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**THIRD
FAR EASTERN
CRUISE**

of the

U.S.S. DE HAVEN

DD 727

Cruise book donated by:

Kenneth Stilson

15 September 1952

9 April 1953



Foreward

The present De Haven is the second Destroyer to bear the name of Lt. Edwin Jesse De Haven, a famed Mariner and Artic Explorer. She was built by the Bath Iron Works and commissioned 31 March 1944 in Boston Navy Yard. The "727" was the best the Bath Iron Works could produce, 2200 tons of fighting steel.

From the day the last rivet was pounded into place and the final coat of paint applied to her sleek sides the USS De Haven has built a record of which the Navy can well be proud.

Soon after her commissioning day the destroyer took her place with other fighting ships of the US against the formidable Japanese Fleet in the battle for supremacy in the Pacific. She participated in the Battle of Leyte Gulf and made strikes against Japanese air bases in the Philippines, Camranh, Hong Kong, Saigon and Hainan.

After being present at the historic signing of the Armistice in Tokyo Bay, the De Haven steamed to her home port at San Diego, California, where the next few years were spent performing the duties of a destroyer in the "Peace Time Navy."

The outburst of Red aggression in Korea found her present and ready to do her part in curbing the threat of communist activity along the Korean Coast, performing the various tasks assigned her with confidence. She soon received recognition from many notables in the Far East. Among the many congratulatory messages received was a letter from the President of the Republic of Korea, expressing his thanks to the De Haven and her crew for the part they played in the Inchon Invasion. She received the "Navy Unit Commendation" for her heroic works there as a member of the "Sitting Duck Division".

She has made two other trips to the Far East since participating in the Inchon Invasion. During these tours she participated in the siege of Wonsan and saw duty on the Bomb-line, with Task Force 77, and as escort for the cruiser, Rochester, and the battleship, Missouri, stopping or damaging the Reds on every occasion.

The crew has changed but not the fighting spirit. It is with pride that we dedicate this book to the men who have, who are, and who will take their place behind the gun, the throttle, or the pen on the USS DE HAVEN (DD-727).



The Captain

COMMANDER T. C. SIEGMUND, USN, was commissioned at Annapolis in June of 1939. His first assignment was on the destroyer Reed, followed by a tour on the C. S. Sperry, another destroyer. Then in March of 1945 he took command of the USS Coney for 18 months. This period of destroyer duty was followed by assignments ashore at Washington D. C.; Newport, Rhode Island, and staff duty with CINCNELM at London and Naples. In August of 1952 Commander Siegmund returned to the Destroyer Fleet assuming his current job, Command of the De Haven.

Executive Officers



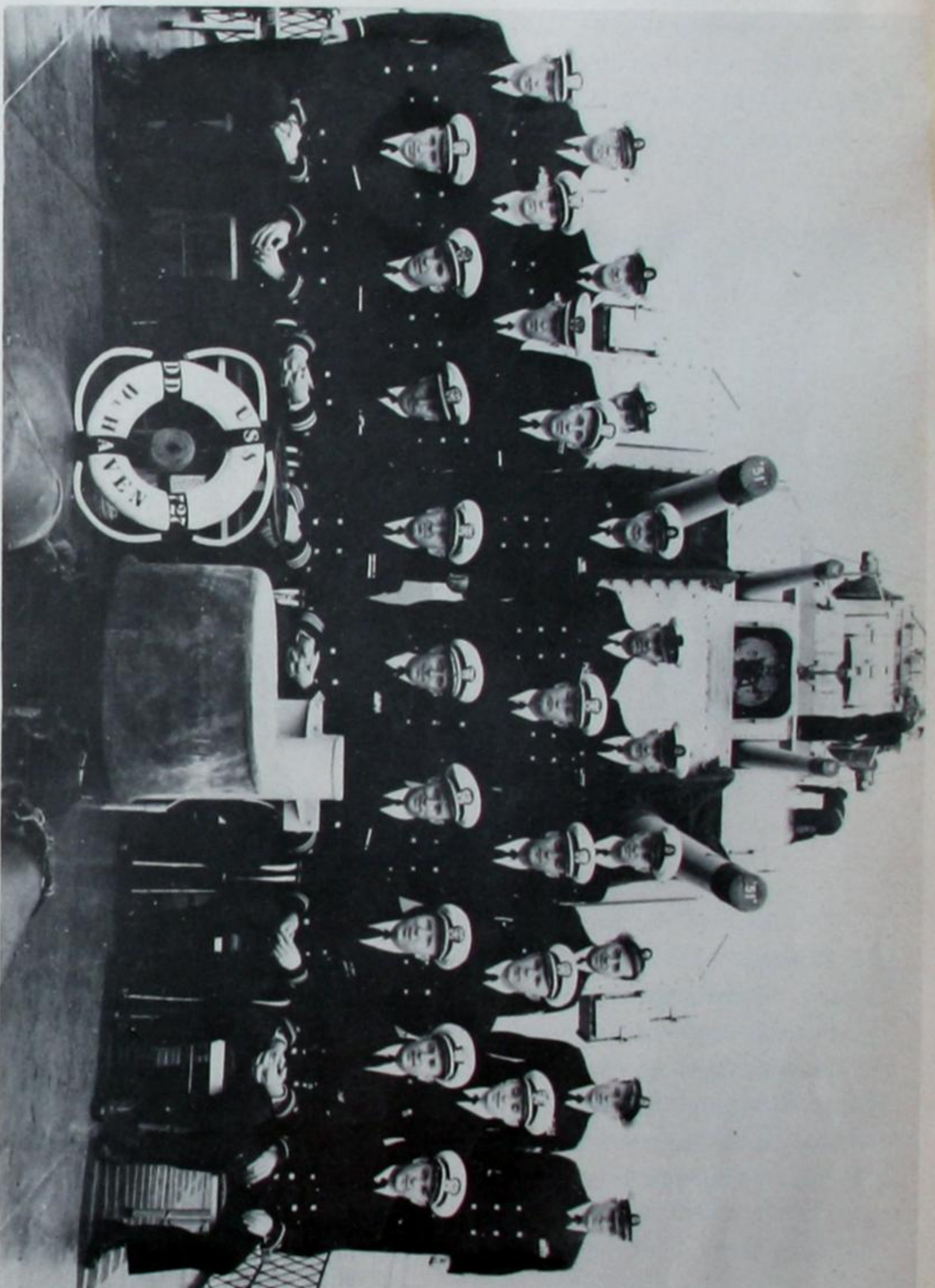
"THE OLD"

LCDR ALLAN S. KOCH, USNR, served as Executive officer of the De Haven from his return to active duty in April 1951 until February 1953. He is a graduate of Washington University Class of 1932, and during World War II served with the Atlantic Fleet on coastal patrol duty.

"THE NEW"

LCDR JOHN H. GANO, USN, is a graduate of the USNA, class of 1943. He served on destroyers throughout World War II and saw duty at the Naval Intelligence School, with the ONI, and on the staff of CinCNELM before relieving as Executive Officer of the De Haven.



