North Sea, through the Skagerrak and Kattegat Pass between the southern tip of Norway and the northern tip of Denmark. South around the tip of Sweden, then north again into the Baltic Sea.

We soon became aware that the Russian KGB was keeping close tabs on our position. We had only been in the Baltic Sea a short time with the Daly as the lead ship and the Smalley close behind, when a Russian four engine bomber made a pass directly over both the ships in formation.

I had just come topside, going forward on the starboard side about mid-ships when I heard the drone of the plane. I was heading for the bridge to stand the 1600-2000 helm-watch. I looked up as the large multi-engine bomber flew directly overhead. It was only a few hundred feet above me. I could clearly identify the large red star on the wing and briefly could make out the bombardier and co-pilot. They were that close to the ship. The aircraft made two more passes then climbed, and continued to circle above us.

I relieved the helm-watch and was on duty for some time when CIC (Combat Information Center) reported they had two surface contacts. The bridge lookouts also reported visual sightings of the contacts. It was determined that they were two MPB's (motor patrol boats). Everyone on the bridge was interested in the approaching MPB's and I suddenly realized I was alone in the wheel house.

Everyone was on the starboard side of the open bridge peering at the approaching vessels. I don't know what I was thinking, I saw that the MPB's were going to pass over a hundred yards off our starboard bow. I thought about the photographic team on board, then ever so slowly I eased the helm to starboard. Everyone's interest was on the approaching MPB's and did not notice the slight change in the wake of the ship as we turned. By the time the Russian boats had passed our beam we were less than a hundred yards away and the photographic team were getting some great close-up photos. As they passed I slowly brought the ship back on its original course as the rest of the pilot house crew returned to their stations. To my relief, no one had noticed the slight turn I had provided.

The bomber had disappeared as the boats arrived. The MPB's turned about 500 yards off our starboard quarter and followed us until nightfall.

The next morning as I came topside on my way to breakfast, I looked for the MPB's but they were nowhere in-sight. However, a heavy Russian cruiser was now about 1000 yards off our starboard quarter. Perhaps they just happened to be on the same course as our ship. The Captain was obviously very curious about their position as he made several unnecessary course changes to check their reaction. As the captain probably expected, the Russian ship matched every change. The Daly skipper even gave the order to "Stop All Engines," the Russians did so as well as we drifted in the water for about 45 minutes in a dead calm sea.

The next morning the cruiser was gone, but sonar reported an underwater contact to starboard. Evidently a Russian sub had now replaced the cruiser. The sub dogged us until we entered the Gulf of Finland, then it also disappeared as did the other curious vessels. All hands who were aware of the encounter with the Russians were relieved when it was over. The date was July 31. As far as I know the USS Daly and our sister ship the USS Smalley, were the first American Naval Ships to venture into Russian dominated waters in that part of the world during the time of the "Cold War."

My Memories of the USS Daly DD519 - 1944-45

by Charles L. Dunn



Charles L. Dunn was 18 years old and fresh out of high school in 1943 when he was inducted into the Navy as a recruit. His brothers were already serving since Pearl Harbor, 1941. Immediately after boot camp training he was sent to the Pacific and later assigned to the USS Daly. He served as a Radioman RM3/c on board the Daly and was assigned to a 5 inch gun crew while at General Quarters.

This article is an excerpt extracted from a 6 page document he wrote of his experiences during the period he served on the Daly. He was discharged in early 1946.

This article can be read in its entirety on the Daly Web site - www.ussdalydd519.org/stories

I hesitate to write because I know that everyone who witnessed a battle saw it a little differently, but here are a few memories. Time dims our memory, but some scenes are so horrifying that you can never erase them. Disasters like a sinking ship with wounded survivors in the water, or a Kamikaze suicide bomber, or watching men work all day to remove bodies from a bombed-out destroyer at Kerma Khetto, the destroyer graveyard. You just live with those memories.

I was fifteen when Pearl Harbor was bombed. I worried as my three older brothers went to war. I had spent my days high on the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. I had never been out of the state. I had never seen the ocean.

As soon as I turned 18, I was drafted out of high school. After boot camp, at San Diego, there was no leave and no school. I found myself on a troop ship bound for Milne Bay, New Guinea.

They told me I was going to a shop repair base, at Brisbane, but when they handed me a booklet entitled, "How to Survive in the Jungle," I knew I was not going to Brisbane.

After a few weeks unloading cargo ships, fighting mosquitoes, and "Jungle Rot" between my toes, at Milne Bay, I was told I was going aboard a "Tin Can." I had no idea what a "Tin Can" was, but they put me in a boat and we searched for the USS Daly. It was late in the day when she came cruising into the bay. She was back from her midnight raid on the enemy base of Wewak. I was impressed. I thought, "Now I see why they call her a destroyer". From bow to stern she was loaded with weapons of destruction.

They dropped a net ladder over the side and I climbed aboard. I had not eaten all day. Chow-time was over and no one was going to feed me. Just then, Kenneth (Freddie) Fredricks showed up and led me to a locker of stocked food. We kept in touch all through the years, until he passed away. I shall always remember Freddie and E.J.Dunn, as two of the finest people I have ever met. I decided that "Yankee" boys were not all that different from us Southerners.