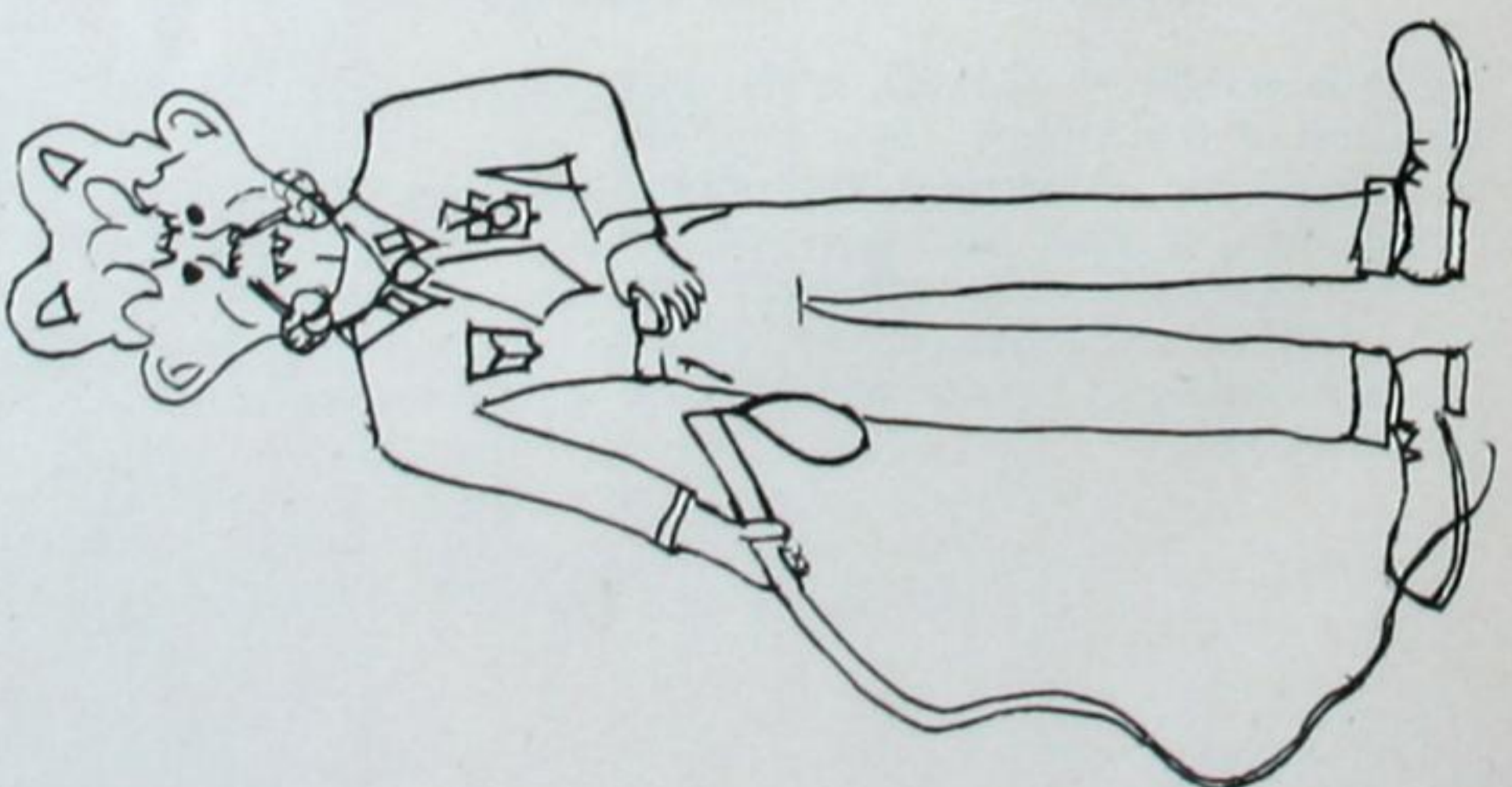
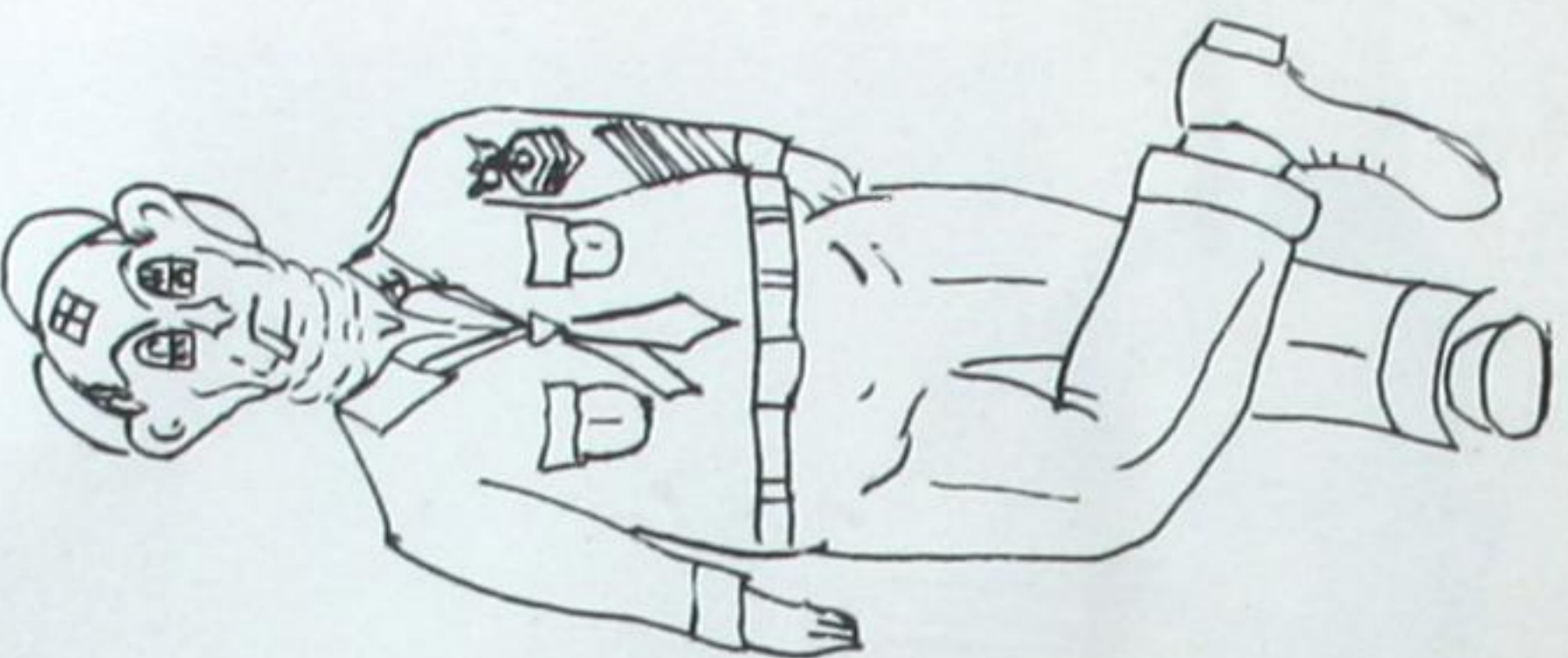


Officers and Chiefs

First Row: RAY, Artiss D. LTJG; BAKER, James G. LTJG; BEER, Walter R. LTJG; KOCH, Allen S. LCDR; SIEGMUND, Theodore C. CDR; CRAVENS, Harold L. LT; FARNSWORTH, Harry N. LTJG; LEE, William W. LTJG; MILLER, Jack N. ENS.;

Second Row: HODGON, William F. ENS.; HURLEY, John S. SNS; CLEARCE, Stuart L. ENS.; OSWALD, Robert C. LTJG; JACKSON, Dempster M. ENS.; HALE, Keith W. ENS.; WHITCOMB, Paul S. ENS.; CLARK, Lawrence E. LTJG;

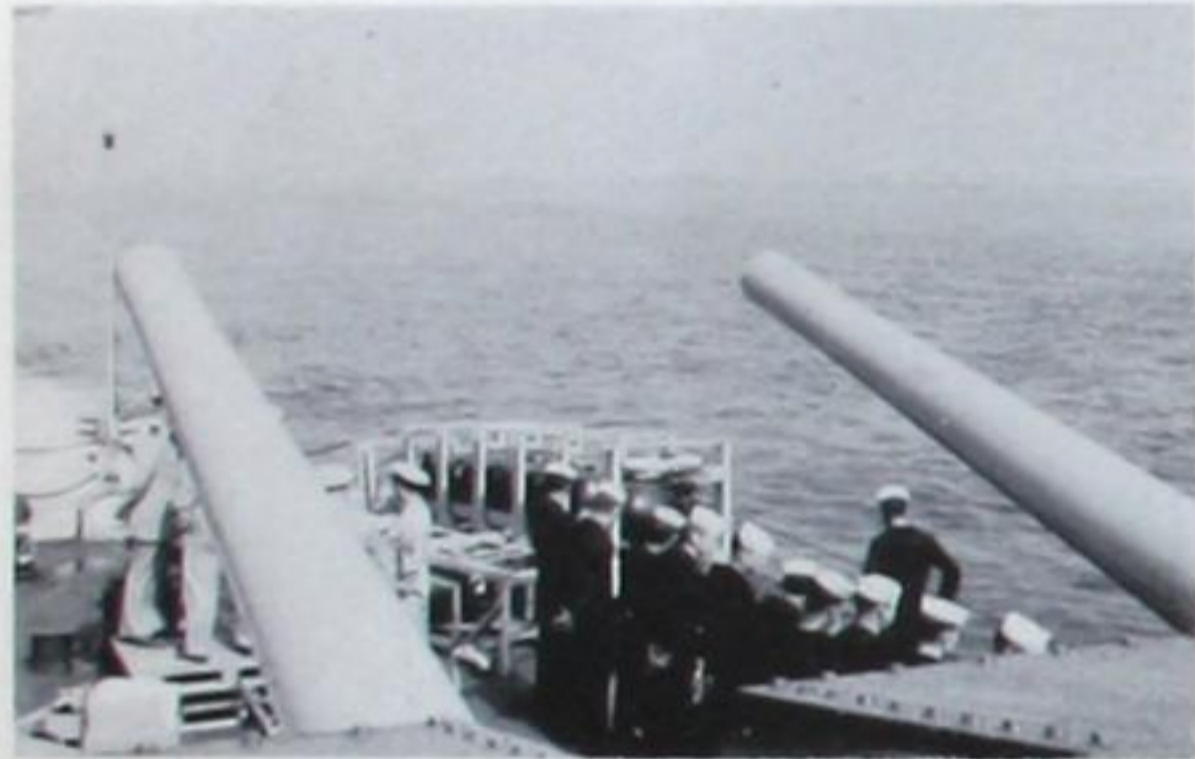
Third Row: DAVIS, Milton R. TMC; GRISE, Thomas, CSC; LEIPPRANDT, Carl F. FCC; JONES, Cecil H. HMC; MEADOR, Robert BTC; FLACK, Irwin W. MMC; EVENSON, Norman J. QMC; CIOLAK, John S. MEGC; FOG, Emery EMC; RATLIFF, Herman D. BTC.



OFFICERS & CHIEFS

15 September 1952, Long Beach, California

It was Monday, sunny and clear, as the crew went to quarters for muster. The last liberty in the States was over and at 1000 all departments reported ready for getting underway. A short time later all lines were clear and we led the way out between Pier 1 and the Navy Yard Mole. All hands topside took a last look at the dummy hanging from the square-rigged sailing vessel tied at the Pier and then contemplated their future.



The new men wondered and the old hands worried, for the De Haven was returning to the Western Pacific for the third time since the start of Korean hostilities. The previous tours had seen her visit Inchon with the famous "Sitting Ducks", on patrol along the West Coast, working along the Bomb-line and with Task Force 77. Her fine record was known to all; and, even though two thirds of her crew were new, all hands were certain this cruise would be just as successful as the previous ones.

On clearing the breakwater the word was passed, "Now set the Condition three watch". Old hands muttered under their breath, and new men stumbled uncertainly to their stations as the training began. There would be drills and more drills before the ship would be completely battle ready, and this was our last chance.



En route to Pearl we came alongside the L.A. for fuel.



The Mike Docks look pretty after six full days at sea.

We joined the Los Angeles and Oriskany off San Diego and set our course for Pearl, the Swenson and ourselves taking the usual destroyer screening stations. Inter-ship exercise began, and by the time the final "proceed independently to enter port" was received and we started into the Pearl Harbor Channel, all hands had an idea of what would be expected in the coming Task Force Operations.

The Hawaiian weather was just like the travel posters and all hands were ready to make the best use of our time in port. Many of the crew saw Oahu through organized tours, while others were content just to spend their time at the more famous spots. In the morning it was evident that many had fallen victim to the tropical climate and its misleading impression of alcoholic capacity.



Kamehameha.



Hromadka, Humphrey, Spargur and Moose Espenschied enjoy the Waikaki Tavern.

In spite of the big heads our training continued as we chased submarines and conducted gunnery exercises on Kahoalawake Island. For many this was the first time the guns were fired, but the results were surprisingly good. We had our share of plane guard too, as we chased the Oriskany during carrier operations.

All was not training, however, for we shared an air-sea rescue task with the Mansfield. It involved running at full speed all night long to participate in the dawn rescue of two men who had parachuted from their



One of the Subs that gave us such a hard time and lots of good practice sends her evaluation of the days activities.

Navy dive-bomber. One man required the service of the squadron doctor, as he lay injured on the cliff of one of the islands.

After seventeen days we took our leave from the islands and headed westward with the Swenson and Oriskany. More drills and training, including several new methods of fuelings, plus navigational assist to a group of airforce jets island-hopping their way to Japan, and we were in Yokosuka.

The new men hardly had a chance to get acquainted for 36 hours later "Duty called" and we sailed with the rest of DES-DIV 91 to take our individual post with Task

Force 95. Our "Call" took us along the south coast of the Japanese Island, through the beautiful Shimoniseki Straits to the Songjin-Chongjin area of the Korean east coast. Shortly after our arrival the Captain relieved as Unit Commander and for the next 36 days we coordinated the efforts of the several "UN" ships in their patrol and interdiction activities.

We remember the increasing cold of the approaching Korean winter, the long night train-hunting, the patrols close to the Siberian border and the days of pounding away at the North Korean supply routes. On one of the quiet days all hands had the opportunity to visit Yangdo and the "shutter bugs" were in their glory.



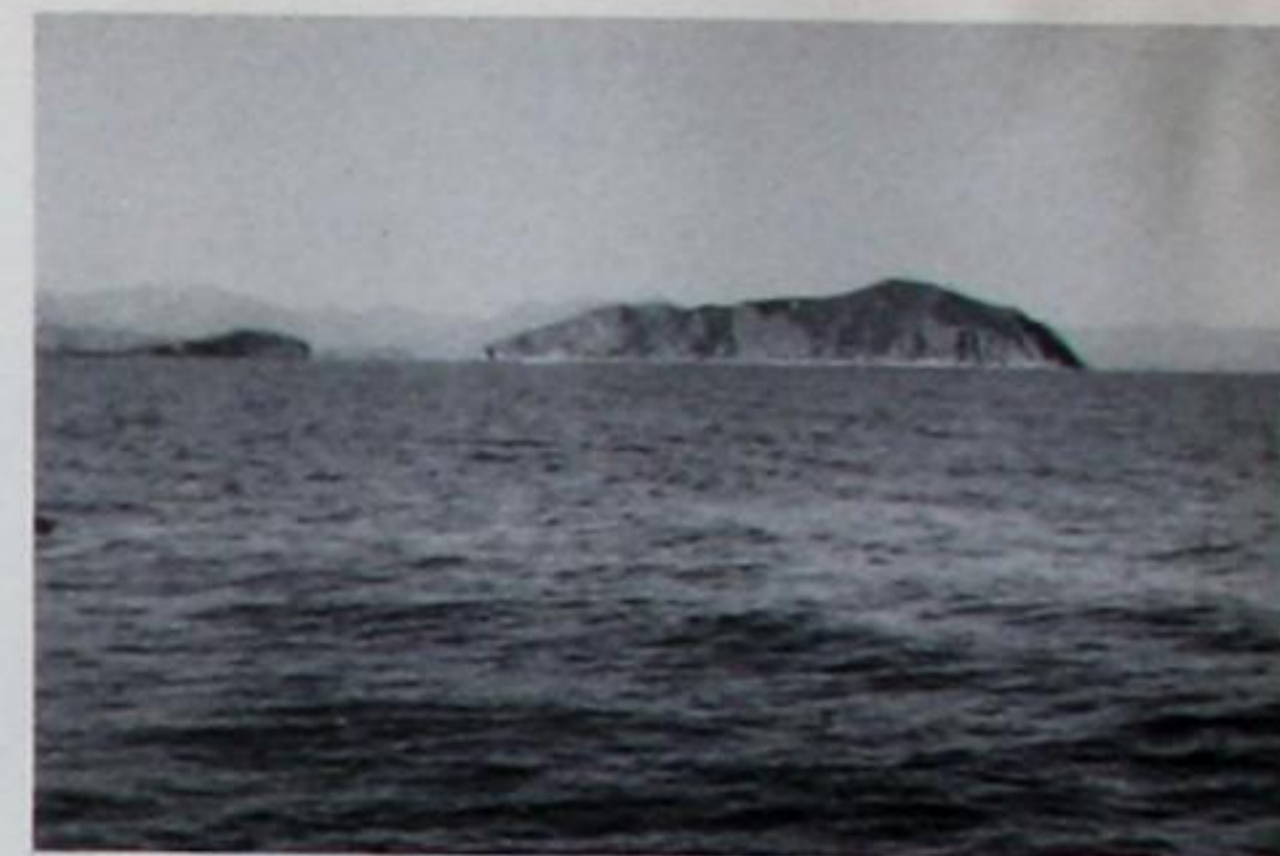
For those who need directions a billboard shows the lay of the land.

We helped the Marines celebrate their birthday and gave the shore fire control party a chance to "live off the land and 'K' rations", for a few days.

We got used to sleeping through the night firing when we shot "Stars" patrolling the slot, fired night interdiction and put harrassing fire on sections of railroad track undergoing night repairs. We felt the satisfaction of helping the Canadian destroyer, Crusader, and the Dutch destroyer, Piet Hein, destroy the trains they had stopped, as well as the distress of failure after chasing a train for many miles only to have it escape into a tunnel.