I was put in the deck crew and I chipped paint for boatswain's mate Anthony T. Pignatelli. I was assigned to the crew of number 3, five inch gun, and five days later we bombarded troop concentrations, etc. at Hansa Bay, Madang and Alexishaven, New Guinea.

It was frightening to me, the first time that big gun fired, with me inside the dimly lit mount. A man would lay a 30 inch brass powder case in the loading tray. My friend Swede Masching, would toss in a fifty pound projectile in front, and ram it into the chamber. It would rattle my teeth when the charges exploded. The breech block would fly up with a loud click sound and come traveling to the rear. There was a hissing sound as the barrel was purged and the blistering hot brass powder case came flying to the rear. A man was positioned behind the gun with arm length asbestos gloves to catch the powder case and drop it through a hatch in the rear of the mount.

About twelve days later, we attacked the enemy base at Hollandia, in support of our invading troops. We fired most of the day at various targets.

continued on next page

My Memories of the USS Daly DD519-1944-45

by Charles L. Dunn

continued from page 5

That night enemy bombers came over us. They set off an ammunition dump that shot fireworks into the sky. I always remembered Hollandia because something about the sea there caused the Daly to roll badly from side to side, even at anchor.

During the next four or five months we bombarded and supported invasions of Sawar, Wakde, Biak, Noemfoor, and Moorota Islands.

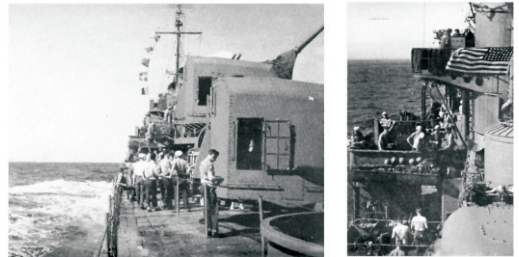
I managed to transfer to the Radio Operators Crew where I found new friends, E.J. Dunn and James T. (Jake) Powell.

When we returned to our base at Seeadler Harbor, Admiralty Islands, in October, 1944, and were amazed. A great assault group had filled the harbor. They did not have to tell us what that was all about. We were going to liberate the Philippine Islands.

On October 11, 1944, that great assault force set sail for Hollandia, where we would join forces with Admiral Daniel Barby, and become known as the Northern Attack Force. At midnight on October 19, the task force began to ease by the mines and enter Leyte Gulf. At dawn, we moved near the landing site, opened fire, and the battle was on. I didn't see him, but I was told that General MacArthur was on the cruiser USS Nashville. Some of the writers were calling the 7th Fleet "MacArthur's Navy." For awhile there was gunfire from the enemy shore batteries, but they were no match for the fire power we had brought. Enemy planes were in the area, but our carrier based planes provided excellent air support. Our LST's were hitting the beach nearby when a shell landed right in the middle of one of them. Our aircraft immediately dropped bombs on the enemy position and the firing stopped. The Daly was ordered to silence the anti-aircraft guns on a small enemy held island nearby. By dark things had calmed down and our troops were in good shape on the beach.

For the next few days we furnished artillery fire for the troops. We began to get reports of a large movement of enemy warships headed for the Philippines. The Japanese Navy had decided to fight. What followed was the "Battle of Leyte" the greatest sea battle of all time, involving 280 warships. Our part was called the "Battle of Surigao Strait." I think it was the final battle of its kind where two navies blasted away at each other using big guns and torpedoes.

October 24, 1944 was sunny and hot as we fired our guns to support our troops near Tacloban. In the late afternoon we were ordered to join the rest of the fleet at Surigao Strait. "The enemy ships must be near," I thought. At Surigao we were ordered to take position near the entrance of the channel, in two groups. Daly, Hutchens, and Bache were in group one; Killen, Beale, HMS Asunts in group two. The rest of our force of five battleships and a few cruisers were well into the channel. A group of our PT boats would search the dark for the enemy and report back to the fleet.



The enemy plan was to attack us from three directions coming from the south through Surigao with two battleships, four cruisers and eight destroyers. The central force of four battleships, seven cruisers and eleven destroyers would come through San Bernardino and attack from the seas. I did not know it then, but their northern carrier force would be a decoy to sucker Admiral Halsey away from San Bernardino.

Admiral Halsey, with Task Force 38 was believed to be near San Bernardino. He commanded 14 carriers with a thousand aircraft, seven battleships, twenty-one cruisers and fifty seven destroyers. Inside San Bernardino there just happened to be a group of escort carriers, code named "Taffey 3" with three destroyers and four destroyer escorts.

As darkness fell, we began to gather near our battle stations waiting for the enemy. At 1:30 a.m. the PT boats reported that they had found and attacked the enemy task force. They were coming at 16 knots and should reach Surigao within the hour. The order came to man battle stations. Swede closed and tightened the hatches to our gun mount. We waited in the darkness until 2:48 a.m. CIC reported they had the enemy on their screen and closing at 16 knots.

to be continued...next issue