There were other highlights. On October 29th, LT. Tom Davenport, from the Essex, ditched his flak-riddled dive bomber off the De Haven's bow and the boat crew had him on deck in eleven minutes, on November 1st we went to the assistance of the Vammen which

Some of the crew helped the Marines celebrate their anniversary.



'Yangdo' one of our friendly Islands on the East Coast of Korea.

had tangled with Red shore batteries. The days of replenishing when we received that letter from home were all highlights.

The arrival of our relief, the Rooks, was a big day and after taking them on a tour of all the better shooting galleries we departed to rejoin DESDIV 91. The next ten days were spent with the carriers of Task Force 77 where we had a chance to really show our seamanship. The OOD and Combat were kept busy as the Force went through its squads east and west. The rest of the crew had their chance with replenishment and transfers. There were surprise "Drill Magentas" and "AA" shoots during holiday routine to keep us alert, and when we finally were relieved to proceed to port not a dissenting voice was heard.



Beautiful Mount Fuji.

The trip to Yokosuka took us back through Shimoniseki, the inland sea along the southern coast to the entrance to Tokyo Bay. The idea of steaming with the ship lighted seemed strange, but the tension was over for awhile and everyone was ready to make the best of our 10 days in port.

The getting acquainted phase over; everyone settled down to the business of Christmas shopping and just having fun. The Navy Exchange was full of good buys and what wasn't there could be found in town. The new men soon learned the technique of "trading" and the returning liberty parties began to look like the caravans of the Wise Men on their way to Bethlehem.

Some of the guys got to go to the rest camp at Fuji Yostuda, in the shadow of the famous mountain. The tales of good food and plenty of fun were universal and from the appearance of returnees their stories were true. Also a lot of us made the trip to Tokyo, Yokohama, and Kamakura. The big cities were impressive in their resemblance to home, except for the people and the various modes of transportation.



Small fry.



Buddah at Kamikuri.



A reminder of World War II.

Our ten days were over all too soon and we were back at sea again. It was different this time as we were back to training. From the 13th through the 15th of December we played hide and seek with subs in Sangamiwan, stopping in Atami, Japan each night. Those who went ashore had a chance to see a real Japanese resort town, famous for its hot public baths, at normal Japanese prices instead of the inflated prices of the UN ports.

After three days we returned for another night in Yokosuka and then started south on the ASW exercise. We, DESDIV 91, operated with the Bataan and DESDIV 201 in a Hunter/Killer organization that lasted until we reached Okinawa. The days were full of maneuvering and waiting until we got a chance to go after the subs. There were a lot of General Quarters, especially for sonar, bridge, and combat, and some practical work on wolfpacking pig boats. But when we finally pulled into Buckner Bay the attack team knew that the time had been spent to their advantage.

Again we settled down to enjoy ourselves and Christmas in spite of the shortage of liberty boats. The weather was terrific, but the "Damn Yankees" had to complain it didn't look like Christmas. There were other differences on the big day, too, instead of the kids waking us early to see what Santa had brought, we got up a half hour later than usual to a Boatswain Mate blowing his whistle.



Christmas Services.



One over the bow.

There was no dinner with our folks either, but the galley force did a terrific job of imitating Grandma's cooking. Each man had his chance to observe the religious aspects of the day too, with Mass on the Bataan and an inter-denominational service on our fantail.

During the stay the athletes flexed their muscles and showed their power. The baseball team took on the other ships in the Division. The Chiefs and Officers went at it too, in a game that showed better bookkeeping than ball playing. At the end the score was something like 45 to 47 but the true victor was Mother Nature, and the old folks knew it as they hobbled up and down ladders the following week.



A good example of why sailors walk with a rolling gate.

The day the destroyers paraded out the channel on their way to Formosa was eclipsed by the events that followed. Little did we know that when we started rolling that first night we were beginning a period that would mean many days of sandwiches and coffee only. There are very few among us that won't admit at least one period of stomach trouble as we bounced and bobbed, rocked and rolled through seas that sometimes limited us to 10 knot speeds. Even though Kaohsiung, Formosa wasn't much, it sure felt good to put the feet on solid ground.



No place for a weak stomach.

The "pitch and roll patrol" was boring and a continual source of trouble for the OOD's and Combat. When the seas settled down we were met by hordes of fishing junks, without lights, that were a plague to navigation but an impressive sight to see. These, plus an occasional freighter made up the only traffic in the straits.

After a second stop in Kaohsiung we proceeded toward the highlight of our southern cruise, Hong Kong. Everyone was pretty anxious as we set the "Repel Boarder" bill entering the channel, and it proved a good idea for we were met by merchants of all descriptions, riding everything from motor launches to rafts. The OOD had it rough as he selected those that would be permitted to come aboard to see the Executive officer. The fire hoses saw use many times as the clamor threatened to get out of hand and they kept the more industrious from forcing their way aboard.

The final result was that about 120 merchants and their assistants were allowed to do business on board, and for three days the De Haven looked like a Chinese market place. The bargains were plentiful so practically everyone loaded up on clothing, furniture or luggage. Salesmen also offered jewelry, linen, leather goods, silks, and just about any other thing anyone could want, so it wasn't necessary to go ashore to go broke.

The stories of liberty were mixed. The city of Victoria was truly a mixture of east and west, wealth and poverty. Again there were those that took sightseeing trips visiting the Tiger Balm Palace, the fishing village of Aberdeen, and the Lido Club on Repulse Bay. It was the fastest three days on record but it made little difference as few of us had any money left anyway.

Our Stay
In Hong Kong



Our Allies.

We left the colony with the Kearsarge, joined the Swenson, and started north. The seas on our Straits Patrol were rough but didn't compare with those we met as we tried to match the

carrier's 25 knot speed. Few of us slept as we bucked head-on into the monstrous seas and tremendous winds. Finally nature won out when the waves carried away part of the windshield on the bridge and flooded combat. We had to slow down, consequently the carrier left us and we proceeded at a reduced speed to Sasebo.

This was the first time in Sasebo for all the new men but it didn't take them long to find their way around. It was the typical port city, well organized to take full advantage of the entertainment shortage resulting from the high number of UN servicemen located there. During our five day stay LCDR JOHN H. GANO relieved LCDR ALLAN S. KOCH as Executive Officer.

Our next duties took us back to Task Force 77 and several days with the carriers before we proceeded to Wonsan. We joined the Unit consisting of the destroyer escort, Ulvert M. Moore, an LST, several American and South Korean minesweepers and a Fleet Tug. Our duties were patrolling and interdiction fire plus providing gun fire support for minesweeping and answering call fire missions on targets of opportunity.



The gunners had their chance this time for seldom did an hour pass that we didn't have some target. At night we worked over convoys and during the day shot up troop concentrations and other opportune targets.

A snow job.



A taut line is necessary.

Several times we took a few shots at batteries that were dropping an occasional round on the friendly islands in the harbor. Combat also had their chance for we never were more than a few miles from land and they had a big part in keeping us out of the mine-fields.

We were just complimenting ourselves on the relatively quiet time we were having under the mouths of so many Commie guns when we ran smack into the middle of the Chinese New Year celebration. It opened with a furious barrage on Yodo and Jwang-todo late in the afternoon and we immediately answered the "Incoming Mail" call, taking the batteries under fire. It took almost an hour before all the guns had been silenced and during that period we received several rounds nearby. For their evening's work both the De Haven and Moore were designated combat units.

Our job didn't end when the shooting stopped, however; for that night the ward-room was used for surgery on four ROK marines who received wounds in the day's shelling. All were successfully treated by a ROK marine doctor and the doctor from the Moore before we returned them to the island. For our services we received a letter from the island commander expressing his compliments and thanks.



Home for the Fly Boys.



A typical "business" district.

The next day we were all set and started a silencing treatment well into the afternoon that kept the Commies from even getting to their guns. The results was a peaceful night but we were startled the next morning when we heard the Navy had listed us among the ships that would bombard Wonsan the following Monday.

Our relief, the Chauncey from Newport, R. I., showed up on time and we thankfully shoved off for Sasebo. This time we had our Administrative Inspection. Considering how long we had been in WESPAC we looked very well, but as usual they found a few things wrong so we only got a good.

We rejoined Task Force 77 again on February 26th for our last Far Eastern Tour. The screening was routine by now so we settled down for a dull three weeks. A week later we lucked out and escorted the cruiser, Rochester, on a gun strike along the East Coast. She plastered the supply routes while we picked at a couple of billet areas.

Next we had a chance to perform the same duties for the "Mighty Mo" on a strike into Wonsan. While she used her 16 inch we popped away at the already familiar area. The duty lasted about three days, then we returned to the Task Force. It is guessed that the gunners were sad our tour would soon be ended, for on the last few AA shoots they tried to do all the shooting. Actually we felt pretty proud when the OTC had to delay the exercise while the target tow plane streamed new banners to replace the ones we were shooting down.



Skid Row.



Aloha.

Soon the cool weather and cloudy skies changed to warm sunny days. The Captain called away a sun bathing period each day and slowly we lost the chalk whiteness and suntans took its place. We missed Midway, celebrated two Palm Sundays, spent a terrific two days in Pearl, made a speed run, and finally on the morning of 9 April made the ammunition anchorage at Seal Beach. Several hours later the throngs poured across the gangway, found who they sought and we knew we were finally home.

Many of us have since gone our individual ways, to other ships, shore duty, or home to civilian life, but we'll all remember the De Haven. We'll remember how we started with a green crew and made old salts of them. There is joy of knowing that we did our job in holding the Communist Aggression, and we did it well. Few of us are anxious to make another trip, but if necessary we will, always remembering the "Raven D", and its proud record.

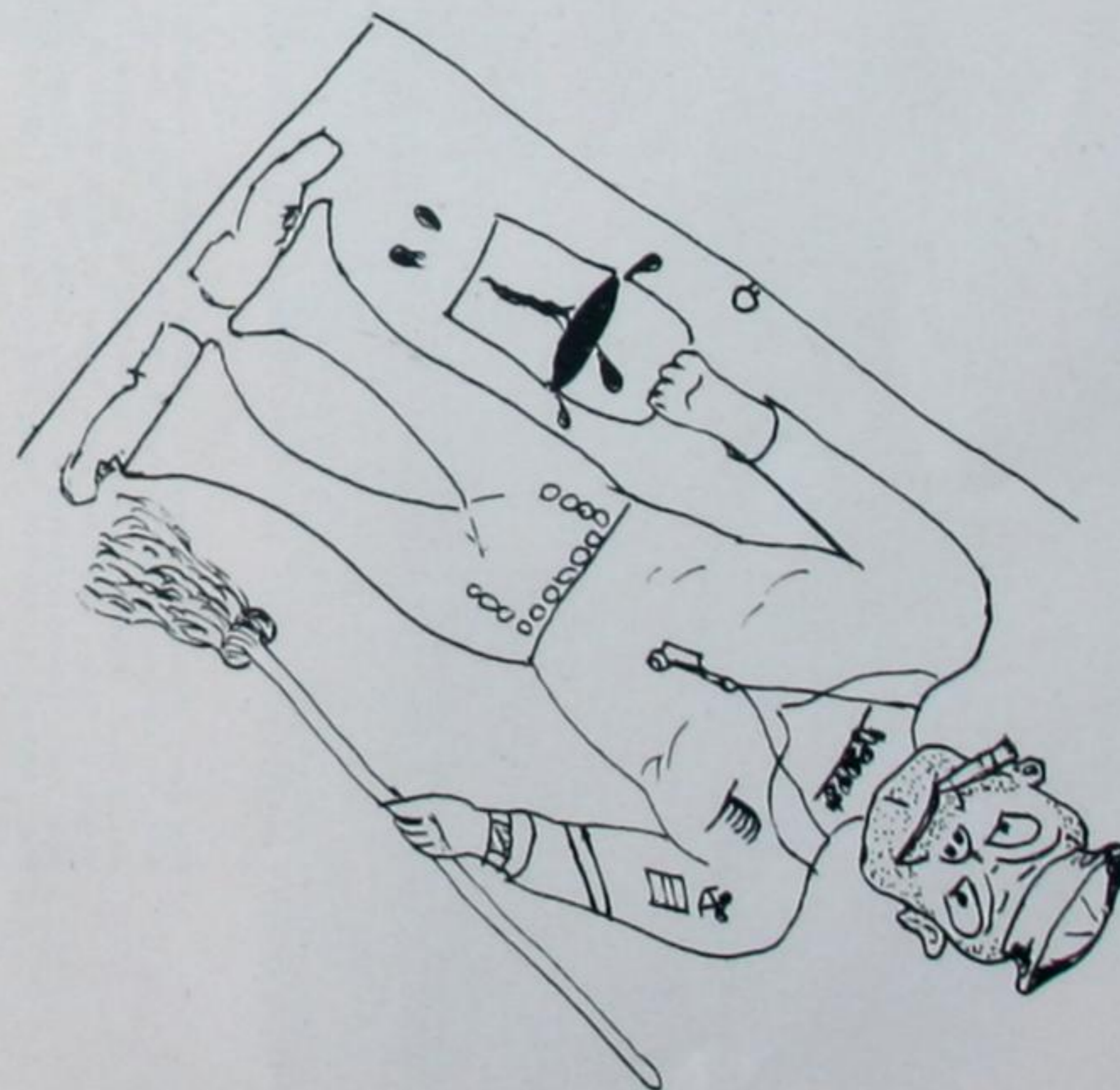
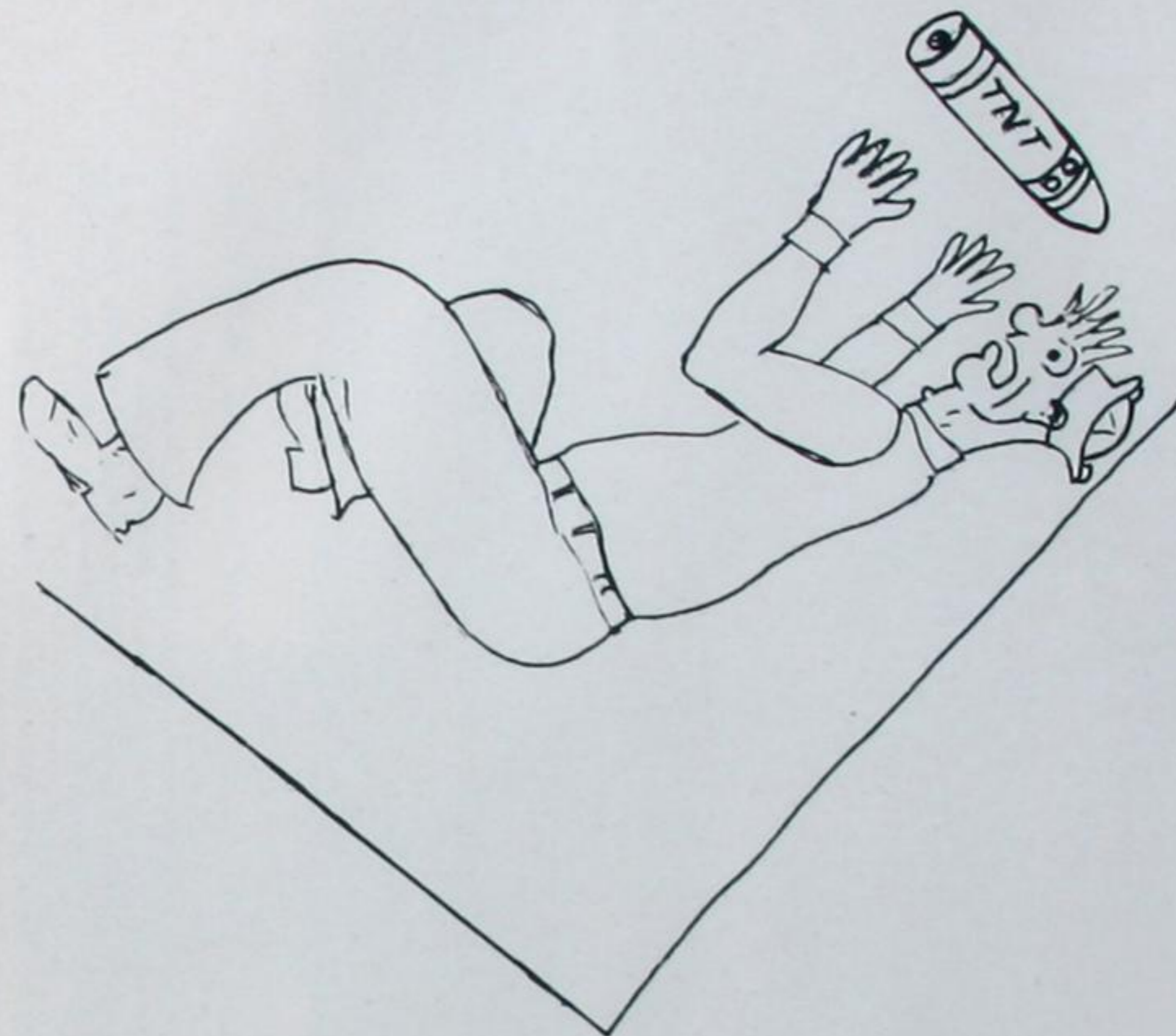


Thirty knots and no smoke.

The end was unspectacular on the usual dull day, and after we had been officially relieved we headed for Sasebo for our last stop before heading home. It was a quick one and soon we were proceeding out the channel. All the ammo had been stowed below, the torpedoes and depth charges disarmed, and we were steaming lighted. The regular steaming watch was set and we really had a chance to digest all that had happened in the six months that had just passed.



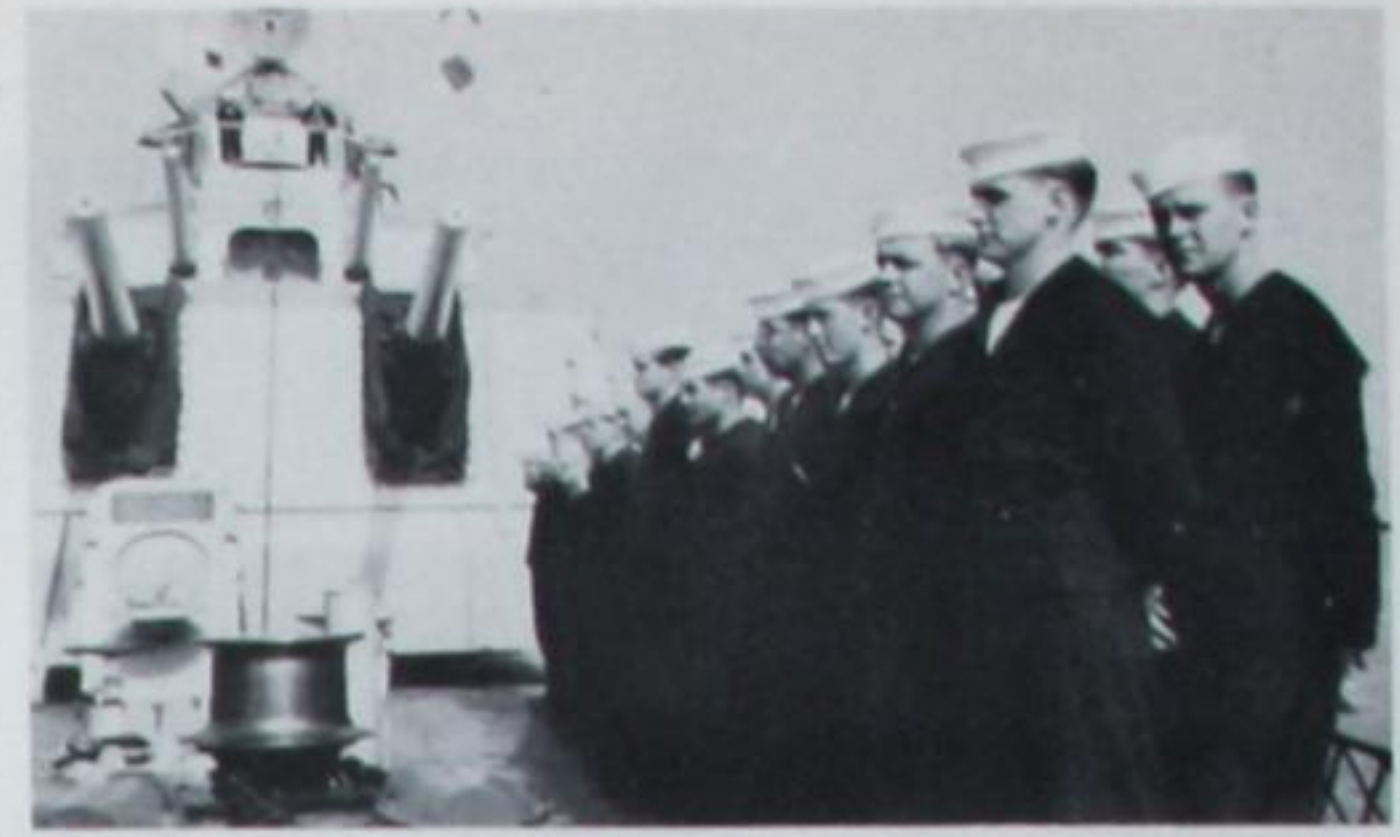
The unused ammo leaves the ship.



FIRST DIVISION



First Row: Holshouser, Harvey L.; McGraw, French L.; Morrison, James W.; Roberson, Joseph F.; Carnes, John H.; Beer, Walter W.; Ray, Artiss D.; Leipprandt, Carl F.; Puscak, Andrew J.; Gomes, Vernon D.; Arnold, Donald D.
 Second Row: Kitchings, Leonard C.; Phillips, G. C.; Hendricks, Lloyd A.; Bickelhaupt, Jesse L.; Frye, Laverne D.; Cook, Harold J.; Laffere, Vernon D.; Goshe, Daniel D.; Kraft, Walter A.; Reed, James W.; Ledoux, Johnny; Martinez, Joseph R.; Madden, Patrick G.
 Third Row: Lambert, Clinton M.; Toney, Arthur W.; Odenthal, Donald E.; Belden, Charles S.; Watters, Ronald L.; Hamill, David E.; Stone, Richard M.; Rowland, Doyle, Ryker, Darrold R.; Cleveland, Jim C.; Hicks, Fred C.; Edwards, Harvey R.; Rupert, Joe D.; Doyle, Jack E.
 Fourth Row: McAllister, Joseph M.; Dobbs, James A.; Taylor, Harold D.; Dunn, Will; Blair, Robert M.; White, Billy J.; Stout, Pernal E.; Williams, William E.; McIntyre, Placido B.; Suppuel, Lawrence P.; Bennett, George E.; Berg, Ronald A.; Varner, Carlye G.
 Fifth Row: Hutchings, Ronald A.; Pike, Daniel J.



Divisional parade.



The Penthouse Gang.



Technicians?



Busy as H---



First Row: Gruwell, Roy A.; Taylor, Joseph E.; Harper, Joseph; Carnes, John H.; Beer, Walter N.; Smith, Harold C.; Miller, Tom E.; Kelley, Walter G.;
 Second Row: Gamble, Eugene R.; Haynes, E. F.; Mart, Billy E.; Denton, Bobby R.; Kaplan, Louis R.; Smith, Jerry M.; Carr, Harry M.; Coggins, John L.; Flood, Charles A.; Williams, Earl; Garza, Hector;
 Third Row: Tompson, Omer L.; Moore, Tom W.; Smith, James R.; Springer, Otis F.; Kunz, Marvin L.; Langrebe, Charles; Busby, Donald G.; Hermes, Otis M.; Mullins, James M.; Collins, H.; Beadle, John P.;
 Fourth Row: Smith, Charles E.; Hill, Luchies E.; Allen, Thomas; Cox, John V.; Gunter, Don W.; Sandoval, Edward.



Level it up Gruwell---



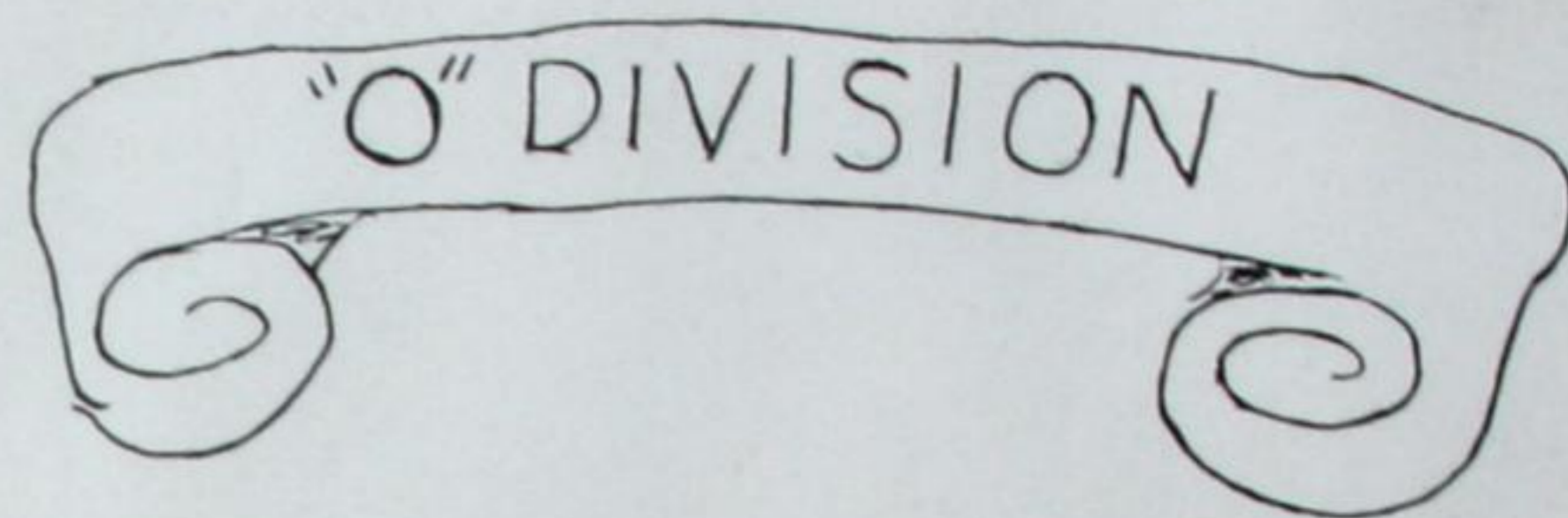
I'll take 1 pot of gray.



Everybody poses for their pictures.



It must have been cold!



"HURRAY FOR THE BOYS
IN COMBAT"



First Row: Farnsworth, Harry N.; Pearce, Stuart L.;
 Second Row: Whalen, Donald A.; Woertz, Donald R.; Summerhays, Mervin S.; Duncan, Earl; Bell, Clarence L.; Barton, Charles L.; Biggs,
 Clyde S.; Maddock, Carl L.; Ledoux, Fred; Osborne, Milton R.



A place for everything and
 everything in its place.



Taking a break.



A hard working pair.



What did he say?

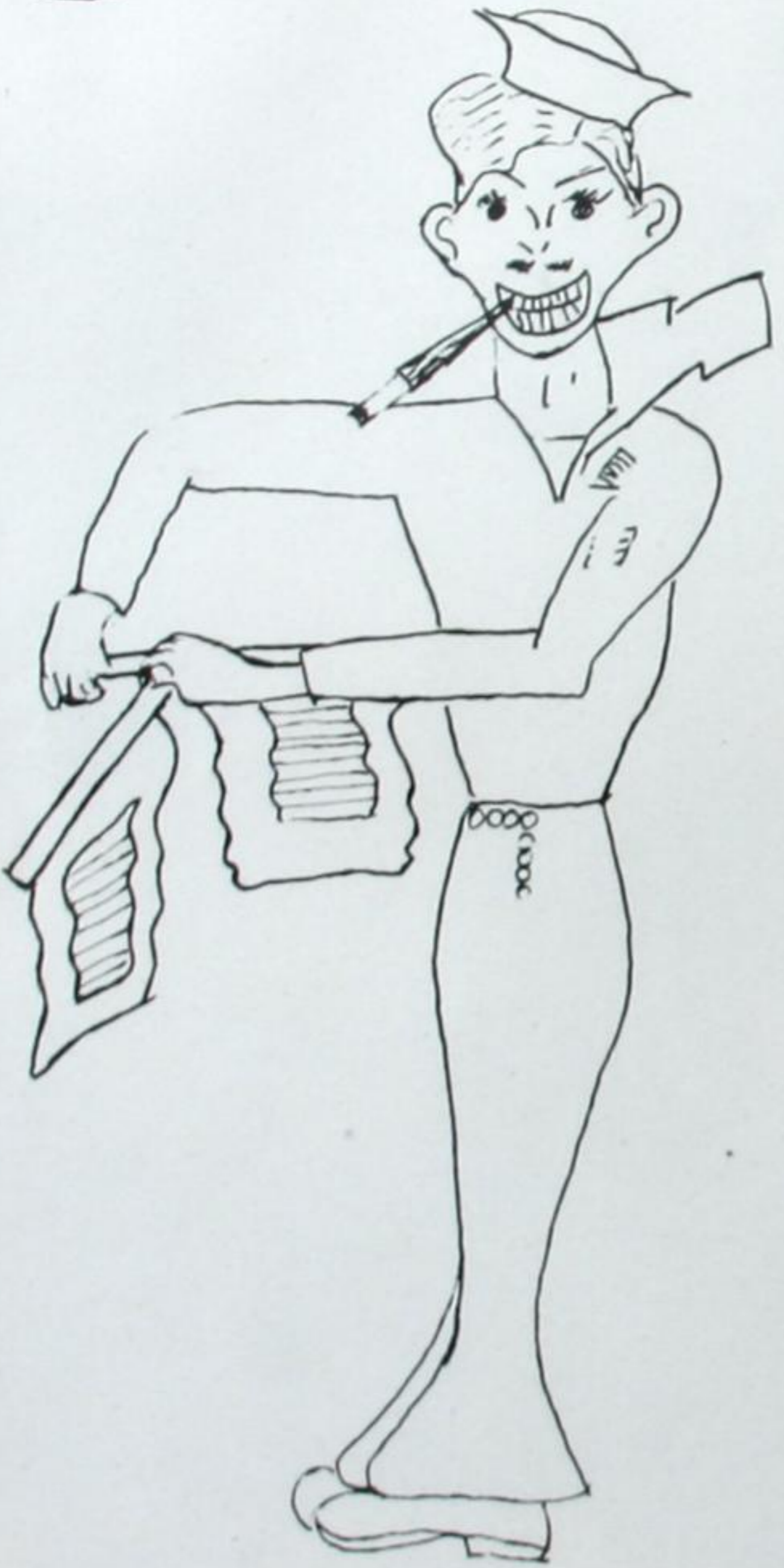


No comment!



Skivie Wavers.

"C" DIVISION



First Row: Baker, Jim G.; Craven, Harold L.; Hurley, John E.;
Second Row: Dumoski, Ralph W.; Heaton, Joel E.; Stuchlik, Wyman E.; Floyd, John W.; Vandongen, Donald S.; Jasel, Jack G.; Mc-
Conhanghy, Donald P.; Aron, Robert G.; Gibson, George L.;
Third Row: Hoffschneider, Dale W.; Stingley, Marilyn G.; Treathy, Charles A.; Hertzock, Alvarez J.; Woodrum, Lawrence P.; Minnick,
Robert L.; Clark, Albert J.; Draper, Robert P.; Clark, Leonard B.





Course 270°, speed 15 knots.



A CIC brain.



Say Fellas!!



Asleep? Never!



Lover Boy.



"Shoulders" Hunter and Friends.





First Row: Jones, Cecil H.; Clark, Lawrence E.; Amati, John S.; Gilbert, Dale R.;
 Second Row: Ainsworth, Marvin D.; Ellis, Arthur G.; Gaumund, Raymond; Brummitt, Erik V.; Skloss, Daniel A.; Espinosa, Augusto;
 Vaughn, Donald G.; Lawton, J. C. C.; Popp, Robert H.;
 Third Row: Mordhorst, Duane H.; Micheal, W. D.; Kincannon, William; Nesters, J. C.; Hickman, Bruce R.; Piermont, Donald L.; Desmond,
 Bennie G.



They handle the money.



Brummit trys his luck as gunner.



Leave the sideburns please.



What's that smell?

"E" DIVISION



First Row: Wallace, Ralph C.; Nilson, Ronald W.; Meador, Robert K.; Keffer Maurice L.; Lee, William W.; Miller, Jack N.; Flack, Irv. W.; Meigs, Guy N.; Matlock, Raymond J.; Pather, Milton E.;
 Second Row: Hollenbeck, Paul H.; Green, Robert W.; Ireland, George D.; Keck, Albert L.; Hansen, Robert H.; Adams, Robert M.; Dehart, Albert L.; Davenport, Leon E.; Robinson, Coy H.; Davis, John R.; Church, Robert C.; Mooney, Dale C.; Breaze, Robert F.; Ogden, Donald E.;
 Third Row: Espenshied, Russel B.; Bernard, Alexander A.; Hinds, Hubert B.; Johnston, Robert N.; Skortstad, Leonard A.; Hanneman, John H.; Williams, Stephen; Payne, Grover; Redenbaugh, Doyl L.; Stilson, Kenneth R.; Sanders, Clifford H.; Richards, Dick E.





The Captain ventures below!



A friendly(?) game of Pinnoche.



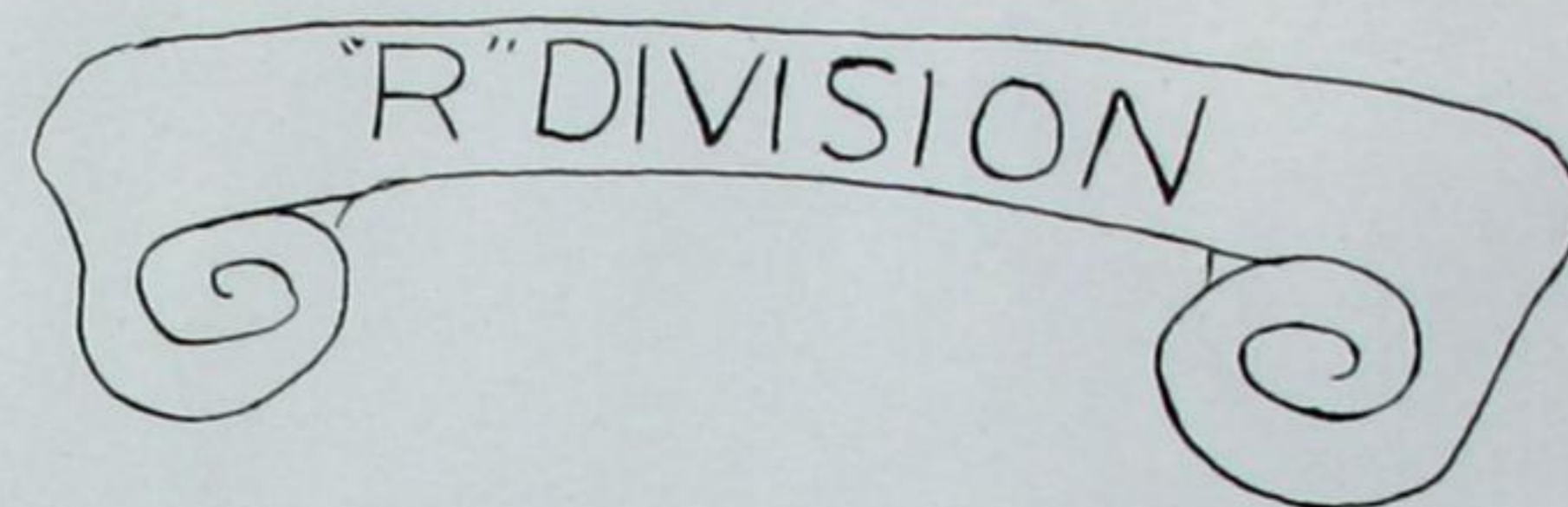
Ipanas own "Smiley" Brewster.

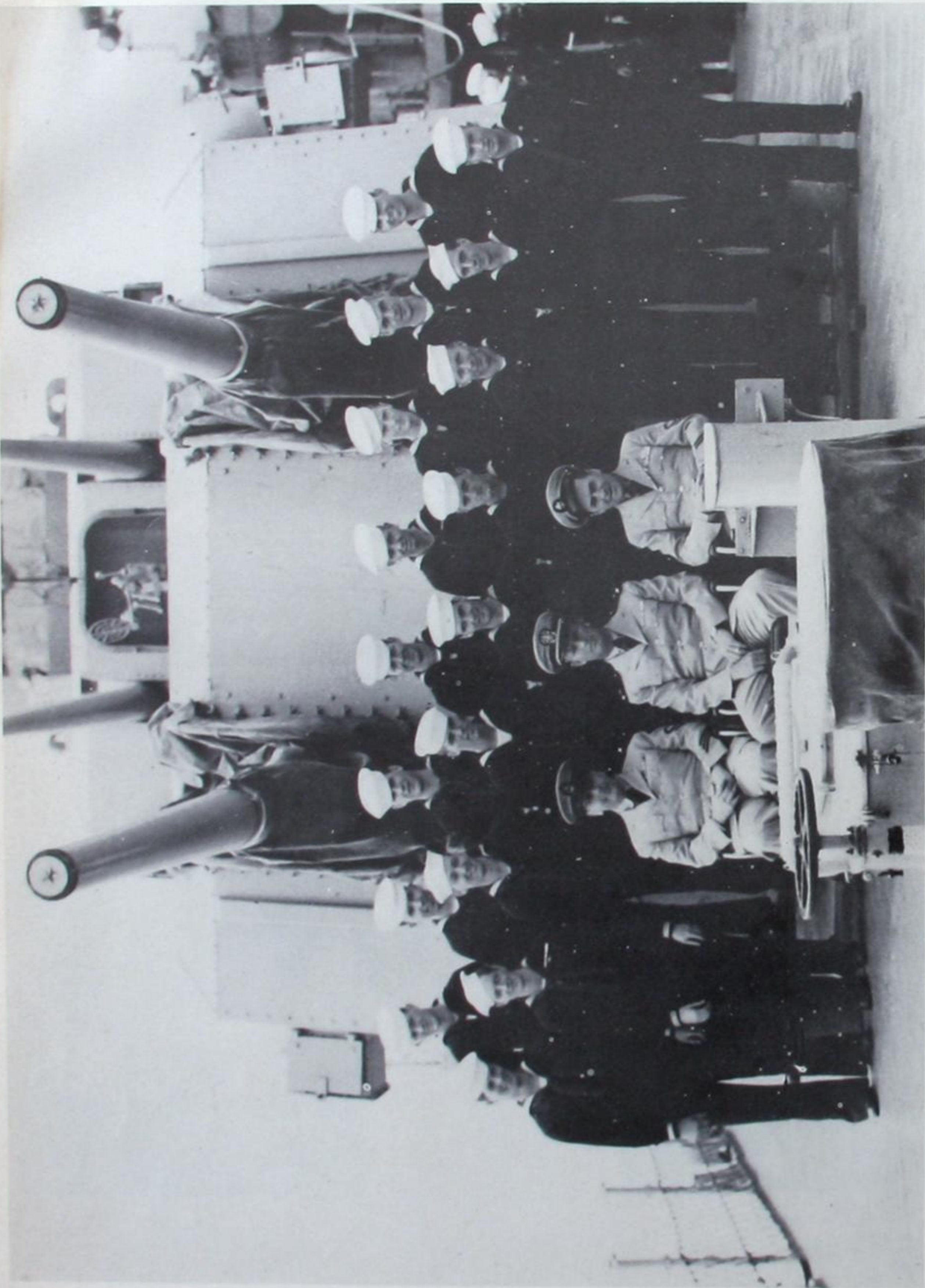


Ugh!



We make her go!





First Row: Crawford, John N.; Jackson, D. M.; Ciolik, John S.;
 Second Row: Duke, John M.; Fisher, Gene A.; Hartline, Paul A.; Webster, Edward J.; Poole, Vernon C.; Stephen, Edward E.; Palvalka,
 Donald J.; Conkle, Clarence R.;
 Third Row: Lloyd, James J.; McCann, Norris D.; Robinson, Billy G.; ~~Ok~~, Harold J.; Lamoureux, Emil; Pettite, Robert A.; Hromadka,
 Frank R.; Gasway, Lloyd K.

See Buill



The Repair Gang.



It must have been funny.



Time out for Rest Camp.



O! Durty Lip.





OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE DE HAVEN HAIL FROM FORTY STATES

ALABAMA

Milton L. Burrell, FN
John M. Cox, GM3
Alvin T. Dooley, MM3
L. C. Jordon, BM3
J. D. Land, MM3
H. F. Nichols, GM3
E. L. Oliver, GM3

ARKANSAS

Billy J. Bright, SN
George O. Doan, FN
Will Dunn, SN
Billy M. Morton, RDSN
Lawrence Peterson, SN
R. W. Philbeck, SN
Arless D. Ray, LTJG
Arthur W. Toney, SN
Troy L. Roberts, SN

CALIFORNIA

Richard Amati, CSC
R. C. Arob, RM2
Charles Barton, RDSN
Charles S. Beldon, SO3
Clarence L. Bell, RD3
Ronald A. Berg, SN
Igmacio Bravo, SH3
John K. Brink, FT3
Micheal J. Chavez, FN
Jack H. Collins, SN
Bobby R. Denton, TM3
Ralph W. Dumoski, RM3
Dale E. Dunlap, SN
Kenneth L. Dymmel, SA
LaVerne D. Frye, SN
Eugene D. Gomes, SN
Roy A. Gruwell, TM2
David E. Hamill, SO3
Keith W. Hale, ENS
Joseph Harper, GMC
Ronald R. Hutchings, SN
George D. Ireland, FN
D. M. Jackson, ENS
ALLAN S. KOCH, LCDR.
Marvin L. Knuz, TM3
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H. C. Skovstad

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let your wife
down

Ronald J. Quinn
F.N.

Better quit dropping those
peas in the jar.
Bug M^{rs} Courtney

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EDITORS

Harry N. Farnsworth, LT.Jg USN
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PHOTOGRAPHER

Ned Webster, EN3, USN

CARTOONISTS

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